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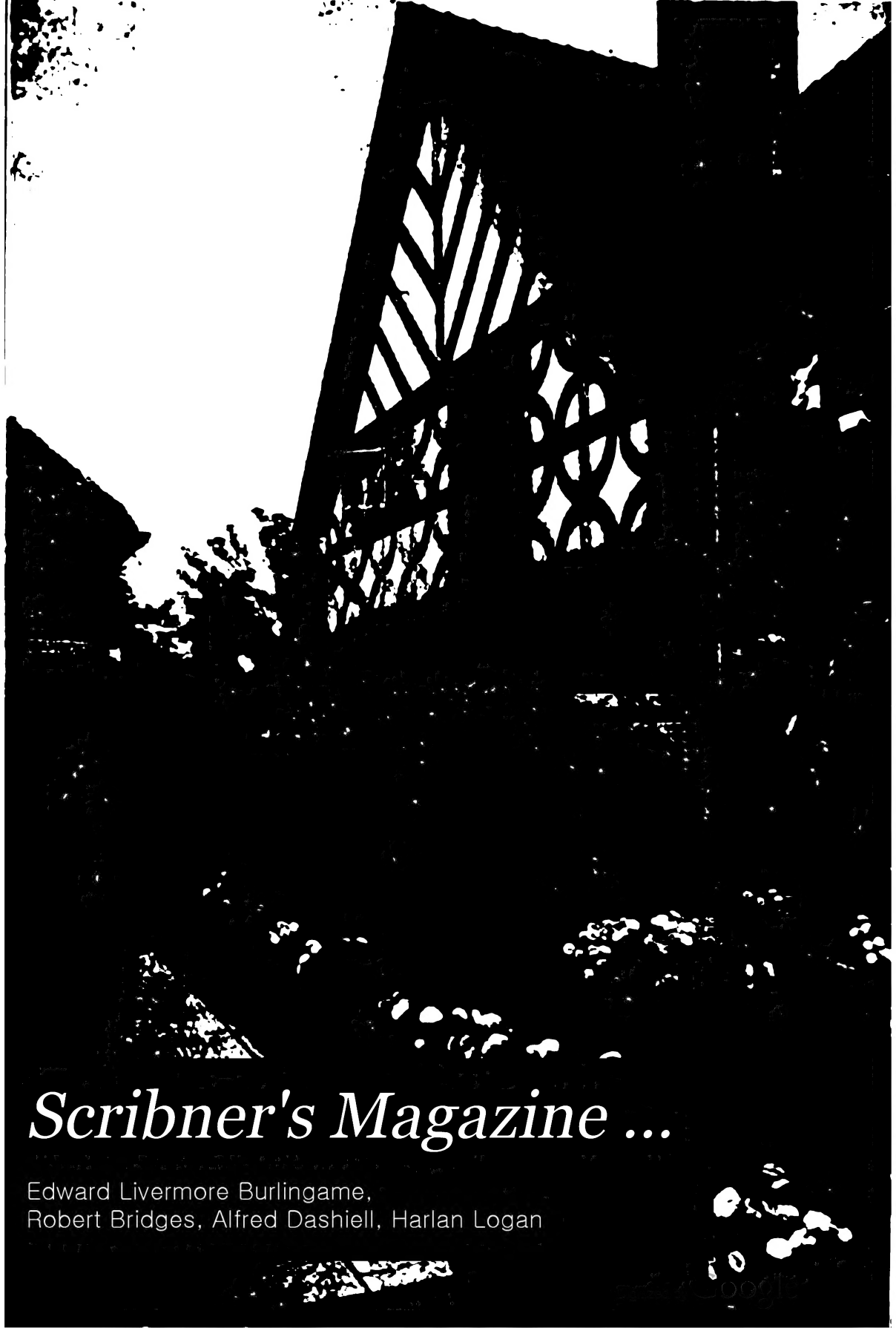

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Edward Livermore Burlingame,
Robert Bridges, Alfred Dashiell, Harlan Logan

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME LII — JULY–DECEMBER, 1912

PAGE

AMERICANS AND THEIR PLAYS. Point of View, ... 761

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE, SUBJECTS FOR THE PAINTER IN (Birge Harrison). Field of Art, ... 765

ANDERSON, VICTOR C. *The Business Centre*, ... 340
A Christmas Dream, ... *Facing page* 760

ANDREWS, MARY R. S. *The Scarlet Ibis*, ... 204

ANGEL UNAWARES, AN, ... GERALD CHITTENDEN, . . . 751
Illustrations by Armand Both.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS, A PLEA FOR. Point of View, ... 249

ARCTIC MOUNTAINEERING BY A WOMAN, ... DORA KEEN, ... 64
MOUNT BLACKBURN.
Illustrations from photographs by the author.

ARMY POST, THE. Point of View, ... 250

AS TO HAVING AN "AIR." Point of View, ... 380

ASHLEY, CLIFFORD W. *The Old Clipper*, ... 618

ATTERBURY, GROSVENOR. *Model Towns in America*, ... 20

BASHFORD, H. H. *His Own Country*, ... 553

BELLOC LOWNDES, MRS. *Why They Married*, ... 733

BENEFIELD, BARRY. *The Little Colonel of Lost Hill*, ... 93

BLACKBURN, MOUNT. *See* Arctic Mountaineering.

BLOOD WILL TELL, ... RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . 130
Illustrations by Wallace Morgan.

BOURGEOIS FAMILY, STANDARDS OF A, ... ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, ... 98
A FRENCHWOMAN'S LESSONS TO AMERICAN GIRLS.

BRINTON, CHRISTIAN. *Scandinavian Painters of To-day*, ... 647

BROWN, ALICE. *The Trial at Ravello*, ... 231
The Mid-Victorian, ... 706

BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND. *"Crabbed Age and Youth,"* 108

BUSINESS CENTRE, THE. Drawing by . . . . . VICTOR C. ANDERSON, . . . 340

Digitized by Google

PAGE

CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING, THE, ... FREDERICK LANDIS, . . . 500

CHASE, SIDNEY M. *Sailormen of the Maine Coast*, ... 193

CHITTENDEN, GERALD. *An Angel Unawares*, ... 751

CHRISTMAS DREAM, A. Drawing by . . . . . VICTOR C. ANDERSON,
Reproduced in color. *Facing page* 760

CITY AND CIVILIZATION, THE, ... BRAND WHITLOCK, ... 623

CLIPPER, THE OLD. Drawn by . . . . . CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY, . . . 618

COLLEGE LIFE, ... PAUL VAN DYKE, ... 619
A WORD TO FATHERS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN TO COLLEGE, BUT WHOSE SONS WANT TO GO.

COLLIER, PRICE. *Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View*, ... 513, 662

COLVIN, SIR SIDNEY. *Stevensoniana*, ... 593

CONVENTIONS AT CHICAGO, THE TWO, ... RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . 259
Illustrations by Wallace Morgan.

COUNTERSIGN OF THE CRADLE, THE, ... HENRY VAN DYKE, ... 469

"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH," . . . . . KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN 108
Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.

CROSSING THE STREET, ON. Point of View, ... 636

DASH, THE. Point of View, ... 122

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. { *Blood Will Tell*, ... 130
{ *The Two Conventions at Chicago*, ... 259

DICKENS'S CHILDREN. Drawings by . . . . . JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH, . . 160
Reproduced in colors.

DUNN, SAMUEL O. *The Problem of the Modern Terminal*, ... 416

EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER, THE, ... HENRY VAN DYKE, ... 165
Illustration by Paul Julien Meylan.

FAMILY AND THE PANAMA CANAL, THE, . . . MARY GAY HUMPHREYS, . . 370

FIELD OF ART, THE.

French, Daniel C., Some Later Work of (William Walton), ... 637

Jarves Collection of Italian Pictures in the Galleries of the Yale Art School, The (Anne C. Bunner). Illustrated, ... 253

Landscape, American, Subjects for the Painter in (Birge Harrison). Illustrated, ... 765

Painter-Etching, American: A Revival (Frank Weitenkampf). Illustrated, ... 381

Teaching of Art in the Public Schools, The Musuem and the (Kenyon Cox), ... 124

Two Ways of Painting (Kenyon Cox). Illustrated, ... 509

FINLEY, JOHN. *The French in the Heart of America*, ... 293, 453, 579

FOREIGN FINERY, OF. Point of View, ... 252

FOSTER, WILLIAM HARNDEN. *The On-Shore Gale*, ... *Facing page* 513

FOX, JR., JOHN. *The Heart of the Hills*, ... 53, 181, 341, 492, 570, 697

FRENCH, DANIEL C., SOME LATER WORK OF. Field of Art, ... WILLIAM WALTON, ... 637

Digitized by Google

PAGE

FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA, THE, . . JOHN FINLEY.
Illustrated.
I.—IN THE WAKE OF THE "GRIFFIN," 293
II.—"THE RIVER COLBERT," 453
III.—IN THE TRAILS OF THE COUREURS DE BOIS, ... 579

FROEBELIZING OUR MORALS. Point of View, ... 635

GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *That Old-Time Place*, ... 191

GARDEN CITIES OF ENGLAND, THE, ... FREDERIC C. HOWE, . . . 1
Illustrated.

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW, ... PRICE COLLIER,
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View."
I.—THE INDISCREET, ... 513
With a reproduction of the portrait of the Emperor William II by P. A. Laszlo.
II.—GERMAN POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE PRESS, ... 662

GREY, ELMER. *The New Suburb of the Pacific Coast*, ... 36

HACIENDA, THE, ... MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, . . 443
Illustrations by David Robinson.

HEART OF THE HILLS, THE, ... JOHN FOX, JR.,
CHAPTERS XI–XXX. (*To be continued.*) 53, 181, 341, 492, 570, 697
Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

HILL, MARION. *In the Wake of William Tell*, ... 221

HIS OWN COUNTRY, ... H. H. BASHFORD, ... 553
Illustrations by Charles E. Chambers.

HORNUNG, E. W. *The Locked Room*, ... 349

HOWE, FREDERIC C. *The Garden Cities of England*, ... 1

HUARD, FRANCES WILSON. *Parisian Cafés*, ... 529

HUMPHREYS, MARY GAY. *The Family and the Panama Canal*, ... 370

IN THE WAKE OF WILLIAM TELL, ... MARION HILL, ... 221
Illustrations by Worth Brehm.

JARVES COLLECTION OF ITALIAN PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES OF THE YALE ART SCHOOL (Anne C. Bunner). Field of Art, ... 253
Illustrated.

KEEN, DORA. *Arctic Mountaineering by a Woman*, ... 64

KINROSS, ALBERT. *The Winged Hussar*, ... 677

LANDIS, FREDERICK. *The Chairman of the Meeting*, ... 500

LANG, ANDREW. Point of View, ... 505

LAST FRONTIER, THE, ... E. ALEXANDER POWELL, . . 325
Illustrations from photographs.

LITTLE COLONEL OF LOST HILL, THE, ... BARRY BENEFIELD, ... 93
Illustration by E. L. Blumenschein.

LODGE, HENRY CABOT. *Some Early Memories*, ... 309, 474, 541

Digitized by Google

PAGE

MAIDSTONE, A WOMAN OF. . . . . ROBERT SHACKLETON, . . . 115

MEMORIES, SOME EARLY.—I, II, III, ... HENRY CABOT LODGE, 309, 474, 541
(*To be continued.*) Senator from Massachusetts.

MEREDITH, GEORGE, LETTERS OF, ... GEORGE MEREDITH, 145, 275, 385

MID-VICTORIAN, THE, ... ALICE BROWN, ... 706
Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.

MODEL TOWNS IN AMERICA, ... GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, . . 20
Illustrated from photographs, and with a drawing by Jules Guérin and diagrams and plans by Mr. Atterbury.

MOOSE HUNTER, THE. Drawing by . . . . . N. C. WYETH, *Facing page* 468
A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.
Reproduced in colors.

MOUNTAINEERING. *See* Keen, Dora.

MUSEUM, THE, AND THE TEACHING OF ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS (Kenyon Cox). Field of Art, ... 124

NORTH COUNTRY, STORIES OF THE. *See* Synon, Mary.

ON-SHORE GALE, THE. Drawing by . . . . . WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER,
Reproduced in colors. *Facing page* 513

PACIFIC COAST, THE NEW SUBURB OF THE, . . ELMER GREY, ... 36
Illustrated.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON. *The Stable of the Inn*, ... 641

PAINTER-ETCHING, AMERICAN: A REVIVAL (Frank Weitenkampf). Field of Art, ... 381
Illustrated.

PANAMA CANAL. *See* Family and the.

PARISIAN CAFÉS, ... FRANCES WILSON HUARD, . 529
Illustrated with four drawings in colors and reproductions from the Sketch Book of Maud Squires.

POINT OF VIEW, THE.
Americans and Their Plays, 761.
Anonymous Letters, A Plea for, 249.
Army Post, The, 250.
As to Having an "Air," 380.
Crossing the Street, On, 636.
Dash, The, 122.
Foreign Finery, Of, 252.
Froebelizing Our Morals, 635.
Lang, Andrew, 505.
Reading-Books, In the Old, 762
Ring Symbolism, 507.
Rings, A Collection of, 506.
Sword and Ploughshare, 378.
Welcome Home! 634.
What Every Housewife Knows, 121.

POWELL, E. ALEXANDER. *The Last Frontier*, ... 325

READING-BOOKS, IN THE OLD. Point of View, ... 762

RICHARDSON, W. SYMMES. *The Terminal—The Gate of the City*, ... 401

RING SYMBOLISM. Point of View, ... 507

RINGS, A COLLECTION OF. Point of View, ... 506

SAFE AND SANE FOURTH OF JULY, A. Drawing by ALLEN TRUE, *Facing page* 80
Reproduced in tints.

SAILORMEN OF THE MAINE COAST, ... SIDNEY M. CHASE, ... 193
Illustrations by the author.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

SCANDINAVIAN PAINTERS OF TO-DAY, ... CHRISTIAN BRINTON, . . . 647
Illustrated with reproductions of paintings by contemporary Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian artists.

SCARLET IBIS, THE, ... MARY R. S. ANDREWS, . . 204
Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin.

SEAWELL, MOLLY ELLIOT. *The Hacienda*, ... 443

SERGEANT, ELIZABETH SHEPLEY. { *Standards of a Bourgeois Family—A Frenchwoman's Lessons to American Girls*, ... 98

SHACKLETON, ROBERT. *A Woman of Maidstone*, ... 115

SIX SONS OF OSSIAN, ... MARY SYNON, ... 81
A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.
Illustration by N. C. Wyeth.

SMITH, GORDON ARTHUR. *A Young Man's Fancy*, ... 721

SMITH, JESSIE WILLCOX. *Dickens's Children*, ... 160

STABLE OF THE INN, THE, ... THOMAS NELSON PAGE, . . 641
Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth, reproduced in colors.

STEVENSONIANA, ... SIR SIDNEY COLVIN, . . . 593

SUBURB, THE NEW.

THE GARDEN CITIES OF ENGLAND, . . . FREDERIC C. HOWE, . . . 1
Illustrated.

MODEL TOWNS IN AMERICA, ... GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, . . 20
Illustrated from photographs, and with a drawing by Jules Guérin and diagrams and plans by Mr. Atterbury.

THE NEW SUBURB OF THE PACIFIC COAST, ELMER GREY, ... 36
Illustrated.

SWORD AND PLOUGHSHARE. Point of View, ... 378

SYNON, MARY. *Six Sons of Ossian*, ... 81
(*See also Vol. LI.*)

TERMINAL, THE MODERN.

THE TERMINAL—THE GATE OF THE CITY, . W. SYMMES RICHARDSON, . . 401
Illustrations from photographs.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN TERMINAL, SAMUEL O. DUNN, ... 416
Illustrations from photographs and drawings by Thornton Oakley.

THANKSGIVING MATINÉE, THE, ... VIRGINIA TRACY, ... 607
Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.

THAT OLD-TIME PLACE, ... JOHN GALSWORTHY, . . . 191

TRACY, VIRGINIA. *The Thanksgiving Matinée*, ... 607

TRIAL AT RAVELLO, THE, ... ALICE BROWN, ... 231
Illustrations by Fred Pegram.

TRUE, ALLEN. *A Safe and Sane Fourth of July*, ... *Facing page* 80

TWO WAYS OF PAINTING (Kenyon Cox). Field of Art, ... 509
Illustrated.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. { *The Effectual Fervent Prayer*, ... 165
The Wedding-Ring, ... 361
The Countersign of the Cradle, ... 469

VAN DYKE, PAUL. *College Life*, ... 619

WEDDING-RING, THE, ... HENRY VAN DYKE, ... 361
Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman.

WELCOME HOME!! Point of View, ... 634

WHAT EVERY HOUSEWIFE KNOWS. Point of View, ... 121

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
WHITLOCK, BRAND. *The City and Civilization*,		623
WHY THEY MARRIED, Illustration by Fred Pegram.	MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES,	733
WINGED HUSSAR, THE, Illustrations by W. T. Benda.	ALBERT KINROSS,	677
WITCHING HILL STORIES, VI.—THE LOCKED ROOM. (*See also Vol. LI.*)	E. W. HORNUNG,	349
WYETH, N. C. *The Moose Hunter—A Moonlight Night*,	*Facing page*	468
YOUNG MAN'S FANCY, A, Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.	GORDON ARTHUR SMITH,	721

POETRY

		PAGE
ALASKAN CATHEDRAL, AN,	JOHN WARREN HARPER,	274
BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL,	G. E. WOODBERRY,	246
COWARD, THE. Sonnet,	WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS,	192
CRUISING IN AUGUST, Pictures by W. J. Aylward, reproduced in colors.	M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.	289
DRAGONFLIES,	MADISON CAWEIN,	91
EARLY DIVE, THE,	ALICE BLAINE DAMROSCH,	324
EMBARKMENT FOR CYTHÉRA, THE,	THOMAS WALSH,	144
FOG WRAITHS, Illustration by G. A. Shipley.	MILDRED HOWELLS,	452
FORGOTTEN SOUL, THE,	MARGARET WIDDEMER,	661
HUMORESQUE,	ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON,	633
IN THE MANSION YARD,	WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS,	120
LAST FAVOR, A,	MARTHA G. D. BIANCHI,	190
LAST LABOR, THE,	ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE,	527
LEAVES GIVE THANKS, THE,	GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN,	400
MAKE-BELIEVE,	ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON,	129
MASTER BEGGAR, THE,	EDITH RICKERT,	504
MOONLIGHT, With an illustration by Victor C. Anderson.	FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN,	592
MOTHER, THE,	JOHN HALL WHEELOCK,	172
OLD NIAGARA, THE. A Ballad, Drawings by John Wolcott Adams.	ARTHUR GUITERMAN,	173
PICTURE, A, With an illustration by Oliver Herford.	ALICE E. ALLEN,	540
REST,	MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT,	491
RIDDLE, THE,	CHARLES F. LUMMIS,	107
SEEKER IN THE NIGHT, A,	FLORENCE EARLE COATES,	360
SONG,	SARA TEASDALE,	339
THREE SONGS IN A GARDEN, Illustration by F. Walter Taylor.	THEODOSIA GARRISON,	695
TITANIC, THE. Three Poems,	CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON,	308
TO LITTLE RENÉE,	WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY,	158

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STATION SQUARE, FOREST HILLS GARDENS, LONG ISLAND.

—"Model Towns in America," page 29

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LII JULY, 1912 NO. 1

THE GARDEN CITIES OF ENGLAND

By Frederic C. Howe

BELATED transit facilities made the city what it is. The 'bus, horse-car, electric trolley, and suburban train failed to keep pace with urban growth. Men had to live near their work. The city grew in the only direction open to it, toward the heavens. It assumed a perpendicular instead of a horizontal form. Inadequate transit intensified high land values. Bad means of transit and high land values made the slum. The city would have been a very different thing had transportation permitted it. It would have spread over a wide area.

Transit has begun to catch up with the city. It has opened up the country. In consequence the city is again being transformed: in this country by the suburban communities which encircle it; in Belgium by the sale of cheap workingmen's tickets on state-owned railroad lines which enable the workingman to travel twenty-four miles for two cents and live on the farms and in the far outlying villages.

In England improved transit has given birth to the garden suburb. It has made possible the garden city. This is England's latest, possibly her greatest, contribution to the city problem, to the housing of the workingman, the clerk, and the moderately well-to-do classes of the great cities. The discovery came none too soon. For the city is sapping the vitality of Great Britain. In that country four people out of five live under urban conditions. And statesmen and reformers have stood aghast at the decay in the physical and moral fibre of the nation, due to the disease-breeding condition of the tenements and slums. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Sheffield, all the large cities of Great Britain, have vainly struggled with the housing problem. They have built municipal dwellings, have tried to control private tenements, but the inrush of people swamped their most ambitious efforts.

The garden city made its appearance about eight years ago. It marks the beginning of a change in the industrial, social, and domestic relations of society. It means that cities are to be rebuilt, that civilization is to change its forms, that the city of the future will be a far different thing from what it is to-day. It will occupy a very wide area. It will be beautiful, healthy, comfortable. It will urbanize the country. This in turn will ruralize the city.

The garden city, too, is a shifting of emphasis from property to people, from the individual to the community. The motive which inspires it is the maximum of comfort, convenience, and happiness at the minimum of financial and personal cost. It marks a widening of community rights and an enlargement of community services. It means the building of the city by the city itself, from the foundations upward and from centre to circumference.

The garden-city idea has developed with great rapidity. It has not yet solved the city problem, nor has it stamped out the slum. It has shown how this can be done however. And that is the first step to the solution of the problem. Birmingham is planning a suburb of three thousand seven hundred acres. Manchester has offered prizes for the best plans for developing a large outlying area and the building of cottages to rent from seven and one-half to ten dollars a month. Forty architects and landscape gardeners submitted plans to this

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competition. Suburban-building and garden-village projects are being carried out at Romford, a suburb of London, at York, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Rochdale, Ilford, Harborne, Ealing, Earlsworth, and elsewhere. These projects are being promoted by cities, co-operative companies, and private individuals. They have been made possible by the success of the garden city and the enactment of a national town-planning law in 1909, which empowers local authorities to develop the territory surrounding a city as a comprehensive whole. The helplessness of the English cities, baffled for years by the tenement problem, by high disease and mortality rates and increasing poor taxes, has been changed to hope and enthusiasm. In a few years' time a score of public and semi-public garden developments have sprung up in various parts of the country. Most of these undertakings are tributary to a city. But all of them mark an abandonment of the barrack-like tenements and monotonous cottages of a few years ago and the substitution of beautifully planned suburbs, designed by landscape artists, out in the country where land is cheap and generous provision for health, recreation, and beauty is possible. For the housing of a people is a land as well as a transportation problem. A recognition of these economic foundations underlies all of the new housing projects.

The garden communities of Letchworth, Hampstead, Bournville, and Port Sunlight have demonstrated that clean, wholesome, comfortable cottages are possible for everybody and at the very low rent of from five dollars a month upward. They have demonstrated too that life is lengthened, the death and infant mortality rate is reduced, and labor is more efficient in these open-air communities than in the cities, and that working people gladly follow their employers to these more attractive surroundings.

In the building of garden villages three things are recognized as fundamental: one, the purchase of a large area of low-priced agricultural land in advance of any development; two, the permanent control of the whole area, as well as of streets, open spaces, and building regulations by the corporation or the city; and three, the reservation by the community, through the private corporation promoting the enterprise, of the increasing land values which the building of the community creates. The garden city is in effect its own ground landlord. Indirectly it is a house-builder and house-owner. It operates through a private corporation which owns the land, pledged by its charter to limit its dividends to five per cent on the capital actually invested, and to use the speculative increase of land values for the community.

These are the physical foundations of the garden city. To these are added, where necessary, the adjustment of transit to near-by cities so that rapid communication will be possible, as well as the ownership or a close working arrangement with the water, gas, and electricity supply. These form the plumbing of the city. They are essential to the life, comfort, and convenience of the people and the promotion of industry.

The main difference between the ordinary city and the garden city is this: the former is left to the unrestrained license of speculators, builders, owners, to a constant conflict of public and private interests; the latter treats the community as a unit, with rights superior to those of any of its individual members. One is a city of unrelated, and for the most part uncontrolled, private property rights; the other is a community intelligently planned and harmoniously adjusted, with the emphasis always on the rights to the community rather than on the rights of the individual property owner.

There are three types of garden cities: one, the self-contained industrial community like Letchworth; two, the garden suburb, like Hampstead; and three, the factory village built about a manufacturing plant by some large employer. Port Sunlight and Bournville are the best examples of the latter. All have the same underlying features of control by some superior community authority.

The idea originated with Mr. Ebenezer Howard, who published a book on garden cities in 1898 entitled "To-Morrow." From this dream the garden city took form, and finally, in 1903, Letchworth was incorporated. It differs from the other garden cities in being an independent city with a complete municipal life of its own. It is an industrial city like Gary, Ind., with all the functions and activities of a self-contained community. And just as Gary was built by the United States Steel Corporation

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as a convenient place for the making of iron and steel products, just as it was planned in detail with reference to water and rail transportation, with provision for the needs of mills and furnaces, so Letchworth was planned as the home of all kinds of industries, with provision for the needs of workingmen, so that they would be healthy, and in consequence, efficient, so that well-to-do people would want to live there, so that manufacturers would find cheap building sites with cheap light, power, water, and fuel. Unlike Gary, Letchworth was planned for all its people, for the factory-worker as well as the factory-owner; for dividends in human health and happiness as well as on property. There was this difference, however. In Gary all the land values created by the city went to the promoters of the city. In Letchworth they go to the city itself.

Letchworth lies thirty-four miles to the north-west of London. It is but fifty minutes from the city by train. It was promoted by a private corporation, like any other land company. Shares of stock were sold, but with the provision that the returns of shareholders should be limited to five per cent on the capital outlay. Three thousand eight hundred and eighteen acres of farming land were acquired, of which one thousand two hundred acres were laid out as a town. The remaining two thousand six hundred acres are for small agricultural holdings.

The entire area of Letchworth was planned by expert architects and landscape artists. It was designed as L'Enfant planned Washington before a house was erected or a road was built. It was planned as German cities lay out their suburbs, as Louis XIV and Napoleon III planned the outskirts of Paris. The railway station opens into a plaza which opens again into a broad roadway, with the town square and city hall in the distance. Shops, hotels, churches, and clubs are located near the city's centre on streets planned for the purpose. Out from the town square broad roadways radiate each with a vista of the public buildings.

Factories are located by the railway tracks. They are distant from the residential area and are shut off from the rest of the town by the contour of the ground. They are located away from the direction of prevailing winds so that the dust and smoke will be carried away from the city, while gas and electricity are furnished at such a low cost as almost to dispense with coal as a fuel. Electricity for power is sold at a flat rate of three cents per unit and at two cents after the first hundred hours of maximum demand has been reached. The price for light is sixteen cents per unit for the first hundred hours and three cents thereafter. Gas is sold for domestic purposes at seventy-two cents per thousand cubic feet, and for fuel at from sixty-six to forty-eight cents, according to the amount used.

Manufacturers are lured to Letchworth by cheap land. Factory sites are leased rather than sold, the leases running for ninety-nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine years and at from fifty dollars a year per acre upward. This enables one-story factories to be erected with ample light. The annual ground rent for factories in London frequently amounts to five thousand dollars an acre, with taxes amounting to from thirty to fifty per cent of the annual assessed value of the factory. Four thousand dollars a year ground rent per acre is moderate in London, while in some sections it rises to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Here is an economic motive of the most potent kind to attract manufacturers to Letchworth. In four years' time thirty acres have been built upon by factories, many of which have been brought from London. The industries established are for the most part printing and publishing, the manufacture of hardware tools and agricultural implements. There are some potteries and engineering contractors.

Letchworth has grown with great rapidity. In seven years' time the population has increased from four hundred to seven thousand. There are fifty shops and over twelve hundred houses, with hotels, clubs, churches, banks, etc. Many persons have adopted Letchworth as a retired place of residence, while a few commute back and forth to London each day. Rents are cheap, while houses include the charm and beauty of a country estate.

Town-planners unite in treating the streets as fundamental to proper city building. And the roadways of Letchworth (there are no streets) are comfortable, tree-lined, and of the greatest variety. Open spaces greet one at intervals. Not as arti-

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ficial afterthoughts, but as perfectly natural places of rest, recreation, and play. Many of the cottage streets are narrow. They are not designed for traffic; they are planned rather for quiet, retired living. There is generous provision for play. There is a golf course of sixty-nine acres and half a dozen greens, suggestive of the village greens of old. There are tennis-courts, cricket-fields and commodious sites for school-houses. There is an open-air swimming-pool, while orchestras, choral societies, dramatic and debating societies have been formed.

Building restrictions are imposed by the corporation on the style of houses that may be erected. Their distance from the street is also fixed. This is not done arbitrarily; there is no real interference with personal liberty. But each house must conform to the whole. It must harmonize with its surroundings, must be an integral part of the town rather than architecturally at war with it. This protects property instead of injuring it. It prevents the intrusion of alien business, the erection of barracks or monotonous speculative houses designed only for sale or rent. There can be no slums or overcrowding in Letchworth, for the maximum number of houses is limited to twelve to the acre, while the larger houses have from one-half to two and one-half acres about them. In the industrial cities houses are built thirty, forty, and even fifty to the acre.

Surrounding the town are two thousand six hundred acres of land owned by the corporation, to be rented for truck gardening, poultry and fruit farms, and agricultural purposes. This, as the builders say, is "a lung around the town." It will serve to keep down the cost of living; it will offer small farms to those who desire them. This is the only conscious attempt by any of the garden cities to co-ordinate rural life and agriculture with the city.

Provision is made for workingmen's houses, which are erected by the corporation or by co-operative tenant societies. These cottages, which are wonderfully artistic, rent at from $4.64 to $10 a month. Each cottage has a garden and is supplied with plumbing and other conveniences. They are far different from the workingmen's cottages of the industrial city, far different even from the model dwellings erected by the municipal authorities. It is amazing how cheaply and how well people can be housed where land is cheap and construction work is done at wholesale by persons interested in good workmanship and the building of homes rather than in speculation.

So rapid has been the growth of Letchworth that men are now dreaming of the possibility of a tax-free city, the expenses of the town to be paid out of the increasing value of the land. The land cost but two hundred dollars an acre, or seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the total estate. In seven years the value of the land has increased by one million one hundred and forty thousand dollars. And after deducting the cost of road building, water plant, sewers, and all other capital expenditures, there is still an unearned increment of six hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and only a small part of the land is developed. This increase does not go to the corporation, it does not go to private stockholders at all; it goes to the community for the reduction of rates or the promotion of various community undertakings.

Hampstead Garden Suburb, another garden city, is not an industrial community. It is a suburb not unlike Brookline, Mass., Germantown, Pa., Evanston, Ill., or any one of the exclusive residential suburbs which surround our larger cities. It is neither an exclusive suburb nor a housing experiment for the very poor. It is a residential community designed for government employees, clerks, mechanics, carpenters, and persons of substantial means. The suburb is located close by Hampstead Heath, an easy half-hour's ride by the tube from the centre of London. Train service is frequent and rapid, so that the community is in fact a part of London.

Mrs. Canon Barnett conceived of the Hampstead suburb in 1905. She interested as incorporators Earl Grey, the Earl of Crewe, the Bishop of London, Sir John Gorst, Sir Robert Hunter, and others in the project. They acquired two hundred and forty-three acres of land from Eton College for a garden suburb "to preserve for London, unspoiled by vulgar houses and mean streets, the foreground of the beautiful country that forms the western boundary of the heath, and to create a residential quarter for Londoners where the comfort of the inhabitants and the beauty of their surround-

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Leys Avenue, a typical shopping street, Letchworth.
Old English village type preserved.

ings should not be sacrificed to the greed of the land-owner or the necessities of the speculative builders."

Two thousand two hundred dollars an acre was paid for the undeveloped land. It was planned by expert landscape gardeners and architects for a community of from ten to twelve thousand people. The village has grown so rapidly that in 1909, one hundred and twelve additional acres were secured, and now the whole territory lying about the historic Heath is being developed into a model garden community.

A visit to Hampstead is a challenge to our ideas of city building and architecture. It is a commentary on our intelligence in the most important of all industries, the building and making of homes. The promoters were not actuated by the desire for commercial profits, although there is no charity, no philanthropy about the enterprise. Nor is there any interference with the free life of the people. The Garden Suburb is the substitution of a community for a property sense, of a city interested in comfort, convenience, beauty, and happiness rather than in the industrial license of individual builders. Hampstead is an example of co-operation as opposed to individualism in city building.

It is amazing what a beautiful thing a city can be made, amazing how the sixteenth-century village can be brought back to life and its charm reproduced. The roadways in Hampstead ignore right angles. They avoid regularity in every way. They meander about aimlessly, comfortably, following the natural contour and advantages of the land. Nor are they of equal width. The residential streets are narrow. They are designed to discourage traffic and keep it on the main thoroughfares. The roadways curve or come to a sudden stop. They open into unexpected places, and are so arranged that one always secures a vista of some attractive cottage or garden. Many of the streets are closed. They come to an abrupt end in a little enclosed square. They are all lined with shade trees—cherry, acacia, maple, and birch. There are no fences or back walls in front or in the rear. The gardens are surrounded by hedge-rows of sweet briar, yew, holly, and wild rose. Every garden in the place is filled with the greatest variety and profusion of flowers. The owners all seem to be in competition

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with one another. The name garden city is no exaggeration.

The architecture is an abrupt change from the monotonous rows of close-built barrack-like cottages of the north of London. The variety, the color effects, the beauty of the individual cottage and of the group are all a commentary on the assumption that architecture is bound up with individual freedom. Cottages costing from one thousand five hundred dollars and upward and that rent for eight dollars a month compare in beauty and comfort with those that rent for fifty or sixty dollars a month with us. They are designed with the utmost care by the best of architects and in harmony with the village idea. The beauty of these garden cottages with their stuccoed walls and gray and orange tiles, with porches and projecting eaves, compels one to question if ordinary house-building is not a neglected art and whether we are not on the threshold of a new development in domestic architecture. It may be that architecture is by nature a public rather than a purely private function and that some sort of State supervision or public direction of buildings may do for it what it does for music, the opera, the drama, and the fine arts in Europe. Each street is different from the other. There is the greatest variety in styles of cottages as well as in building material. Some of the cottages are connected. Others are semi-detached, while others are isolated villas. All are in harmony, just as are the flowers which grow in greatest profusion in the rear gardens and the front yards.

Building restrictions are fixed in perpetuity by the corporation. It retains title to the land so as to be able to control the nature and style of building. This would be difficult if it parted with the title. Permanent tenure, however, is secured to builders by leases which run from ninety-nine to nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Rentals are very reasonable. All of the street-planning and street-building work, including sewers, pavements, sidewalks, water, gas, and electric-light connections, is done by the corporation when the streets are originally built. In this way the cost is kept at a minimum and the nature of the construction is controlled. The width of roadways is fixed in harmony with the general plan. So is the location of business and possible factory sites. Provision is made for out-of-door recreation and play, while every natural beauty or vista is preserved for the community itself. There is an open-air natatorium in the centre of the town. It is banked on all sides by

Workmen's cottages, Tylton Avenue, Letchworth.

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Workmen's cottages, Gix Road, Letchworth.

masses of flowers. There is a community club, with opportunity for all kinds of indoor and outdoor sports. An institute for lectures, classes, and educational purposes is being constructed, while a beautiful village inn is planned for the near future. These are treated as part of the city, to be done by it as a matter of course. Shops are located on the main highway. They are detached from the village proper. All of these provisions are made by the garden city in advance of any building and in contemplation of future growth.

Girl's club, Letchworth.

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Hampstead has grown rapidly. It is but six years old, but already has a population of five thousand people. The value of the improvements amount to three million dollars, while the land has advanced in value from five hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As in Letchworth and Port Sunlight, the death rate is very low, being but 4.2 per 1,000, while the infant mortality rate is but 66 per 1,000 as compared with 140 per 1,000 in the near-by London tenement suburbs.

Hampstead Way and Finchly Road, Garden City, Hampstead.

The garden city is planned to make the most of all the natural advantages of the site. The best views are retained as common views. Lots and streets are planned so that each house will command the greatest amount of sunlight, while sites for parks, playgrounds, the locations of schools, public buildings, clubs, etc., are selected so that the whole community can enjoy them.

Just as the garden city corporation protects the community from the land speculator, so a similar kind of co-operative corporation, the "copartnership tenants," so-called, protects the community from bad buildings and undesirable tenants. Experience shows that some individual on a street or in a community will sell or lease his property to undesirable people. He will permit it to decay, or, as frequently happens, he builds an apartment house, a garage, stable, or factory which ruins the neighborhood. Home owners would be glad to pay for insurance against this sort of thing, against a slovenly or indifferent tenant, against unfair use. The loss in values in every American city due to changes of this kind are incalculable. It is this that keeps residential values in a constant state of transition. Protection from this sort of thing is a community concern.

Individuals too, especially workingmen, are deterred from becoming home owners because of the uncertainty of employment and residence. Individual architecture, building, and financing is difficult and costly. Even in America we have become a nation of city tenants.

The copartnership tenants corporation is a device for making home ownership easy, for protecting the tenant as well as the community, for securing the highest talent and most economical method of building and for insuring the workman, when he moves to another town, that he will not lose his investment. It is also a guarantee against depreciation and changing use. For the copartnership tenants is a house-building and house-owning and house-managing corporation. It builds houses by wholesale. It can employ the best of talent and plan its building with the same vision of the rights of the community that the garden city does.

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Asmuns Place, Garden City, Hampstead.

Showing serpentine road closed at end to discourage traffic and insure quiet.

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The Haven of Rest.

Quadrangle designed by Parker & Unwin for aged poor. Built by Hampstead tenants, Rent of small apartment 78 cents per week.

The values of its houses are community values. Tenants do not own the particular house they happen to live in, but a share in the entire group. They are tenants in a copartnership series of houses, in which their rent is fixed and their stockholdings are salable the same as in any other corporation. This gives the tenant-owner a pecuniary interest in the whole village.

These tenant corporations sell stock to tenants, who must subscribe for at least two hundred and fifty dollars, which is pay-

Linnel Close, Garden City, Hampstead.

Showing emphasis on village green idea and generous provision of open spaces.

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Wordsworth Walk, Garden City, Hampstead.

able in instalments. Stock is also sold to outsiders. The houses rent at a price sufficient to yield five per cent on their cost, while any surplus earned goes back, not to the stockholders, but to the tenants in proportion to their rent. These earnings are credited on the tenants' stock subscription until it is paid up.

By this arrangement the tenant enjoys every advantage of ownership, and at the same time is protected from many risks. Capital is obtained at low cost. So is pro-

Guy Dawber's houses on Willigied Way, Garden City. Hampstead.

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The Park, Bournville.—There is play in the

Front gardens, Bournville.
Gardens everywhere.

fessional, managerial, and building skill. Investment in a house becomes like stocks or bonds. In addition, the interest of the tenant in the whole corporation leads to a watchful care of the entire community.

The first copartnership tenants was that of Ealing Tenants Limited, organized in 1903, with sixty acres of land and fifty thousand dollars capital. In seven years' time the movement has grown until in 1910 there were fourteen such societies, owning six thousand six hundred houses with an investment of four million dollars. When the present estates are completed the companies will have an investment of ten million dollars.

Many of the dwellings of Hampstead Garden city were built by tenant companies. In three years four hundred and fourteen cottages had been erected at a cost of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The demand for houses cannot be satisfied. Tenant investors are compelled to wait as much as six months for houses.

From the outset the number of houses has been limited to not more than twelve to the acre, or from one-half to one-fourth the number usually built by speculators. Where possible, houses are built with a southern

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the most generous provision for garden city.

Small semi-detached cottages, Bournville.

exposure so as to insure every bit of winter sunshine. This is also followed in the arrangement of rooms. Cottages rent at from five dollars a month upward, while some expensive villas are planned to rent for as high as six hundred and fifty dollars a year. In 1910 the tenants of the Hampstead Tenants Corporation received back as co-operative dividends about seven per cent on their rental. This was after the payment of all dividends, provision for depreciation, and maintenance, and the setting aside of a substantial reserve fund. Tenancy is permanent at the rent fixed on entrance, but the management reserve the right to exclude any tenant who is disorderly or otherwise mismanages the estate.

Port Sunlight differs from Letchworth or Hampstead in being a purely private business enterprise. It is an expression of *noblesse oblige*, of benevolent industrial feudalism on the part of Lever Brothers, manufacturers of soap. The village, which has a population of three thousand, lies about five miles from Liverpool, across the river Mersey, near the city of Birkenhead.

The company loses one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year upon the undertaking. The cost of the village

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"The Triangle," Bournville.

was about two million five hundred thousand dollars, upon which investment the company receives no return, the rents being only sufficient to maintain the cottages, streets, grounds, and activities of the village. This loss is a contribution by the company to efficiency; for the improved health and condition of the employees, due to better homes and the open-air life, yields a return that of itself pays for the investment.

Port Sunlight is in some ways the most beautiful of all the garden cities. Possibly

Shopping centre, Bournville.

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it is the contrast with the tenements of the near-by cities of Liverpool and Birkenhead that makes it appear so. The effect of the village is apparent in the men, the women, and the children, and especially in the children. The people of Port Sunlight are clean, healthy, strong, and happy. The cottages are surrounded by gardens and hedges; the streets are rambling and tree-lined. Every few hundred feet one comes

Park Road, Port Sunlight.

on a school, an institute, a playground or some other provision for the education and amusement of the people. There are bowling-greens, rifle-ranges, foot-ball enclosures, and open-air baths, a technical institute, auditorium, band-stand, gymnasium, hospital, and library. The most beautiful building of all is the art gallery, one of the most attractive and well-selected small galleries I have ever seen. Both the architecture and the interior are restful and inviting. They suggest very general use and a sense of the community itself.

Sir William H. Lever has a high ideal of what his employees are entitled to. He says "as a matter of principle all would admit that every diligent employee has a moral and indisputable right to live in a decent home, to possess the opportunity to bring up his children in decent environment, to enjoy the best possible facilities for the development of his own, his wife's, and children's faculties, so as to make them healthy and strong and long-lived."

He also appreciates the relation of proper living conditions to industrial efficiency. He says: "Business cannot be carried on by physically deficient employees any more than war can be successfully waged by physically deficient soldiers. Business efficiency, therefore, demands better housing conditions for employees, apart from the principle of the employees' own unquestionable right to the same." As a result of his investigations he said that the loss of time through sickness was over ten per cent out of a possible year's work under ordinary housing conditions; that the death rate is over 25 per 1,000 where houses are crowded fifty to the acre. If houses are built as in Port Sunlight, at not more than twelve to the acre, the death rate will be under 14 per 1,000, while the loss of time from sickness will be a negligible quantity. This is all aside from the mental and moral deterioration of the slum-dweller as compared with those of the garden cities.

"Surround a home," he says, "with slums and you produce moral and physical weeds and stinging nettles. Surround a home with a garden and you produce the moral and physical beauty and strength of the flower and the oak."

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A Port Sunlight corner.

The Lever Brothers' "prosperity-sharing plans," as they describe their efforts, has had a remarkable effect upon the health and well-being of the people. This is quite obvious to a casual visitor, but careful statistical investigation by experts is even more convincing. The height of Port Sunlight school children at fourteen years of age was 62.2 inches, while those of the public schools of Liverpool range from 55.2 inches to 61.7 inches. The weight of the same children was 108 pounds in Port Sunlight and from 71.1 to 94.5 in the public schools.

The statistics of the death rate are quite as remarkable. In the average industrial cities of England it ranges from 14 to 19 per 1,000, while in Port Sunlight it ranged during seven years from 5.55 to 12.87 per 1,000.

Port Sunlight is not an exception. The comparison between Bournville (another proprietary garden city) and the near-by city of Birmingham, and of Port Sunlight and the neighboring city of Liverpool, is as follows:

Death rate in Bournville for 6 years, 7.5 per 1,000
Death rate in Birmingham for 6 years, 17.9 per 1,000
Infant mortality in Bournville for 6 years, 78.8 per 1,000
Infant mortality in Birmingham for 6 years, 170.0 per 1,000
Average height of Bournville boy of 11 years, 4 feet 9 inches
Average height of Birmingham slum boy of 11 years . . . . . 4 feet 2 inches
Average weight of Bournville boy of 11 years, 4 stone 13 pounds
Average weight of Birmingham slum boy of 11 years . . . . . 3 stone 11 pounds
Greater chest measurement of Bournville boy over Birmingham boy . . . . . 3 inches

First houses built in Port Sunlight with tablet recording that their facsimile took grand prix at Brussels Exhibition, 1910.

Average height of 14-year-old children in Port Sunlight schools . . . . 62.2 inches
Average height of 14-year-old children in Liverpool Council schools . . . 55.2 inches
Average weight of 14-year-old children in Port Sunlight schools . . . . 108 pounds
Average weight of 14-year-old children in Liverpool Council schools . . . 71.1 pounds

Letchworth claims to be England's healthiest town. The mortality rate in Eng-

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land and Wales in 1907 was 15.4 per 1,000. The infantile mortality rate in five large cities ranges from 107.9 to 157.8 per 1,000.

A back garden in Port Sunlight.

The comparison of Letchworth and the leading English cities in this respect is as follows:

CITY	INFANTILE MORTALITY RATE PER 1,000 BIRTHS	ORDINARY DEATH RATE PER 1,000
London	107.9	14.0
Birmingham	134.3	15.4
Manchester	134.0	17.9
Liverpool	143.6	19.0
Middlesbrough	157.8	19.1
Letchworth	31.7	5.2

The garden-city idea is being widely copied in Germany, where the apartment house is the prevalent type of dwelling for all classes. A score of suburban communities have been started under municipal and co-operative support. Near Dresden the beautiful suburb of Hellerau was opened in 1909 with one hundred and fifty cottages. The suburb grew so rapidly that one hundred and fifty more cottages are in process of construction. It is a garden home for artists, musicians, persons of moderate means, and artisans. Housing authorities have welcomed it as a great advance on all previous experiments. Here, as in England, the community idea of land

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Open-air swimming bath, Port Sunlight.

ownership and house-building has been followed.

Just outside of New York city, the Russell Sage Foundation is making a garden-city experiment at Forest Hills, Long Island. A large area of land was purchased which was platted like a private estate by expert landscape artists and architects, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., and Grosvenor Atterbury, upon which a suburban community has been built with every provision for a self-contained life.

Out of these widely separated experiments a new type of city will come—a city that will open up possibilities for the town-planner, the landscape artist, the engineer, and the expert in transportation, that, once, intelligently co-ordinated, will turn back again to the country the tide of population from the city. The new city will cover a very wide area. It will have a radius of twenty, thirty, possibly fifty miles. For the area of a city is merely a matter of rapid transit. The intelligence of the world

Altenhof colony of the Krupp Works.
Built in 1905, Essen, Germany.

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is at the command of the nation for the building of dreadnaughts, the perfection of aeroplanes, the digging of the Panama Canal. Surely the talent of the city, if set to work on the building of houses, the improvement of transportation, the control of the land, and the designing of cities will put an end to the housing problem and bring about a revolution in life for well to do and poor alike in a few years' time. Everywhere politics is being co-ordinated with the social problem, with the

One-family houses.
Alfredshof colony of the Krupp Works, built 1899, Essen, Germany.

Some of the more pretentious houses in one of the Krupp colonies at Essen, Germany.

problem of living, as it now is co-ordinated with war, diplomacy, and business. We are rapidly acquiring a city sense in the matter of education, in the care of children, in health administration, in provision for recreation and amusement. And the cramped apartment, with only an occasional glimpse of the sun, at from one thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars a year for the well to do is such a travesty on the idea of home that it will not long continue. A one or two room tenement, sunless, almost airless, and at a cost that would pay for a comfortable home in an attractive suburb, is worse than a travesty. It is almost a crime. Yet this is the condition of millions of well to do and poor alike in our large cities. They pay from twenty to thirty per cent of their income for what is at best a makeshift of a home.

The garden city is the first suggestion of escape from all this. It shows that the living problem can be solved by intelligent community action. Within another generation public opinion will no more tolerate the slum and the tenement than it does the plagues which were prevalent a generation ago. Through the garden city a way has been found to reunite man with the land, from which he has been forcibly divorced for a generation by inadequate transit and the prohibitive urban land values which inadequate transportation facilities have created.

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Hopedale, Massachusetts.

Originally a socialistic community; now a town of 2,000 inhabitants, developed and controlled for many years along model lines by an industrial corporation.

MODEL TOWNS IN AMERICA

By Grosvenor Atterbury

AT first glance it would appear that any article on model towns in America must closely resemble the renowned chapter on snakes in Iceland; for, with but one or two exceptions, there are none.

Loosely used, the words may be applied to a rapidly increasing number of more or less attractive and successful housing developments, largely of a commercial nature, that stand out in marked relief—conspicuous not so much from their intrinsic merit as by contrast—among the ordinary towns and suburbs of Topsy-like growth and hopeless aspect. But it is not of these that I have been asked to write; though there are many that in one phase or other are well worth study and comment.

And to the difficulty arising from the absence of examples is to be added the fact that while in a general way our conception of the subject may be based on the recent examples of model towns and garden cities in England and Germany, it must at best be largely tentative; for as a matter of fact we are engaged to-day in the first serious attempt in America to formulate the subject of city and town planning under our native conditions and to meet our own distinctive problems.

As in most subjects, the study of town planning and model towns begins and ends in a definition. At the beginning stands a theoretic statement, and at the end a visualized or concrete example that makes the original conception understandable. If in these few pages the writer can roughly bridge this gap he will have accomplished as much as he dare hope; for the subject is one of surprising scope and an importance as yet but little understood in this country, and this matter of definition correspondingly difficult. While I can give you at once a neat label with which to docket the package, it will tell you about as little of what is inside as the title of a patent medicine. If you really care to know what the label means we shall have to open the wrapper and roughly analyze its contents.

At the outset it will be well to eliminate some prevalent misconceptions, and state clearly certain things which a model town

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is not. Let us at once, for example, disentangle the "Model Town" from the "City Beautiful" — that fateful euphemism which, like Helen of Troy, has brought such tribulation upon those who would possess themselves of beauty without due process of law—who would deck out our modest villages in Paris finery and ruin their complexions with architectural cosmetics.

Evidently something must be said, moreover, to lay the ghosts of "Spotless Town" and "Pullman," not of course in answer to the facetious paragrapher who calls attention to the fact that a real model town must have shade on both sides of the street, and no telephone, gas, or electric companies; but rather to meet such honestly felt criticisms as point to inevitable failures, such as Brook Farm, Zion City, and Helicon Hall.

While any town, whatever its birth and family history, may aspire to set such a high standard of living that it may be called in a general sense "model," the word is now taking a new and special meaning, following the beginning of organized attempts to apply scientific, æsthetic, and economic principles and methods to the problem of housing civilized humanity.

Now, the conditions that have at last brought this about are largely economic. As in the case of the increase in the cost of living—or the high cost of high living, as it has been aptly put—the high cost of model housing is due not only to higher standards, but to the cumulative profits of production and distribution common to any retail business. The individual can escape the penalties of the situation only by going without or by combining for collective action, by means of which the profits of the speculator—the middleman in this instance—can be largely eliminated. Such combined action must be, I think, the most distinctive feature of a model town; and therefore its theoretic definition should be based on the essential element of collectivism. Practically stated, this means collective purchase, design, development, and control.

Roland Park.

An example of collective design as applied to a commercial block.

In a broad sense, as has been said, any town becomes model by raising its standard sufficiently high. But it is a wellnigh hopeless fight when the forces of short-sighted selfishness and inertia barricade themselves in a place whose physical growth has been utterly neglected from the start, or later deformed through our customary short-sighted planning—customary largely because the American habit

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of striking debit and credit balances for the month or year instead of the decade or generation (as is more often done in the older and in many ways wiser countries of Europe) is all against the kind of foresight which constitutes the first essential of good town and city planning. For—to return to our package—the main wrapper that metaphorically holds its various contents together is foresight. This is of course the vital essence that produces the concrete thing we call a plan. In the case of a building it is designed to determine a state of permanent and happy equilibrium between the force of gravity and that appalling collection of stone, brick, steel, wood, and plaster—not to mention the ubiquitous and irresponsible plumbing pipes—that go to make the simplest modern house. Once having coaxed, jammed, and twisted these obstreperous elements into a happy family group they are presumed to stay put, and the architect and his plan are happily forgotten—or ought to be—for their proper function is ended.

But in town-planning the case is more difficult. General impressions to the contrary, a town is not a static proposition, but of the nature of a growing organism. Therefore its plan requires other qualities than foresight—above all, a certain flexibility of control.

And it must also be remembered that we are not certain as yet what is really wanted or what we can actually do.

Little wonder then that one definition for "Model Towns" suggested to the writer was "Failures."

II

WHAT, then, is the function of a model town? What, for example, does the Russell Sage Foundation hope to accomplish by its demonstration at Forest Hills Gardens? What is this new architectural species calling themselves city and town planners? Our good citizens have been harangued *ad nauseam* on the "city beautiful"—and too much of their good money already spent on monumental boulevards, public fountains, and impossible statues. Why, then, must we now suffer an invasion of "town-planners" preaching "garden cities" and "model towns"?

The answer, unfortunately, in the present state of the public knowledge of the subject involves an apparent digression from our subject. Whether it was six or ten thousand years ago that the first cave-dweller drove the workmen out of his unfinished house and took possession of the kitchen and sleeping-quarters is perhaps immaterial. But in either case the important fact is to be noted that until very recently through all the intervening centuries astonishingly little progress has been made in the business of housing the human species. As a science it has scarcely existed; and as an art has been

Gary, Indiana.

A purely commercial development of the United States Steel Corporation.

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Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

An example of gradual development. Nearly a century ago a cotton settlement; now an industrial town in many respects entitled to be called model.

confined almost entirely to the individual unit—the single dwelling-house. It is fair to say, of course, that the conditions which have created the housing problem in its present acute form are more or less modern. They are still in process of formation and growth—with the centralizing process which is making such startling and, from many points of view, regrettable progress.

The causes of this widespread movement from the farm to the city do not come under the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that our rapid urbanization is probably symptomatic of normal though extremely rapid growth. The upward progress of society has been contemporaneous with the increase of urban population. The concomitant evils of congestion are merely the national growing-pains which we, as a somewhat overgrown country, are feeling with particular acuteness. But the very pertinent fact remains, that according to the last census nearly forty per cent of our entire population is already concentrated in large towns or cities, as compared with three per cent at the close of the Civil War, and that this urbaniza-

A street in Whitinsville.

An example of considerable architectural harmony and charm.

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tion is still rapidly increasing. It is extremely doubtful if it can be stopped, no matter how loudly we raise the cry of "back to the farm." It is certain that it has already created conditions and consequences that must be reckoned with.

Under the best of circumstances such rapid city growth would involve danger. Even where the city or town has been carefully and scientifically planned so as to provide for rapid increase, it is difficult to avoid unhealthy congestion, not to mention the economic waste of various kinds consequent upon improper distribution of a city's inhabitants with respect to their different activities. What is to be expected, then, where all the conflicting forces of vigorous growth are allowed to run riot? The marvel is that our towns are not even worse than they are. Of course, between villagehood and citydom one expects an awkward age. But that need by no means signify the chaotic disorder, the squalor, and pretentious show of our bombastic "Centres," "Junctions," and "Cities."

Now, I have not made myself clear if the reader thinks I am here lamenting the absence of kiosks, monuments, and triumphal arches. What we decry in the American town is the ugliness of discord, waste, and unhealthfulness. What we ask is only that which is suitable to its place and purpose. "The foundation of beauty," says a gentleman named Philebus, "is a reasonable order addressed to the imagination through the senses," from which I gather that he must have given some thought to city planning and the subject of model towns. Even the country circus to-day has its itinerary and printed programme. But the proud city of New York scorns a city plan. While the poorest negro plants his kitchen garden with some semblance of order in the separation of his corn and cabbage, our great centres of population, for the most part, grow wild, one thing choking and starving out the other—the factory, the home, the office building, and tenement—in a jostling disorderly crowd, fighting for air and light.

Roland Park, near Baltimore.

Illustrating the advantages of collective planning from a social and æsthetic stand-point.

Yet with proper provision and control the centralization of population has great advantages. As in the concentration of large industries with the accompanying aggregation of capital, it means the possibility of increased economy and efficiency in government. Especially is this true now that the scope of municipal rule is being so greatly extended. In the minds of many it has already ceased to denote merely a means of control. In numerous instances it has already advanced to the middle ground of protective functions—attempting to guard against disease, vice, and destitution; while in certain others it

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is being made to assume the frankly paternalistic functions of prevention and provision as seen in the social if not socialistic conception of government to be found to-day in a number of German towns and cities. There you find the municipal government not only guaranteeing property rights, but attempting to protect the individual citizen against the land speculator and assuming to guarantee the poor man an economic opportunity; not only providing facilities for education and recreation and overseeing conditions of labor, but furnishing both amusement and employment; not only controlling the housing conditions of the masses, but providing municipal dwellings.

It would be strange indeed if here in America we did not hanker after some of these tempting and apparently most desirable things! It would not be characteristic of our national temperament to be satisfied until we had "gone the limit" and, having out-Heroded Herod, sat down to reckon up the cost. That the impulse of our people, when they have realized the possibilities of the situation, will be along this line I have no doubt. To prevent such misguided experiments by showing that the best and wisest of these results may be attained without paying the price of paternalism or socialism is, to my mind, one of the most important functions of the so-called model town and suburb.

Instances of attempts to create model industrial settlements in this country can be cited as early as 1836; and the list of subsequent undertakings, though comparatively short, includes what might be termed approximations to each of the various distinct types under which present-day model towns and garden cities may be classified. By far the greater number of such undertakings in America have been "proprietary"—organized by industrial concerns primarily for the accommodation of their employees. Such, for example, are Pullman, Ill., Vandergrift, Pa., Gary, Ind., Ludlow, Mass., Corey, Ala., and Leclaire, near St. Louis; the last named, though a village of only six hundred and fifty inhabitants, being in its economic and social aspects perhaps the most advanced and interesting of all. A certain number of essentially commercial developments, usually of high-grade property, as exemplified at Garden City, L. I., and Roland Park, in the suburbs of Baltimore, have been laid out and developed along æsthetic and social lines that justify their being called in a general sense "model." The governmental type, as might be expected, is only represented on a negligible scale. Co-operative and socialistic developments, though more numerous, have been of little greater significance. Hopedale, to be sure, apparently one of the best examples of the model town now existing in this country, was founded in 1841 as a co-operative community. But in the course of a dozen years it shed its socialistic garb and now, like its charming neighbor Whitinsville, is a thriving commercial town on a substantially proprietary basis. From among all these, however, as well as a score of other undertakings of a similar kind, the writer has been unable to select any one which answers completely to the definition of a model town as understood abroad to-day.

The failures, it must be confessed, have come nearer doing so than the successes. But, on the other hand, it is safe to say that the failures have been caused, not by the objects sought but by the mistakes in the means and methods employed for their attainment. In most cases the attempt has been to eliminate the evil by-products of unrestrained competitive development by means of paternalism. And anything of that character, whether it be philanthropic or proprietary, people in this country resent and reject.

But this does not mean that they will not accept eagerly any betterment in living conditions which they can obtain on a fair commercial basis, through higher standards and more efficient handling of land development and distribution, the application of collective or co-operative principles, and the science and art of town-planning and good housing.

And this, I take it, is what the model town of to-day must aim to make possible. Just how this is to be accomplished practically is manifestly a question to be answered only by actual demonstration. But it is safe to say that the problem is to be solved along three lines—the æsthetic, the social, and the ecomonic—

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and that the practical meaning of our subject will be most readily defined and understood if it be viewed in turn from these three different points of view.

III

"De gustibus non est disputandum," and the writer has no intention of discussing fashions in taste or architectural style. But there are certain phenomena that, even considered from an æsthetic point of view, provoke no discussion—just as there are certain odors that are almost universally abhorrent to the civilized nostril. The strange thing about it is that while the public sense of smell is pretty generally protected against soap factories, tanneries, and a score of other malodorous affairs, rightly regarded as being unconstitutional hindrances to the pursuit of happiness, the sense of sight is not considered as yet except as an instrument for such practical purposes as the pursuit of the mighty dollar. So visual stenches are given the freedom of our cities.

Now, collective or co-operative planning and control can operate chiefly in two ways to better this curiously illogical situation. Negatively, on the principle of the smoke ordinance, it may preserve a reasonably harmless æsthetic atmosphere by putting some limit upon the architectural anarchy and lawless bad taste that runs riot in even the best governed of our cities to-day; while at the same time giving the most misguided architectural efforts a better chance to show such poor merit as they may possess.

To show a mob the effectiveness of discipline may seem dangerously like giving them arms. But the truth is that with any kind of control anarchy ceases. And so bad taste, however brutal it may be, at once becomes capable of better things if it be ordered. The leavening element of design and purpose appears. The noise becomes music, however crude.

With the elimination of lawless eccentricity and disregard of architectural decency the good elements in the situation begin to count. However bad individually, a series of houses that exhibit some mutual acknowledgment of each other's right of existence has at once some æsthetic value. That such primitive good manners must be the result to-day of rigid restrictions instead of instinct is not surprising when one realizes that the majority of people in this country have never—architecturally speaking—moved in polite society, or even realized that there is such a thing.

To demonstrate the advantage to the individual of a reasonable self-restraint in the subordination of his own architectural impulses to a general æsthetic scheme is one of the functions of the model development. Its successful accomplishment will depend, I feel sure, solely on the education of the sense of beauty, already nascent in this country. For the correctness of the principle and the value of the actual results of its application in collective planning is without question. Yet I am inclined to think that its public recognition will be largely brought about indirectly through the appeal to our keen commercial sense, which I believe good town-planning is sure to make.

To explain the various ways in which the actual economy and commercial value of good taste and design may be taught would lead to a much too technical discussion. Suffice it to say that the list includes the demonstration of the value of ornamental construction instead of constructive ornament, of the intelligent use of common inexpensive materials whose decorative value, because of their roughness, their very cheapness of previous association, ordinarily goes unrecognized, and of the surprising effectiveness of simple, honest, and straightforward structures when designed and placed with regard to general harmony of color and mass. And with these must inevitably come a crusade against the wasteful shams which, like the signs on our streets and road-sides, we have come to tolerate from force of habit—the tin cornice that rears its imitation stone surface a story-height above the tinder-box frame beneath, and the pretentious fronts and sordid rears between which even our better educated citizens are content to live.

But all this teaching, it may be said, necessarily involves expert services and expense. The admixture of a dollar's worth of brains to every dollar's worth of cheap material must come pretty near spoiling the demonstration from an eco-

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nomic point of view. But co-operative design and development make possible the employment of experts in all departments by distributing the greater part of the first

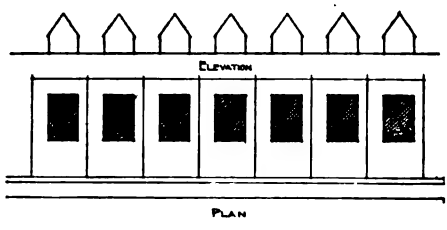

Diagram No. 1.

cost of their services over a large area of development. Such services, moreover, if really efficient, will actually result in ultimate, if not immediate, savings. It is precisely because of the poor man's inability to avail himself as an individual of wise technical advice that his home is so often a far more expensive investment, comparatively speaking, than the rich man's. Insurance against wasteful bad taste and poor construction is even more of a luxury than that against fire loss, from which the poor man is ordinarily the heaviest sufferer.

On the other hand, collective planning and control should produce conditions under which good æsthetic results may be secured far more easily and inexpensively, whether the designing be individual or collective. Bad as is the taste displayed in the average small-lot suburban development, it is fair to say that there is no problem in architectural design more difficult than that presented by the small and cheap dwelling. The irreducible minimum of size and cost demands the maximum of skill and study if it is to be made to succeed from an architectural standpoint. Careful consideration of the problem of the individual house for the skilled laborer, mechanic, and clerk leads to the conclusion that even with the most expert designing the best that can be attained architecturally under the system of detached dwellings on narrow lots is but a negative result—the elimination of the gratuitously bad and the mitigation of what is necessarily so.

For the trouble really lies in the fundamentally bad requisites as to their proportions, mass, and relative position, made necessary by the current system of lot sizes and their individual development. The difference between the conditions confronting the architect where each little house, being placed independently, must present, by reason of the shape of the lot, its narrow side to the street, as indicated in Diagram No. 1, and the situation resulting from the application of group planning to the same sized units on identical land areas shown on Diagram No. 2 is a sufficient illustration of what I mean in thus speaking of the æsthetic advantages of collective design.

But in addition to certain economies in construction cost and the far greater architectural effectiveness obtained by thus erecting small dwellings in groups, this example at once illustrates another and more obvious kind of saving, and at the same time serves to throw some light on the economic aspect of our subject.

IV

For, besides demonstrating the fallacy of certain conventional ideas as to general layout, proper street widths, and the size and distribution of free spaces for public use, and many other matters which we may not here stop to consider, town-planning makes possible certain specific economies in the use of the building lots themselves. And these economies result in a distinct gain rather than a sacrifice in living conditions, as compared with even the best results obtainable under individual treatment.

To illustrate, let us consider the results of individual and collective planning as

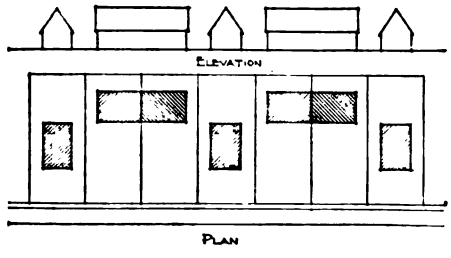

Diagram No. 2.

applied to an entire block. The preceding diagram (No. 1) shows the conventional arrangement of small houses such as is pretty sure to result from the development of a street by a series of owners

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under the customary restrictions imposed on almost all suburban building properties. The restrictions on each lot are of course alike, and it is not unjust to American buyers of small lots to assume that each lot will be used to the limit of its restrictions. The first purchaser to build places his house as near the street as the restrictions permit, for fear his neighbors may cut off some of the asphalt view from his parlor windows. Being the first in the field—a literal simile often enough—and deciding to put his kitchen on the north side and as near to his neighbor's lot line as possible, every succeeding builder must follow suit. The result—a familiar sight in countless miles of our suburban streets—is what is indicated by the diagram—a rather neat example of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" as "she" is practised—an arrangement assuring an absolutely equal and neighborly sharing of all the disadvantages of individual planning, whereby each owner is secure against any suspicion that his neighbor has gotten the best of him, for the simple reason that they have all made equally poor use of their lots. It represents pure democracy in town-planning.

On the other hand, in the diagram (No. 2) is shown what may happen where a beneficent monarchy, working unde identical conditions, has foreordained an arrangement in which each building is located with some consideration for its neighbor. It assumes, of course, a certain individuality in taste—that not every owner wishes to live on the sidewalk, that some would like a garden space at the

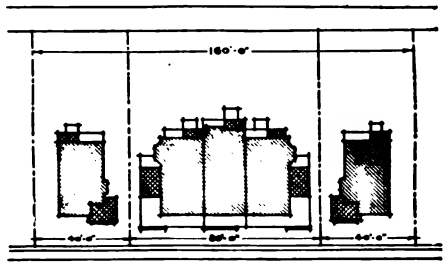

Diagram No. 3.

front and some at the side, that most people would enjoy looking past instead of into their neighbor's walls and windows, and that many would be glad to live in a street where even though the individual houses must all be reduced to the lowest possible terms of comfort and decency, their homely monotony is, at

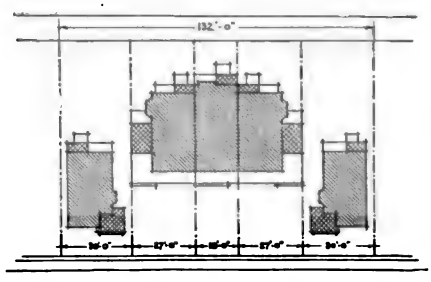

Diagram No. 4.

least, relieved by a certain amount of variety in their arrangement.

But quite apart from all such advantages, and leaving out of consideration the æsthetic aspects of the matter, both of architecture and landscape design, let us see what practical economies lie in this latter arrangement. In the first place it must be explained that in determining restrictions on real estate of this type, now recognized as essential for commercial if for no other reasons, it is in the very nature of the case necessary to assume the worst conditions that can be brought about under them. Otherwise they do not protect, and to protect is of course the function of restrictions. But like any other mandatory and inflexible rule which must apply equally to all men and conditions it is very costly in an economic sense. An obvious and pertinent example is the city building law. In order to protect the general public against the dishonest owner and builder, rules are required that penalize the honest man and result in the waste of millions of dollars annually. Could we assume in every case absolute integrity of workmanship and material, the cost of many items of construction could be surprisingly reduced. Though by no means so obvious, the case is similar in the matter of property restrictions; and the extent of the wastage involved in the ordinary individualistic development is the measure of the economy secured by good collective planning. This may be seen by a comparison of the two diagrams, No. 3 and No. 4. The former shows the minimum

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width of lot which experience has shown may be sold with a proper regard for the protection of individual purchasers and the successful development of a certain type of property as a whole. The sale of any narrower lot will under ordinary individualistic planning and development result in detriment to the value of the lots in question, as well as to the neighboring property. But as will be seen from Diagram No. 4, if instead of having to insure against the worst possible use of the property by individual owners it were possible to assume that the buildings would all be intelligently planned as one group, the average width of the lot might be reduced twenty per cent and the conditions be really better for each individual house.

Bird's-eye view of Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island.
An example of collective planning, development, and control.

In other words, collective planning by means of mutual adjustment in each specific case does away with the costly blanket restrictions, which cause in real-estate development of this type a very considerable waste in the use of land—the counterpart of that material which is required in building construction to insure against imperfect work and which is technically called the "factor of safety." In both cases this is a heavy tax on the owner or tenant of the property. While it is clearly recognized by all experts in construction, I doubt if it has ever been recognized as such—in this country at least—in the case of real-estate development. And here again is a specific instance where the demonstration of this fact in a model town may have a great educational value.

There is, moreover, another development of this group-planning principle which, although as yet experimental, may lead to a practical solution of one of the greatest difficulties in any attempt to secure a decent suburban development which shall at the same time meet the necessities of the "small buyers"—who constitute perhaps the largest, and in some respects the most desirable, class among the seekers for small suburban homes. A certain number of these are able to buy, on easy terms, a lot with a house already built upon it, and can therefore be ac-

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commodated by the erection and sale of groups such as already illustrated. But a far greater number, and those in fact to whom economy is most necessary, cannot afford to undertake the building of a house until three or four years after the purchase of their lots, even assuming the easiest terms which are possible on any commercial basis.

On the other hand, to sell such small units as this class can afford to buy—lots of twelve or fifteen feet in width, for example—subject to independent development by such individual owners, however careful the restrictions, is certain to give results detrimental to the value of the property as a whole, quite aside from any æsthetic considerations or that of the additional expense involved in the separate erection of such small individual houses. Unless some means be found, therefore, by which these difficulties can be met, the home-seekers of this class must be relegated to such undesirable property as may have already lost caste by reason of similar disorderly growth, or may be for some other reason so undesirable as to make its proper development of no import.

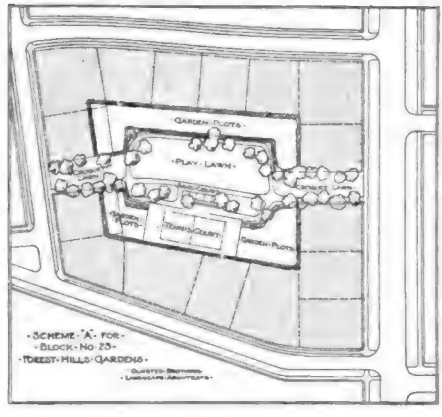

Diagram No. 5.

It is necessary again to cite Forest Hills Gardens for an example of any practical attempt to solve this problem. Under the "Sage Group-building Plan" portions of the property are set apart for division into groups of lots of a width of thirteen feet each and upward, and for each group of lots a group of buildings is designed. Briefly stated, the plan provides for the purchase of individual plots forming parts of such a group upon terms of payment similar to those for ordinary vacant lots, and such modifications as are approved by the company will be made in the plans of individual houses of the group to suit the ideas of purchasers. As soon as acceptable applications have been received for all the plots in a given group, formal contracts will be entered into between the company and the various purchasers, making the plan operative as to that group. The company will agree to build the whole group as soon as payments amounting to approximately ten per cent of the combined price of house and plot, together with interest, taxes, and assessments, shall have been made on every plot in the group, provided all the terms of the contracts have been observed. Under the ordinary system of payments this amount will have been paid in about four years; but if at any time before that period each of the purchasers in the group shall have paid the required ten per cent, and, under certain conditions, even though all the members of the entire group have not qualified, the company agrees to build the group forthwith.

While preserving the forty- or fifty-foot plot, and its regular restrictions in all cases where lots are sold under ordinary conditions, the company hopes by this group-building plan to meet the need of those who want smaller plots for future building in a manner that secures the advantage of large combined operations, both as to design and construction, without requiring as large a cash payment as is necessary to purchase a house in a group already built and without too great sacrifice of individual preference as to house plans.

By collective planning and control it thus hopes to save for the small purchaser the twenty per cent which, as we have seen, under the guise of its general restrictions, constitutes the "factor of safety" necessary for the general protection of its purchasers.

V

But this is illustrative of only one type of burden which our "model town," like

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a willing pack-animal, is expected to carry. Along with the more or less handily tied-up economic and æsthetic problems, like the foregoing, are a lot of loosely bound and awkwardly shaped sociological and social experiments which must sooner or later be added to the pack; the art of the business lying in so packing them that those proving too awkward for even a model pack-horse to carry can be slipped off before the animal goes down with the entire load on its back. While the field of co-operative possibilities in this connection is too large to permit in this article anything more than the most superficial glance, we may consider one example illustrating at once both the type of problem and the kind of precaution against failure which ought to be taken in all such demonstrations.

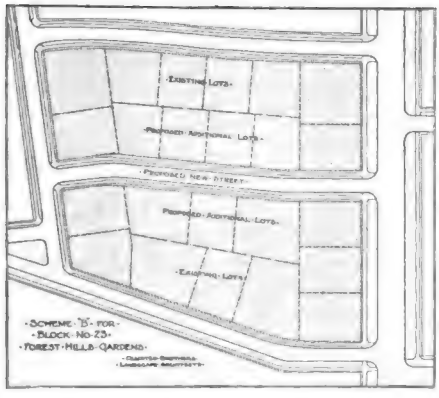

Diagram No. 6.

In certain of the blocks at Forest Hills Gardens, provision has been made for small private parks in the interior of the blocks. But such parks, if increased in size beyond the very limited extent by which the depth of the abutting lots can be shortened, must correspondingly increase the normal price of the surrounding lots. Such additional cost, moreover, representing land permanently unavailable for anything but park purposes, would be a questionable investment for the small purchaser. To meet this difficulty, one section of property at Forest Hills Gardens has been especially subdivided as shown in the diagram (No. 5) so as to make it possible for the company to lease this interior property at a rental based on the wholesale price of the land to the abutting owners for co-operative development and control with the right of purchase. Under this plan an exceptionally large area is here reserved in the middle of the block with the expectation that it will be used in part as a private park for all the people in the block, with tennis-courts and such other provisions for recreation as they may decide to have, and in part for private allotment gardens attached to those houses on the surrounding lots whose owners desire to lease additional garden space at a fair rental.

There are many people who want to experiment with a garden—more of a garden than is possible on the ordinary house plot—but who either are unable to buy the necessary area or feel too uncertain of their gardening success to risk the additional investment. To such as these the plan in contemplation offers the opportunity of hiring garden space outside their lots and of increasing or decreasing this space, or finally giving it up, just as their experience may dictate, instead of being definitely committed to what they might unwisely choose at the start. If as large a piece of land as that here reserved could never be used in other ways, in case the demand for garden space grew slack and the people in the block no longer cared to keep up a private park, the company would have to make itself safe against such a contingency by charging an extra price for the lots which carried with them the privileges of the reserved space. But the area enclosed in this case is designed so as to permit its conversion into a cross street flanked by building lots of marketable size, as is shown by the diagram (No. 6), which makes it commercially possible for the company to lease this area to the surrounding lot owners to acquire its use from the company at a rental unusually small, because based on the wholesale price of this land. They may thus decide for themselves at the end of every year whether the park and gardens have shown themselves to be worth their keep or whether on the whole they do not pay. If the owners of a majority of the lots in the block as now laid out should vote to give up the lease of the interior land, but only in such case, the company would resume

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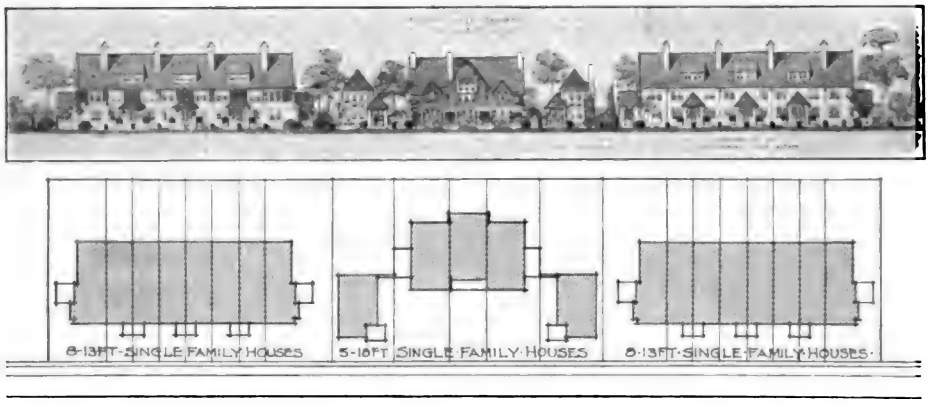

Third Development—
Treatment of entire street, showing collective design. Single, semi-detached, group

its occupation thereof, construct a street through it, and sell the remaining land in lots. It would, however, first give the opportunity to each of the surrounding lot owners to purchase the piece in the rear of his own lot before selling it to an outsider; and at any time during the continuance of the lease the surrounding lot owners would have the option of buying the interior land as a whole on joint account. Thus it is happily arranged so that neither purchaser nor company can lose much of anything—a plan which combines the "golden rule" and the principle of "heads I win and tails you lose," with what, it is hoped will prove beneficent results.

VI

And this characteristic is a very important one; for it means that, if successful, others may safely try similar schemes without financial risk. Obviously, no experiment or demonstration should be made in a "model town" such that could only be duplicated with the aid of philanthropy, charity, or paternalism, or in which the collective action might not be equally possible and safe, whether the capital and direction be supplied by one proprietor, a great number of individuals in co-operation, or, as is the case in the demonstration by the Russell Sage Foundation at Forest Hills, a kind of educational oligarchy whose control will gradually give place to a lot owner's democracy.

If for no other reason, therefore, the model town must be considered, organized and developed on a business basis; and the value of the experience acquired or any success achieved will depend first and last on obtaining results in the face of conditions no more favorable than ordinarily met with in other land developments, and by the use of means ordinarily available in other instances. In fact the future of town-planning in America depends on whether it can be shown to pay. The so-called model town must succeed on a commercial basis. It must even do better in this respect than the ordinary commercial or speculative development. Its educational, architectural, and sociological possibilities, therefore, in the last analysis depend on its economic success. The equation is fundamentally an economic one, however æsthetically it may be put upon the slate, and its solution must be found in terms of dollars and cents.

Thus, in spite of being called "garden cities," the real genesis and the most important function of the European "model town"—usually developed on some kind of co-operative basis—has been an economic one, practically a matter of self-defence. Whereas the mediæval walled town was a refuge for marauding barons, the co-operative town of to-day is primarily a means of protection against our modern land speculators. And the value of the model town in this respect should be even greater here in America, where one of the fundamental difficulties in the

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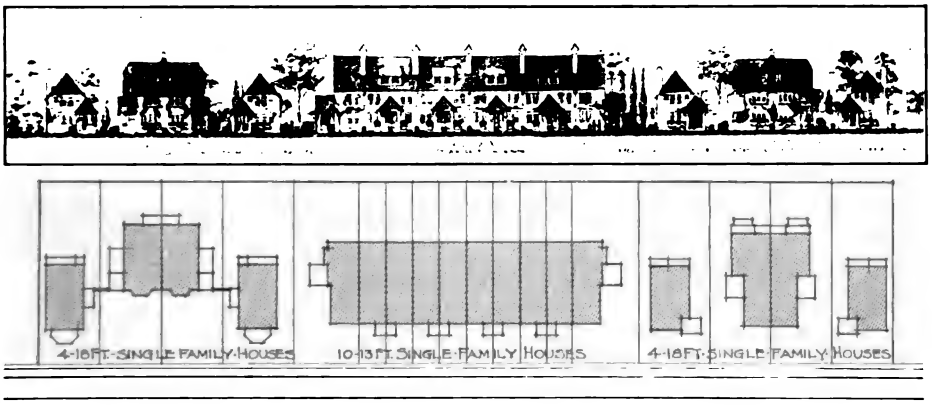

Forest Hills Gardens.

Row and block houses disposed with a view to land economy and avoidance of monotony.

solution of the housing problem lies in the uncertain and rapid changes in land prices and usage, and the speculative exploitation of an increment very much "unearned" by those who ordinarily profit most by it.

While stimulated by a number of causes, these conditions are made possible largely by reason of the lack of town-planning—that collective design and control of which we have been speaking. Nor is it by any means confined to large cities and their suburbs. Economically, the problem exists long before the town grows to be a city. The trouble becomes tangible with the building of the first multiple dwellings and tenement houses. There is no more dangerous fallacy than the comfortable belief that sinister living conditions exist only in large cities.

The effect of bad housing on the poorer classes, and indirectly on the public in general, is now being constantly demonstrated; so that it is unnecessary further to emphasize it here. But it is doubtful if even the intelligent and interested portion of the public realizes that many of the worst housing conditions are directly due to bad city planning—improper street layout and lot units—and that unhygienic dwellings are oftentimes but symptomatic of unhealthy economic conditions. That what appears a problem in house and tenement design is at bottom really a question of street plan, lotting, restrictions, and city ordinances—in other words, town-planning.

To distinguish between the results of greed and neglect on the part of the builder and landlord, and the evils that are due to general causes for which they are in nowise responsible—systems of land distribution, sale, tenure, and taxation—is a most difficult task. But it is the first step toward any permanent solution of the hydra-headed questions generally spoken of as the "housing problem." And to any one who has first-hand knowledge of the living conditions under which the country breeds a great part of its workers and citizens, this "housing problem" must appear no inconsiderable factor in what is commonly spoken of as the "social unrest" throughout the country.

But whether or not it be a directly contributing cause of strikes and other labor disturbances, this question of proper homes for laboring men should be recognized as one of those grave problems that are coming to the surface in all parts of the United States as the flood of our surplus material wealth recedes; and which, like rocks in a harbor, are really most dangerous when still concealed, just before the ebbing tide bares them to plain view.

To claim that garden suburbs and model towns will cure all such ills would be carrying our simile of the patent-medicine label a little too far. There is some danger that the power for good manifestly inherent in this world-wide awakening to the social meaning and importance of living conditions may be seriously hampered by a too thoughtless acceptance of its first

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manifestations in the shape of so-called "model" towns and demonstrations of various kinds—proprietary, governmental, co-operative, or socialistic—as a cure-all for the body politic.

Very evidently the success of all such experiments presupposes a supply of more or less ideal citizens, which is likely enough to prove difficult to obtain. Yet it is more than probable that this is due to the fact that while we have been building model stock and poultry farms for a decade or two in which to breed blooded cows and prize hens, we are only now beginning the attempt to provide similarly well for the breeding of "blooded" citizens. Naturally no town can long remain "model" without "model" inhabitants. It will surely not rise above the level of its citizenship. That basic principle of hydraulics is an apt enough simile. But it is equally evident that water will not rise even to its own level unless the walls of the containing vessel are carried up to that height. So in spite of the fact that garden cities and suburbs must earn their living in just the same work-a-day fashion as the people who live in them, one should not forget that the town, even though it must be so essentially practical, may very properly stand for ideals higher than those of its inhabitants; for it is nothing more or less than a department of that most powerful of all educational institutions, "the school of environment."

It is safe to say that to the majority of the readers of this magazine closely packed Manhattan represents a magnetic pole of social attraction—or distraction—of professional or business opportunity, toward which the needle of their compass is more or less strongly drawn—a place of monumental hotels and private palaces, great enterprises, splendid amusements. The suburb, on the other hand, stands for the enforced economy of young married life—the martyrdom of commutation—largely "for the sake of the children." But to the masses that congest our tenements, streets, and subways, the city can rarely appear in such a light; far oftener a labyrinth of brick, stone, and steel—a place of uncertain work and little pay, of struggle for life, or even for existence—while the suburbs and smaller towns, if they but know it, may well be a haven of refuge. For it has been truly said that the one vital point in which the suburb differs from the city slums is in its possession of happiness. How far the dweller in the model town or

Children's Gardens, Dayton, Ohio.
An example of industrial social welfare work, in which the National Cash Register Co. has been especially prominent.

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A recently developed group in Garden City, Long Island.
A pioneer among comprehensively planned towns and suburbs in America.

suburb partakes of this priceless possession must largely depend upon himself; but the study of such problems, both here and abroad, leads, I think, to the conviction that for the great masses their opportunity lies that way.

And it is from this point of view that the study of suburban development in all its phases—as factory centre, model town, or garden city, commercial, philanthropic, educational—makes its strongest appeal. It has to do with the greatest conservation problem of to-day—that of our race—and one that has been neglected with a recklessness that can only be described as American.

So the model town, whether it serves to retard still further centralization in vast cities or to draw some portion of city dwellers back into purer environment, as have the garden suburbs of London, has for its supreme function the making of healthier, happier, and better citizens.

As for its practical definition, if the reader has not—by reason of this catalogue of virtues—already written it down a "municipal prig," let him conceive it a place whose citizens are models of happiness. Or let him define it, as Maeterlinck might, "A model town is a collection of homes where bluebirds dwell."

Pullman, Illinois.
The most ambitious of earlier "model" developments. Formerly under paternal control, lately absorbed by the city of Chicago.

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From a photograph, copyright by Frederick W. Martin, Pasadena.

Home of Henry E. Huntington, Pasadena.

THE NEW SUBURB OF THE PACIFIC COAST

By Elmer Grey

THERE are on the Pacific Coast many examples of suburbs that have been laid out with rare forethought. The best of these are residence districts of such surpassing beauty as to make it difficult to convey to the unfamiliar mind an idea of their charm. The difficulty lies in that words and photographs do not give an adequate impression. Photographs show partial views of what should be seen in entirety. Words are associated too often with the fiction of the printed page.

The East has been an experimental station for the West in the matter of suburb planning; and this is fortunate. For it would have been a pity to mar the beauty of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world by the introduction of roads and houses in a hap-hazard manner. Some of the natural advantages of the West have been desecrated, but enough have been appreciated and so well treated as to shine as glowing examples of what nature when combined with intelligent art can accomplish. In the suburb people desire above all else beauty of surroundings, and they are willing frequently to put up with considerable inconvenience in order to obtain it. They will leave the apartment-house or small city lot and travel an hour or more, morning and evening, in order to live in the suburb. They will climb hills when they get there in order to build their homes where is the finest view. They do require comfort, but they must have beauty also if at all possible.

The far West has realized this fact, and applied it with courage. In Oak Knoll, Pasadena, an oak tree is valued at a thousand dollars, some at more than that. In this most beautiful residence district nature was lavish with her gifts, and man took advantage of it. The country is rolling and dotted with live oaks. Toward

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the north is a magnificent background of mountains, toward the south a panorama of the entire San Gabriel Valley. With this good start roads were planned along the natural contours, wound through the bottoms of ravines and canyons, and thoroughly improved. In cases where trees or groups of trees came in the path of roads, the roads were deflected; and in some instances immensely valuable pieces of property were given over as parks to save a group of oaks or enhance the beauty of the whole. Along some of the winding drives tall eucalypti stand as sentries. Adorning many of the hills are full-grown orange orchards. Scattered in among them are beautiful villas, some of light hue reminiscent of Spain and Italy, others darker in tone and of a local style unique in its suitability to California sunshine and flowers. As I write the yellow fruit hangs upon the trees, the distant hills of the valley, green from recent rains, stand out with remarkable distinctness, the mountains a few miles away are white with snow. There is no more delightful place in the world to live.

A winding street in Oak Knoll, Pasadena.

Backed up against the mountains, north of Pasadena, lies Altadena. Recently there has been opened up there the Foothill Boulevard. Until a short while ago most of this drive consisted of but sagebrush, cacti, and boulders. Intelligent planning and ready money worked a transformation. It is now the favorite automobile drive for Pasadena and Los Angeles motorists. The topography of the country is that of a deep wooded canyon running parallel with the base of the mountains. The drive for a considerable distance has been planned to skirt the edge of the canyon, so that in riding along one looks across a chasm at the almost sheer and rocky face of the mountains. Always in another direction is the wide

A residence, Oak Knoll, Pasadena.

A suggestion of the architecture of Japan has been used with good effect.

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Residence of G. W. Wattles, Hollywood, California.
Originally the property was bare save a covering of sage-brush.

panorama of San Gabriel Valley. One of the finest features of this boulevard might have been irremediably spoiled if building lots and houses had been interposed between the canyon and the drive.

Bungalow in Hollywood.

Across a great arroyo, on another side of Pasadena, is San Rafael Heights with its quota of beautiful homes. It has all the natural advantages possessed by Oak Knoll minus the fine roads and walks. Besides an unobstructed view of the mountains, it commands a panoramic view up and down the Arroyo Seco, which promises to be preserved in its natural aspect as a public park.

All around Pasadena and Los Angeles much of the architecture is beautiful by reason of its having a character of its own. The local architects have frequently considered the oaks in designing their

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Terraced garden, residence of G. W. Wattles, Hollywood, California.
Now it is an ensemble of luxuriant semi-tropical foliage and flowers.

buildings; and in many instances have built a porch, pergola, or balustrade around a spreading tree, forming a patio or terrace of unusual beauty. A number have also succeeded in instilling into their work a suggestion of the architecture of the Mediterranean countries; and whether because of the similar climate, or of the Spanish influence of the missions and near-by Mexico, at any rate, the result harmonizes exceedingly well with the California landscape. The buildings are not Spanish in style, nor are they Italian; they are distinctly Californian, but the foreign influence pervades them and lends an additional charm. A suggestion of the architecture of Japan has also been widely used with good effect, and the two adaptations go far toward giving Southern California a distinctive architectural style.

"Bungalow Land" Hollywood.

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Bungalow at Pasadena.

Bungalow at Pasadena.

Bungalow Land, Hollywood.

Bungalow in Hollywood.

From Los Angeles to the ocean, a distance of about twenty miles, a magnificent boulevard skirts the foot-hills, connecting several suburbs on the way. The first of these is Hollywood, a district recently annexed to Los Angeles. It has beautifully shaded streets, but is conspicuous in a more unusual way for the manner in which the sides of its hills and canyons have been utilized for building purposes. Out of two of these hills and an intervening canyon, which at one time may have seemed to many like almost worthless property, was made one of the show places of California. It consists of an extensive terraced garden backing upward into the canyon. The lower portions around the house are surrounded by walls and are connected to the upper levels by many flights of balustraded steps. Originally the property was bare save a covering of sage-brush; now it is an ensemble of luxuriant semi-tropical foliage and flowers, half-hidden architectural features, mirrored water effects and beautiful foot-hill background.

In another of Hollywood's many canyons is "Bungalow Land," where those of more modest means build their eyries. In many instances the ground floor of one part of a Hollywood house opens upon the second floor level of another portion built lower down.

Beverly Hills, situated a few miles nearer the ocean and midway between Los Angeles and the sea, is also built among the foot-hills and extends down from them over a wide stretch of sloping country. Nowhere in Southern California has there been a more consistent attempt to plan a suburb in the right way from the start. The business portion was established where is the least view, at the lower end of the slope. The residence section extends from there northward, up, on and into the foot-hills. The main trolley lines from the city run through the business portion and also along the base of the hills. Adjoining the principal station a considerable piece of property was set aside as a park, planted with trees and shrubbery, and an extensive water-garden put in at the time the tract was laid out. The streets were planned in great sweeping curves having in mind the main lines of travel, and shade-trees were set out. Ow-

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ing to the location of the town between the city and the sea, its fine situation along the hills, and its proximity to the golf links of the Los Angeles Country Club, it was foreseen that it would be a convenient and delightful resort for tourists. So upon a sightly knoll a site was established for a future hotel with another park in front of

Bungalow court in Pasadena.

it to preserve its valley view. This was all several years ago. To-day a large tourist hostelry occupies the hotel site, the park opposite has been still further improved, the street trees have attained size, and the entire place is building up just as was first contemplated. How much better than to have had it grow hap-hazard.

Santa Monica, the ocean terminus of the boulevard from Los Angeles, has a situation similar to that of some of the beautiful seaport towns of Southern Italy. Here all the mountain ranges I have mentioned assemble to make their final bow. They do this with the utmost grace. Their rugged shores are usually fringed with surf and jut out as promontories one beyond another, thus forming a most beautiful bay. Interposed between the mountains and the lower country is a wooded canyon a mile wide and two hundred feet deep. The Palisades of Santa Monica overlook this canyon, look out upon the bay, and also upon a beautiful mesa opposite and several ranges of mountains. A road running from them follows up the coast and, skirting the shore for miles, constitutes a magnificent scenic automobile drive.

In taking the train north from Los Angeles, and after leaving San Francisco, the character of the country begins to change. At Portland the change is very marked. At Seattle it is a transformation. Instead of the comparatively bare hills and the spreading oaks of the south, vast forests of tall firs growing thickly together are the dominant note. Instead of the dry canyons and arroyos of Southern California, many rivers and inland lakes appear. And these two fea-

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the great forests of firs and other evergreens and the plenitude of rivers and lakes, are the distinguishing characteristics of the north-western landscape. This distinction should be held in mind, because it marks a great difference between the two sections of country as regards the treatment of their suburbs. It changes the material best adapted to landscaping and should change the style of architecture. The north-west has not yet found itself as regards a characteristic style of architecture, but this is more than made up by the way much of its landscaping has been done. I am writing now after having just seen Seattle, and my pen falters in consequence. For I know not how to express all the wonderful beauty seen in one day's automobiling over the winding drives and rambling afoot through the dark-green forest parks of Seattle's suburbs.

They have distributed through them a great park system, the various units of which are connected by boulevards that wind along the shores of beautiful Lake Washington and Puget Sound. On the opposite shores of both of these bodies of water are snow-covered peaks; the Olympics on the west, the Cascades on the east. The parks are remnants of ancient forests (thus has Seattle conserved her natural resources) and, unlike the southern country, the ground between the trees is covered thickly with an undergrowth of trailing plants, low-growing shrubs, and beautiful ferns. The effect of all these features in combination must be seen to be appreciated; and when you do see it, if you have a particle of love for the beautiful within you, you will come away with a sense of sorrow, not only because you have to leave so lovely a place, but also because you cannot convey an impression of its real character to your friends who have not seen it. The camera would need

Bungalow at Cudahy Station, near Los Angeles.

Bungalow Land, Hollywood.

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Bungalow Land, Hollywood.

In many instances the ground floor of one part of a Hollywood house opens upon the second floor level.

to take one continuous panorama of your drive and walk to show but a fraction of it; words tell much less. I came away with a vision which I cannot transmit, of majestic firs towering in the air, of a maze of wonderful undergrowth beneath, of blue waters glistening between the trees and of snow-covered mountains beyond.

It is to the very great credit of the people of Seattle that they appreciated the beauty of their city's unusual situation, and the remaining portions of forest in their midst and, before the latter had been cut down, employed an able firm of landscape architects to make the best disposition of them. It has been done in such ways as to provide every portion of the future residence section of the city as it expands with a forest park, a playground, and a drive along the water. The value of such foresight is never immediately apparent to all, and it is the more amazing that Seattle should have done what it has done in so splendid a way.

East of Seattle, some four hundred and forty miles, is the inland city of Spokane with a rushing river fed by mountain streams coursing through its midst. Twenty-three years ago Spokane had seven thousand inhabitants. To-day it has one hundred and thirty-two thousand. It also has a few men who have watched it grow, who realize that it will continue to grow, and who have secured for its suburbs a system of distributed parks and playgrounds which, considering lesser possibilities, is quite as fine as that of Seattle. Here as there expert advice was employed for the planning. The park lands obtained have not all been improved, but were secured by the city for park purposes while it was still possible to secure them at a reasonable figure, and before they had been denuded of trees or built upon. Many of them were given to the city by realty firms or others who realized that their use as parks would enhance the value of adjoining property. The connecting parkways are likewise not all yet developed, but the roads have been secured for the purpose and are so laid out as to insure a drive thirty-seven miles long, with a commanding view on one side and residential property on the other.

Much interesting development has been done in the Spokane suburbs. In Rock-

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Photograph by Seattle Publicity Bureau.

Mt. Baker Boulevard, on shore of Lake Washington.

wood, streets have been laid out on the curvilinear plan following the natural contours, the trolley tracks have been placed in strips of parking, sometimes in the centre, sometimes at the side of the street, and the ties have been lowered and grass grown between the rails. A number of fine old pines growing in the street have been preserved. Some of the residence sites embrace valley, river, and mountain views that are unsurpassed, and a number of residences have been built of which any city might well be proud.

Photograph by Seattle Publicity Bureau.

Olympics from Golden Gardens, Seattle.

Tacoma is worth visiting in connection with the suburb beautiful; but what it has in this line is mostly what nature has given it, while what it has not is due either to what man has done, or to what he has left undone. Much of the residence district has been denuded of trees in a shameful manner, and in the midst of it there are several magnificent gulches overgrown with firs, balsam, and madrona, one or two of which have been secured for parks, while the others overlooking Puget Sound and commanding wonderful views have been left to the disposition of fate.

But what the city lacks in all-cast features, it makes up for in star attractions. Its Point Defiance Park is a primeval forest. The firs in it grow two hundred feet high. They rise like a myriad of gigantic gray columns, their tops and shafts adorned with great masses of graceful tuft-like foliage. As I rode through I could think only of "cathedral aisles." The undergrowth is an impenetrable jungle of Oregon grape, alder, madrona, huckleberries, and the like. The ground at the sides of the road is carpeted solid with moss.

The "prairie" lying north-west of the city is a tract of as yet undeveloped land, perhaps ten or fifteen miles square, as remarkable as it is beautiful. The peculiar constituency of the ground in it is such that, although unusually rich under cultivation for miles upon miles, the automobile glides over smooth hard roads that are virgin soil, while on either side, where the surface has not been disturbed, it is like a well-kept lawn. Dotted all over this sward are groups and groves of mag-

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A residence, Richmond Highlands, Seattle

nificent firs, growing in some places as thickly together as in a forest, elsewhere opening out to expose long vistas of beautiful country. It is a most wonderful piece of natural landscaping.

The American Lake district is a suburb laid out in three and four acre lots and larger, and encompassing American, Gravelly, and Steilacoom Lakes. It is much like the "prairie" country, but has been developed and built upon considerably. It contains one of the best designed, most pretentious, and altogether satisfactory examples of suburban house architecture in this country—the residence of Mr. Chester Thorne. This is the more noteworthy because most of the architecture of the north-west is a little [illegible]. All styles seem to have been tried [illegible] see how they would go. There should be some note throughout in harmony with that part of the country. When [illegible] and Spokane, I wondered whether [illegible] might not finally appear [illegible] fluence of nearby Canada [illegible] pieces of work [illegible] Upon seeing Mr. Thorne [illegible] idea was confirmed. [illegible] Tudor style and seems [illegible] landscape.

Portland has made such rapid progress along commercial lines that until recently little attention was paid to the manner of its growth. This is very apparent to the stranger. It has now, however, a comprehensive city plan prepared by an expert, and includes an extensive park and boulevard system for the suburbs. Much development following the lines of this plan has already been accomplished, and, judging from the spirit of some of Portland's citizens, much more will be done in the near future. That which is noteworthy about [illegible]

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A Spokane residence.

The suburbs around San Francisco are difficult to include in an article of this length, not only because there are so many of them, but also because in many cases their essential character and difference from other places lie in qualities which must be seen and lived with in order to be understood. Many of them are quite old as compared with the places that have been described, and they have a certain charm in consequence which only age can give. They might be divided according to location into three classes: Those on the peninsula, those on the north side of the bay around the foot of Mount Tamalpais, and those west of the bay facing the Golden Gate. Mention of some must necessarily be omitted. On the peninsula a range of hills runs north and south parallel with the shore of the Pacific. These hills become higher and more wooded as they run farther south. Fifteen or twenty miles from the city they are quite high and in the valley east of them, protected from the winds and fogs of the ocean, are the suburbs of Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, and others. The three named are noteworthy as containing the homes of many of San Francisco's people of wealth. From the road one sees only high hedges and fences surrounding large estates. Inside, many of the places are very beautiful. In one at San Mateo is a formal garden designed by Le Nôtre, which has on a smaller scale much of the character of the main garden of Versailles. In another place is a most beautiful Japanese garden built adjacent to some bay-trees of enormous size and great age. The house in this place looks like a veritable old English manor overgrown with vines and ripened with age. Many more places of a like nature would doubtless be found if one had the time and the opportunity to enter and inspect them.

Automobile road winding through the big timber in Point Defiance Park, Tacoma.

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On the north side of the bay, facing an inlet about a mile wide and protected from the ocean's winds by the hills at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, is Sausalito. "Sausalito the Beautiful" is here an appropriate term. For again one's enthusiasm wells up and there is a lack of words to express all the

Garden in San Mateo, in the Santa Clara Valley, California.

Japanese garden in San Mateo.

charm. It overlooks San Francisco Bay, the suburb of Belvidere across the inlet, and Angel Island, a government possession. It has the advantage of the other suburbs around San Francisco in having a sheltered harbor for yachts, and is also the official rendezvous for the United States revenue cutters. Most of the streets are zigzagged up the sides of steep hills, and there are three other streets which run parallel with the shore in tiers, one above the other. From the two upper levels one looks completely over the tops of the houses built on the one below. In going from the business portion of the town along the water front to

Reinforced concrete arch bridge.
Constructed by the town of Ross, Marin County, California.

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Chester Thorne residence, American Lake, Tacoma.
The house is in the Tudor style and seems welded to the landscape.

the residence section above, one passes many stone fences beautifully built in a natural manner by a local "Arbor Society," which has also planted flowers and ferns along the way to be enjoyed or plucked by the passer-by. This means more in Sausalito than it would elsewhere, because the flowers there are exceptionally luxuriant and profuse in their bloom. In one spot commanding a particularly fine view, a beautiful granite seat has been erected by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, in memory of the poet, Daniel O'Connell, who lived there. The homes of Sausalito and the paths leading to them are charming. In looking for one, we were told to climb a certain road, then a flight of steps, and then "follow the trail." We did so, and after wending our way through a mass of low growing oaks, finally found the house embowered among the trees and called "Peter Pan's Cottage," because the livable part of it, looking over a great stretch of oaks, seemed to be built almost among their tops.

Farther north in a valley, and among the hills surrounding Mount Tamalpais, are the suburbs of Ross, San Anselmo, and others. The two named contain many more homes of the well-to-do and have the same indefinable charm that only age and much attention can give. The trees are particularly high and beautiful. Many of the houses have wonderful hill-top sites, and these have often been taken advantage of in producing unusually beautiful landscape effects in the way of terraces, flights of winding steps, and the like. One of the features of Ross consists of a number of unusually well-designed concrete bridges adorned with beautiful electric light standards. The public and semi-public buildings are also unusually good looking. Here, as at Sausalito, the flowers, trees, and shrubs grow with remarkable luxuriance.

On the east side of the bay are Oakland, Piedmont, and Berkeley, cities in themselves. A large percentage of Berkeley residents, however, carry on their business in San Francisco. The most attractive residence section of Berkeley extends along a wide stretch of territory lying among the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. The district is newer than the places on the peninsula and around Tamalpais, and, although continuous in development, is so extensive as to be known

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Garden at the Chester Thorne residence.

locally by different names. Claremont, North Berkeley, Northbrae, and Thousand Oaks are some of the most attractive sections. A peculiar characteristic of the entire district lies in the fact that, although the building restrictions are quite low, the class of houses, both as to cost and beauty of design, is much higher. Whether the influence of the University of California is responsible for this or not is hard to say, but it gives Berkeley the distinction of being one place near San Francisco, where those of modest means may live in an accessible spot, amidst beautiful surroundings, and in the best of architectural company. In Northbrae and Thousand Oaks, the newer sections, are found some of the most interesting features. Both are places of great natural beauty, occasioned not only by their position among the hills overlooking the bay, but by an unusual combination of oaks and eucalypti interspersed with great masses of glacial deposit rock jutting out of the ground. Here, as at Oak Knoll, Pasadena, trees have been preserved whenever possible and their beauty emphasized. Also in Thousand Oaks huge rocks have in some instances been left in the middle of the street and the latter deflected around them. In the same place, walls and steps have been built out of local stone, and one of the unique and beautiful features is the foot trails built in this way and connecting higher with lower levels where the grade was too steep for a street to follow. In Northbrae, in order to preserve the beauty of a spot where several streets come together, the trolley tracks have been run beneath it through a tunnel. The place, above which otherwise would have been less sightly, has been turned into a point of beauty ornamented with a well-designed fountain and surrounded by balustrades.

Santa Barbara is famed afar. Its reputation rests largely upon the beauty of the country around about it. The most noteworthy portion of this outlying district is Montecito, a large area of hills and vales dotted with oaks, backed by the mountains, and commanding a magnificent view of the ocean. It is divided into twenty or thirty acre estates owned by wealthy people, who occupy their homes a few months in the year, and can afford to travel or live elsewhere the rest of the

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A residence at Thousand Oaks, Berkeley, California.

One of the "Thousand Oaks," Yosemite Avenue, Berkeley.

Residences near Indian Rock Park, Northbrae, Berkeley.

time. Many of these houses, and the scheme of landscape gardening around them, are so palatial in scale that another article would be required to adequately describe them.

As with Santa Barbara, so with San Diego, the country around about is largely what has given it a wide reputation. Charles Dudley Warner once declared that there are three incomparable views in the world: one in Salzburg, one the Bay of Naples, the third Point Loma, California. As I stood at the latter place recently, and with some experience in travel, I could well believe this to be true. San Diego lies in the middle of a semicircular bay, perhaps twenty miles wide. Toward the south-east are four ranges of mountains, receding one above the other. In the middle of the bay is Coronado Beach, virtually an island, since it is connected to the mainland only by a narrow spit of land. On it, beside the city of Coronado, is a training school for aviators, and almost any time hydroplanes and aeroplanes may be seen skimming the surface of the water or circling overhead. North of Coronado is the channel entrance to San Diego harbor, through which United States war vessels and other seagoing craft are continually coming and going. North of this and overlooking the panorama of the city of San Diego, the bay, Coronado, and the four ranges of mountains is Point Loma, extending as a high peninsula several miles into the sea. The extreme end of it, comprising thirteen hundred acres, is a government reser-

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vation open to the public as a park. Of the remaining portion, twelve hundred acres is now being laid out in roads following the natural contours, subdivided into large lots and provided with utilities. The inspiring thing about it is not only the remarkable situation of Point Loma, but the fact that both it and other suburbs of San Diego are in the hands of men who, apparently, are alive to the transformation the city will probably undergo through the opening of the Panama Canal and a new cross-country railway now under construction, and are making wise preparations to anticipate this growth.

Below Point Loma are small areas of tide-land flats which it is possible to reclaim by the construction of a sea-wall similar to that of Rio de Janeiro. This is seriously talked of, and if it is done and a projected boulevard built along the edge of the bay connecting the city with the government park, San Diego will have one of the finest scenic drives in the world.

Bordering Indian Rock Park, Northbrae, Berkeley.

A public park of fourteen hundred acres lying above and adjacent to the business centre of San Diego is equally interesting. It commands magnificent views of the bay, has a beautiful canyon running through it, and is now being further beautified by permanent and extensive architectural features erected for first use in connection with the coming exposition.

It should not be forgotten that much of the far West is now in the process of making. Many districts which are now new and somewhat bare will, within a few years, undergo an entire change of aspect. Especially is this true in California where irrigation applied to trees, flowers, and shrubbery in a short time works wonders. All who are interested in this transformation of a rapidly growing and a very beautiful country will watch the development of Pacific Coast cities during the next few years with interest. Commercial activity in all is proceeding hand in hand with the beautification of the suburbs; and therein lies incalculable future benefits.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I want you to promise me not—not to shoot anybody."—Page 61.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN.

XI

THE last sunset had been clear and Jack Frost had got busy. All day the clouds had hung low and kept the air chill so that the night was good for that archimp of Satan who has got himself enshrined in the hearts of little children. By dawn the little magician had spun a robe of pure white and drawn it close to the breast of the earth. The first light turned it silver and showed it decked with flowers and jewels, that the old mother might mistake it, perhaps, for a wedding-gown instead of a winding sheet; but the sun, knowing better, lifted, let loose his tiny warriors, and from pure love of beauty smote it with one stroke gold, and the battle ended with the blades of grass and the leaves in their scarlet finery sparkling with the joy of another day's deliverance and the fields grown gray and aged in a single night. Before the fight was quite over that morning, saddle-horses were stepping from big white barns and being led to old-fashioned stiles; buggies, phaetons, and rockaways were emerging from turnpike gates; and the rabbit-hunters moved, shouting, laughing, running races, singing, past fields sober with autumn, woods dingy with oaks and streaked with the fire of sumac and maple. On each side of the road new hemp lay in shining swaths, while bales of last year's crop were on the way to market along the road. The farmers were turning over the soil for the autumn sowing of wheat, corn-shucking was over, and ragged darkies were straggling from the fields back to town. From every point the hunters came, turning in where a big square brick house with a Grecian portico stood far back in a wooded yard, with a fish-pond on one side and a great smooth lawn on the other. On the steps between the columns stood Colonel Pendleton and Gray and Marjorie welcoming the guests; the men, sturdy country youths, good types of the beef-eating young English squire—sun-burned fellows with big frames, open faces, fearless eyes, and a manner that was easy, cordial, kindly, independent; the girls midway between the types of brunette and blonde, with a leaning toward the latter type, with hair that had caught the light of the sun, radiant with freshness and good health and strength; round of figure, clear of eye and skin, spirited, soft of voice, and slow of speech. Soon a cavalcade moved through a side-gate of the yard, through a blue-grass woodland, greening with a second spring, and into a sweep of stubble and ragweed; and far up the road on top of a little hill a boy on an old mare stopped and watched a strange sight in a strange land—a hunt without dog, stick, or gun. A high ringing voice reached his ears clearly, even that far away:

"Form a line!"

And the wondering lad saw man and woman aligning themselves like cavalry fifteen feet apart and moving across the field—the men in leggings or high boots, riding with the heel low and the toes turned according to temperament; the girls with a cap, a Derby, or a beaver with a white veil, and the lad's eye caught one of them quickly, for a red tam-o'-shanter had slipped from her shining hair and a broad white girth ran around both her saddle and her horse. There was one man on a sorrel mule and he was the host at the big house, for Colonel Pendleton had surrendered every horse he had to a guest. Suddenly there came a yell—the rebel yell—and a horse leaped forward. Other horses leaped too, and everybody yelled in answer and the cavalcade swept forward. There was a massing of horses, the white girth flashing in the midst of the mêlée, a great crash and much turning, twisting, and sawing of bits, and then all

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dashed the other way, the white girth in the lead, and the boy's lips fell apart in wonder. A black thoroughbred was making a wide sweep, an iron-gray was cutting in behind, and all were sweeping toward him. Far ahead of them he saw a frightened rabbit streaking through the weeds, and as it passed him the lad gave a yell, dug his heels into the old mare, and himself swept down the pike, drawing his revolver and firing as he rode. Five times the pistol spoke to the wondering hunters in pursuit and at the fifth the rabbit tumbled heels over head and a little later the hunters pulled their horses in around a boy holding a rabbit high in one hand, a pistol in the other, and his eager face flushed with pride in his marksmanship and the comradeship of the hunt. But the flush died into quick paleness so hostile were the faces, so hostile were the voices that assailed him, and he dropped the rabbit quickly and began shoving fresh cartridges into the chambers of his gun.

"What do you mean, boy," shouted an angry voice, "shooting that rabbit?"

The boy looked dazed.

"Why, wasn't you atter him?"

He looked around and in a moment he knew several of them, but nobody, it was plain, remembered him.

The girl with the white girth was Marjorie, the boy on the black thoroughbred was Gray, and coming in an awkward gallop on the sorrel mule was Colonel Pendleton. None of these people could mean to do him harm, and Jason dropped his pistol in his holster and, with a curious dignity for so ragged an atom, turned in silence away, and only the girl with the white girth noticed the quiver of his lips and the angry starting of tears.

As he started to mount the old mare, the excited yells coming from the fields were too much for him, and he climbed back on the fence to watch. The hunters had parted in twain, the black thoroughbred leading one wing, the iron-gray the other—both after a scurrying rabbit. Close behind the black horse was the white girth and close behind was a pony in full run. Under the brow of the hill they swept and parallel with the fence, and as they went by the boy strained eager widening eyes, for on the pony was his cousin Mavis Hawn, bending over her saddle and yelling like mad. This way and that poor Mollie swerved, but every way her big startled eyes turned, that way she saw a huge beast and a yelling demon bearing down on her. Again the horses crashed, the pony in the very midst. Gray threw himself from his saddle and was after her on foot. Two others swung from their saddles, Mollie made several helpless hops, and the three scrambled for her. The riders in front cried for those behind to hold their horses back, but they crowded on and Jason rose upright on the fence to see who should be trampled down. Poor Mollie was quite hemmed in now, there was no way of escape, and instinctively she shrank frightened to the earth. That was the crucial instant, and down went Gray on top of her as though she were a foot-ball, and the quarry was his. Jason saw him give her one blow behind her long ears and then, holding a little puff of down aloft, look about him, past Marjorie to Mavis, and a moment later he saw that rabbit's tail pinned to Mavis's cap, and sudden rage of jealousy nearly shook him from the fence. He was too far away to see Marjorie's smile, but he did see her eyes rove about the field and apparently catch sight of him, for as the rest turned to the hunt she rode straight for him, for she remembered the distress of his face and he looked very lonely.

"Little boy," she called, and the boy stared with amazement and rage, but the joke was too much for him and he laughed scornfully.

"Little gal," he mimicked, "air you a-talkin' to me?"

The girl gasped, reddened, lifted her chin haughtily, and raised her riding-whip to whirl away from the rude little stranger, but his steady eyes held hers until a flash of recognition came—and she smiled.

"Well, I never—Uncle Bob!" she cried excitedly and imperiously, and as the colonel lumbered toward her on his sorrel mount, she called with sparkling eyes, "Don't you know him?"

The puzzled face of the colonel broke into a hearty smile.

"Well, bless my soul, it's Jason. You've come up to see your folks?"

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And then he explained what Marjorie meant to explain.

"We're not hunting with guns—we just chase 'em. Hang your artillery on a fence-rail, bring your horse through that gate, and join us."

He turned and Marjorie, with him, called back over her shoulder: "Hurry up now, Jason."

Little Jason sat still, but he saw Marjorie ride straight for the pony, he heard her cry to Mavis, and saw her wave her hand toward him, and then Mavis rode for him at a gallop, waving her whip to him as she came; but the boy gave no answering signal, but sat still, hard-eyed, cool. Before she was within twenty yards of him he had taken in every detail of the changes in her and the level look of his eyes stopped her happy cry, and made her grow quite pale with the old terror of giving him offence. Her hair looked different, her clothes were different, she wore gloves, and she had a stick in one hand with a head like a cane and a loop of leather at the other end, and for these drawbacks, the old light in her eyes and face failed to make up, for while Jason looked, Mavis was looking, too, and the boy saw her eyes travelling him down from head to foot, and somehow he was reminded of the way Marjorie had looked at him back in the mountains and somehow he felt that the change that he resented in Mavis went deeper than her clothes. The morbidly sensitive spirit of the mountaineer in him was hurt, the chasm yawned instead of closing, and all he said shortly was:

"Whar'd you git them new-fangled things?"

"Marjorie give 'em to me. She said fer you to bring yo' hoss in—hit's more fun than I ever knowed in my life up here."

"Hit is?" he half sneered. "Well, you git back to yo' high-falutin' friends an' tell 'em I don't hunt nothin' that-a-way."

"I'll stop right now an' go home with ye. I guess you've come to see yo' mammy."

"Well, I hain't ridin' aroun' just fer my health exactly."

He had suddenly risen on the fence as the cries in the field swelled in a chorus, and she saw how strong the temptation within him was, and so, when he repeated for her to "go on back," the old habit of obedience turned her, but she knew he would soon follow.

The field was going mad now, horses were dashing and crashing together, the men were swinging to the ground and were pushed and trampled in a wild clutch for Mollie's long ears, and Jason could see that the contest between them was who should get the most game. The big mule was threshing the weeds like a tornado, and crossing the field at a heavy gallop he stopped suddenly at a ditch, the girth broke, and the colonel went over the long ears. There was a shriek of laughter, in which Jason from his perch joined, and with a bray of freedom the mule made for home. Apparently that field was hunted out now, and when the hunters crossed another pike and went into another field too far away for the boy to see the fun, he mounted his old mare and rode slowly after them, and a little later Mavis heard a familiar yell, and Jason flew by her with his pistol flopping on his hip, his hat in his hand, and his face frenzied and gone wild. The thoroughbred passed him like a swallow, but the rabbit twisted back on his trail and Mavis saw Marjorie leap lightly from her saddle, Jason fling himself from his, and then both were hidden by the crush of horses around them, and from the midst rose sharp cries of warning and fear.

She saw Gray's face white with terror, and then she saw Marjorie picking herself up from the ground and Jason swaying dizzily on his feet with a rabbit in his hand.

" 'Tain't nothin'," he said stoutly, and he grinned his admiration openly for Marjorie, who looked such anxiety for him. "You ain't afeerd o' nothin', air ye, an' I reckon this rabbit tail is a-goin' to you," and he handed it to her and turned to his horse. The boy had jerked Marjorie from under the thoroughbred's hoofs and then gone on recklessly after the rabbit, getting a glancing blow from one of those hoofs himself.

Marjorie smiled.

"Thank you, little—man," and Jason grinned again, but his head was dizzy and he did not ride after the crowd.

"I'm afeerd fer this ole nag," he lied to Colonel Pendleton, for he was faint at the

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stomach and the world had begun to turn around. Then he made one clutch for the old nag's mane, missed it, and rolled senseless to the ground.

Not long afterward he opened his eyes to find his head in the colonel's lap, Marjorie bathing his forehead with a wet handkerchief, and Gray near by, still a little pale from remorse for his carelessness and Marjorie's narrow escape, and Mavis the most unconcerned of all—and he was much ashamed. Rudely he brushed Marjorie's consoling hand away and wriggled away from the colonel to his knees.

"Shucks!" he said, with great disgust.

The shadows were stretching fast, it was too late to try another field, so back they started through the radiant air, laughing, talking, bantering, living over the incidents of the day, the men with one leg swung for rest over the pommel of the their saddles, the girls with habits disordered and torn, hair down, and all tired, but all flushed, clear-eyed, happy. The leaves—russet, gold, and crimson—were dropping to the autumn-greening earth, the sunlight was as yellow as the wings of a butterfly and on the horizon was a faint haze that shadowed the coming Indian summer. But still it was warm enough for a great spread on the lawn, and what a feast for mountain eyes—chicken, turkey, cold ham, pickles, croquettes, creams, jellies, beaten biscuits. And what happy laughter and thoughtful courtesy and mellow kindness—particularly to the little mountain pair, for in the mountains they had given the Pendletons the best they had and now the best was theirs. Inside fires were being lighted in the big fireplaces and quiet, solid, old-fashioned English comfort everywhere the blaze brought out.

Already two darkey fiddlers were waiting on the back porch for a dram, and when the darkness settled the fiddles were talking old tunes and nimble feet were busy. And little Jason did his wonderful dancing and Gray did his, and round about, the window seats and the tall columns of the porch heard again from lovers what they had been listening to for so long. And at midnight the hunters rode forth again in pairs into the crisp, brilliant air and under the kindly moon, Mavis jogging along beside Jason on Marjorie's pony, for Marjorie would not have it otherwise. No wonder that Mavis loved the land.

"I jerked the gal outen the way," explained Jason, " 'cause she was a gal an' had no business messin' with men folks."

"Of co'se," Mavis agreed, for she was just as contemptuous as he over the fuss that had been made of the incident.

"But she ain't afeerd o' nuthin'."

This was a little too much.

"I ain't nuther."

"Co'se you ain't."

There was no credit for Mavis—her courage was a matter of course; but with the stranger-girl, a "furriner"—that was different. There was silence for a while.

"Wasn't it lots o' fun, Jasie?"

"Bully," was the absent-minded answer, for Jason was looking at the strangeness of the night. It was curious not to see the big bulks of the mountains and to see so many stars. In the mountains he had to look straight up to see stars at all and now they hung almost to the level of his eyes.

"How's the folks?" asked Mavis.

"Stirrin'. Air ye goin' to school up here?"

"Yes, an' who you reckon the schoolteacher is?"

Jason shook his head.

"The jologist."

"Well, by Heck."

"An' he's always axin' me about you an' if you air goin' to school."

For a while more they rode in silence.

"I went to that new furrin school down in the mountains," yawned the boy, "fer 'bout two hours. They're gittin' too high-falutin' to suit me. They tried to git me to wear gal's stockin's like they do up here an' I jes' laughed at 'em. Then they tried to git me to make up beds an' I tol' 'em I wasn't goin' to wear gal's clothes ner do a gal's work an' so I run away."

He did not tell his reason for leaving the mountains altogether, for Mavis, too, was a girl, and he did not confide in women—not yet.

But the girl was woman enough to remember that the last time she had seen him he had said that he was going to come for her some day. There was no sign of that resolution, however, in either his

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manner or his words now, and for some reason she was rather glad.

"Every boy wears clothes like that up here. They calls 'em knickerbockers."

"Huh!" grunted Jason. "Hit sounds like 'em."

"Air ye still shootin' at that ole tree?"

"Yep, an' I kin hit the belly-band two shots out o' three."

Mavis raised her dark eyes with a look of apprehension, for she knew what that meant; when he could hit it three times running he was going after the man who had killed his father. But she asked no more questions, for while the boy could not forbear to boast about his marksmanship, further information was beyond her sphere and she knew it.

When they came to the lane leading to her home, Jason turned down it of his own accord.

"How'd you know whar we live?"

"I was here this mornin' an' I seed my mammy. Yo' daddy wasn't thar."

Mavis smiled silently to herself; he had found out thus where she was and he had followed her. At the little stable Jason unsaddled the horses and turned both out in the yard while Mavis went within and Steve Hawn appeared at the door in his underclothes when Jason stepped upon the porch.

"Hello, Jason!"

"Hello, Steve!" answered the boy, but they did not shake hands, not because of the hard feeling between them, but because it was not mountain custom.

"Come on in an' lay down."

Mavis had gone upstairs, but she could hear the voices below her. If Mavis had been hesitant about asking questions, as had been the boy's mother as well, Steve was not.

"Whut'd you come up here fer?"

"Same reason as you once left the mountains—I got inter trouble."

Steve was startled and he frowned, but the boy gazed coolly back into his angry eyes.

"Whut kind o' trouble?"

"Same as you—I shot a feller," said the boy imperturbably.

Little Mavis heard a groan from her stepmother, an angry oath from her father, and a curious pang of horror pierced her.

Silence followed below and the girl lay awake and trembling in her bed.

"Who was it?" Steve asked at last.

"That's my business," said little Jason, and the silence was broken no more, and Mavis lay with new thoughts and feelings racking her brain and her heart. Once she had driven to town with Marjorie and Gray, and a man had come to the carriage and cheerily shaken hands with them both, and after he was gone Gray looked very grave and Marjorie was half unconsciously wiping her right hand with her handkerchief.

"He killed a man," was Marjorie's horrified whisper of explanation, and now if they should hear what she had heard they would feel the same way toward her own cousin, Jason Hawn. She had never had such a feeling in the mountains, but she had it now, and she wondered whether she could ever be quite the same toward Jason again.

XII

CHRISTMAS was approaching and no greater wonder had ever dawned on the lives of Mavis and Jason than the way these people in the settlements made ready for it. In the mountains many had never heard of Christmas and none of Christmas stockings, Santa Claus, and catching Christmas gifts—not even the Hawns. But Mavis and Jason had known of Christmas, had celebrated it after the mountain way, and knew, moreover, what the blue-grass children did not know, of old Christmas as well, which came just twelve days after the new. At midnight of old Christmas, so the old folks in the mountains said, the elders bloomed and the beasts of the field and the cattle in the barn kneeled lowing and moaning, and once the two children had slipped out of their grandfather's house to the barn and waited to watch the cattle and to listen to them, but they suffered from the cold, and when they told what they had done next morning, their grandfather said they had not waited long enough, for it happened just at midnight; and when Mavis and Jason told Marjorie and Gray of old Christmas they all agreed they would wait up this time till midnight sure.

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As for new Christmas in the hills, the women paid little attention to it, and to the men it meant "a jug of liquor, a pistol in each hand, and a galloping nag." Always, indeed, it meant drinking, and target-shooting to see "who should drink and who should smell," for the man who made a bad shot got nothing but a smell from the jug until he had redeemed himself. So, Steve Hawn and Jason got ready in their own way and Mavis and Martha Hawn accepted their rude preparations as a matter of course.

At four o'clock in the afternoon before Christmas Eve darkies began springing around the corners of the twin houses, and from closets and from behind doors, upon the white folks and shouting "Christmas gift," for to the one who said the greeting first the gift came, and it is safe to say that no darkey in the blue-grass was caught that day. And the Pendleton clan made ready to make merry. Kinspeople gathered at the old general's ancient home and at the twin houses on either side of the road. Stockings were hung up and eager-eyed children went to restless dreams of their holiday king. Steve Hawn, too, had made ready with boxes of cartridges and two jugs of red liquor, and he and Jason did not wait for the morrow to make merry. And Uncle Arch Hawn happened to come in that night, but he was chary of the cup, and he frowned with displeasure at Jason, who was taking his dram with Steve like a man, and he showed displeasure before he rode away that night by planting a thorn in the very heart of Jason's sensitive soul. When he had climbed on his horse he turned to Jason.

"Jason," he drawled, "you can come back home now when you git good an' ready. Thar ain't no trouble down thar just now, an' Babe Honeycutt ain't lookin' fer you."

Jason gasped. He had not dared to ask a single question about the one thing that had been torturing his curiosity and his soul, and Arch was bringing it out before them all as though it were the most casual and unimportant matter in the world. Steve and his wife looked amazed and Mavis's heart quickened.

"Babe ain't lookin' fer ye," Arch drawled on, "he's laughin' at ye. I reckon you thought you'd killed him, but he stumbled over a root an' fell down just as you shot. He says you missed him a mile. He says you couldn't hit a barn in plain daylight." And he started away.

A furious oath broke from Jason's gaping mouth, Steve laughed, and if the boy's pistol had been in his hand, he might in his rage have shown Arch as he rode away what his marksmanship could be even in the dark, but even with his uncle's laugh, too, coming back to him he had to turn quickly into the house and let his wrath bite silently inward.

But Mavis's eyes were like moist stars.

"Oh, Jasie, I'm so glad," she said, but he only stared and turned roughly on toward the jug in the corner.

Before day next morning the children in the big houses were making the walls ring with laughter and shouts of joy. Rockets whizzed against the dawn and firecrackers popped unceasingly and now and then a loaded anvil boomed through the crackling air, but there was no happy awakening for little Jason. All night his pride had smarted like a hornet sting, his sleep was restless and bitter with dreams of revenge, and the hot current in his veins surged back and forth in the old channel of hate for the slayer of his father. Next morning his blood-shot eyes opened fierce and sullen and he started the day with a visit to the whiskey jug and then he filled his belt and pockets with cartridges.

Early in the afternoon Marjorie and Gray drove over with Christmas greetings and little presents. Mavis went out to meet them, and when Jason half staggered out to the gate, the visitors called to him merrily and became instantly grave and still. Mavis flushed, Marjorie paled with horror and disgust, and Gray flamed with wonder and contempt and quickly whipped up his horse—the mountain boy was drunk.

Jason stared after them, knowing something had suddenly gone wrong, and while he said nothing, his face got all the angrier, and he rushed in for his belt and pistol, and shaking his head from side to side, swaggered out to the stable and began saddling his old mare. Mavis stood in the doorway frightened and ashamed, the boy's mother plead with him to come into

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the house and lie down, but without a word to either he mounted with difficulty and rode down the road. Steve Hawn, who had been silently watching him, laughed.

"Let him alone—he ain't goin' to do nothin'."

Down the road the boy rode with more drunken swagger than his years in the wake of Marjorie and Gray—unconsciously in the wake of anything that was even critical, much less hostile, and in front of Gray's house he pulled up and gazed long at the pillars and the broad open door, but not a soul was in sight and he paced slowly on. A few hundred yards down the turnpike he pulled up again and long and critically surveyed a woodland. His eye caught one lone tree in the centre of an amphitheatrical hollow just visible over the slope of a hill. The look of the tree interested him, for its growth was strange, and he opened the gate and rode across the thick turf toward it. The bark was smooth and the tree was the size of a man's body, and he dismounted, nodding his head up and down with much satisfaction. Standing close to the tree, he pulled out his knife and cut out a square of the bark as high as the first button of his coat and moving around the trunk cut out several more squares at the same level.

"I reckon," he muttered, "that's whar his heart is yit, if *I* ain't growed too much."

Then he led the old mare to higher ground, came back, levelled his pistol, and moving in a circle around the tree, pulled the trigger opposite each square, and with every shot he grunted:

"Can't hit a barn, can't I, by Heck!"

In each square a bullet went home. Then he reloaded and walked rapidly around the tree, still firing.

"An' I reckon that's a-makin' some nail-holes fer his galluses!"

And reloading again he ran around the tree, firing.

"An' mebbe I couldn't still git him if I was hikin' fer the corner of a house an' was in a *leetle* grain of a hurry to git out o' *his* range."

Examining results at a close range, the boy was quite satisfied—hardly a shot had struck without a band three inches in width around the tree. There was one further test that he had not yet made; but he felt sober now and he drew a bottle from his hip-pocket and pulled at it hard and long. The old nag grazing above him had paid no more attention to the fusillade than to the buzzing of flies. He mounted her, and Gray, riding at a gallop to make out what the unearthly racket going on in the hollow was, saw the boy going at full speed in a circle about the tree, firing and yelling, and as Gray himself in a moment more would be in range, he shouted a warning. Jason stopped and waited with belligerent eyes as Gray rode toward him.

"I say, Jason," Gray smiled, "I'm afraid my father wouldn't like that—you've pretty near killed that tree."

Jason stared, amazed.

"Fust time I ever heerd of anybody not wantin' a feller to shoot at a tree."

Gray saw that he was in earnest and he kept on, smiling.

"Well, we haven't got as many trees here as you have down in the mountains, and up here they're more valuable."

The last words were unfortunate.

"Looks like you keer a heep fer yo' trees," sneered the mountain boy with a wave of his pistol toward a demolished woodland; "an' if our trees air so wuthless, whut do you furriners come down thar and rob us of 'em fer?"

The sneer, the tone, and the bitter emphasis on the one ugly word turned Gray's face quite red.

"You mustn't say anything like that to me," was his answer, and the self-control in his voice but helped make the mountain boy lose his at once and completely. He rode straight for Gray and pulled in, waving his pistol crazily before the latter's face, and Gray could actually hear the grinding of his teeth.

"Go git yo' gun! Git yo' gun!"

Gray turned very pale, but he showed no fear.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," he said steadily, "but you must be drunk."

"Go git yo' gun!" was the furious answer. "Go git yo' gun!"

"Boys don't fight with guns in this country, but——"

"You're a d—d coward," yelled Jason.

Gray's fist shot through the mist of rage that suddenly blinded him, catching Jason on the point of the chin, and as the

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mountain boy spun half around in his saddle, Gray caught the pistol in both hands and in the struggle both rolled, still clutching the weapon, to the ground, Gray saying with quiet fury:

"Drop that pistol and I'll lick hell out of you!"

There was no answer but the twist of Jason's wrist, and the bullet went harmlessly upward. Before he could pull the trigger again, the sinewy fingers of a man's hand closed over the weapon and pushed it flat with the earth, and Jason's upturned eyes looked into the grave face of the school-master. That face was stern and shamed Jason instantly. The two boys rose to their feet, and the mountain boy turned away from the school-master and saw Marjorie standing ten yards away white and terror-stricken, and her eyes when he met them blazed at him with a light that no human eye had ever turned on him before. The boy knew anger, rage, hate, revenge, but contempt was new to him, and his soul was filled with sudden shame that was no less strange, but the spirit in him was undaunted, and like a challenged young buck his head went up as he turned again to face his accuser.

"Were you going to shoot an unarmed boy?" asked John Burnham gravely.

"He hit me."

"You called him a coward."

"He hit me."

"He offered to fight you fist and skull."

"He had the same chance to git the gun that I had."

"He wasn't trying to get it in order to shoot you."

Jason made no answer and the school-master repeated:

"He offered to fight you fist and skull."

"I was too mad—but I'll fight him now."

"Boys don't fight in the presence of young ladies."

Gray spoke up and in his tone was the contempt that was in Marjorie's eyes, and it made the mountain boy writhe.

"I wouldn't soil my hands on you—now."

The school-master rebuked Gray with a gesture, but Jason was confused and sick now and he held out his hand for his pistol.

"I better be goin' now—this ain't no place fer me."

The school-master gravely handed the weapon to him.

"I'm coming over to have a talk with you, Jason," he said.

The boy made no answer. He climbed on his horse slowly. His face was very pale, and once only he swept the group with eyes that were badgered but no longer angry, and as they rested on Marjorie, there was a pitiful, lonely something in them that instantly melted her and almost started her tears. Then he rode silently and slowly away.

XIII

SLOWLY the lad rode westward, for the reason that he was not yet quite ready to pass between those two big-pillared houses again, and because just then whatever his way—no matter. His anger was all gone now and his brain was clear, but he was bewildered. Throughout the day he had done nothing that he thought was wrong, and yet throughout the day he had done nothing that seemed to be right. This land was not for him—he did not understand the ways of it and the people and they did not understand him. Even the rock-pecker had gone back on him, and though that hurt him deeply, the lad loyally knew that the school-master must have his own good reasons. The memory of Marjorie's look still hurt, and somehow he felt that even Mavis was vaguely on their side against him, and of a sudden the pang of loneliness that Marjorie saw in his eyes so pierced him that he pulled his old nag in and stood motionless in the middle of the road. The sky was overcast and the air was bitter and chill; through the gray curtain that hung to the rim of the earth, the low sun swung like a cooling ball of fire and under it the gray fields stretched with such desolation for him that he dared ride no further into them. And then as the lad looked across the level stillness that encircled him, the mountains loomed suddenly from it—big, still, peaceful, beckoning—and made him faint with homesickness. Those mountains were behind him—his mountains and his home that was his no longer—but, after all, any home back

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there was his, and that thought so filled his heart with a rush of gladness that with one long breath of exultation he turned in his saddle to face those distant unseen hills, and the old mare, following the movement of his body, turned, too, as though she, too, suddenly wanted to go home. The chill air actually seemed to grow warmer as he trotted back, the fields looked less desolate, and then across them he saw flashing toward him the hostile fire of a scarlet tam-o'-shanter. He was nearing the yard gate of the big house on the right, and from the other big house on the left the spot of shaking crimson was galloping toward the turnpike. He could wait until Marjorie crossed the road ahead of him, or he could gallop ahead and pass before she could reach the gate, but his sullen pride forbade either course, and so he rode straight on, and his dogged eyes met hers as she swung the gate to and turned her pony across the road. Marjorie flushed, her lips half parted to speak, and Jason sullenly drew in, but as she said nothing, he clucked and dug his heels viciously into the old mare's sides.

Then the little girl raised one hand to check him and spoke hurriedly:

"Jason, we've been talking about you, and my Uncle Bob says you kept me from getting killed."

Jason stared.

"And the school-teacher says we don't understand you—you people down in the mountains—and that we mustn't blame you for—," she paused in helpless embarrassment, for still the mountain boy stared.

"You know," she went on finally, "boys here don't do things that you boys do down there——"

She stopped again, the tears started suddenly in her earnest eyes, and a miracle happened to little Jason. Something quite new surged within him, his own eyes swam suddenly, and he cleared his throat huskily.

"I hain't a-goin' to bother you folks no more," he said, and he tried to be surly, but couldn't. "I'm a-goin' away." The little girl's tears ceased.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I wish you'd stay here and go to school. The school-teacher said he wanted you to do that, and he says such nice things about you, and so does my Uncle Bob, and Gray is sorry, and he says he is coming over to see you to-morrow."

"I'm a-goin' home," repeated Jason stubbornly.

"Home?" repeated the girl, and her tone did what her look had done a moment before, for she knew he had no home, and again the lad was filled with a throbbing uneasiness. Her eyes dropped to her pony's mane, and in a moment more she looked up with shy earnestness.

"Will you do something for me?"

Again Jason started and of its own accord his tongue spoke words that to his own ears were very strange.

"Thar hain't nothin' I won't do fer ye," he said, and his sturdy sincerity curiously disturbed Marjorie in turn, so that her flush came back, and she went on with slow hesitation and with her eyes again fixed on her pony's neck.

"I want you to promise me not—not to shoot anybody—unless you *have* to in self-defence—and never to take another drink until—until you see me again."

She could not have bewildered the boy more had she asked him never to go barefoot again, but his eyes were solemn when she looked up and solemnly he nodded assent.

"I give ye my hand."

The words were not literal, but merely the way the mountaineer phrases the giving of a promise, but the little girl took them literally and she rode up to him with slim fingers outstretched and a warm friendly smile on her little red mouth. Awkwardly the lad thrust out his dirty, strong little hand.

"Good-by, Jason," she said.

"Good-by—," he faltered, and still smiling, she finished the words for him.

"Marjorie," she said, and unsmilingly he repeated:

"Marjorie."

While she passed through the gate he sat still and watched her, and he kept on watching her as she galloped toward home, twisting in his saddle to follow her course around the winding road. He saw a negro boy come out to the stile to take her pony, and there Marjorie, dismounting, saw in turn the lad still motionless where she had left him, and looking after her. She waved her whip to him and went on

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toward the house, and when she reached the top of the steps, she turned and waved to him again, but he made no answering gesture, and only when the front door closed behind her, did the boy waken from his trance and jog slowly up the road. Only the rim of the red fire ball was arched over the horizon behind him now. Winter dusk was engulfing the fields and through it belated crows were skurrying silently for protecting woods. For a little while Jason rode with his hands folded man-wise on the pommel of his saddle and with manlike emotions in his heart, for, while the mountains still beckoned, this land had somehow grown more friendly and there was a curious something after all that he would leave behind. What it was he hardly knew, but a pair of blue eyes, misty with mysterious tears, had sown memories in his confused brain that he would not soon lose. He did not forget the contempt that had blazed from those eyes, but he wondered now at the reason for the contempt. Was there something that ruled this land—something better than the code that ruled his hills? He had remembered every word the geologist had ever said, for he loved the man, but it had remained for a strange girl—a girl—to revive them, to give them actual life and plant within him a sudden resolve to learn for himself what it all meant, and to practise it, if he found it good. A cold wind sprang up now and cutting through his thin clothes drove him in a lope toward his mother's home.

Apparently Mavis was watching for him through the window of the cottage, for she ran out on the porch to meet him, but something in the boy's manner checked her, and she neither spoke nor asked a question while the boy took off his saddle and tossed it on the steps. Nor did Jason give her but one glance, for the eagerness of her face and the trust and tenderness in her eyes were an unconscious reproach and made him feel guilty and faithless, so that he changed his mind about turning the old mare out in the yard and led her to the stable, merely to get away from the little girl.

Mavis was in the kitchen when he entered the house, and while they all were eating supper, the lad could feel his little cousin's eyes on him all the time—watching and wondering and troubled and hurt. And when the four were seated about the fire, he did not look at her when he announced that he was going back home, but he saw her body start and shrink. His stepfather yawned and said nothing, and his mother looked on into the fire.

"When you goin', Jasie?" she asked at last.

"Daylight," he answered shortly.

There was a long silence.

"Whut you goin' to do down thar?"

The lad lifted his head fiercely and looked from the woman to the man and back again.

"I'm a-goin' to git that land back," he snapped; and as there was no question, no comment, he settled back brooding in his chair.

"Hit wasn't right—hit *couldn't* 'a' been right," he muttered, and then as though he were answering his mother's unspoken question:

"I don't know *how* I'm goin' to git it back, but if it wasn't right, thar *must* be some way, an' I'm a-goin' to find out if hit takes me all my life."

His mother was still silent, though she had lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes, and the lad rose and without a word of good-night climbed the stairs to go to bed. Then the mother spoke to her husband angrily.

"You oughtn't to let the boy put all the blame on me, Steve—you made me sell that land."

Steve's answer was another yawn, and he rose to get ready for bed, and Mavis, too, turned indignant eyes on him, for she had heard enough from the two to know that her stepmother spoke the truth. Her father opened the door and she heard the creak of his heavy footsteps across the freezing porch. Her stepmother went into the kitchen and Mavis climbed the stairs softly and opened Jason's door.

"Jasie!" she called.

"Whut you want?"

"Jasie, take me back home with ye, won't you?"

A rough denial was on his lips, but her voice broke into a little sob and the boy lay for a moment without answering.

"Whut on earth would you do down thar, Mavis?"

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And then he remembered how he had told her that he would come for her some day, and he remembered the Hawn boast that a Hawn's word was as good as his bond and he added kindly: "Wait till mornin', Mavis. I'll take ye if ye want to go."

The door closed instantly and she was gone. When the lad came down before day next morning Mavis had finished tying a few things in a bundle and was pushing it out of sight under a bed, and Jason knew what that meant.

"You hain't told 'em?"

Mavis shook her head.

"Mebbe yo' pap won't let ye."

"He ain't hyeh," said the little girl.

"Whar is he?"

"I don't know."

"Mavis," said the boy seriously, "I'm a boy an' hit don't make no difference whar I go, but you're a gal an' hit looks like you ought to stay with yo' daddy."

The girl shook her head stubbornly, but he paid no attention.

"I tell ye, I'm a-goin' back to that new-fangled school when I git to grandpap's, an' whut'll you do?"

"I'll go with ye."

"I've thought o' that," said the boy patiently, "but they mought not have room fer neither one of us—an' I can take keer o' myself anywhar."

"Yes," said the little girl proudly, "an' I'll trust ye to take keer o' me—anywhar."

The boy looked at her long and hard, but there was no feminine cunning in her eyes—nothing but simple trust—and his silence was a despairing assent. From the kitchen his mother called them to breakfast.

"Whar's Steve?" asked the boy.

The mother gave the same answer as had Mavis, but she looked anxious and worried.

"Mavis is a-goin' back to the mountains with me," said the boy, and the girl looked up in defiant expectation, but the mother did not even look around from the stove.

"Mebbe yo' pap won't let ye," she said quietly.

"How's he goin' to help hisself," asked the girl, "when he ain't hyeh?"

"He'll blame me fer it, but I ain't a-blamin' you."

The words surprised and puzzled both and touched both with sympathy and a little shame. The mother looked at her son, opened her lips again, but closed them with a glance at Mavis that made her go out and leave them alone.

"Jasie," she said then, "I reckon when Babe was a-playin' possum in the bushes that day, he could 'a' shot ye when you run down the hill."

She took his silence for assent and went on:

"That shows he don't hold no grudge agin you fer shootin' at him."

Still Jason was silent, and a line of stern justice straightened the woman's lips.

"I hain't got no right to say a word, just because Babe air my own brother. Mebbe Babe knows who the man was, but I don't believe Babe done it. Hit hain't enough that he was jes' *seed* a-comin' outen the bushes, an' afore you go a-layin' fer Babe, all I axe ye is to make *plumb dead shore*."

It was a strange new note to come from his mother's voice, and it kept the boy still silent from helplessness and shame. She had spoken calmly, but now there was a little break in her voice.

"I want ye to go back an' I'd go blind fer the rest o' my days if that land was yours an' was a-waitin' down thar fer ye."

From the next room came the sound of Mavis's restless feet, and the boy rose.

"I hain't a-goin' to lay fer Babe, mammy," he said huskily; "I hain't a-goin' to lay fer nobody—now. An' don't you worry no more about that land."

Half an hour later, just when day was breaking, Mavis sat behind Jason with her bundle in her lap, and the mother looked up at them.

"I wish I was a-goin' with ye," she said.

And when they had passed out of sight down the lane, she turned back into the house—weeping.

(To be continued.)

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ARCTIC MOUNTAINEERING BY A WOMAN

MOUNT BLACKBURN

By Dora Keen

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NEVER had Mount Blackburn been so bare of snow as on August 15, 1911, when our little party of seven set out to climb it. We were starting up from Blackburn Road House, thirty-five miles to the south, to make the first attempt that had ever been made to ascend it. No one had ever been even to its base, for no one in Alaska climbs mountains except for gold, and to reach this mountain meant travel up the Kennecott Glacier all the way from mile 192 of the Coffer River Railway, in all more than two hundred miles from the coast. Yet I had selected Mount Blackburn because the completion of the railway, in April, made it the most accessible of Alaska's dozen great snow peaks.

Distance from any base of supplies, very low timber and snow lines, extreme cold in winter, and the long days of summer—these are the problems of mountaineering in Alaska which give to it, in all but duration, the character of an Arctic expedition.

To reach any one of its 14,000-foot peaks requires days or weeks of the hardest kind of travel. All of the high mountains are relatively near to the south-west coast of Alaska, but to reach any of them from any port requires travel through a wilderness in which glaciers and railway tracks are accounted the "easiest" lines of travel.

The timber line is at 2,500 feet, the snow line at 3,000 to 6,000 feet, according to location and season. The Arctic Circle is near. Winter's cold is intense and its days short. The mass of snow is enormous. Then come the long, warm days of summer, so long that there is little time for freezing at night. The south sides of the mountains are steep. The result, as might be anticipated, is glaciers that become contracted by the sun, seamed with a succession of crevasses, and swept by avalanches. The only difficult high mountain that has yet been ascended is Mount Saint Elias, and that by its north-east side. It is quite possible that the northern slopes of Alaska's high mountains, which are gradual and are protected from the sun, are the only ones by which a successful ascent can be made, but the southern slopes are nearer to civilization, and my leader believed that Mount Blackburn could be climbed by its south-east side, the side nearest to the railway.

Mr. R. F. McClellan, of Sawtelle, Cal., was the trusted leader who had consented to organize and lead my expedition. He had been the superintendent of the Bonanza Mine, at Kennecott, four miles above the Road House from which we were to start. He was familiar with the mountain from the mine, and believed that the whole expedition could be made within ten or twelve days, if at all. Our hope for a safe ascent was to find a route by which we might rise fast enough to get above the altitude of the avalanches before the hour when they would begin. On the mountains of 6,000 to 9,000 feet along the two hundred miles of the railway, the months of "slides" were May and June. Although the season was late and hot, surely, he thought, the danger from slides was now past, except perhaps for the late afternoons, during which we could keep from under.

I had not come to Alaska to climb mountains. I had come merely as a tourist, to see what I might, by boats and trains, of the wonderful glaciers and mountains of its south-west coast, and to see the last pioneer region of America. My expectations had been far exceeded. Glaciers the largest outside the Antarctic, high snow mountains, many of them rising directly from the sea, neither Norway

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nor even the beautiful Chilean archipelago had compared with the scenery of south-west Alaska. Letters of introduction had brought about camping trips on the Kenai Peninsula, in search of a big Kadiak bear, and there in the woods, in the cabin of a prospector, I had chanced upon my first detailed knowledge of the high mountains. There, in a report of the United States Geological Survey, I had read of Mount Blackburn, "never ascended," and "worthy of the hardiest mountaineer"; 16,140 feet high, it was within sixty feet of the highest of the Wrangel Mountains, of which I had expected to have only distant views from the railway.

Knowing that there would be no Swiss guides in Alaska, I had had no idea of serious climbing and had brought only my personal Alpine equipment. In Seattle, and again in Cordova, I had been told that probably I might find prospectors who would take me up to 8,000 feet or more. I had expected no more. But now I returned at once to Cordova, the port for the railway, determined to try the ascent of Mount Blackburn, provided that suitable arrangements could be made.

The way had opened—as it always does if we will but have the courage to start. On the boat I had heard of Mr. McClellan as the safest and best leader I could have. I had found him en route to the mountain, had secured his consent, and together we had planned and completed the outfit at Cordova and at the Road House. Seattle was four days away, with boats only once a week. There was no time to secure anything from such a distance, nor does the prospector consider anything necessary, merely "handy." Necessity and emergency have taught him to "get along." He knows to an ounce what he needs for a "trip" as he calls an expedition. "Any one that can't 'pack' ninety pounds would better not come to Alaska," they say, "for this is the least with which he can get along out 'in the hills.'" His motto is "Never stuck." His is the land of hope. He is always "going to make a strike next year, sure," therefore always ready to endure and to smile, whatever happens.

All of my men had been prospectors, all had been in the country between seven and sixteen years. Americans all, Mr. McClellan knew them all. He had wanted men "whom he could count on to put a hundred pounds on their backs and go where he told them," and he had found them, not far from the Road House, as likewise two pack horses. John E. Barrett and Frank Buell were from Seattle, Ralph Felterolf from Philadelphia. "If you tell Johnnie Barrett you want to go to the top of Mount Blackburn," I had been told at the mine, "he'll get you there if he has to pack you on his back." To these men I added a German painter from Cordova, Walter Wolf, recommended to me because of his experience in the Alps. I thought it a great acquisition to have one man who was experienced in the recognized technique of cutting steps in ice, the use of the rope, etc., all the more because my other men were not mountaineers. No one ropes in Alaska, nor are ice axes known. When a man perishes in a crevasse, the glacier is named for him. So anxious was Wolf to go that he had said, "If they turn back, I will go to the top anyway."

The Alaskan prepares for a "trip" by preparing his mind to do without every article of comfort. "If you tell a prospector there's gold at the top of Mount McKinley, he'll put a couple of flapjacks in his pocket and step up," they had said to me. Mr. McClellan had landed with the first on the Valdez Glazier and had led a party through to Dawson by compass, some five hundred miles through the wilderness. "I would trust my life to Mr. McClellan," the late able and courteous chief engineer of the railway, Mr. E. C. Hawkins, had said to me. To my every inquiry his reply was, "We've thought of all that," or "Don't you worry about the men. They can take care of themselves." None of them had been above 10,000 feet, but all knew what it was to travel in winter at sixty degrees below zero, for the prospector needs the short summers for prospecting, and he has learned that to travel with a dog-sled in winter is easier than to "pack" ninety pounds through the bogs, streams, alders, and fallen logs of Alaskan "trails" in summer. "You can't freeze to death at this season," they assured me. "Why how cold do you suppose it's going to be up there? It ain't going to be more than ten degrees below." So they refused

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to take more for protection than parkas and jumpers. The Alaskan parka is a sort of overshirt. It is put on over the head and comes to the knees. It is made of khaki with a bit of fur around face and wrists, and as this tickles them they pull it off. It keeps heat in and wind out, but has no warmth in itself.

From the Road House a rough mining trail gave fairly good going for ten miles. We might even make fifteen miles with the horses before the last grass would be reached. From there they must be sent back by an extra man. From there we would load our outfit on a sled that Mr. Barrett had cached the winter before and his dogs would pull the sled up the glacier to the foot of the mountain. There were to be four dogs, but the hand-car that brought my baggage ran over the best dog, crippling him beyond use—so unused were the dogs to the new railway. "The dogs can climb anywhere you can go," Mr. Barrett had assured me, "and if I have to, I can just drop them down a cliff by the tail."

Our "Alaska-style" outfit consisted of two tents and a lean-to, the least possible extra clothing, two small alcohol-stoves, ropes, ice-creepers made in Cordova, and ice-axes forged at the mine. Bacon and beans, flour and coffee, the prospector's stand-bys, were the chief food. Canvas strips with poles through the sides were to serve as "cots" that would raise us off the ice by resting the poles on piled-up rocks or blocks of ice. Food, fuel, and shelter had to be taken for the entire trip, for here at the Road House, at only 1,500 feet, we were leaving civilization behind. To reach the foot of the mountain would take at least two days, to climb it at least a week, and the entire time would be spent on ice and snow. An Arctic expedition indeed it seemed to me, and the Kenai Peninsula had been my first experience in rough camping. There at least there had always been wood, water, and game. None of them should we have on Mount Blackburn.

A beautiful glistening mass of purest white, its distant summit rose above the hideous desolation of the moraine of Kennecott Glacier as we started around its end. The temperature was sixty-five degrees at 8 A. M., a hot day for Alaska. Never had I dreamt that a moraine could be so crushing in its domination of the scene.

Great cracks and fallen blocks the size of a house left no doubt that ice underlay those miles of rocks that were to lie at our right for hours as we followed the trail beside the glacier. In hope of game for food or perhaps even a bear, Mr. Barrett with his gun and I kept ahead. The dogs followed closely, dragging the poles for tents and cots. The poles caught in projecting roots and the little dogs would whimper for us to free them. Slowly the heavily laden horses followed. By noon, in the marshes beside the glacier, we came on huge bear tracks. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted some water, Mr. McClellan?" said Felterolf, as our leader fetched up some at lunch time. "I could have given you a couple of boots full." No further word did I ever hear of wet feet on a trip during which they were the rule.

Here at 2,500 feet, the first day, was our last timber. Soon the trail lay along the top of the lateral moraine. Timber had given place to castellated-rock pinnacles that towered above us on the left. On the right was the glacier. Ground-hogs mocked us with their shrill cries, but the dogs were encumbered by the poles and could not go after them, while of the many ptarmigan, all but two took care to appear only after the man with the gun was past.

At 4 o'clock a lateral valley could be crossed only by taking to the glacier at which the trail ended. To find and make a trail for the clumsy tired horses took time. To cross the crevasses here was easy for us, but for the horses bridges of ice and rock must be built and steps chopped, for never once must they be taken on to any slanting slope. We were nearing Mr. Barrett's cache, a "hole in the wall" of the mountain-side. Two men were despatched thither for a Yukon stove. With difficulty a way back to "dry land" was found over the marginal ice, and at half-past six we camped on grass. Willows waist-high offered the only fuel. Pitching only my tent, for themselves the men were content to throw their bedding on the ground under canvas. At midnight it rained. Quietly Mr. McClellan rose to tuck up the sleepers, so quietly

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that Mr. Buell jumped as he felt the hand, sure that a big bear had him.

Early the next morning two men went in search of the sled. Evidently a snow-slide had carried it down, for it was badly jammed and required much repair. We had come only fifteen miles, but from here on there would be no more grass, so the horses were saddled for return. Meantime a dog was missed. It was Jack, one of our two malamutes, labor saving and clever at short cuts. "Do you see that dog?" said Mr. Barrett, pointing far back on our trail. "He's sized up the situation pretty well. He sees there ain't going to be much to eat and pretty hard work and he's going back with the horses." Two men had to help to get the horses back over the glacier and continued down for timber, which they packed up.

All day it had rained, hopelessly wetting the willow bushes with which and the stove we were trying to cook twenty-five pounds of beans and fifteen pans of biscuits; for here at 3,000 feet was to be our last fire for ten days. On Chimborazo, in the Andes of the equator, the last fire is lighted at 14,000 feet, with only 5,900 feet still to climb. On the Mexican volcanoes 17,000 feet high, vegetation is found up to 13,000 feet. On Mount Whitney at 11,000 feet, with only 3,000 feet left to climb. In the tropics the snow line may be as high as 18,000 feet. On Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps, wood, water, food, and shelter are found in a comfortable hut at 10,000 feet in the midst of a glacier, with less than 6,000 feet of an established route still to climb. In Alaska all is reversed, and herein lie the difficulties of mountain climbing in Alaska; here, too, its interest and adventure. To climb Mount Saint Elias, 18,100 feet, on which four previous expeditions had failed, the Duke of the Abruzzi had to travel more than fifty miles from the forest and to climb some 14,000 feet above the snow line. To climb Mount Blackburn we had to travel some twenty-five miles from the timber and to climb 10,000 feet above the snow line.

The willows at least served for flag-poles. The year before at Chamonix I had noticed the flags of M. Vallot placed in the course of mapping the Glacier du Géant. I had noted their utility and had brought red flannel for a similar use on the way up, in case blizzards should make it difficult to find the way down again.

Thus was our second day busily occupied with necessary preparations, yet no advance made. A glorious sunset raised our hopes for the morrow. At daybreak we were up. Sled and supplies were packed over the marginal ice, the load lashed onto the sled, the dogs harnessed, and the march up the glacier begun. Even in summer enough snow usually remained on Kennecott Glacier to cover the ice-way below this point, so the men left promising that soon we should strike smooth going. Instead, occasional ribbons of bare white ice were all that now appeared between the great moraines that streaked the glacier. It was three miles wide. To find ice on which progress could be made was all that could be hoped for. The abnormal heat of the summer had removed the snow, had contracted the ice and seamed it with crevasses so countless that for the next two days we seemed to encounter them every five to twenty minutes. Wide and deep and long as they were, it was a difficult task to find a trail, still more difficult to get the sled over or around the crevasses. The men had to work as hard as the dogs. I alone was free to "prospect" ahead. The dogs too required less direction when they could follow a leader. Travelling as fast as I could to keep ahead in order to gain time to watch to right and left for the crevasses ahead, still my task was too difficult for any good success. Often formidable crevasses were invisible until I was within ten feet of them, for the upward slope was perceptible. Even between crevasses the ice was rough, its surface all rills, ridges, hillocks, puddles, streams, and gravel. Every moment the men were pulling or pushing, lifting or lowering, righting or repairing a sled loaded with seven hundred and fifty pounds, and yet I never heard them swear. The only way I could help was by leading and at times carrying the heavy ice-picks. They might cut hands or ropes if placed on the sled. At the least provocation the top-heavy sled would tip over. At every stop down would lie all three dogs until Mr. Barrett's "All right, dogs," or "Go ahead, dogs," was heard, when instantly they were off again. For right or left we

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had only to call to Bigelow, the wise little malamute leader, "Gee a little, Biggie," or "Biggie, go haw." To the black dog, Nigger, it was more often, "Nig, git into it," or "Nig, I'll take a lung out o' you yet." The dogs knew their master, but they knew him to be kind too, and in camp they were petted and played with.

Presently we made out three mountain goats grazing high up at our left. The ice began to rise in great frozen billows, with broad and deep crevasses in the trough of the waves. The angles up which the sled must be coaxed became so steep that it was better to try an entirely different part of the glacier. To do so involved packing over a great moraine. We could not hope to reach the foot of the mountain that night, and the moraine offered protection for a camp.

The wind was right for a goat hunt and we needed the goats for the dogs. For my pleasure, Mr. Barrett proposed that I should go along. Stopping only for a bite of chocolate, and leaving three men to pitch camp, off we went, Mr. Barrett, Wolf, and I. It was already 5 o'clock, and between us and the goats lay a mile of crevasses and some 700 feet of steep climbing. Hard and fast we travelled, jumping crevasses, crawling up and down marginal ice ridges, climbing straight up shale slopes and across precipitous snow. "Go on all fours," whispered Mr. Barrett as we neared our wary game, "so if they see you they'll think it an animal." But the shale would slide, and just as we were within shot, the sentinel goat heard and gave warning. Up they started. They could climb faster than we. Darkness was approaching, and we had still to return. At least I had won the confidence of my men. "If you can follow them goats, I guess you can climb Mount Blackburn," was their greeting, as empty-handed and overheated, just at dark, we came in to the cheerless prospect of sleeping on the ice. I had to break three-eighths of an inch of ice on the water of the crevasse where I went to wash, and it was dark and chill as at half-past nine we ate our first real meal since daybreak.

It was my first goat hunt. It had been good sport, reward enough indeed to feel that I was actually able to do it. A new feeling of confidence, new zest came over me each day as I realized what a woman might do in America. Sure of respect and of every assistance, in Alaska at least, her limitations need be only those within herself, her measure that of which she is capable, her development in her own hands to make or to mar. I had come to Alaska on a voyage of discovery. Being alone had seemed to put every limitation in my way, and now, on the contrary, my love of adventure and sport could be satisfied as never before, because of the character of the men of Alaska. I was actually launched on an expedition of my own, the most adventurous and hazardous I could desire, yet sure of being cared for in safety with consideration and respect.

An Arctic expedition indeed it seemed as I crawled into my sleeping-bag. The aneroid showed 4,500 feet. There was only the sun to warm us—when it shone. The only way to dry anything was to sleep on it, and when the nights were not very long, the clothes were not very dry in the morning. The malamutes had curled up on a rock. It was warmer than the ice. Wolf could not get warm. He paced the ice, made coffee, and rolled rocks into the crevasses. Thus disturbed and raised just too little above the ice to be warm, the rest of us had not slept either when at half-past four we emerged from our tents to survey Mount Blackburn. This first near view did indeed make every visible route look hopeless to me as I scanned each possible route in turn with my glasses for a way up. Not one of us could find a route all the way to the top. But the Alaskans are no "quitters." We intended to try. All but Wolf. At half-past six our Alpinist turned back, "just because it was a bit chilly," as the men put it. One of my friends has said that he was the only sensible member of the party.

The fourth day was as hard as the third, the ice just as bad, with one less man to help. We had cached one hundred and twenty pounds of food for the return. At last, in the early afternoon, hope rose as we descried snow in the ice ahead. Even this hot summer the snow line was at 6,000 feet. The surface became more level. Then the snow cover gave smooth going for just an hour. Then the sun grew hot. The snow grew slushy and wet us.

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Soon great ice terraces loomed on either side with chasm-like crevasses between. The only hope was to keep to the trough in the centre. Soon this too became a questionable course, for deep drifts of snow only partially filled the crevasses, often merely concealed them. The sun was so hot that the snow commenced to give way under our weight. The crevasses were as many as before, only now much more dangerous because often invisible. We began to step through into them. I insisted that Mr. McClellan take the snow-shoes as he went ahead prospecting. I kept me awake, but it was now chilly, for at 5 o'clock the sun had disappeared behind the mountain. It was snowing as we got supper, and there was slush on the half-inch ice of the crevasses below, whither we must go for water.

Steep and badly broken glaciers, steeper ridges all crested with ice, and a fairly smooth snow summit, such was the sight that Mount Blackburn presented to our view. It was the fifth day, with food for only eight days more and every route looking hopelessly difficult and dangerous for men with heavy packs. The sled and

Mount Blackburn and Kennecott Glacier.
From Bonanza Mountain thirty miles away.

followed. For my own safety and for those behind I sounded every step with my ice-axe. Thinking we should soon get to camp, Mr. Barrett had gone off after another goat far up on the right, leaving only two men for the sled. Several times the trail proved false and we had to wait in the burning reflection of the melting snow for fifteen minutes or more while a new lead was tried. It began to look serious, as if we never should reach that protected rocky point at the end of a rock ridge at the head of this glacier upon which we had determined to place our base camp. At last a way was found, a bad one, but it held us.

Four and a half hours of this most dangerous going had we had when at six-thirty we reached safety. Each man had fallen in twice to the waist. To our relief Mr. Barrett soon came in. He was empty-handed but safe. It had taken us four days to reach the base of Mount Blackburn, which lay three miles across from us, four days to make thirty-five miles and to rise 5,000 feet up Kennecott Glacier. My hands were so burnt that they all else possible would have to be left at this base camp, and from here, at 6,500 feet, food, fuel, and shelter would have to be carried by men and dogs nearly to the top. Progress would be so slow and the liability to blizzards so great that it would never be safe to be far from food and shelter, and this very necessity for heavy packs would compel the choice of a route that should be neither too steep nor too difficult if we were to advance at all. Nearly 10,000 feet of snow and ice remained to be climbed, with the certainty of such frequent snowfalls that the snow would have no time to harden, would make the ascent laborious, and would slide with the first hot sun. To climb at night was impossible. Such routes could not be attempted in the dark. Indeed, one of the best gauges of the difficulty of a mountain ascent is the elevation remaining to be climbed above the snow line. It is chiefly the 10,000 or 15,000 feet that have to be climbed above the snow line that make the high mountains of Alaska among the most difficult of mountain expeditions.

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The author leading the way to Mount Blackburn.

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Above 12,000 feet the ascent would be easy. This was one reason why I had chosen to try this mountain by this side. Experience in the Alps and the Andes had taught me to avoid difficult work above 15,000 feet, and I had never been above 16,000 feet. The maps of the United States Geological Survey—made from near our first camp—showed the contour lines to be gradual above 12,000 feet, but how to reach 12,000 feet there was the problem. With all routes alike looking hopeless, the shortest seemed the best to try first.

Off went Mr. McClellan and Mr. Barrett to try to find a way up what I later named Barrett Glacier, while the other two went back to relay up the supplies we had cached. Clearly we should need them all and we might get a goat for the return. Since the men when "empty"—as they call it to travel without a pack—could travel faster than I, to save time I remained in camp, keeping house. This time I saw to it that both sets of men were roped. So the siege of Mount Blackburn began. For the first time human foot was set on its beautiful glaciers.

Too dangerous to stop under such walls, in a hot sun, to chop a way up.

It was after six when the relay party came in, just as I was beginning to worry about them, and 9 o'clock, dusk, when the men from Barrett Glacier returned. Their report was not encouraging. It had taken three hours to reach the foot of the glacier and as much more to rise 1,600 feet on it. There was danger from avalanches, but a safe way might be found; another day would tell. At daybreak they would return to the attack with a third man, while the fourth should go in the other direction after the elusive goat. This time they took snow-shoes.

Again I was alone in the great silence of this wonder world. The better to behold and to photograph the great amphitheatre of ice, snow, and rock at the foot of which we were camped, cautiously I climbed the rock ridge above me, climbed till the tents were specks, till they disappeared from view. A panorama secured, I sat down to drink in forever the glory and beauty about me. Already I was repaid for coming. A world without limitations was unfolded to me, a world in which I felt as if the bonds that held me to earth were loosed, a world of purity the sight of which ennobled a world of power, of majesty, a vision to inspire, to uplift, to give peace and strength, to beget reverence and humility. The struggles to achieve, the yearning to attain on the mountain, are they not symbolic of life? Life demands courage. We need strength to endure and to suffer. Is it not in itself worth while to climb if in so doing we lose all sense of fear?

From such contemplation there was only an occasional sound as of thunder to arouse me. Mount Blackburn at the left, Mount Reynolds at the right, below me the Kennecott Glacier hemmed in by the lower slopes of the great mountains, half way between Mount Reynolds and the distant mine, Mount Regal, 13,000 feet—such was the view unfolded to me. Now and again a mighty roar led my eye to the cliffs across the Reynolds Glacier. Great ice masses crowned them. Loosened by the sun they were breaking off and pouring like gentle waterfalls down the gullies all the way to the glaciers fifteen hundred feet below. Would the goat-hunter over there take warning? Would he keep off and from under those cliffs? I

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Sounding for hidden crevasses.
Such as that in the foreground.

could not once find him with my glasses. Whenever I could make out the others they seemed to be in difficulty, making slow progress.

Hardly was I back at camp when the others also returned, Felterolf without his goat, the others because it had been unsafe to remain on that cascading glacier at that time of day. Avalanches and falling stones had warned them off. Only five hundred feet had been gained. Their plan now was for Mr. Barrett and Mr. Felterolf to return that night, to camp at the foot of Barrett Glacier, and to make a last determined effort the next day. To find a trail on unknown glaciers of such a character by lantern was dangerous. The Swiss plan of a start at night when all is hard could not be followed. The best they could do would be to be there and at work at daybreak. When I had first arrived in Cordova, on July 5, there had been no night at all, merely twilight from 10.30 P. M. until 1.30 A. M. Now it was dark from 9.30 P. M. until 3 A. M., and the ice did not begin to break off much before 9 A. M. Between 3 and 9 A. M. were the only safe hours to be at work on such glaciers at this time of year. A little later there would be new snow sliding. If the ascent could not be made now, probably winter, January or February, or perhaps spring, would be the only time.

They reported precipitous walls of ice seventy-five and one hundred feet in height under and on which they must

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work. Ever since 11 that morning the avalanches had been incessant. At 5.30 the two men left to spend one or two nights on the glacier. For sleeping on snow, a lean-to, a canvas, a sleeping-bag, and an eiderdown were their protection. Tea, bacon, sandwiches, chocolate, and beef extract in smallest quantities were the only food. For cooking, melting water, heat, light, and signals, six candles and two tin cans were to suffice. Ropes, socks, and mitts completed the outfit.

Mr. McClellan and Mr. Buell were to leave at daybreak to try a second alternative route, for the days were passing, food and fuel was going. We turned in early, I to watch the hours and call the men at midnight. At 8.45 P. M., at 10.15, at 1 A. M. came avalanches loud enough to waken us. All night they never ceased. What of those two men? Would the spot they had selected prove as safe as they believed? By the first streaks of dawn Mr. McClellan and Mr. Buell were off. They were to try the ridge that I had rejected because of its bad snow saddle. Not once could I see them all day long.

No quick way up and no time to chop a way. Tons of ice ready to fall and all holes under foot.

Again I was alone, and the evening and the morning were the seventh day. In vain I tried to sleep, took pictures, washed dishes, clothes, even bathed in the icy water of a choked crevasse. The sun was so hot that I shed what clothes I could, and finally sat mending in the shade of my tent. Ever and anon I scanned the glaciers for my men. At 5 A. M. I had seen the two on Barrett Glacier, and again at 7. This time they were working in a new direction, but no higher up. At 8 came a roar from an avalanche that seemed as if it would never cease. For full five minutes I could see only a cloud of falling snow on that part of the glacier for which my men had been heading an hour before! Search as I would, I could not find them. My anxiety was intense. At 11 I found them, but had no way to call them in. Only for this signal had we not provided. They were back at the same place as at 5 A. M.

The slides were fewer to-day. The dogs slept. "Whatever you do, don't let the dogs loose," Mr. Barrett had said, "for Bigelow is liable to miss me and might take my trail even after two days."

Never was I so glad to see two men as when, at 6 P. M., Mr. McClellan and Mr. Buell suddenly appeared amid the crevasses below me. I told them of my fears for the other two, of the incessant avalanches on that glacier. "Oh, they're all right," Mr. McClellan assured me. "They're just waiting until it's hard enough to travel. They'll be in in the morning." Good news he brought, too. His route was possible and safe. They had climbed my ridge all the way to the saddle, and believed that either this ridge or the glacier to the left of it—McClellan Glacier I named it—would offer a way to the top.

At last we had a way to signal to the others. "Route possible"—the signal that we had expected from them—was indicated by two candles in tin-can reflectors. Whatever their success, I was unwilling that they or any one should longer risk his life amid the beautiful but terrible avalanches of Barrett Glacier. Wearied and blistered by their long day in heat that they estimated at one hundred and twenty degrees in the sun, I urged the men to sleep while I should watch. The night was calm and warm. I placed my

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sleeping-bag on the rocks and had only to open my eyes once a half hour in order to look for lights on the mountain, if by chance I could see them so far, if indeed my men were alive. Never had the stars seemed more beautiful, but two answering candles were all that I wanted to see. One of my candles wasted and its can rolled off into a crevasse. We had only one more can. Both candles burned out and I replaced them, but still no answer came from the glacier. At 3 I called to Mr. McClellan, suggesting that they go in search. "It ain't no use now," he replied. "If anything's happened, it's too late now. You'll see. They'll be in as soon as it's light." Yet before 6 he and Mr. Buell started in search, just because of my anxiety.

A half hour later I saw the two men on Barrett Glacier. They were in the same place as the day before, still laboring among the huge crevasses. Never had I been more thankful. I lost not a moment in placing the day signals, two canvases, on the rock ridge. The others likewise had seen them, signalled, and returned. By 10 o'clock all were in, but the snow was already too soft below us to start for the new route. The men needed sleep and food. They had been safely at their camp while I had been so worried. Mr. Felterolf thought that he must have slept four hours, "for there were four hours there I didn't feel Johnnie shake." Clothes were dried in the sun and all made ready for moving camp at an early hour on the morrow.

Again the night was warm and calm. At 11 Mr. McClellan called me to behold a sight of which I had never seen the like. In changing colors and forms, the aurora borealis streaked the sky. It was perhaps four times as wide as the Milky Way, and nearer to the aurora of the Arctic explorers than I had ever expected to see. Again I was glad that I had come.

The snow was hard and the going good as at 5 A. M. of the ninth day of "this exhibition," as Mr. Buell always called it, we set off for McClellan Glacier or the

Getting to Mount Blackburn.

One of the bottomless crevasses that must be crossed every five to twenty minutes during two days. Page 67.

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Slow climbing up McClellan Glacier.

ridge adjoining it. Each man was packing seventy pounds, each dog twenty pounds. Since I could pack no more than fourteen pounds, including my camera, I asked to take two dogs; for each dog must be chained to some one or led by the hand, lest he break through into a crevasse. Presently my camera was all that I could manage. I had to give up the dogs. Even my "little bundle," as they called my pack, would mysteriously disappear into that of one of my overladen men so soon as I unshipped it. My safety, my success, and my comfort were still their only thought. Men could not have worked harder, more cheerfully, nor more unselfishly.

By 6 we had reached McClellan Glacier and began to rise fast, so fast that it seemed better to continue here, where the dogs could certainly carry their packs, rather than to risk the balancing of heavy packs up the loose bowlders and limestone of which the ridge was composed. We had not risen far when difficulties began to delay us. Crevasses presented real problems. We roped. Over or around them, down, up and on we went—we were rising, but so was the sun, and our only hope was to get to a safe altitude before the sun should start the avalanches. This glacier was less steep than Barrett Glacier, less liable to be swept by avalanches, but still it was broken enough to be dangerous at its lower levels at mid-day. Ice walls of formidable dimensions began to rise in our path. On both sides the whole surface was broken by great chasm-like crevasses fif-

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teen to twenty-five feet across. Only in the middle was advance possible, and even here the way grew so puzzling, the loss of time so great, as one point after another delayed us, that we began to doubt of more broken and difficult the glacier became.

By half-past eight, leaving packs and dogs with two men, Mr. McClellan, Mr. Barrett, and I started up in order to see

The fifteen foot crevasses of McClellan Glacier among which we had been. Taken from 700 feet above.

success. The snowy mantle that had given the only security to our footing began to thaw, and we to step into holes. I pounded each step with my foot, as I had been taught in the Alps. My men, on the contrary, trod quickly and lightly and fell in only half as often. They rallied me. Again the dogs caused delays, necessitated easier routes, and again had to be thrown across crevasses. They could not sound their footing. To have a dog drag back just as one was jumping, with insecure footing, was trying. The higher we rose the whether it was worth while to go any farther. Up, down, over and into canyons of ice we worked. Now to right, now to left we tried to find a way. Over loosely wedged masses, under walls and pinnacles that towered straight above us, over huge blocks, on we went. Twenty times I was sure there was no way to continue. Swiss guides would not have ventured to go on. I was enraptured with the fantastic beauty of the shapes about and beneath me, annoyed past consolation that it was not safe to stop anywhere long enough to pull

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out my camera. It was the most wonderfully fantastic and beautiful sight I had ever seen and I wished it to be indelibly impressed on my memory. I wanted time to drink in the marvellous scenes of this

One of the ten-foot crevasses on McClellan Glacier. Looking down Kennecott Glacier.

frozen inferno, but time there was not. To linger was not safe at this hour. If we could not get up quickly we must get ashore or go down. Thrilling beyond words was it to be in such places. Each time that I had given up all hope and was wondering how my men could hope to find a way up some hopeless place, from above or below or around a corner would come Mr. Barrett's cheery voice, "I think I can make it, Mac." But after an hour even he began to give up hope. "If only I had an hour of freezing now," he lamented finally from a chasm into which he had been let down, "I could chop a trail." At this hour to do so would be to risk that the whole threatening mass would collapse, or at least that walls or blocks would fall on us. In Switzerland they do not go on such glaciers, but the only concern of these men was for me. At times they insisted on my remaining above some forty-foot wall under which they were going to have a look. They returned to take me through a labyrinth of crevasses into which they had been. On all fours and quickly must I go, for the blocks that choked these bottomless abysses and over which we were climbing had sharp edges and corners and had no snow coating. They must have fallen very lately, and more might fall to-

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day. We could find no way to advance, no way "ashore" even, to the ridge which offered our last hope, and to gain it we must now descend a thousand feet from the 7,500-foot level that we had reached. the loose stones sliding. There were no sure holds. Climbing was difficult, especially with packs and tent-poles to impede us. The rocks hurt the dogs' feet. Nig tried to cross an ice slide, slipped, fell

Just over the gravel from worse ice.

It was 10.30 when we turned down and two hours later when we had climbed to the ridge. Here at last we were safe from avalanches, safe from crevasses, but a new series of difficulties was to begin. The ridge offered the last hope for the ascent of the mountain. The crumbling limestone made the dogs slide and slip as much as we did, for their packs pulled them back. We roped them. Then we took their packs off, "and then we was the dogs," as Mr. Felterolf put it. At times we had to wait for each other, because of fifty feet, and struck with a thud, yet up he scrambled, and the next day tried it again. Two of the men had to cut their packs in half, and preferred the "grub" to the bedding. At 7 we had barely reached the snow saddle. We could not cross it without too great risk. To climb seven hundred feet perpendicularly down onto the glacier and up the ridge again beyond it would therefore be necessary on the morrow. Here we must sleep, on the bowlders, with no room for a tent and two men without bedding. We had to melt ice

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for water, and choose between drinking it or using it for coffee. We could not spare alcohol enough for more. The aneroid showed 8,700 feet. Already, at 8,000 feet, we had had superb views of the whole beautiful mass of Mount Logan, 19,000 feet high, and beyond it of Mount Saint Elias, 18,100 feet, both nearly one hundred and fifty miles away, the latter close to the sea. To reach 8,700 feet on a peak only 360 feet higher than Mt. Blanc had cost me as much time and effort as to climb Mt. Blanc, two high snow passes, three of the less difficult and three of the most difficult of the famous Aiguilles at Chamonix the summer before.

Leaving 8,700 feet, highest point reached.
Men and dog at the left of the picture.

The night was not cold for that altitude. The men even feared a change in the weather. Most of the hard work of the ascent was over. With good weather we could be sure of reaching the top in two more days, for we could see our route now all the way and had just enough food and fuel left to go to the top and back on short rations. Working as hard as possible, with days eighteen hours long, it had still taken nine days to reach the mountain and to find a safe way up it. A blizzard now would be fatal to success, for after weathering it there would not remain enough rations with which to complete the ascent. Goats, ptarmigan, and timber were two days below us now.

At 4.30 A. M. we wakened in a snowstorm. The wind had changed. The men recognized the signs of a three-day

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Over a glacial stream on a bridge built of rocks.

storm. We waited a while to be sure. Mr. McClellan and Mr. Barrett climbed down to the glacier below and returned with a verdict of "perfectly feasible," although to me it looked nearly as hopeless and broken as its lower section had proved to be the day before. The clouds lifted, shifted, then settled. Silently, at 10.30 we turned down from what they had termed Keen Ridge. Unknown to me, Mr. Felterolf had scratched my name on a rock at our highest point. "You never will know quite how hard it was for me to turn back," writes my leader. "It's the first journey I ever started on that I didn't get to the end of," writes Mr. Barrett, "and, believe me, if ever I start for the top of Mount Blackburn again, I'll get there, and I bet you will too."

If when the way up Mount Blackburn had been found, more supplies had been attainable, we should have reached the summit, but mountaineering in Alaska is mountaineering in the Arctic. In mountain climbing, perhaps more than in any other sport, we appreciate each difficult point gained in proportion to what its attainment has cost us. In difficulties, in thrilling experiences, in a view of the beautiful ice world on a new scale, in the reward of a new vision of life, Alaskan mountaineering may take first rank with the high peaks of the Himalayas. The reason that my leader had consented to go was that if I wished to undertake so big a task, he wished to help me. Such is the spirit of Alaska.

NOTE.—Miss Keen's second attempt to climb Mount Blackburn has been successful. She left Cordova, Alaska, on April 18, this spring, with six men to attack the mountain again from the south-east. She telegraphed on May 25, from Kennecott, Alaska: "After thirteen days' snow-storm, spent in caves, made the summit of Mount Blackburn on May 19."

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Drawn by Allen True.

A safe and sane Fourth of July.

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SIX SONS OF OSSIAN

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

WHEN six men dwell together for three years in a North Country residency they either hate each other with infinite scorn or they cherish a comradeship that endures through time and circumstance. Kenyon and O'Hara, Randall and Ferguson, Steve MacDonald and little Jean Feroux had come through misunderstandings and separations, bickerings and combats, into the friendships that made Residency Number Eight famous along the Transcontinental Right-of-Way from Quebec to Winnipeg. So glittering were the bands of steel that bound their companionship that when Duncan of Number Ten received the appointment to the chieftainship of the Kapuskasing River residency the builders of the railroad through the Bush waited the wrath of the men of Eight. It came. For Steve MacDonald had won his right to the coveted post by hard work, and Duncan had won the post because his father was in the Dominion Parliament.

Steve MacDonald was at the Kapuskasing residency when the news of Duncan's appointment was telephoned out to the latter from the Groundhog tower station. The ringing of the telephone bell by the Groundhog operator sounded in twenty-one offices along the construction track and brought every man within ear-shot of the jingle to the entertainment the eavesdropping promised. Randall, tapping the wire with nineteen other men, according to the custom of Bush telephoning, shouted his indignation at the Groundhog operator as soon as that official finished his reading of Duncan's telegram to twenty other listening ears.

Scotty, the operator, hastily disclaimed any personal responsibility for the choice of Duncan. "Bannister doesn't know, but it's joost a shame," he condoled in broad Scotch. "What's a shame?" came Duncan's thin voice. "It's an outrage that you get the Kapuskasing," Randall broke in, "when Steve's whipped that section into shape. That residency was the toughest job on the whole grade—and you know why—and Steve's made it the best piece of work. If you didn't keep on smuggling your vile whiskey to his section men, he'd have had his chance to prove up. Haven't you any honor, Duncan? If you were a man, instead of a little, intriguing whipper-snapper, you'd never even have applied for a place that belongs by every moral right to another man, to say nothing of breaking laws just so that you could discredit him with the chief."

"Well, I have the place now," Duncan snarled, "and what are you going to do about it?"

The chuckle of the operator came over the wire. Randall sensed the tension that held nineteen silent men to their instruments on the string from Groundhog to the Missinaibi. Number Eight was on trial for courage. "I'll show you what we'll do," he yelled.

"Play the broom, me bonnie lad," Scotty called encouragingly as Randall banged up the receiver.

That day there assembled a council of war in the dining shack of Number Eight. Randall flung his news at the other four as they came in from the Right-of-Way. Through their dinner hour the five men heaped abuse on Duncan, and on Duncan's father, and on the men of authority whom Duncan's father knew. Even Kenyon forsook his Nestorian caution in his anger at the wrong done to Steve MacDonald.

"Steve has really earned that place," he drawled with decision. "If Duncan's crowd had played fair, he'd have had it, too. It's not right that Duncan should be given the Kapuskasing."

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"And Duncan of all the fellows in the service!" Randall pounded on the table in emphasis of his disgust with the government's choice. "Why, there isn't a man on the grade who doesn't know Duncan for what he is, the 'soldier-smuggler' of the line."

"And the kind of whiskey he smuggles," groaned Ferguson.

"I think it's ridiculous for the government to make a law prohibiting the sale of whiskey along the Right-of-Way," Jean Feroux announced, "if men who have violated that law ever since they came to the Bush are to be made resident engineers."

"Well, the government doesn't know what Duncan's doing." Ferguson's declared political opinions always forced him into defence of the administration.

"If Duncan had played fair with Steve," Kenyon said with judicial consideration, "I think that no one of us would think it his business to object to the 'soldier-smuggling,' although it is law-breaking. But we all know that Duncan was one of the men who made that section a disgrace to the division; and we all know that ever since Steve went out to the Kapuskasing, Duncan has been smuggling case after case out to the section, not as much for the money he makes as for the trouble it gives the man in charge. Isn't that right, Brian?" He turned to O'Hara for counsel.

"I know nothing about it," O'Hara answered curtly.

Kenyon bit his lip at the rebuff. "And the worst of it is," he continued, "that the Kapuskasing is a permanent residency."

"That's why Duncan has it," said Donald Ferguson.

"And Steve wanted it so," lamented Jean Feroux.

"Steve thought that if he'd get the Kapuskasing place, he'd—" Donald Ferguson halted his words with a sudden glance at O'Hara. The Irishman had spoken only in answer to Kenyon's direct question. Usually the quickest of them to speech, he had been strangely silent through the excited conference. Now he scowled at Ferguson. "He'd what?" he asked sharply. "I mean, he thought he'd like to stay up here in the Bush when the road's finished," Ferguson ended lamely.

"What'll we do to Duncan?" Randall demanded.

Four of them turned to O'Hara. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what can I do?" he asked petulantly without taking his pipe from his mouth.

Donald Ferguson frowned. "Even if you don't like Steve as well as the rest of us do," he said, "you know he's one of us, and we're going to stand by him. When any fellow strikes one of the men of Eight, he fights us all."

"Right-O!" said Kenyon. Randall and Feroux nodded solemnly.

"Besides," Ferguson continued, pushing back his chair from the table and reaching the door-way with one stride, "this is the time for all of us to prove up." He turned to O'Hara directly. "Steve's losing more than the residency with this," he said, "and you know it." With the cryptic utterance ringing behind him he stepped out of the shack to the brilliant sunshine of the northern May.

O'Hara stared after him consideringly. Then he laughed. Kenyon and Randall and Jean Feroux watched him disapprovingly. "Having fired the shot, he departed," he announced. "Does any one of ye know what he meant?"

No one of them answered. O'Hara set down his pipe, stretched himself, and arose. "I won't be back to supper," he said. "I've an engagement in Groundhog." At the door of the shack he paused, peering down the path toward the bridge over the Frederick House River. "Our old friend Fraser, the meanest man who ever worked on a railroad, has just descended from the steel train. He's coming to crow over us. I think I'll stay." He went back to his place at the table and had resumed his pipe when a tall, sandy-haired man in shabby khaki filled the door-way. "Girding for the war-path?" asked the stranger.

"Waiting to welcome ye," said O'Hara smoothly.

"Have dinner with us," Kenyon gave invitation, but Fraser declined. "Had my dinner with the trainmen." His explanations snapped jerkily. "Just ran in to take your congratulations on to Duncan," he taunted. "Lucky chap, Duncan."

"Very," said Kenyon dryly.

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"Surprised MacDonald failed. Thought he was doing wonders."

"He did well," Kenyon said.

"Front thought otherwise."

"We know he did well," said Randall.

"Too bad you're not running all of the National Transcontinental," Fraser observed.

"It is unfortunate," said Jean Feroux. "In this instance we could right an injustice."

"By the way," said Fraser, "I hear one of you threatened Duncan over the wire this morning. He's upset a bit, I fancy, for he telegraphed his father to have the sergeant of provincial police instructed to keep an eye on Number Eight."

"He did!" Five voices chorused the exclamation in varying degrees of surprise and anger.

"Oh, he's wise," said Fraser. "He knows the reputation of the Six Sons of Ossian."

"He'll know it better before we're through with him," said Randall.

"I told him when he spoke of the place," Fraser continued, watching O'Hara narrowly, "that if the six of you held together he might as well resign from the service before he even asked for the Kapuskasing residency. But he suggested the possibility of a break in your ranks."

"What does he think could cause it?" demanded Jean Feroux.

"Hard to say." Fraser scratched his head reflectively. "Association hasn't and ambition hasn't. You're that thick now that a knife couldn't come between any two of you. But a woman may."

"Rot!" Kenyon and Feroux and Randall yelled the word at their guest. But O'Hara kept his mouth closed tightly over his pipe. Fraser's eyes never left him. The unappeased hatred of three years—his feud with O'Hara began the day they met—dripped into his speech. "I'm sorry MacDonald's lost the place," he said. "I suppose he counted on it so that he could marry Molly Law. That's why he came back to the Bush, isn't it?"

"That is MacDonald's own affair," Kenyon told him.

"Oh, no offence," said Fraser easily, although he rose to go. "Fun on the T. C. R. if you take up the cudgels for Steve. Don't forget the sergeant."

"We'll not," promised Randall, following him.

Feroux and Randall went up to the grade with Fraser. "He'd steal the blueprints if they didn't watch him," Kenyon said. He cleared his throat nervously before he spoke directly to O'Hara. "Fraser coached Duncan to ask for that place," he assured him.

"Our enemies have combined against us," said O'Hara in a tone that mocked the words.

"Are you going to join them?" Kenyon tried to make his voice as unemotional as the other man's. "Going to desert?"

"Is there any desertion about it?"

"Yes, there is," said Kenyon decidedly. "You'd be the first to see it if it concerned any other man. Why don't you help Steve? You've used your wit and cleverness for every other man you've half-way liked on the Transcontinental. Why won't you use it for him?"

"How can I do that in honesty to myself?"

"What's Steve done to you, other than loving Molly Law before you did?"

"But he didn't!" O'Hara banged his fist on the table. "He doesn't even now. Steve never said anything or did anything to make Molly believe he cared for her. 'Twas when he was away that I started going to see her. 'Twas loyalty to Steve that took me. I was sorry for her and I was hoping all the time that Steve'd come back and marry her. And Steve came back and he didn't marry her. There were weeks and weeks when he never went near her. And just to make her feel that the men of Eight hadn't altogether forgotten her, I fell into the habit of going to see her oftener. I saw how she struggled to make a comfortable home up here in a Bush shack for that good-for-nothing old father of hers and I began to think of what home might be like. I hadn't had a home since I left Connemara.

"I knew that some day we'd break up this band of the six of us," he went on. He was not the O'Hara of whimsical humor Kenyon had long known, and the chief of the residency listened to him with the wonder he would have given a stranger telling him an impassioned tale. "Ye'll be marrying soon, Ken, and settling here. And Jean'll be going to the west and Ran'll

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drift with him. Don'll go back home. He's not made for the wandering. And Steve—well, it seemed to me that Steve would be going up and down the world, rejoicing and revelling, laughing that great joyous laugh of his, taking the best and never knowing it. And I saw meself driven like a leaf before every wind of adventure till one day I crumbled into dust with no one to care, no one to grieve. And thinking of it all, I grew weary of the way I'd lived. And Molly came to mean all the things I'd missed, home and happiness and love. And just when she was beginning to forget Steve MacDonald, he woke up to the fact that some one else appreciated her, and he's selfish enough to want to be first with her. And now it's come to this: If Steve gets the Kapuskasing, he gets Molly. For he'll tell her that he had nothing to offer her before and she'll forget the long months he gave no thought to her. That's the woman of it. But if he doesn't get it, he'll say nothing, and after a time she'll think kindly of me again. And now ye're asking me to help Steve MacDonald!" His laugh came harsh.

"It's for yourself that I'm asking it," Kenyon said. "You don't need to have me tell you that you and I are such friends as Steve and I could never be. And that's why I want you to work as we're doing, shoulder to shoulder for Steve. Don't take your happiness over the faith of the man who's been our comrade." He paused in sudden consciousness of the unwonted sentiment in his words.

O'Hara considered the problem a moment. "'Tis all between the three of us," he said, "Steve and Molly and meself."

"In the end," said Kenyon, "it will be up to you."

The decision pressed closer to O'Hara late that afternoon when he answered the ringing of the telephone bell in the office just before he went to Groundhog. The call came from Steve MacDonald at Number Eleven, and even over the wire the weariness and discouragement in his young voice struck cold on O'Hara's sensitized ear. "That you, Brian?" said the boy. "I'm ordered in, you know. I'm finishing my reports to-night. I'll be home to-morrow."

"And we'll be glad to see ye," O'Hara assured him impulsively.

"I knew you would," said Steve. There was a vibrant chord in the hurt courage of his voice that echoed in the other man's consciousness all the time he was pumping the hand-car toward Groundhog and Molly Law. The golden evening of the Bush seemed flooded with memories of those glorious times when he and Steve MacDonald had gone together to the little town that had been the scene of their most joyous revels.

He could not put the happier memories of Steve from his mind even when he came to the little shack on the other side of Groundhog where Molly Law held her courts. The girl welcomed him with a little restraint. Through the supper to which she had invited him she spoke seldom, leaving the conversation to her father's garrulous gabbling of youthful exploits and her guest's polite inquiries. After supper was over and she had cleared the dishes from the table she came into the parlor and without request played the piano fervently in butchery of a Chaminade reverie. Her father, impatient of the interruption to his tales, went out. O'Hara, sitting in the shadow, watched the gleam of the girl's bright hair under the red shaded lamp. His eyes shone with the content of the home feeling the little shack always gave him. Through the open window rushed the fragrance of the May time buds of the balsams. Darkness had not quite come and the silver of a northern twilight hung over the Bush to the westward. It was a time for dreams of young love, and Brian O'Hara, who had loved many women in many ways and who knew that Molly Law was the woman he loved so well that he regretted all the others, drifted into them as the reverie trickled on to an end.

He had come to the time of dreaming, when dreams slip into words as impalpably as dusk drifts into moonlight. "Molly, dear," he began.

Molly Law turned on the piano-stool. Her eager girlishness seemed glazed with an anxiety so visible that O'Hara wondered if she could have heard him. Then, "Did Duncan get Number Eleven?" she asked.

"Yes," O'Hara answered her.

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"Did Fraser help him get it?"

"I don't know."

"Fraser doesn't like you, does he?" she continued the examination.

"As well as we like him," the guest admitted.

"Why does he call you the Six Sons of Ossian?"

"To show off his book-learning," said O'Hara.

"Well, I have none." Her laugh accented her nervousness of questioning. "You might tell me what he means."

O'Hara grinned. The tender light had gone from his gray eyes with Molly Law's query of the Kapuskasing appointment, but a flash of humor went across them as he said, "Fraser means that we're an unregenerate crew of pirates, marauders, and highwaymen, and that he'd fight any one of us to the finish if he weren't afraid of the others. Y'see, Fraser knows enough of his poetry and enough of us to remember that the Sons of Ossian were the six in love and war akin."

"I never saw anything like the way you boys at Eight have held together," Molly Law went on. "Do you remember the first winter I was here when the six of you always came together to all the dances? That was the year you raided Fraser's residency, wasn't it? And Steve and Don and Jean wouldn't go home for Christmas because the rest of you had to stay?"

"I remember," said O'Hara.

"And the time Steve threw the Chinese cook in the river when he saw him drawing the knife on you, and then you had to fish him out for fear that Chinaman would just drown himself for spite?" She rambled on through reminiscence without heeding O'Hara's curt interjections, without seeing the shadows that lingered in his eyes. For every remembrance revealed the closeness of the bond between the men of Eight and tightened that bond into a pressure that demanded that he help Steve MacDonald to win the place back from Duncan. Quite suddenly he understood that Molly Law was talking of the comradeship of the six because she wanted to talk of MacDonald and couldn't speak of him directly. He took a long breath, looking around the room with the gaze a swimmer into strong waters gives the shore before he takes the plunge. "Did ye know that Steve comes to-morrow?" he asked her.

The quick color rushed to Molly Law's cheeks, but her voice was quiet as his own when she parried, "I'm sorry that Steve didn't make the grade. But you needn't tell him so."

"I'm thinking," said O'Hara, "that he's the one to be told."

"Oh, well, if you want to," she said, and went back to her Chaminade with staccato emphasis. She had hardly come to the final bars when O'Hara rose to go. "I've work to do," he told her. "What is it?" she asked, made curious by the earnestness of his tone. "My duty to the boys," he answered.

"It sounds like a pledge," said Molly Law.

"I'm not sure that it's not," said O'Hara.

The misty white moonlight of the North Country transfigured the Bush as he stepped out of the shack. The little twinkling lights of Groundhog lay under it with softened radiance. From the Widow's hotel floated the sound of a violin, played upon by some boy on his way to the camps who was sending out his soul speech to the mystic loveliness of the night. Listening to it, Brian O'Hara paused. From melody to melody the strains of the music drifted, coming to the man who heard them across the eerie space of the clearing as if they were inspired for the accompaniment of his mood. All the loneliness he had known came back with the sound of those notes of simple ballads. All the longing that had driven him from continent to continent, seeking something that he could never define but that he came so close to finding in the red glow of Molly Law's lamp, cried to him in those poignant reverberations. Under the spell of moonlight and music he turned back to where the square of the window still revealed the rosy glow. A bar, more familiar than those that had gone before it, fell on his listening and he murmured the words of a song that many a man of his people had sung before him,

"For there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Brian O'Hara had come out of the shack without telling Molly Law of the love he held for her. The knowledge that she

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would care for Steve MacDonald, should he come back to her, had frozen the thought in his heart and resolved his decision to wait his pleadings till he and Steve should be on equal terms. But with the magic of the night, when the lulled winds brought their message of love and of loving that transcended all other thought, there came to him rebellion against the chains he was forging. He turned back toward the shack. "Why not?" he asked himself.

With the question came the answer, no theory now, but a memory of a time when Kenyon had taken his word in a matter of work. "I'll believe in you, Brian," he had said, "till you testify against yourself—and a little after that." The joy of that moment came warmly over him again, only to grow cold with quick contrast. And after it rushed other memories he would gladly have driven out, not of MacDonald and of Ferguson, but of Randall's friendship, of Jean Feroux's idealistic devotion, of Kenyon's faith in him. Elusive and embracing as the moonbeams, they flooded his brain, struggling with the shadows of his desires. There, in a white world of mist, while the music welled from pensive sadness to triumphant assertiveness, he stood alone, fighting his battle between love for a girl and a standard of honor in the friendship of men.

The music, vibrant with the thrill of youth in a land that is young, ended in that rising note that forever questions the one who hears. Just as it died the lighted square of the window of Molly Law's shack went into soft darkness. Brian O'Hara sighed. "Ye may be right, Tom Moore," he admitted, "but just to prove that ye're not, I'm going to do the meanest thing I ever did in all the bad days of me life."

He did not look behind him as he walked swiftly past the lower lights of Groundhog, hastening to the tower where Scotty held sway over the dispatch board to the westward residencies. From the windows above bright beams of light streamed, but the door was locked. O'Hara tried the window beside it, found it yielding to his touch, opened it noiselessly, and crept up the stairs.

At Scotty's desk a man, not the dispatcher, was seated. He was reading construction reports, scanning them carefully, and tossing them aside afterward with the impatience of a person in authority. O'Hara chuckled. The man at the desk whirled toward him with belligerent abruptness.

"I knew I'd find ye here," said O'Hara calmly. His host laughed. "There's not another man on the Transcontinental who'd have the courage to interrupt me when I'm trying to straighten this tangle," he said. "They didn't know ye in the west," O'Hara said, seating himself on the only other chair in the tower room. "Except when I meet ye on an inspection tour where ye have 'Chief Engineer' placarded in the front of your engine, I can never think of ye in any way but Neddie Bannister."

"What's the scrape now?" Bannister inquired.

"I'm in none—yet," said O'Hara.

Bannister went back to the reports, scowling over them fiercely while O'Hara watched him in silence. For a long time there was no sound, except the occasional scratching of a pen over heavy paper. Then Bannister, raising his eyes from his work, smiled at his guest. "Say it," he told him.

"I don't know how to begin," O'Hara said earnestly. "Y'know, Ned, don't ye, that I was never one to spy or tattle on me fellow workers in the vineyard of the railroad building?"

"There have been times enough when I wished you would," Bannister encouraged him.

"Then let me say with the Walrus that the time has come." He drew his chair closer to the Chief's. "In the long run," he asked, "isn't it yourself who's responsible for the entire conduct of this division?" Bannister nodded, watching O'Hara with unconcealed amusement. "'Tis not that I'm puzzled over the way to say this to ye," the Irishman continued, "but I'm doing something I don't like to do because there's no other way of righting a wrong. I'm informing on Duncan, that's what I'm doing, and I'm doing it not for the good of the service, nor because the blame might come on ye some time, but just because I want Steve MacDonald to go back to the Kapuskasing. Do y' know, Ned, why Steve MacDonald had the

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divvle to pay with the section men out there? 'Twas because every mother's son of them was soaked in the bad whiskey Duncan had been smuggling in to them. 'Tis safe to say that every 'bad soldier' ye'll find along the grade for those ten miles came in a case that was addressed to Duncan."

"Not surprising," was Bannister's comment. "Boys who know their fathers have influence are the most demoralizing element in the service."

"If 'twere just deviltry, I'd condone it," O'Hara went on, "but, sure, I know 'tis Fraser's meanness back of it. I don't need to be told that Fraser and Duncan thought out the plan to discredit Steve's work at Eleven, knowing ye so well that they were sure ye'd fight for the keeping of the man who could hold down that section after the discreditable pass Duncan's own crowd brought it to. Wasn't it because of the 'soldier-smuggling' that ye didn't fight for Steve?"

"It was," said Bannister. The amusement had flickered out of his eyes and his jaw had set into its more characteristic hard lines. O'Hara saw the signs of the sense of justice he had been trying to reach. "And if ye'd find proof that what I'm telling ye is true," he demanded, "wouldn't ye defy Duncan's influence long enough to send him out of the service?"

"Where's the proof?" demanded Bannister.

"'Tis yours for the asking," O'Hara told him. "The sergeant of police has it. The Groundhog agent has it in his bills of lading. Every section man on Eleven can be made to tell you that he's been buying whiskey from Duncan. 'Tis the joke of the line that the son of one of the men who made the prohibition law is the leading smuggler of the North."

"Why didn't you tell me this before Duncan was appointed?" Bannister asked.

"I wouldn't be telling ye at all," said O'Hara, "if something hadn't made me see that I'd never be able to shake hands with meself again if I didn't show ye the truth now. Will ye do something about it, Ned?"

Some of the old gleam of fun had come back to Bannister's eyes. O'Hara was one of the few men left in his circle of friendship out of a breezier time of life. "I'll do something," he promised. "I think I'll give all of you a surprise."

The sense of jubilation that came to him with Bannister's words was all gone before he had set his hand-car on the tracks. As he sped through the darkness of the Bush—for the moon had gone down and a colder breeze had dispelled the mists—he chilled in the dreariness of sacrifice. Self-disgust at his report to Bannister of Duncan's misdeeds alternated with faint hope that Steve would profit by his act. He knew that if Bannister made inquiry he would find the truth of his story, and that finding it the Chief would make every effort to right the injustice. And then MacDonald would be back at Eleven. After that—but Brian O'Hara refused to go beyond that point of thought. He had crossed Jean Feroux's bridge over the Frederick House when he saw that the only light in the shacks came from the office where Kenyon would be at work. O'Hara stopped before it, speaking to Kenyon through the open window. "I've started a little conspiracy against Duncan," he informed him.

Kenyon came to the door. "You're the real diamond, Brian," he said fervently.

"I'm not," dissented O'Hara with anger. "But d'ye think I'd let any two men from beyond the Firth of Clyde think they can outwit me?"

He refused to tell Kenyon what he had done, assuring him that he'd know soon enough if anything came of it. With the others he was silent, but when Steve MacDonald came back to Eight the next day he greeted him with more than usual cordiality. As soon as he found him alone he gave him Molly Law's message. Steve laughed uncertainly. The big fellow had a way of laughing when he was glad and when he was sad; but a world of emotion swung between the two, and O'Hara could not fail to recognize that this was a laugh of discouraged weariness. "Tell her when you see her that I'm grateful for the sympathy," said Steve.

"Tell her yourself," said O'Hara. "I don't know when I'll see her again."

He had not seen her a week afterward when he met Bannister on the grade.

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"You were right, Brian," the Chief told him. "I've all the necessary evidence in that case and I've forwarded it down to head-quarters with a recommendation."

"Then all we need do is wait for the fireworks?"

"That's all," said Bannister. "The evidence is conclusive. But it doesn't implicate Fraser."

"Of course not," said O'Hara. "Fraser's the craftier of the two." He waved aside Bannister's thanks to him for the information that had led to the Chief's discovery of the law-breaking on his work. "I'm ashamed of that," he said, "and I feel that some day I'll pay the price for the doing of it."

Bannister laughed at him and he went back to the residency with a lighter heart than he had felt since the day Steve MacDonald had been superseded at Eleven. To Kenyon and Feroux he confided that Bannister was making an investigation and that the results of it might be made evident at any time. "Fraser'll be along," he prophesied, "before the lightning strikes. But let none of ye say anything to MacDonald of the fact that Bannister told me of this."

Fraser did not come, but the lightning struck Eight less than a week from the day O'Hara had talked with the Chief. Scotty telephoned in haste to the Frederick House River residency. All of the men but MacDonald were in the office when Randall answered the summoning bell. "Duncan's fired," the dispatcher told Randall and all the other listeners out to the Missinaibi. "Head-quarters sustains Bannister's suspension. And, Randall, tell O'Hara that there's a young lady in Groundhog who was asking for news of him to-day. He'll know who. And, Randall, I've a special message for Kenyon. Bannister's sending it from here."

Kenyon took the receiver from Randall as Steve MacDonald entered the office. "Duncan's fired," they cried to him, joyfully watching the glow spread over his clean cut face. O'Hara held out his hand to the boy. "I am glad," he said. "Keep still, I can't hear," Kenyon ordered them. In the silence that followed Scotty's voice burred on, "Are you there? Here it is: Kenyon, Number Eight—Send Brian O'Hara to take charge of Number Eleven. Permanent appointment follows. Bannister."

Kenyon hung up the receiver without comment. He turned to the five who were watching him with aroused curiosity. "Bannister orders O'Hara to Eleven," he said tensely.

Steve MacDonald went white. Then he laughed foolishly. Ferguson clenched his fists. Randall tried to whistle. Jean Feroux drew breath sharply. They all looked at O'Hara, all but Kenyon, who went back to the desk where he had been at work. O'Hara arose as if to stand sentence.

"Where's Bannister?" he asked. "Groundhog," said Randall. O'Hara stared at him as if he had not heard. "I knew him in Calgary," he said. Then he left them.

No word went after him. The little clock on Kenyon's desk threw its ticking against the silence. Down the grade rushed the shriek of an engine whistle, trumpeting the coming of the train from the west on its way to Groundhog. Steve MacDonald rose wearily, stumbling across the bare floor in his heavy boots till he reached the door. Then just as wearily he went up the path to the grade.

Jean Feroux was the one to speak. "I would never have believed," he said bitterly, "that Brian O'Hara would be traitor to any one of us."

The silence of the others judged O'Hara. After a time that seemed hours to Kenyon, although the little clock counted but minutes, Ferguson and Randall and Jean Feroux went out while the train from the west grew vibrant on the rails. Kenyon waited till he saw them going, Indian file, on the path MacDonald had taken. Then he crossed to the shack that he had shared for three years with Brian O'Hara.

O'Hara was packing. He had set his trunk in the middle of the floor and was throwing his possessions into it with fine abandon of care. The while he flung his scanty toll of many lands into the worn box he crooned an old song. He did not cease from it when Kenyon came in and seated himself on his cot. Only when he was nearly done his task did he pause to speak. "Ye'll send this after me?" he asked of Kenyon.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

There, in a white world of mist, . . . he stood alone, fighting his battle between love for a girl and a standard of honor in the friendship of men.—Page 86.

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"Oh, yes," said Kenyon scornfully. "You've plenty of time," he assured him. "The train to the Kapuskasing doesn't leave till to-morrow."

O'Hara was tying a tag on the trunk handle. Kenyon looked at it to keep his eyes from meeting the other man's. He had read only half of it when he voiced his amazement. "Brian," he cried, "you're not going there?" For the tag was addressed:

BRIAN O'HARA,
The Bund, Shanghai, China,
via Vancouver.
Hold till sent for.

"Why not?" asked O'Hara. "'Tis the only country I've never seen the inside of, and I won't be happy till I do. 'Free to love, free to hope, and free to wander,'" he quoted. "Sure, the wandering's the only thing worth while in all the wide world, Ken, ye auld fool, though 'tis yourself who's giving it up."

A sudden doubt assailed Kenyon. "Then, after all," he asked, "you don't love Molly as well as the open road?" An ink-well in O'Hara's hand fell noisily to the floor. "I wish to God I didn't," he said.

The whistle of the train on the grade above the shack sounded groaningly near. O'Hara tried to bang down the trunk cover. "Do it any time when I'm gone, Ken," he said, looking at his watch. "It has a way of finding me wherever I go. Give me the kit-pack." He stuffed clothes into the khaki bag hastily. "I'll catch the train at the siding," he said. "I'll say good-by to no one. I'll see Bannister to-night. 'Twas for the sake of the auld days in Calgary he gave me the place. Now for the sake of the same he'll give it back to MacDonald or me name's not O'Hara." The grinding of brakes warned him. "I'll write ye," he said, flinging his kit-pack upon his back.

"With me bundle on me shoulder,
Faith, there's no one could be bolder,"

he sang.

He was singing as he took his way to the siding. Once, at the beginning of the path through the sun-flecked greenness of the jack-pines, he looked back at the man who stood watching him. His song fell to a sudden husky quaver. "Cheer up, Ken," he tried to laugh. "'Tis but a little bit of an auld world and I won't be far across it."

It was Brian O'Hara's farewell to Residency Number Eight.

Only once again did the Six Sons of Ossian come together. On the next morning, ten minutes before the southern express from Groundhog was due to leave, a hand-car pounded furiously past Scotty's tower, almost telescoping the last car of the train as it swung around the curve and rocked up to the platform. Five men sprang from it, seeking O'Hara. They found him in the dim day coach.

"Did you think we'd let you go without a hand shake?" demanded Randall unsteadily. He and Ferguson and Jean Feroux shook their comrade's hand hastily, grippingly. "I want to thank you for the job—and all," said Steve MacDonald when his hand met O'Hara's. "Bannister telephoned last night after you saw him." Kenyon came last. "I want to thank you, Brian," he said, "for the faith you've given us in each other and in ourselves."

"Go to the divvle!" said O'Hara.

They were trying to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" when Fraser's face appeared at one of the car windows. "If ye believe me your friend," said O'Hara, "I bequeath to ye Fraser's punishment." He nodded to him gayly. "Where are you going?" Fraser called. "To China," O'Hara told him. "The Viceroy's sent for me genius to aid him."

"Who gets the Kapuskasing?"

"MacDonald," five of them told him, routing him to flight.

On the hand-car, when the train to the southward noisily pulled away, Kenyon and Randall and Ferguson, Steve MacDonald and little Jean Feroux essayed a shout that died in their throats. Brian O'Hara was standing on the platform of the last coach, gazing past them to the clearing of the Right-of-Way. They thought he was bidding good-by to the old days of his joyous reign along the railroad to the westward. But his gaze went farther. For the west-going road was bright and beyond the Pacific lay untold miles of railroad Rights-of-Way. And O'Hara was young, and it was to that

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world that he was going, free to love, free to hope and free to wander. Even as the train passed the shack on the other side of Groundhog, where a bright-haired girl stood framed in the logs of the doorway, he did not look that way. But as the car swung around the bend, speeding its way to the Height of Land, Brian O'Hara saw five men on a hand-car, growing pigmies in the widening distance, waving tiny specks of white to him as he went out of the North Country.

DRAGONFLIES

By Madison Cawein

You, who put off the water-worm, to rise,
Reborn, with wings; who change, without ado,
Your larval bodies to invade the skies,
What Merlin magic disenchanted you,
And made you beautiful for mortal eyes?

Shuttles of Summer, where the lilies sway
Their languid leaves and sleepy pods and flowers,
Weaving your colored threads into the day,
Knitting with light the tapestry of hours,
You come and go in needle-like array.

Now on a blade of grass or pod, as still
As some thin shred of heaven, motionless,
A point, an azure streak; you poise, until
You seem a figment Summer would express
But fails through utter indolence of will.

Then suddenly, as if the air had news,
And flashed intelligence of fairy things,
You vibrate into motion, instant hues,
Searching the sunlight with diaphanous wings,
Gathering together many filmy clues.

Clues, that the subject mind, in part, divines,
Invisible but evidenced through these:
The mote, that goldens down the sun's long lines,
The web, that trails its silver to the breeze,
And the slow musk that some dim flower untwines.

Could one but follow! and the threads unwind,
Haply through them again he might perceive
That land of Fairy, youth left far behind,
Lost in the shadow world of Make Believe,
Where Childhood dwells and Happiness of Mind.

And, undelayed, far, far beyond this field
And quiet water, on the dream-road trail,
Come on that realm of fancy, soul-concealed,
Where he should find, as in the fairy tale,
The cap through which all Elfland is revealed.

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Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

He filled his pipe and leaned back against the cypress tree behind him. He seemed to be listening, pride and modesty in his blurred black eyes.—Page 95.

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THE LITTLE COLONEL OF LOST HILL

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATION BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT was my turn to go over and be Colonel Bascom's unseen guardian while he fought over once again the only fight the "Arkansas Hellions" had lost forty years before. The three boys in our family had assumed this annual duty in rotation. The colonel's farm and my mother's touched, and when Old Bailey brought the news that Marse Jack's mind seemed about to enter his eleventh mental eclipse I was ready to ride.

Coming up through the dim-shaded woods-lot, I saw him sitting on the right end of his long front gallery. The lifting of the oak latch at the yard gate did not bring him hurrying to the front steps to say how much an old bachelor appreciated a visit from his young friends of a Sunday afternoon, so I knew that his mind had already entered the twenty-day shadow that had always been so sad.

Telling Old Bailey to find the two younger negroes on the backsliding sandy land farm and attend to the usual preparations for the campaign leading up to Lost Hill, as we had come to call it, I seated myself at the left end of the gallery and watched the red sun slide down behind the blue-green cornfield.

Old Bailey drawing water from the well with the creaking windlass woke me the next morning. From my cot at the foot of the colonel's bed I saw him watering two horses and a mule. Out beyond, a white, steaming mist hung over the cotton field. With a new day's energy the chickens were scratching at the grassless ground near the tottering, weather-bleached bee gums. The cool, wettish breeze that came through the door from the other side of the house was heavy with the thick, sweet odor of flowering corn tassels.

The colonel sat up in bed, yawning. The treacherous, buttonless night-shirt flared open at the top to show a sunken, bone-riffled chest and slipped down over his poor little dead-brown arms to betray what sixty-odd years had done to them. I wished then that his mind might suddenly realize how many years had passed since the lost fight, and that it was irrevocably lost; for he was very weak, and I knew that since he had begun trying to change the issue of that June 14, 1864, he had fought more and more desperately on the quiet hill-side upon which he had always fallen just this side of the hill's crest, defeated. The silent suffering of the succeeding fortnight, while he recovered from the imaginary wound, had increased year after year, so that now it was next to impossible for my mother to bear it. She had always taken charge of him and his household until his mind came out of the shadow.

But the colonel did not look toward the chair that held his every-day suit of rusty blacks. Going on past that to the closet, he took down his war things and put them all on. He was breathing hard by the time he buckled on the silver spurs on which were engraved, "Never turn back." The huge, curved sabre that he had picked up early in the war and carried ever afterward dragged the belt far down on his waist, and I knew that this year he would have to use both hands to wield it.

Then he strode out into the hall, down the front steps and to the moss-green gate where Old Bailey stood holding the horses and his mule. Mounting his decrepit little bay, the colonel fox-trotted easily down through the woods-lot to the big gate, which a young negro held open.

With Old Bailey and myself a few yards behind, the aged little planter who had become a young soldier overnight cantered down to the corner of his field, turned into the blurred white road across the fenceless Shangi field, passed over the timbered hill and descended into the dim, damp bottom land by Big Cypress Bayou. Two miles brought us to Veal's Landing. The colonel trotted up to the tent that had been made

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ready for him the night before on the hard, high ground overlooking the water. Dismounting, he walked in, laid his coat, hat and belt on the cot and came out hurriedly.

"Well, what about breakfast?" he demanded fiercely of an imaginary figure that was Old Bailey at the age of eighteen.

"He gits fearsomer an' fearsomer ever' time he come down heah," mourned the real Old Bailey, shaking his head. "I bet he gwine to 'sault me next yeah—ef he live."

Cosey, one of the younger negroes from the colonel's farm who had been watching the wagon and tent through the night, already had a fire going, and presently the stooped and gray old negro carried to Marse Jack bacon, eggs, corn-bread and a pot of parched-corn coffee.

After breakfast the colonel came out in front of his tent and sat on a stump, smoking. From time to time he said "Yes" or "No," frowning.

"De young orficers is makin' a call on him," explained Old Bailey. "He was mighty pop'lar. Dey is funnin' wif him 'bout de name of his regiment, but he ain't studyin' dem young gent'men dis mawnin'. He got somethin' on his mind."

"I never named the regiment the Arkansas Hellions," the colonel stated after awhile. "The enemy did that."

"Oh, glory, look!" cried Old Bailey.

The colonel had smiled.

About nine o'clock he mounted the spavined little bay and moved off up into the woods. That was for the officers' conference; and, knowing that he would sit there in the shade listening and talking to the gray old oaks till nearly noon, I started away to inspect the hill of the ten lost fights.

Carrying an axe, and accompanied by Old Bailey, I went down the Bayou a half a mile and then walked eastward back toward the fallow Shangi field, following the course of a small branch that went singing insanely along to be swallowed up in the silent big water beyond. The huge-footed, spindle-waisted cypress trees came in from the Bayou's bank a hundred feet or so, giving way then to the great, heavy-headed oaks that shaded the ground underneath black.

For a quarter of a mile the land was low and level, and all about here long, funereal wreaths of gray moss hung despondently from the still, boding trees. Then the ground began rising slowly. A dogwood or struggling hickory sapling mixed in with the oaks, which commenced shaking off their noiseless moss. The boles of the trees kept getting more and more slender and shapely, their heads rising higher and higher into the air. The sifted sun speckled the vast black velvet of ancient leaf mold with spots of new gold. Ahead, where the ground rose sharply, the pines sighed and whispered over the hill of the ten lost fights.

My mother's orders were to smooth the way before the colonel, as well as to watch over and provide for him. Old Bailey kept talking about how the lay of this land in north-west Louisiana resembled that in Virginia where the "Hellions" had suffered their only defeat. He pointed out the way of the charge up the hill, and we labored up it, throwing aside stones, fallen limbs, and patches of dry pine straw upon which the colonel might slip.

Just this side of the hill's crest, about where the end had come on the Virginia hill, Old Bailey stopped to count the hacks on the pine tree with which the colonel had always battled desperately and against which, at the last, he had always fallen fighting. There were something over a hundred resined gashes, but the triumphant tree had grown larger as the colonel had grown weaker.

"Sometime he gwine to th'ow hisself 'gainst dat pine so hahd he break his heart," said Old Bailey. "Marse Jack gittin' mighty po'ly dese days."

So I chopped down the hacked pine tree close to the ground, cut its body into four-foot lengths that could be easily rolled aside, and cleared away the top. I cautioned Old Bailey that we must keep very near him the next morning when he got up to the site of the tree—if indeed he should be able to climb that far this year—so that if he still thought it was there we could catch him as he fell toward it.

We got back to the camp in time to hear the colonel speak to his regimental officers the invitation to the great dinner.

"Gentlemen, a certain black rascal with no morals and a wonderful memory has gotten together a goose, a guinea-hen, a turkey, and a ham, he tells me, this being the twenty-fourth anniversary of my birth. Won't you help me with it?"

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Then he walked out to the improvised table in the shade in front of the tent and went through with that marvellous dinner with his dear familiar shadows. He would not have noticed it if none of the things he had mentioned had been before him; his mind would have put them there; but my mother had always insisted on providing for just the dinner that Old Bailey had described.

The fierceness of the morning was still with the colonel, but now he was fiercely happy. Occasionally his red-brown face flamed a smile. He nodded and shook his head, carrying on a tense, gay conversation while he helped the plates Old Bailey passed. When the parched-corn coffee had come he filled his pipe and leaned back against the cypress tree behind him. He seemed to be listening, pride and modesty in his blurred black eyes. Once or twice he waved his hand impatiently, crying out, "It was the Hellions, not I."

"Dat wuz Cap'n Frank's speech 'bout him," explained Old Bailey.

Sitting ten feet away on a log, I could almost hear the songs that he then heard. All the tenseness and fierceness were smoothed and sweetened out of his face; he clapped his hands, shouting out heartily, as if to make himself heard above a babel of voices, "Good, Joe, good; you *can* sing." Then the whole table must have joined together after the soloist had done. The colonel laughed out loudly, shooting snatches of song about "My Bonnie lies over the ocean" into a riot of discord that was raging about him.

After a while, his face gentle and shining, he rose and lifted his tin cup to his lips.

"It's only tin cups and parched-corn coffee, gentlemen, but it's the best we've got. They never ask more; we never give less."

"Speeches 'bout de ladies back home," explained Old Bailey.

After having risen and touched the cup to his lips eight or ten times, the colonel stood straight, hesitated a moment and then said:

"To the sweetest rebel I know."

"Miss Lucy," moaned Old Bailey.

Presently, when all the things had been cleared from the table, the colonel leaned forward, his thin old face tense and fierce again.

"I believe all of us here are Hellions except Joe," began the colonel, "and he ought to be one. Gentlemen, there is a certain pine hill that the general wants before making any move. Ah, I see you know it. He is uncertain whether there are one or two Yankee regiments up there. He wanted to send along one of Jackson's old regiments also. I asked him to permit the Hellions to present him with the pine hill to-morrow morning to go with his breakfast. He inquired if I thought the Hellions could do it."

He waited, twisting at his mustaches that fifty odd years had thinned and grayed and grizzled, until the clamor that he heard had died down. Old Bailey groaned.

"I thought so," the colonel said, smiling. He hesitated a moment as if not sure about making another statement.

"Gentlemen, the Hellions have never yet turned back, but if in the morning they should come back down that hill—well, I am under promise never to turn back. Oh, no, not to the general."

A tender smile lighted his face for a second, and the dinner was over.

At two o'clock he began the letter. The peculiar calm of the summer afternoon settled down over the woods. The birds and squirrels, when they moved at all, seemed more to be playing than waging their little battles for food. Cosey was out across the Bayou in a bateau fishing in the shade of an overhanging tree. Old Bailey sat dozing near the front of the tent, inside of which the colonel was writing. From time to time he stopped, stared ahead of him, rubbed his chin, went on writing again. After a while I went down to the edge of the clear black water to fish for perch and to try to think if anything more could be done for the colonel's eleventh fight on Lost Hill. A little gasolene boat came coughing down the Bayou from Touraine, twenty miles up, on its way to Mooringsport, ten miles below.

At five o'clock Old Bailey, holding his head to one side, brought me the letter, folded and sealed in the fashion of the sixties. Saying nothing, he turned and crawled slowly back up the bank. The letter, as I knew without looking at it, bore the name of my mother's sister who had died shortly after Appomattox. Wrapping it in a handkerchief, I put it in my inside pocket to carry home, where the other ten, unopened, lay at the bottom of my mother's cedar chest.

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Night came on with its owls and wet odors and multitudinous little bodiless sounds back in the woods. Thirty minutes after supper Cosey was asleep under the wagon. Old Bailey was at his usual place before the tent dozing. The fire had been doused with water so as not to attract to the camp the few mosquitoes of the season. I wished hopelessly that the colonel might this year forego the walk on the bluff overlooking the water, for he was in need of all the rest he could get.

On leaving the tent he said tenderly to that Joe Castle that had sung so well at dinner, "Joe, if you don't mind, I'd like to be alone now. You understand, don't you?"

For over an hour he paced back and forth on the hard, high ground, his silhouette against the white moonlight a wrinkled line of gray. Now he sighed profoundly, again he went humming some old tune that was so blurred and low that I could not make it out.

Then he came back to the tent for the prayer. His prayer had always seemed very private to me, and so I strolled down the Bayou a piece and stood watching where a school of minnows flashed and played between the water and the light. When I thought the colonel must have finished his annual prayer, I walked toward his tent. As I neared it I heard him raise his voice sharply.

"Why, damn it, sir, General Lee wants the hill, and I have written Miss Lucy that I will take it."

But it had the sound of furious reverence.

When he had gone to bed I was free to lie down at the foot of his cot. I think my unspoken prayer was that he be given strength to fight once more on Lost Hill. The intense after-midnight stillness was in the woods. I fell asleep uneasily.

A groan woke me, and I wondered if the time had come to rise. Shoving my watch out under the tent's side wall, I saw by the paling moonlight that it was only 1.30 o'clock. Two or three times after that these unprecedented groans dragged me into a distressed wakefulness.

I was only dozing when I heard the thin, acid voice saying, "My God, what's the matter with me?" The front and back flaps of the tent had been left open for the breeze; the night outside, the moon gone down, had turned black. Lighting a lantern, I saw the colonel struggling to rise to a sitting posture. By the time I got to him he was sitting up, and there was a pained, puzzled, ferocious expression on his face.

But he got off the cot, slowly, and stood up unsteadily. Old Bailey's head, with its red-shot eyes and white side whiskers, came from the blackness outside into the dim, melancholy yellow light of the lantern.

"He ain't able to-day," he muttered, shaking his head. "Marse Jack jes' ain't able dis time."

The colonel slipped on his trousers, and that touch of passionate gray sent the fire of a great day flaming through him. Quickly he threw on the rest of his clothes, buckled on the belt and the silver spurs and walked briskly out in front of the tent. Hesitating a second, while his eyes accommodated themselves to the darkness, he went out among the loyal old oaks standing waiting anxiously for him.

While he gave the usual orders I roused Cosey, the little bay was saddled, and the negroes got out for use once again the stretcher that had borne him back ten times from Lost Hill.

Now he was striding in from the regiment, the darkness opening before his blazing eyes. Getting into the saddle, he rode carefully down the path by the Bayou, and I could almost see the great old oaks falling in behind him. It was sacrilege to intrude unnecessarily into that aged, ever-fighting regiment, and the two negroes and I started out two hundred yards behind.

The path was broad and safe; the colonel and the little bay did not rise high enough to strike the limbs of the cypress trees. When he had come to the branch he dismounted, tied his horse to a hanging limb and struck out eastward through the woods. The further he got in, the slower and more noiselessly he made his way.

Now he stopped, facing back toward us. I thought the dear silent regiment of faithful oaks drew up closer to him to feel the mighty thrill of his pounding, passionate heart. A thin, whitish powder of light was sifting through the trees. Old Bailey stood staring breathlessly at his master's flaming face. The wind stirred stealthily. A sweet, fiery smell of decaying things came creeping along the black ground. On our right a red bird hopped nervously about in a tree, a

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stream of blood pulsing on a field of gray. Out ahead of us the pines whispered and sobbed on Lost Hill.

The regiment was moving. The colonel, crouching low, went forward hanging in anguish between a run and a walk. We kept close to him now; he was panting hard.

We were at the foot of Lost Hill. The white light was thick in the woods. A blue jay shrieked the signal of discovery.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

One little man could not have yelled that. The pines up at the top of the hill started back affrighted.

The colonel went scrambling up the rising ground. The oaks came streaming after him. The huge, curved sabre, in two hands, whirred and hissed through the air.

Now the colonel fell to his knees. He dodged his head to one side and pushed the black blade upward in a tremendous burst of strength, and staggered to his feet, smiling terribly.

"That's for you, Mister Picket," he breathed hoarsely.

He suddenly found that he could not move forward. Hack, hack, hack, and every time the sabre fell a pine tree gaped a piteous wound.

And the way upward was clear to his eyes again. He started steadily ahead, turned and cried out, "My God, they're falling back."

He ran stumbling down the hill ten or fifteen feet. He beat at a dozen trees with the flat of his sabre.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

He was charging up the hill again, his eyes flashing victory, his mouth twitching at a smile. Unexpectedly, unprecedentedly he fell forward on his face.

"Here with the stretcher," I bellowed to Old Bailey and Cosey, who were not ten feet away, bellowing because it seemed that the air was thick and greasy with screaming bullets.

But the colonel was dragging himself upright. His breath was tearing itself out of his chest. The sabre trailed on the ground.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

Up and up and up the hill he went, bent half over. Slowly—oh, how slowly! He could hardly walk; some invisible weight was crushing down upon his poor little wasted shoulders. He was approaching the spot where he had always fallen, defeated.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

There was no breath in him now. Only a blazing whisper came out of his lips, but it was a battle cry.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

The sobbing pines cried louder than he. His charge was the pace of a funeral, but it was a charge.

He was there! Before him the obstruction where he had always lost the fight! Here the blue giant that had ever struck him down! Gripping the sabre with both hands, he raised it tremulously and with a tremendous groan swung at the air.

The sabre wrenched itself free and slid rattling down the hill. The colonel did not fall. He stood with his hands pressed to his head, puzzled, groping in his mind. His face cleared suddenly.

"Cut him through and through," he whispered triumphantly.

He charged on past the place where he had always fallen.

Hatless, he stood on the very crest of the hill, and the sun striking his face was dimmed.

"My boy," he whispered to an imaginary orderly. "Tell General Lee the Hellions have the honor to present him pine hill for breakfast."

But in all the five years that he lived after that his mind remained as it was on that morning, and there was always with him in his house a figure he called Lucy; so we knew why he had fought so long on Lost Hill.

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STANDARDS OF A BOURGEOIS FAMILY

A FRENCHWOMAN'S LESSONS TO AMERICAN GIRLS

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

Plus me plaist le séjour qu'ont basty mes ayeux
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux.

MADAME RAVIGNAC would be called in Maine "a plain family woman"; in Paris I have heard her labelled, by the more intellectual of her acquaintance, "the true type of a bourgeois housewife." For all that, when I received, a few days ago, a letter announcing that she had decided to sell the fine old house and garden above the Seine, and move to a flat where there would be no place for *pensionnaires*, the news came like an international calamity.

Who now, I wonder, will help American girls to catch a glimmer of the significance that a commonplace surface may conceal? By living out her busy, self-forgetful days before their eyes, Madame Ravignac somehow invested simplicity and the dull domestic round with a new meaning and an unaccustomed charm. It was not merely that economy bloomed in her hands into a subtly creative art; more important was the sense, which she unconsciously conveyed, that the roots of her average family were nourished, in this supposedly inconstant Paris, too, by the rich soil of a consistent and nobly serious theory of life. An impersonal theory, it seemed, which tested the passions and aims of mere individuals by their conformity to the established laws of a great civilized society. Yet it obviously yielded such deep personal satisfactions that the most empty-headed of *pensionnaires*, who began by pitying Madame Ravignac's limitations, found herself, sooner or later, examining in their light the foundations and rewards of her own restless and uncharted activities.

What "theory" or system could possibly underlie the kaleidoscopic existence of the daughters of liberty to whom they have opened their doors so generously in the last few years has, I know, been a constant puzzle to the logical minds of the Ravignacs, and I fear that Monsieur Ravignac, poor man, was summing up his final conclusions on the occasion of his naming it, as he rose from the lunch table, "*une idée colossale de pique-nique.*" A huge picnic! The moment was one of supreme exasperation, when logic will out, and it struck me at the time as portentous. Madame Ravignac, though she thoroughly agreed with him, hastened to take the part of the picnickers. But indeed she always found excuses for them—they had not been taught as French girls are from early childhood, she used to tell her husband, to consider every day as a link to be carefully wrought into the chain of the years—and she spoiled them, dear madame, quite too much.

How many times I have seen her mending the clothes of the heedless! "Why, it's just a stitch," she would defend herself, "and I can't let a good frock go to pieces." How many times I have heard her explain American customs to friends who dropped in on purpose to remark that Mademoiselle Smith seemed to be a charming girl, but what a pity she should go motoring alone with young men! The extravagant had only to express an intention of patronizing one of the Immortals on the rue de la Paix, and madame bestirred herself to secure a discount, by the influence, perhaps, of an acquaintance who had a cousin in the cloth business. "No use in spending more than you need, my dear," she would say, and sit down to write several notes. But she was even more ready to help the economical to bargain for a "model," or a bit of old lace, and summoned an infinite variety of *petits fournisseurs* to their service. At Madame Ravignac's the belle always found a rose on her table when she

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was dining out; the invalid always had a special dish; the literary aspirant was taken to distinguished salons on Sunday afternoon. Monsieur Ravignac himself not infrequently left his sculptor's studio to escort deputations of the "artistic" to private views, or make a *petit tour* with them in the Louvre or the Cluny.

That none of these privileges were "nominated in the bond"—for in principle the Ravignacs merely offered a home to girls who were old enough to be learning their Paris independently—makes one regret the more that the picnickers have proved unworthy of them. It was not hard to read between the discreet lines of Madame Ravignac's letter. "You may not be surprised," it ran, "though I know you will grieve with me about the change. *Mais, que voulez-vous!* My husband feels that not only the material but the spiritual education of our daughters demands a quiet place by ourselves. Their future and their *dots* will, moreover, be secured by the sacrifice of the house. This does not mean, however," the letter ended, "that there will not always be a room for our friends. How long it seems since you, *chère amie*, ceased to be a *pensionnaire!* We understood one another, I believe, from the moment when I found you in that *triste* place, and decided to make you our first guest."

"That *triste* place"—the words recall the involuntary exclamation wrung from Madame Ravignac by the aspect of my sanitarium room. I can see her standing there in the middle of the floor, a slight figure in heavy mourning, holding the hand of a solemn small daughter, dressed likewise in black, and hear her cry, as her penetrating glance turned dubiously from the green calcimined blankness to the young American, "*Mais—c'est lugubre!*" *Lugubre*—that single adjective was a final appraisement.

"Dismal indeed, my strange young lady from over the sea," repeated Bette—though in silence, for even at three years old she was well disciplined to polite usage—drinking in my strangeness from under the stiffly rolled brim of her patent-leather hat, whose shiny surface, broken only by a ribbon that hung straight down behind, struck me as mirroring inflexibly the general dreariness of my abode. Bette's great brown eyes were relentless mirrors too, and I remember just how she looked, to the last detail of her plump red cheeks, her long black lashes, and the curls arranged with such glossy coquetry over her shoulders. But it is significant—since even now her mother's spirit is more vivid to me than her features—that I should have kept no such definite first impression of Madame Ravignac beyond her general air of capacity and the light in her gray eyes. It was a soft light as well as a keen one that flashed at me from their oddly tilted corners, and an impulse of generous devotion, which I was soon to recognize as her dominant characteristic, sounded in her next words:

"You may come to-morrow—do come to-morrow! I must, of course, speak with my husband first"—this phrase became as familiar as the unselfishness—"but I am sure he will agree with me. *Il faut s'arranger:* one must take life as it comes. The house is too expensive for us with our small family; and besides, it is so vast, so solitary since my father's death! And I have so much the habit of illness that I can massage your knee myself, and give you a régime which will set you up at once. My poor father"—her narrow eyes grew misty—"was often tempted by my little dishes. You must tell your relatives," she concluded, with the smile at once caustic and tender in which one seemed to detect the perpetual struggle of her heart to modify the native dryness of her judgment, "that I shall take great care of you. *Chez moi*, let me say in passing, only the best materials are used. It is a home we offer, and the tradition of our food, inherited, of course, from my mother, cannot injure the most delicate stomach. *Viens, ma fille*," she said, turning to Bette, "tell mademoiselle that she will be welcome in your parents' house."

The Ravignacs, looking facts in the face, had accepted in theory the necessity of *pensionnaires*, and my semi-invalidism went far to make the first practical application of the theory endurable to Madame Ravignac. But neither I nor the two or three other American girls who soon made their appearance at the old house can have realized, at the time, the cost to a family of this type—a family of

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bourgeois and intellectual inheritance—of taking strangers into their midst. What is customary in Germany and not unknown in England and America, violates in France an intimacy prized above anything in life. But the Ravignacs' delicate hospitality, once their decision was made, gave no hint of intrusion. Madame made light of the criticism of her friends: "*Cela m'est bien égal!* How, pray, can I give up the house that my father built, the house where I was married, the house, too, where my own children were born? You will notice," she continued, as she showed me about, on the first day, through the four stately, high-ceiled apartments on the ground-floor, "that these rooms are all connected? It was for my sake, mademoiselle. 'It's for the day of your marriage, my child, that I have built the house thus,' my father used to say to me, when I was quite a little girl, 'so that all our friends may celebrate with us the consummation of your happiness.' Ah, mademoiselle, that was a beautiful day when it came—as yours will be," she added inevitably. "The studio had already been built, down there in the garden, for my husband was glad to help me not to desert papa."

We had been standing at a long window which opened on a narrow balcony. The front windows faced a quiet avenue where chestnut trees bloomed in the spring; but from those at the back, one looked far over the intimate enclosure of the garden and down upon the Seine, as it flowed under its arching bridges: the eye could follow its silver windings all the way from the close-built, towered region of the town's gray heart, on the one hand, to where, in the other distance, beyond pale reaches, the blurred outlines of wooded heights announced the park of St. Cloud. No *pensionnaire* could help blessing madame's father for remaining *campagnard de cœur*, as she put it, in spite of his laboratory, and choosing such a site in memory of Burgundy. Everybody enjoyed the spacious rooms, with their solid, carved furniture, their hangings which madame had herself embroidered in her *jeune fille* days, and their polished floors which reflected so brightly the gleam of the open fires.

It was tradition again that gave us our polished floors. The family purse might be slim, but a meek little personage known as *le frotteur* never failed to glide in with his heavy brush on Saturday, to rub them into a state of waxed perfection over which high "American" heels must pick their way with care. If the heels, as the young ladies asserted, were "French" rather than "American," then America, madame declared, was perpetuating the outworn absurdities of Queen Marie Antoinette, which the ancestors of her good shoemaker, down there on the *Quai*, had discarded at the time of the Revolution. Madame Ravignac had never displayed a heel above two inches high in her life, and obviously considered those of her *pensionnaires* unbecoming to the simplicity that nature and society demanded of young girls.

The theory of the *jeune fille* as a creature altogether innocent and obliterated was, however, far from being that of Madame Ravignac. Her father, a good Catholic bourgeois citizen, turned scientist and professor, had married, as she said, "the sort of woman such a man chooses," so that conventions which prevail alike in less cultivated and in smarter circles had not narrowed her upbringing: she had read a great deal, and gone out alone, as a matter of course, after the age of eighteen. In her father's set greater "protection" would have seemed prudish affectation.

"You foreigners," she once exclaimed, "have indeed an odd conception of well-brought-up girlhood in France. I know what you say: 'Poor little French girls, never allowed to amuse themselves, never free to make use of their own legs and eyes!' It's no more true of our friends than the *mariage de convenance.*"

Madame Ravignac herself, as she often told us, had made, rather late, a *mariage d'amour*, after having freely refused several unimpeachable *partis*, and this marriage was undoubtedly tending to emphasize more and more her temperamental bent toward an absorbed and circumscribed domesticity. For her children were exacting, her husband was not an "intellectual," and since her father's death there was little to bind her to his world of ideas but ties of long-established use and affection. Yet her liberal youth had re-

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vealed to her the meaning of intellectual curiosity and artistic ambition; she could understand very well what called young America to cross the sea. But for a nice girl of twenty to wear rustling silk linings, striking furs, a red coat, or pearl ear-rings —this was incomprehensible, this seemed to her almost disreputable.

"*Ah, vous êtes belle, mademoiselle, il ne faut pas faire tant de frais pour nous*—you must not be so formal with us simple folk," was her greeting to Mademoiselle Jones, of New York, when that pretty young person appeared at dinner in a very elaborate evening gown. It was lightly and graciously spoken, but Mademoiselle Jones looked down, as with new eyes, on her frills, and from them to madame's plain, tight-fitting black. And she was not long in discovering that in the authentic Paris, as the Ravignacs understood it, the boulevards and the café concerts were no less banal and factitious than the frills.

One of madame's favorite stories, indeed, related how, at a scientific congress, an American professor of physics had asked her father to show him "Maxim's." "*Pensez donc, mon ami*," she would say to her husband across the table, laughing heartily for the thousandth time at the incomparable humor of the suggestion, "Just think, *papa* at Maxim's! Papa who had to be dragged from his test-tubes to his meals, and even resented the time he gave to his lectures at the Collège de France!"

"But don't painters and poets go to the cafés, monsieur?" asked one bold young woman.

"Not to those commercialized boulevard places, mademoiselle, you may be sure," replied Monsieur Ravignac with finality. "They have something better to do," he ended, proceeding to replenish Bette's plate, and mix her wine and water, and looking up, surprised, at the general laugh.

"You don't make much of a bohemian, my poor Jean," said madame, happily accepting her spouse anew—his stout awkward figure, his square-cut black beard, his honest black eyes, which held no shadow of humor or irony—with her smile of cherishing devotion.

Monsieur Ravignac might be a sculptor, but family affection and bourgeois conviction were indeed written large on his every feature and attitude. *Un brave homme*—a fine sort, you would call him on sight: industrious and hard-working to the point of bustle, and fundamentally kind and good in spite of a hot temper. When one read his favorite journal, *Le Temps*, his very words seemed to repeat themselves down the page, and I doubt whether he would have admitted the validity of any political or social theory not summed up in those well-bred, conservative columns. If socialism was abhorrent to his soul, so also was any revolutionary principle in art; he preferred the Français to the Théâtre Antoine, and, as regards the Salon, stood with the old Society against the new. Madame echoed his convictions with the intellectual submission that is entirely sincere in the French wife, even though her more flexible intelligence very evidently made her not only the practical administrator of her husband's daily life, but an infallible counsellor in his own province, as well.

A new conception of the relation of the sexes, founded on a new definition of equality, was, then, one of the ideas that took shape in the heads of the *pensionnaires* during those long slow meals in the panelled dining-room, which proved their chief hours of illumination. Against this sombre background, the changing shades of comment and criticism in Madame Ravignac's colorless mobile face, the quick sure movements of her slender hands, became peculiarly impressive, and not one of her unrelenting analytical phrases missed fire, even if she seemed, when she let it fall, very much engaged with her youngest, the mischievous Jacqueline, whose high-chair touched her elbow. Her husband, on the other side of the table, was flanked by the high-chair of his adored Bette; and as this delicious *plat* succeeded that, under madame's watchful eye, and monsieur, for his part, pressed red wine upon his guests—the wine, like the cherries in May, came from a rustic Burgundian estate of which one heard a great deal—there was much time for mutual understanding.

Too much! complained those of the young ladies who were above international comparisons, and did not relish the familiar flavor of these pleasant, leisurely

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occasions. Of course, the most interesting revelation, to some of us, was the one which proved the compatibility of economy and generosity: dishes tempting and bountiful beyond the dreams of *gourmands* were here achieved, it was evident, by an art which took exact account of every cheese paring, and calculated the value of a lettuce leaf; the lights were extinguished there during dinner, but the salon was always gay with fresh flowers; and though a white blouse might seem a luxury to our hostess, there was no doubt that she considered real lace a necessity.

The presence of the admirable Bette and her more vivid younger sister was a grievance to Mademoiselle Jones, who felt ill-used if they spilled wine on their bibs, and failed to understand that French manners are acquired, precisely, by a long familiarity with the uses of good society. Her nerves were upset by the constant jumping up and down; her sensibilities were shocked by the French habit of calling a spade a spade. And as for hearing over and over again that madame's mother used only the best butter, or that *monsieur son père* preferred a cutlet to a steak! "It's like living with ghosts," she grumbled.

When remarks of this sort were exchanged, under the breath, perhaps, and in a language which she was supposed not to understand, Madame Ravignac made no comment whatever. The language of *la politesse* was to her the universal tongue, so she kept those narrow tilted eyes of hers firmly fixed on her plate, knowing full well that if her husband, fuming in his chair, caught the least response in them, he would more likely than not jump to his feet and order the young woman incontinently out of the house. But though the lines about her mouth tightened, Madame Ravignac never lifted her eyes till the danger point was past.

Then, with the quaint smile which, because it brought out such tender sparkles of light in their opaque gray, seemed to defy one to find a hint of criticism there, she would begin to tell us still another anecdote of her dear ghosts. Most of us had a great affection not only for hers, but for monsieur's ghosts, too; we felt them as much our intimates as madame's brother the witty journalist, or any other of the artistic and scientific familiars who were always dropping in to lunch. No wonder their friends liked to come to the Ravignacs', for even if we were half-way through a meal, they were greeted with shrieks of joy from the little girls, monsieur reinforced his exclamatory welcome by pumping their arms up and down, and madame, after kissing them on both cheeks, would hurry off, enchanted, to make them another omelet with her own hands.

The cook was used to these frequent invasions of her domain. Madame Ravignac could not be called an easy mistress; she would teach her servants to *faire des économies*, or nurse them if they were ill; but they did not stay long under her roof unless they proved themselves as nimble and executive and self-forgetful as herself. Work, not idleness, was the end of life, so she told her household and her children. Bette, at a very early age, was trained to be a *petite mère de famille*. And as for Madame Ravignac, she was never too tired to spend her whole being in generous service; the more she could do for you, the better she loved you, as I who have been ill under her roof have reason to know. Her heart and will responded to every new obligation as to a trumpet blast, although, between her household and social duties, and the lessons and pleasures of the *pensionnaires*, there was not a moment she could call her own from nine in the morning, when she started off so gayly to do her marketing, wheeling Jacqueline in the go-cart, with Bette trudging alongside under the patent-leather hat, till she came down to dinner at seven, an unusual color in her long pale face, her straight brown hair falling down a little over her eyes, after bathing her pair and tucking them up for the night.

In the evening, if Mademoiselle Robinson did not have to be chaperoned to her dancing class, and there was nobody to dinner, Madame Ravignac really had her husband to herself for an hour or so. And how she did count those hours! "*C'est si gentil, le soir*," she would say to me, "when we sit together in my father's study under the lamp, his books all about us, the children asleep in their beds in the

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next room, my husband reading *Le Temps* to me as I sew, and discussing his work and public affairs—ah, mademoiselle, these are the rewards of marriage, these hours of intimate talk. My husband has the highest respect for my opinion, and you may guess what his wise guidance is to me." A husband was not a *beau chevalier*, who heaped roses in one's lap and spread a purple cloak for one's feet—that she made clear to romantic America. He was, rather, a constant weight, pressed close against one's heart, a *souci* which now and then made this same heart bleed. But it was worth what suffering it brought, the marriage relation, and the things that hurt most were, after all, the non-essentials—the childishness, the small stupidities of man. That was what men were like, especially the clever ones.

Monsieur Ravignac's cleverness was one of the things that his wife loved to dwell upon. "*On demandera ça à mon mari*" was a phrase often on her lips. His sense for color—to take an instance—was impeccable. "Let's ask my husband; he'll know in a minute," she would suggest, when some girl was hesitating over the shade of a garniture. And monsieur, the kind soul, would be summoned, all in his blouse, from his studio, a little bored to be disturbed, but on the whole rather flattered, and cast a critical eye on the costume before the long mirror. Monsieur liked pretty frocks as well as another of his race, and sometimes shook his head over his wife's hats in those later years when there came a *petit Jean*, and finally a *petit Philippe* to lessen her already faint interest in her own person, by adding to the duties as well as to the joys of life.

If Madame Ravignac vaunted the "duties," it must not be thought that she did not also adore a certain sort of break in the domestic round. I am sure that I cannot be the only friend of the family who, on a fine Sunday morning in spring, wakes with a sigh for Paris, and—remembering that this is the day sacred to excursions—sees the dear things starting out of the front door, madame deftly tying the last cap, monsieur faithfully buttoning the last coat, both of them hurrying Bette and Jacqueline and Jean and Philippe down the steps of the "Métro," dumping them breathless in their seats, and a little later lifting them out as breathlessly at some ugly station in a remote square. At the station door, I say to myself, their great friends, the painter Jolier and his wife, will be waiting impatiently with the tickets and the morning papers, and they will all run down the platform, excitedly chattering, climb into a compartment—possibly third class—and after an half hour or so, alight at a little white village on a river bank. There will be, of course, poplars along this calm bank, and patient immovable figures holding fishing-lines, and, for the eye of the gentlemen, who never forget the approach of *midi*, an inn or two in the distance. One inn has a garden set with little tables—that looks a bit expensive, so why not try the other, which offers a more sociable long table, under an arbor?

Every detail of the meal comes back to me: the teasing humors of Liline, always naughty and *spirituelle;* the whispered reproofs of Bette, over whose serious maternal care for her sister and brothers the two ladies exchange a moved look; the bewilderment of the *gauche* country waiter, jolted out of his week-long sleep, and tormented by the jokes and the demands of these Parisians. There are ruminative pauses, anecdotic interludes, and deep degustations. Over the coffee, the gentlemen, mindful of their professions, discuss the *nuances* of the view: how it has been "done"; how the present school is doing it; how it may be done in next year's salon. Then there is the afternoon, with its adventurous essay of the stream in a row-boat, the long slow walk along a dusty ribbon of white road, Jean and Philippe trailing more and more behind till they are lifted to well-cushioned masculine shoulders; the drinking of pink *grênadine* in another garden, full by this time of other family parties; and finally the return to Paris, after a day in which nothing intrinsically interesting has been said or done, with a conviction of high holiday and achievement.

Such diversions, be it clearly understood, have their established place, like marketing, or going to school, or making your first communion, in the scheme of bourgeois existence, and do not turn life itself into a picnic in the sense used by

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Monsieur Ravignac at the meal which his wife's letter recalls. By way of further elucidation of his dictum, and of the loss it brings, in my opinion, to the young Americans who should have been the future generations of *pensionnaires*, I must revert to the occasion in question.

Though time had changed me from a *pensionnaire* to a friend with all the privileges of "dropping in," I realized when I arrived at the house that day and found the family, with Alice White, the tall American blonde of the moment, already assembled in the dining-room, that my hour had been ill-chosen. Something had gone wrong. Madame Ravignac embraced me warmly, nevertheless, and said, as if she were not perturbed, and as if her husband were not obviously out of sorts, that it was delightful I had come, for my old friend, her brother Jacques, had arrived the night before from his *mission* in the East, and was stopping with her till his own flat should be prepared. They were waiting for him now; Liline had been sent to call him. "While we stifle the pangs of hunger," added monsieur, sharply reproving the two little boys who sat opposite him, for shaking their yellow heads, wriggling in their chairs, and showing their bare knees above the table's edge. Bette, whose nine years and whose rôle of *fille aînée* now made her quite equal to any situation, tossed her curls over her shoulders and inquired, in a politely conversational tone, whether Mademoiselle Alice had enjoyed her morning's work. Madame was just poking her head down the dumb-waiter to summon the omelet anyhow, when Liline burst into the room.

"I think he has a toothache, poor Uncle Jacques," she began, in her monotonous childish treble, climbing into her chair, and backing around mechanically, so that her father might tie her bib, "I opened his door"—"You didn't knock?" exclaimed Madame, "will nothing teach this flyaway manners!"—"and he had a funny bandage over his mouth *comme ça*"—she seized two forks and held them against her thin cheeks with her most elf-like expression—"and he seemed very cross, and told me to say he was coming at once."

Monsieur Ravignac took away the forks, and his faithful black eyes asked his wife a troubled question. The witty perceptions and volatile ways of his second daughter were a perpetual trial; Bette's calm good sense and her tact seemed to him a much safer feminine endowment. Madame raised her eyebrows in response. She did not understand the toothache either.

We were just finishing our omelet when the door opened and Monsieur Jacques appeared, correct and ironical, a heavy lock of gray hair carefully arranged over his forehead, and his grizzled mustachios screwed into the sharpest of military points. Four pairs of childish eyes —for even Bette, the paragon, yielded to temptation—examined his cheeks for a possible swelling, as he shook hands all round, and made a polite apology.

"*Mon oncle*," began the irrepressible Jacqueline, "haven't you—" "*Tais-toi, ma fille*," interrupted madame, conquering a smile. For she had at once related the bandage to those impeccable mustachios: a lovely American blonde was worth the trouble of a thorough metallic curling, it appeared.

"*Eh bien, mon vieux*," began Monsieur Jacques easily—he had a gift of turning the tables—looking from Monsieur Ravignac, who was pouring out the wine with an abstracted air, to his sister, as she skilfully dissected the fowl—"well, you two, what is the matter? You look, both of you, my excellent brother and sister, as if you were of Gautier's opinion—isn't it Gautier?—about the futility of existence. '*Rien ne sert à rien, et tout d'abord, il n'y a rien*—'" he quoted. "I, for one, can't agree with him, not when I am visiting my best friends and drinking their *vin de bourgogne*," and he sipped his wine with a pleasurable indrawing of the lips, tossed his gray lock, twisted his mustachios, and regarded me quizzically across the table.

"That's all very well for a successful journalist with no responsibilities," retorted madame, helping herself to the last and least promising portion of the fowl; "but if you had four children to provide for, a big house on your hands, and Mademoiselle Marsh, one of your two guests of the winter who has gone off in a huff——"

"And why," interrupted Monsieur Ravignac, fiercely pulling his square black beard; "why, do you suppose? Because we won't allow her to spoil our children, our well-brought-up children!"

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"Now, now, *mon ami*," corrected madame gently, "you must remember that the poor woman is very much alone and *desequilibrée*. My heart aches for the poor dear—no wonder she loved our four too well. Here she is, Jacques, sufficiently pretty, rich, well educated, but her parents are dead, her sisters are married, she hasn't a single binding tie. She didn't marry, all because her father wanted to keep her at home, if you'll believe it! He was lonely, and said there should be one old maid in every family—ah, I must say I don't understand it!"

"Papa, I shall marry at eighteen," announced Liline, with conscious virtue.

"Parents," continued Monsieur Ravignac impatiently, "who don't look forward to the day when they will be no more are no parents at all, in my opinion. Young girls don't always think ahead, naturally, and it is therefore the parents' duty to point out, at the suitable time, the only road to happiness—what is it, Marie?"

"A big bundle from the Bon Marché, for Mademoiselle White," replied the red-cheeked *bonne*, returning from one of her periodic journeys to answer the door; "fifty francs to pay."

"*Ne vous dérangez pas, mon enfant*," cried Madame Ravignac. "I have the money in my pocket," and she had hurried out before the young American had turned her pretty head.

"Are you getting the moral, mademoiselle?" inquired Monsieur Jacques mischievously of his vis-à-vis. Nothing really escaped her, but with an air of graceful and innocent detachment from mundane discussion, she affected not to hear, and continued to dip the leaves of her artichoke in the thick yellow sauce.

"Thank you *so* much, dear madame," she said very prettily to our returning hostess. "How do you always manage to have money on hand? I never have a *sou!* I am so enjoying this delicious sauce—was it a rule of your mother's? Will you give me the recipe?"

"Yes, indeed, *ma chère petite*," replied madame. "I am too delighted to teach you any art I possess. Who knows but your husband will have a liking for French dishes! The most important thing for a sauce, as *maman* used to impress upon me, is to use the very best butter. Well, well, Marie, what is it this time?"

"A monsieur for Mademoiselle Alice"—(Marie's cheeks flamed as she fell to clearing the table)—"he is waiting in the salon, but he said I was to whisper to mademoiselle that the train goes soon."

Alice blushed a little, too, but explained, with great self-possession, in spite of a sort of solidifying of the family surface: "It's only my friend Jack Brown, madame, and we are going sketching at Versailles," and rising, she kissed Liline, smiled a general good-by from her blue eyes, and swished nonchalantly through the door.

"*Jolie fille!*" remarked Monsieur Jacques, with appreciation.

"Yes, indeed," said his sister eagerly; "we are devoted to her, aren't we, Jean?" But monsieur muttered something about spoiled children, and there followed rather a dismal pause. It was not, indeed, until madame had made the coffee over the gas-jet in the corner, and the children, replete with *petits canards*, had been sent upstairs, that conversation was resumed.

"*Eh bien?*" asked Monsieur Jacques, "now that we are by ourselves, what is it, really? This friend here," he added, turning to me, "your American interpreter; can't she clear up the difficulty?"

"Poor mademoiselle," agreed madame; "we do consult her like a hand-book! But it's really nothing but the cantankerousness of Mademoiselle Marsh, which I have already described, and the admirers of Mademoiselle White, of whom you have just had a specimen."

"A charming creature, too." Monsieur Jacques twisted his mustache.

"And obviously made for marriage," continued Madame Ravignac. "She is lovely, clever, utterly adorable, *enfin*, and twenty-two years old—careless and unformed yet, but capable of the most beautiful development. This is evidently the time for her to be settling the lines of her life, but is she thinking seriously of matrimony? No, indeed, she's having far too good a time!"

"Seeing, even here in Paris," interjected her husband, "at least a dozen different young men. She enjoys them all, she tells us, each for a different reason——"

"Do not suppose," put in madame a little anxiously, "that we question the propriety of her behavior. Her conduct is irreproachable, but all the same, and

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even though I have her mother's consent that she shall go out with them, it makes me uncomfortable, the neighbors and servants gossip, and, worst of all, it's exciting for the girl without leading anywhere."

"That is just what I maintain," Monsieur Ravignac asserted, with an emphatic gesture. "Why should not Mademoiselle Alice's superfluity of gallants have the same result in the end as Mademoiselle Marsh's lack of opportunity? If she waits and waits for the knight of her dreams! Well, I declare I understand this American system less every year."

Monsieur Jacques, the ironist, who liked nothing better than to stir up his matter-of-fact brother-in-law, said something about his sister's having married for love. But Madame Ravignac did not allow any jokes on that subject, and pointed out that if her marriage had succeeded it was because she had known how to adapt herself to its conditions, and had had a sound training in good house-keeping.

"Just so," agreed monsieur, not to be distracted from his thesis. "There, on the contrary, is a girl who can't mend a stocking, and doesn't know beef from pork."

"Ah, Jacques, it's pathetic!" cried madame. "I take her to market, and explain how, when one pays a little more for the cutlet, one pays a little less for the fish; how, if one wants strawberries, one doesn't buy early asparagus the same day, since the allotted amount for a meal must not be exceeded, and she is so interested! 'If one keeps house this way,' she says, 'there's some fun in it; it's a sort of game. We just order by telephone, you know, and father pays the monthly bills.'"

"Yes, indeed, ordering by telephone, that's typical!" Monsieur Ravignac threw up his hands expressively. "And the poor child has no idea what she ought to spend, having, if you'll believe me, no knowledge of the family resources, one day reproached for extravagance, the next day called miserly!"

"A contrast, indeed," remarked Monsieur Jacques more seriously, "to our childish share in the financial responsibilities of the household. Do you remember, *ma sœur*," he said, with a reflective smile, "how enchanted we were to work out the possibility of a journey to the Cévennes, the year you made your début? After all, life is more amusing when lived with an eye on its central facts."

"*Bien entendu*," ejaculated monsieur, "with apologies to you, mademoiselle," —he turned to me,—"for I know I can speak as I should to a friend of our nation; most of your countrywomen treat the universe as a playground. With their journeys, and their bookbinding, and their metal-working, and their frocks, and their sketching, and their lectures, and their '*beaux*'! Far be it from me to refuse woman a place in the arts, or even in the learned professions, if she has the requisite earnestness of purpose and a real talent—though, of course, for her nothing can take the place of marriage," he was constrained to add. "But I can't see that most of our young friends have any end in view but activity itself! And what permanent satisfaction, I ask you," he ended rhetorically, brushing the crumbs off his knees as he rose with flashing eyes from the table, "do they get out of an existence founded on *une idée colossale de pique-nique?* A fine example for my daughters!"

This sounded ominous: yet the news of Alice White with which I was greeted several months later, on my arrival at la Sapinière—the estate so often vaunted in Paris for its homely *sauvagerie* on its hill-top above the rich vineyard land of Burgundy—was of a reassuring nature. Alice had written from America of her engagement to one of the admirers: "*Celui qui fait la peinture, un garçon très bien*," madame joyously announced.

It was Alice again who made the climax to the charming last afternoon of my visit. We had all been, as usual, for a long ramble on the *montagne*—the *montagne* was a rocky ridge that stretched back into wilder country behind the farm, and its furze-grown open spaces, and its adventurous herb-like tang always led us farther than we planned. When we turned back, at last, toward the plain and the sunset—the rich Burgundian scene again spread out for our eyes—a sense of wide peace was in the air. The children wandered off to hunt rabbits in brushy tangles marked "*chasse réservée*," and I, too, followed my own way. But as I finally emerged on the slope that led precipitously down to the walls and sheltered the white house and vines of la Sapinière, I came

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upon my host and hostess, sitting together on a flat rock, with the sunset light in their faces.

"We were talking of dear Alice and her happiness," said Madame Ravignac in a moved voice, making room for me beside her.

"*Ce n'est pas grande chose, un mari, mademoiselle,*" said monsieur—his rare jokes were always a sign of emotion—"*mais c'est, je crois, ce qu'on a trouvé de mieux jusqu'ici!*—a husband doesn't amount to much, but he's probably the best invention that's been made up to now."

"Alice declares," Madame Ravignac hesitated, "that it is all my doing. Of course, that's nonsense, but if I've been able to show her what makes life worth living—" and she looked up toward her four, who were slowly ambling over the ridge in our direction, down toward the farm, and then again cherishingly to her husband, whose face held the same transfigured sense of mercies too deep for speech, yet counted to the utmost.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquit la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son age!

quoted Monsieur Ravignac. But there he stopped, and the images of the unclassified activities and the still less classified admirers seemed to pass before his eyes. "'*Plein d'usage et raison?*' '*Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son age?*'" he queried. "I wonder, I wonder!"

"Come along, everybody," cried madame gaily. "*Depêchez-vous donc, les petits,*" she called to the children. "Look, the chimney is smoking away. That means baths and bedtime, and I must hurry to see that Marie puts the chicken into the oven when she should."

Monsieur Ravignac must nevertheless have continued to "wonder" as he watched the bewildering activities of the picnickers, and the long and the short of his conclusions is that the idolized house which madame's father built above the Seine must go. Bricks and mortar are transitory, after all. The real inheritance for grandchildren and children is a point of view and a standard; standards are worth the sacrifice of frail personal attachments—the Ravignacs probably reasoned something after this fashion, and I believe that their act of allegiance to a transcendent "system" will raise them above idle regret.

THE RIDDLE

By Charles F. Lummis

I PLANTED a seed in my neighbor's garden
(Fair, wee garden where Wonder grows)
Wet with a tear, that it may not harden,
Seed of a Hope that the dear God knows—
And for its cover,
I folded over
Five slim petals of a little Wild Rose.

O, Lady-Liege of the Wonder-Garden,
Riddle me, how is that seed to be—
Quick with the sun of thy smile and pardon,
Or dead and dust for despair of thee?
Wilt thou it bloom as a flower in Arden?
Wilt thou it perish before we See?
Will thy palm forget
Where my kiss was set
To grow for a thought of me?

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"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH"

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

CALM and exalted as the red-granite charioteer who guides his steeds on the red-granite pylon of Queen Hatasu, these thirty immemorial centuries gone, the chauffeur loomed behind his broad glass shield. Sumptuous as Queen Hatasu's own chariot, from ponderous tires to glittering crested door, the great car rolled through the college gates, and stopped portentously before Cliffe Hall.

Apple-cheeked Seventeen, tripping down Cliffe steps, nudged Angel-eyed Sixteen at her side.

"That's Mrs. Cornelius Brinckerhoff's car. The Mrs. Brinckerhoff who gave Burnbrae School their gymnasium, ninety-foot pool and all. My—Oh!" Apple Cheek's dove-blue eyes grew very round. "Don't you hope she's brought a gymnasium in her carriage-bag for us too?"

Angel Eyes nodded, her rose-leaf mouth being inconveniently full of panocha.

"Yeth. 'Specially if it puts it over Burnbrae. Why, Martha, can that be the majestical Mrs. Brinckerhoff? Why, what a very old lady!"

With pretty deference, Apple Cheek and Angel Eyes hastened to assist the very old lady just alighting. Rather, the very old empress; for Mrs. Brinckerhoff, short, stout, white-haired and rosy, yet transcended her background of lordly chauffeur and imperial car.

"You young ladies are students?" She fixed her escort with a terrifying although a tremulous lorgnette. "I wish to see your head mistress, Mrs. Stanton-Chase. She resides in this building?"

"Yes, ma'am. This is her receiving day."

"Ah!" Her keen blue eyes lighted eagerly. "Then I shall go up unannounced. We are very old friends."

She gave the girls a brisk, pleasant nod, and swept away toward the long marble flight, her sable cloak flowing regally from her plump shoulders.

"Nice old party, Pat."

"Um h'm." Angel Eyes took another large, placid bite. "But wouldn't you simply shrivel up and expire if you thought you'd ever live to be an old, old lady like that?"

"Wouldn't I!" Apple Cheek sighed, with tragic eyes.

A slow, commanding rap fell on the head mistress's study door. The mistress rose from her low chair, her beautiful ethereal face smiling with flower-like welcome, exquisite, formal, remote.

Then, as she saw the figure at the door, all that fine ivory punctilio melted and fell away. She stood motionless, wide-eyed. The elder woman, pink and flustered, laughed unsteadily: "Guess who!"

"Molly—Eliza—McClintock!"

"Yes, it's Molly McClintock. Didn't you know me, Barby? You darling, blessed girl!"

A moment the two old ladies stared, trembling. Then they stumbled into each other's arms. The mistress's waxen cheek burned crimson, her soft eyes flashed with tears, when at last she drew back to look on her friend. Mrs. Brinckerhoff's plumed bonnet tipped rakishly over one eye. She was sobbing and laughing in a breath.

"Molly! It has been so long!" The mistress clung to her tenderly, her voice catching between the words, her beautiful, fair old face vivid. "Molly, it can't be forty years!"

"It can't be anything else," Mrs. Brinckerhoff gave her patrician nose a final vicious dab, which left it pathetically luminous. "My last glimpse of you was in April, '71. On your wedding-day, child."

"I remember. Yours was the last face I saw as we drove away." The mistress drew her plump hand close. "Little 'Lizabeth, all starched and ruffly, was hanging to your skirts, and you had set baby Richard on your shoulder. He was pulling

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Apple-cheeked Seventeen, tripping down Cliffe steps, nudged Angel-eyed Sixteen at her side.—Page 108.

the cherry wreath in your hair, and you were laughing up at him. You looked like a Madonna. And I looked back at you as long as I could see you." A shadowy pink warmed her soft, withered cheek. "It seemed like a good omen, somehow."

"I'd like to see myself hoist baby Richard to my shoulder nowadays."

"He hasn't really grown up, Molly?"

"Not unless you call forty-two years, and two hundred pounds, grown up. How he does despise being overweight! He takes right after me, poor boy."

"You!" The mistress scoffed, doting. "You're just as lovely as you were in '71."

"More lovely." Mrs. Brinckerhoff settled back, comfortably. "Sixty pounds more. But you keep your nymph look, Barby. You little, spooky, pretty thing! Do you mind the valentine James J. Duckworth made you, our first year at Oberlin? Lace-paper, with stuck-on red hearts,

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'Queen and Huntress, Chaste and Fair,' three verses, written in red ink? And how he let you imagine it was his own, and that you'd inspired it, till the day Professor Leach gave us Ben Jonson in rhetoric class?"

"Do I remember? The great *sap-head!*" The mistress's angelic old face crimsoned. The shocking word slipped from her sainted lips utterly unnoticed. "*You* can't say much, Molly Eliza! You know well that you were his first choice. Can't I see him, goggling those pale-blue eyes across the classroom at you? And his pale-blue crochet nuby, that his mother made him wear, because his chest was tender. And his hair, slicked into a roach, with two ear-scallops——"

"With bears' grease, and spearmint for scent." Mrs. Brinckerhoff broke in, giggling rapturously. She sat with her plump feet tucked on the chair-round, her plump arms hugging her knees. Her blue eyes danced, her cheeks burned deep rose-red. She looked like an impish girl, masquerading in frosty wig and fairy-godmother wrinkles. "Wasn't he the beatenest for perfumery! Mind how he'd philander around at our students' socials at Masonic Hall, and let us girls sniff his handkerchief? He always allowed me two sniffs, as a particularly tender attention. 'Balm of a Thousand Flowers——'"

"No, that was the label on his hair-oil bottle. I know, because your brother Samuel once stole the bottle from his room. And filled it up with whale-oil. I suppose Samuel's sons never stoop to such atrocities?"

"His grandsons stray, occasionally. Little Samuel—The Infant Samuel, they call him at Yale—stampeded the Freshman banquet at Wherry's with a fake bomb, last week. Little Samuel is the image of his grandfather. Remember that curly red head?"

The mistress's lips quivered into a shy smile.

"I remember that curly red head quite well. Perhaps Samuel has never told you, Molly. But we—we carried on a correspondence all through the war, from the day he left college with his regiment. And he sent me a lock of his hair——"

Mrs. Brinckerhoff jumped. A wave of pink streamed to her crisp pompadour.

"A lock of his hair? I—I wish I could see that lock, Barby. Of course it's long since thrown away?"

The mistress looked at her reproachfully, then with a glint of mischief. She stooped over a great cedar chest.

"Why, Barby! Have you kept your treasures, too?"

"Some of them." She lifted out a heavy old velvet album and unfastened the broad gilt clasps. Gently she drew from it a yellowed, embossed envelope, which revealed a lock of auburn hair, quaintly mounted on bristol-board. A languishing curlycue, fine and soft as a girl's.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff seemed to be controlling herself with difficulty.

"Barbara! Did you ever notice anything odd about this curl?"

"Why, no. Only it seemed a shade lighter than Samuel's."

"It is. Far lighter." Mrs. Brinckerhoff choked. "Barby! Didn't you ever guess"—then giggles overpowered her, "that—that all those lovely ringlets were my hair?"

"*Your hair!*"

Mrs. Brinckerhoff confessed between shamed chuckles.

"It was j-just Samuel's wicked deception. He came home on a furlough the day they shingled my hair. I'd had malarial fever. And Samuel pounced on four long curls, and cut them up into rings. And I mounted them for him. With flour paste. And he took four dozen ringlets back to camp with him. The other girls were always plaguing him for curls, and it kept the poor lad's head shaven tight. He was always having colds in his head. But he hated to say no."

"'The other girls!'" The mistress sat quite rigid. "Then he sent locks to other young ladies—besides myself?"

"D-dozens of 'em. To girls he'd never even seen, his comrades' sisters and cousins and sweethearts. Oh, Barby, don't look so shocked! All the soldier boys did it. I've heard Sam tell how the whole regiment used Irving Cobb's tintype, because he was the handsomest man in the service. They used eleven hundred copies one year."

The mistress returned the fond memento to its case with unnecessary vim.

"Well! If I'd dreamed——!"

"There, Barby! Don't be so techy.

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Think how you treated poor Samuel! What about John? There, now!"

What about John!

The mistress caught up the album and turned hastily to her chest. A lovely flame-pink glowed in her cheek; her eyes grew veiled and soft.

"Molly Eliza, did you ever see this before?"

She held out a mass of rosy, changeable silk, brocaded in huge palm leaves. An incredible garment, shaped like a Titan's lamp-shade, flowing in shining billows over her slender arms.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff considered.

"I should say I had. You wore that dress the night of the party *his* folks gave me. Six starched and fluted petticoats; and a red rose in your hair. And your bodice laced so tight that I had to pin the rose on for you—Mercy, Barby! Somebody rapped. Hide it, quick!"

Pale and panting, the mistress thrust the gleaming mass into the chest, and slammed down the lid as if she slammed it upon the fragments of a murder. Then, her gentlest dignity robing her, she trailed to the door.

A soberly pretty young girl awaited her; small, fair, dainty, with a sweet little gosling face. Meekly she made her request; permission to go to the city shopping, accompanied by a chaperon.

Graciously the mistress gave permission. With a dutiful little gosling courtesy, the child tripped away.

"So you let them go to the city, Barby?"

"Yes, with a suitable chaperon. By the way! Do you remember Susan Pearmain? That little girl is Susan's granddaughter."

"Susan Pearmain? A great, fat, blowsy girl?" Mrs. Brinckerhoff chuckled. "I should think I did. Don't I remember seeing her eat half a pumpkin pie at a Sunday-school barbecue? And here comes her granddaughter, asking for a chaperon —H'm. I mind that when Susan and Eph first married and went to Nebraska, Susan used to shoo Indians off her front porch with a rolling-pin. She wasn't more than seventeen, then, but she didn't need a chaperon for that. Pull out that silk again. I want to see. My, my, that waist! Do you let your girls wear party dresses like that?"

The mistress twinkled.

"Not in these athletic days. You could hardly bribe a girl to try that bodice on."

"That reminds me, I want to build a gymnasium for them, Barby. Like the one I gave Burnbrae."

The Mistress twinkled again.

"A gymnasium! Molly, do you remember how we two used to sweep our own room, and carry up wood, and even split our kindling—except when somebody else did it for us?"

"Oh, and wasn't it fun!" Mrs. Brinckerhoff's round face shone. "Do you mind the fall we started to college together, driving all the eighteen miles in your father's grand new Dearborn? I wore a purple merino, and you had a spandy new buff delaine with cinnamon dots. My, weren't we fine! And the wagon bed was crammed with baskets that our mothers had fixed; eggs packed in oats, and a boiled ham, and a whole jar of your Aunt Emeline's ginger cakes, and a cheese, and honey; for board at Oberlin was two dollars a week, and we mustn't dream of such sinful extravagance. And our elegant new hair trunk, lashed on behind. My, how my neck cricked, spyin' for fear that trunk would fall off! And can't you see the walnut grove, where we camped for nooning, and your father shot a squirrel, and broiled it over the coals? And then the long, long white road, winding on through the beech woods, and the windy red sunset beyond? Oh, Barby, why can't we two drive that road again?"

Their eyes met in wistful question. Again the September wind blew in their faces, pungent, autumn-sweet. Instinctively they leaned, listening. Across that far unfathomable river of years, they heard the fretful call of the quail through hot, dry stubble, the long sigh of the prairie grass, as it swept the wheels of the grand new Dearborn; that endless drowsy tide of the prairie sea.

"And the folks in our class. Remember Adoniram Jones? He planted fruit-trees through the woods, like Johnny Appleseed."

"And Lissy Hunt. She married a missionary to Ceylon. She and her lisp and her curls—and her spruce gum! Did anybody ever see Lissy and that gum apart! S'pose she taught the natives to chew gum too?"

"And little fat Drusilla Weed. She was so bashful she couldn't recite her declensions without pigeon-toeing. She went

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"It doesn't pinch. Not a mite."—Page 114.

down to Georgia after the war and started a Freedmen's School, and the Ku Klux burned her out twice, but she'd set right to and build it up again. Little scared, plucky, fat thing! And Peter D. Freeman. His father was a Grahamite, poor boy. They never had anything to eat at home but raw meal, and apples, and water. My, how he used to enjoy pork-and-bean night at Oberlin! He was the smartest scholar in our class. Unless—it was—John."

Again that swift irradiation gleamed on the mistress's tranquil face. She would not meet her friend's eyes.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff looked keenly at that flushed, musing face, that lovely, drooping head. Suddenly her fine old face grew very white. A curious tension narrowed her steady mouth.

"Barby, there's something I want to tell you. Something I ought to have told you . . . forty years ago. But I never did.

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I've let it stand between us all these years. Something about—John."

Then the mistress wheeled and faced her, blazing, passionate. Her wide eyes darkened. Her hands clenched, cold.

"Something about John? You need not tell me, Molly. We always understood each other, John and I."

"I know." Mrs. Brinckerhoff's face grew older, strangely gentle. She tried to speak. The words would not come. The mistress confronted her, moveless. Her pale lips set. Between the two women there seemed to rise a mysterious wall: shadowy, intangible; impassable as a wall of ice.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff put out her hands, with a quavering laugh.

"Don't look at me that way, Barby. I ought to have told you long ago. It has been a sore spot for us both. And it was all my hateful silliness. But—but I was dreadfully put out with you that year. Because you had more beaux than I had. My brother Samuel, and both the Jones boys, and John too. It truly wasn't fair, Barby. And you led them a dance. 'Specially John. He was desperately in love with you, and you snubbed him cruelly. And, poor boy, he took me for his confidante. He was forever tagging me about, to tell me how wonderful you were, and I got some tired of it. So—I let you think he liked me—a little. I liked him myself, anyway."

"Yes," pondered the mistress, quite without mercy. "Yes; I know you did."

Mrs. Brinckerhoff swallowed hard. She spoke unflinching on.

"So I—I pretended. Right along. Though he never gave me a thought. Except when you had a contrary streak, and wouldn't write to him. Then I'd get a frantic scrawl, begging for news of you. And then I'd obligingly tell you, what a nice letter I'd had from John. Oh, I should have been smacked and set in a corner. I know that. But it wasn't fair, Barby. You with four beaux, and I with only three, and one of them James J. Duckworth! And you just more than crowing over me!"

She stopped, gulping. Angry tears stormed into her blue eyes.

The mistress caught her arm.

"Crow? Of course I did. *I had to!* It was my one chance to keep my own head out of the dust. For I was mad over John, Molly. From the first hour. I'd have followed him barefoot through the world. But he was so splendid, so far above me, that I couldn't believe he really loved me. And I wanted to be so sure! Little goose that I was, I kept trying him, testing him, pushing him away. . . . No wonder it nearly killed me to see him look at anybody else!"

There was a silence.

"You poor little simpleton! To throw away all those years!"

The mistress drooped like a scolded child.

"I know. Wasn't I foolish! Wicked, too. And I was punished, Molly. For, after we were really engaged at last, we had to wait, and wait in earnest, till John could get his start. Six long years! Yes, I was punished."

Mrs. Brinckerhoff looked on her with tender mother-eyes.

"But it was worth waiting for. Wasn't it, Barby?"

"Worth waiting for!" The mistress locked her frail old hands. The great betrothal pearl shone white on the veined waxen flesh. All the ecstasy of her brief, exquisite wifehood glowed upon her, luminous, transfiguring. Old and frail and childless; yet she stood there, lovely with the loveliness of an embodied hope, crowned, triumphant. For her and for her lover the great stars had been lighted. Their radiance could never quite go out, their glory dim.

The elder woman leaned to her. Silently their lips met, across the fading shadow of that childish barrier.

At last Mrs. Brinckerhoff broke the silence with a sad little laugh.

"Ah, well, you had it all, Barby! And I have my children. I ought to be content. But I'm not. For Elizabeth and Richard are both so wise and grave and grown up, and they think, just because I'm past seventy, that I ought to stay in the chimney-corner and knit. And I just won't. There, now!"

"And you just sha'n't!" The mistress hugged her belligerently. "Much they know about it! You're younger and prettier than Elizabeth ever dared be, this minute. What wouldn't I give to see you in that peach barége with flounces that you wore to our class-night party! And your

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little tiny feet in clocked stockings and peach satin shoes! Look, Molly. Here!"

She snatched a silver-paper roll from the chest. Mrs. Brinckerhoff cried out, delighted. There lay two satin slippers, vivid pink, their gilded buckles hardly tarnished.

"I gave them to you! Because you were so bewitched with them. I'd forgotten."

"Could you squeeze them on, Molly?"

"Well, I'd hope so." With a daring fling of silken skirts, Mrs. Brinckerhoff tore off her sedate boot. Puffing and tugging, she crowded her plump foot into the slipper. "You haven't a shoe-horn? No, they're perfectly comfortable. They always were too large. Nonsense. It doesn't pinch. Not a mite. Where's your pink silk? Look!"

Twinkling, her plump cheeks scarlet, she threw off her rigorous tailored gown, and struggled into the wide swirling robe. Flowing skirts held high, she swept a dazzling courtesy to the enchanted mistress.

"Molly, you darling! Wait!" The mistress dived wildly into her chest. "I'm going to dress up too. Help fasten this, quick! And here's my sunshade, and my hat!" Sparkling with mischief she perched a flat straw object, the size and aspect of a waffle, high on her soft braids. "Put on these velvet bracelets, Molly. And this torty-shell comb. Oh, dear, you look precisely like Miss Abigail Peabody, when she'd dance the lancers with Captain Tucker. Don't you remember? She with her sausage curls, and her green morocco shoes, and he with his brass-buttoned coat, and his fierce glass eye? Here, I'll be the captain, and you can be Miss Abigail. Turn out your toes and simper, Molly. Now!"

"'Tirra, lirra, toora, loora,
Far beyond the Northern Sea!'"

Flushed, laughing, they minced and swaggered through the quaint old steps. Down the middle and back again, they pranced and languished; then, with one last flaunting courtesy, one pompous pigeon-wing, they stopped short, laughing into each other's eyes.

Absurd every step had been, delicious the caricature. Yet in that masque there glinted something finer, rarer, sweeter than mere burlesque. Standing here in the faded robes of their youth, it was as if they threw down the gauntlet to all the golden promises of youth . . . then paid their challenge in full, with noble, ripened hopes; with brave and lovely years.

And as they stood, glowing, mirthful-eyed, across the park there echoed an ominous note: a distant, summoning bell.

"Oh, oh! The first Vespers bell! I always preside. And—Oh, *look* at me!" Panic-smitten, the mistress stared at her frivolous image. Frenzied, she tore off her billowing finery. "It's all your fault, Molly Eliza. You—you Ninkum! To come here and turn my silly head, talking old times! Oh, oh, *where* is the button-hook!"

"There, take this hairpin." Mrs. Brinckerhoff struggled madly to escape her smothering flounces. "How did we get in to the wretched things! Oh, Barby, in pity's name, take this hook out of my hair!"

Blindly they flung on decorous garments. Wild-eyed, they fled down the long hall. At the Chapel door there sounded an anguished moan.

"Barby! I forgot! I can't sit on the platform. I've got on that miserable pink satin shoe!"

"Sit on the shoe, then," hissed the mistress, grimly. "March right along!"

Seven hundred girls filed into the great, dim Gothic hall. The organ droned through a mellow prelude. Fair, grave, stately in her trailing black, the mistress rose and spoke with all her tender grace, her sweet spiritual authority.

Beside her on the platform, majestic as an aged empress, sat her honored guest. Her handsome, highly colored face took on a soft, deepened flush when the mistress closed her talk with a brief touching reference to her visitor, and to the dear memories of their lifelong friendship.

Seven hundred girls hearkened to the mistress with their unvarying, adoring awe. Seven hundred girls, with faces of young-eyed cherubim, looked upon Mrs. Brinckerhoff, first with solemn admiration, then with pale, young sympathy. For, at the mistress's pensive references, her plump hand was seen to tremble on the chair-arm; a hint of tears clouded her clear, old eyes.

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. . . (A twitching pang leaped through her, a poignant terror. Warily she glanced down. But the long skirts safely hid the cruel pink shoe, still nipping, implacable.)

And on the rear seat, Apple Cheek heaved a gusty sigh, and punched Angel Eyes with a powerful thumb.

"They're two old dears. But just think! Isn't it too cruelly awful to have to be old, old ladies like that?"

"Awful!" sorrowed Angel Eyes.

A WOMAN OF MAIDSTONE

By Robert Shackleton

TO be born blind, to live for thirty-six years in darkness, and then to look out for the first time upon the great, bright, glowing world—there are few things more tragic, more dramatic. There is awe in the very thought of it: awe, and an infinite pity.

Yet to say this is not to express a mere possibility; it is to speak of an actual case. In the town of Maidstone, so I learned, was a woman who had been given this marvellous experience, and I found myself insistently wondering how she was adjusting herself to the world that she had just discovered; what she was seeing, doing, thinking. Was it to her a world of phantasies or one which measurably fitted with her notions preconceived? So I went down from London to meet this woman of new sight.

There is old-fashioned charm about much of Maidstone, but the part of the town to which I was directed is a district of bare streets, of humble modern homes, of small houses built close together; it is not precisely disagreeable, yet it is without attractiveness. And in one of the plain little houses I found the woman of experiences—a little house, part of which is devoted to a little shop, kept by her mother, a busy, earnest woman who strives hard to keep herself and her family from dependence.

I explained to the mother that I had read of the case, and had come to Maidstone on that account, whereupon she called Annie down from an upstairs room.

Annie Hubbard; age, thirty-six; an intelligent, quiet-faced woman, composed, placid, self-possessed, calm. She was looking out upon the whole world as something to be learned, but her appearance and demeanor gave no indication of it as she spoke a good-morning. She was merely a quiet and self-possessed woman.

From her mother's tone, in the first minutes of talk, Annie understood that she was to consider me as a friend, and it was interesting to notice how she gradually warmed and glowed.

Mrs. Hubbard wished me first to see how much her daughter had learned while blind; whereupon Annie, with eyes shut, walked about the room with perfect ease, perhaps more easily than when peering her way. She opened a crowded drawer of the bureau and lifted and named article after article. "Annie knows where every single thing is in that bureau! And she knows every corner of the house!"

"Now, read your Longfellow." And Annie, at this, took up a book of print for the blind, in Braille, and with swift deftness of touch went over "The Old Clock on the Stairs," reading aloud, with proper emphasis and real feeling, as her fingers sped; and I think it was more than fancy that her voice quivered a little at the line: "And as if, like God, it all things saw."

"'Horologe' is from a French word, meaning 'clock,'" she said calmly, in the pause that followed her reading; and she added, deprecatingly: "I read it in one of the notes."

Except in Braille, she cannot even yet read, except the largest of letters. Only one of her eyes has been given sight, and that not of the most perfect. She told me that the surgeon, within some months, was to make an attempt to gain improvement; and she let me know, too, that instead of assurance of gain, there was danger in this necessary further operation, that what had

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been won might be lost. Yet she was no more morbid with fear than she was elated with sight. Nor, throughout, was there a word of repining over the long years lost. There was only gratitude for being permitted to see the splendor of the world, and a humble and almost unspoken hope for the future. Unpretentiously brave, she was equal to either fate.

For a time, at the first, I talked with the mother rather than the daughter, to pave the way for natural confidences later, and it was pathetic to see that Annie, so far from feeling that her remarkable experience gave her the right to be noticed and made much of, felt a humbleness in very wonder that she should be given any particular attention at all.

Some cattle were driven past the window. She looked intently, to be sure of identifying them. "Cows," she said, but more to herself than to us. And then she laughed. "Mother has always been afraid of cows," she said. "They are often driven through the streets and mother always wants to get right over a hedge. But I always say to her: 'Don't be afraid, mother; they won't hurt us; you know, nothing will hurt blind people.'"

Throughout, her command of language and her choice of words were astonishing. And, for much of the time I could almost have believed, had I not known to the contrary, that I was talking with one who had always had normal sight.

She looked after the cows till they disappeared, and then said: "But I was always afraid of horses, though I suppose I ought not to have been. It was their kicking. I could hear their feet striking, and the sound seemed to threaten something dreadful." And she added: "Do you know, horses are so much smaller than I thought! I used to think them, oh! ever so large!" She waved her hand explanatorily. "I suppose it was because they frightened me. They don't frighten me now; not if I can see them, that is. But if I just hear the sound of their feet, and don't see them, it scares me. And it's funny about the cows, that I didn't use to be afraid of at all. For now I am really frightened—just as frightened as mother ever was!" She laughed a gentle, quiet laugh. "When I first saw one it was much larger than I expected. It was a big tall thing, all hairy, and there were two things sticking out at the sides of the head. Oh, I just wanted to run away!"

I asked her about automobiles. "They frighten me so much!" she cried. "They always seem to be coming right at me!"

To me, throughout, the most astonishing feature of it was that she herself was not more astonished. I expected to find things more pregnant of perplexity for her. But here she was, slipping naturally into her newly revealed environment and just taking things for granted. But, after all, I reflected, it is essentially the same with all of us, for we all take the wonders of nature and of science for granted, and it would be the extreme of unfairness to demand continued cries of amazement from Annie Hubbard. One comes quickly to the limitations of human feeling, and still more quickly to limitations of the expression of feeling.

Her first desire, she told me, after learning that the hospital surgeon had some hopes of giving her sight, was to see her father and mother, and she grieved that her father died before sight came.

After quite a while I suggested that she go out with me into the town, and she eagerly expressed her delight, but—having in darkness learned the restraints of womanhood—turned to her mother for approval.

She was in a flutter of expectation as we started off. It was the first time since gaining her sight that she had been out alone with a stranger. But she astonished me by saying: "I know the town so well! When I was blind I could guide people about." Then she said: "But I never used a stick. People don't notice you so much without a stick." (How had she learned that?) "And a stick isn't necessary. Don't you always hear people when they are walking toward you? And doesn't the sound tell you when you are at a corner or a crossing?"

Assuredly, no one noticed her now, the town being quite large enough and busy enough for the people not to notice every one on the streets, and her own bearing being quite natural and unmarked. And how, I wondered, had she learned to be so conventional and sophisticated?

I found that there is much to learn from one suddenly put into the world of sight. We passed the high wall of a school-yard. "The boys are drilling in there," she said;

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and indeed there was the sound of soft-shuffling steps, hardly perceptible above the noise of the rattling of wagons on the cobble-stones.

"There are so many people!" she exclaimed, in an awed murmur.

And after some dubitative moments she went on: "I don't understand much about people yet, so mother tells me, for I don't judge at all by faces. Faces all seem to look so much alike! Clothes are different, but I don't know about them yet, except whether they are ragged or not. And I don't understand how to tell the rich from the poor. I judge people altogether by the sound of the voice."

Some of her remarks were in response to suggestions from me, but most of them came naturally from the sense of communicative companionship.

The busy streets were a constant fascination. There was such amazing multiplicity of objects, such plethora of things to see.

"At the very first, when I would wake in the morning, I would begin to think what I should see that day for the first time! I would decide: 'To-day it will be a dog, or a new shop-window, or a new color.' Oh! it was so exciting! Some things came easy. Tables and chairs I knew almost at once. I had so often touched them that I almost knew them. One morning I would study out the pattern of the wall-paper. Another, I would find myself studying the pattern of the counterpane. When I first saw the counterpane I was astonished!"

We went on silently; then: "I haven't really learned, yet, what people mean by 'ugly,'" she said; "nothing seems to disappoint me."

Her certainty of step was astonishing. She moved with spirit, with eager expectation. There was nothing doubtful or timorous. She was every moment alert, every moment on the watch for something new. I have seen the same manner in eager tourists seeing Europe for the first time—and this was a woman seeing the world for the first time.

"People are larger than I expected," she remarked; and then her attention went again to the vehicular variety in the streets. "Do you know, it seems so strange to see the wagon wheels going round. I don't know exactly why—it seems strange," she added, shyly. A bicycle rider went whirling past, and she drew in her breath with excitement. "It seems so wonderful to see him sitting so quiet and going so fast." And then, as another wagon went by: "It seems so strange that the little wheels go just as fast as the big; but of course I have been told—" a little shamefaced lest she should be deemed too ignorant.

Continually recurrent to my mind were the words of garrulous old Pepys: "To Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, having never been there; and walked all up and down the town"—for here was one who had an infinitely greater desire to see Maidstone than had the diary-making official of King Charles. And Pepys, I remembered, mounted to the top of the church tower, and wrote that he found there "a noble view"; and it was a suggestion to me—for what would this long-blind woman think of that view? It was certainly worth trying for.

It is a charming church, five centuries old, set in the midst of grass and shrubs and flowers beside the quiet river that goes by in a great sweeping bend. "The river is so pretty," said Annie. "But I used to think it would be very dark!" A boat came into sight, around the curve, and I looked at her to see if she was surprised at the apparition. But she only looked at it quietly for a moment and said, like a pupil giving an answer to a question: "Boat." And in a few moments: "I know boats—I have touched them."

We turned toward the church and she approached it with gentle awe. Passing beneath the trees of the church-yard, she touched with her fingers the leaves of a low-hanging branch. "I feel as if my fingers will always be my eyes," she said.

There were flowers, and she bent toward them fondly, lovingly. "I so longed to see flowers!" She knew them all as she touched them, and geraniums she knew by sight.

We walked slowly on through the church-yard, and I noticed that she said not a word of the gravestones.

"Next to seeing father and mother, my greatest wish was to see this church," she said. "But I never really thought I could see it!" It had been her own church, and many and many a time she had sat there and listened in darkness to the service.

We entered, and the silent hush of it all seemed to affect her deeply. She walked

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to the pew in which she had so often sat. She told me of how sweet and sad the music had sounded, and of how it seemed just as sad even now, though she could not understand why, for everything ought to seem joyful to her.

We sat together for a while, in the dim cool building, and then I suggested going to the top of the ancient tower.

She gave a gasp of joy. "Oh!" she breathed. And then: "Will you really, really take me up there?" It made me feel ashamed, to think how easily a pleasure may be given to those whose pleasures have been few.

She was almost frightened as we entered the narrow stairway and began to ascend the winding steps of stone. But she put her hand in mine and in a moment went on with absolute confidence, though it was too dark to see well even had her sight been perfect.

She went up and up, keenly pleased, keenly anticipatory of what she was to find in the undiscovered country at the top. Nearing the summit, I stopped at the bell-room, and told her that there the bells were hanging, each with its dangling rope. Her pleasure was pathetic. She stepped inside the room and went from bell to bell, touching them, each in turn. "You see, I still see with my fingers," she said, wistfully.

We were starting again toward the top, when the bells began to ring, and she stood there in a perfect agony of joyful excitement, hearing the bells as they had never sounded to her before. We stepped back into the room, and in wonder she watched them swaying as they chimed and sang. But her intensity of emotion was almost silent; there was scarcely a sound or word to express it. But when the bells finally ceased, and the vibrant humming died away, her face was beaming with a marvellous happiness. "I have known the bells all my life," she whispered, "but I never thought I'd be up here."

We went on to the top and stepped out upon the little square roof of the square tower, and she gave a cry of surprise. It was her first experience of a wide view. For a moment she was frightened, but almost instantly steadied herself.

It was a supreme experience. But she said little. Her range of ideas, her range of experiences, had not taught her much of what she ought to feel on the top of a church tower. She was awed, and her face flushed, and she breathed a little more quickly, and turned now in one direction, and now in another.

I knew that she could not see very much of the view; it must have been to her a sort of glorified indistinctness, in the mild glitter of sunlight.

After the first moments of deep-breathed wonder she began eagerly to try to pick out what she could, with her still defective sight and her inexperience. She said nothing of a few rooks circling gracefully; she said nothing of a few flying and fleecy clouds. But she slowly studied the trees, which she was looking at for the first time from above, and with a little laugh of satisfied triumph exclaimed: "Trees! Those must be trees! But before, they have looked like tall things with sticks standing out, and now they look so different!" Constantly, I was amazed at her vocabulary and the correctness with which she used it.

"What is that white thing?" she asked; and when I said it was the bridge she nodded comprehendingly: "I know it very well; I've often been over it."

There was higher ground, rising indistinctly in the haze of distance, beyond the town, and she looked long toward it, as if striving to see into a remote mystery. "Are there hills there?" she said. And then: "You remember that verse, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills'?" And I thought I knew somewhat of what she was thinking. From suggestions now and then, I had seen that she was deeply religious and that religion was a profound comfort to her.

She looked again in silence, and then, reminded by her verse, said: "When I left the blind school, they let me choose four books of the Bible to take home with me, at half price. And I thought and thought, for they cost so much money I wanted to choose right. They cost five shillings apiece!—but I could have the four for ten shillings. And I chose St. John—and St. Matthew—and Isaiah—and Revelation." There came into her face the brightness that it was a pleasure to see, as she added: "I don't understand Revelation, but I like it; it's such fine reading."

"I read a newspaper every week," she went on, proudly. "It's a London newspaper, and a blind friend that I knew at

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school takes it, and then sends it on to me."

We went down again, and it was surprising how readily she picked her way. She barely needed my hand out-stretched behind me to assist her. "At the school they taught us to be as self-reliant as possible," she said, answering my unspoken thought.

We went out again into the streets, and this time to the busier ones. But even here she was undisturbed. Even the electric trams did not frighten her, with their rush and clangor. She had been told what they were, long before, and while blind had become accustomed to their sound. That the cars were not nearly so large as she had imagined them to be marked the limit of her words.

Never, indeed, was there superlative in expression. A thing was larger or smaller than she had supposed; darker or lighter; it frightened her a little or it did not—generally not. And there was nothing that she disliked. Everything that she could see was a thing to be thankful for.

There was much that she did not need to be told. She knew the chemist's shop; she knew the green-grocer's; she knew the shoeshop. And these, without the glance of inquiry, the eager straining look—for she knew them by smell!

I noticed that her sense of color was rapidly developing, and that she was especially beginning to pick out reds and greens. She could recognize oranges even on the farther side of a glass show-window. Vegetables she could not differentiate by sight alone, but knew each kind by touch. And always, she was the eternal feminine: "I like to look in shop-windows!" she exclaimed.

"The buildings are so high—so high!" she exclaimed several times, in astonishment. There was no difficulty in realizing that buildings of two or three stories must indeed represent to her the extreme of loftiness, and assuredly I left it for some one else to tell her about skyscrapers.

In the restaurant she was as outwardly composed as if she had been sitting in such places all her life; and again I wondered how she could have learned sophistication.

Evening was coming on as we turned homeward. I wondered if the darkling twilight bore for her a message of sinister menace. How could it help doing so? "At school, they taught us to be as self-reliant as possible," she said quietly, as she had said once before to me, and as if subtly discerning my unspoken fears for her. A brave woman, this, certain not to fall into vain repinings even if evil should befall; certain to glory forever in the splendid vision given her of the world—to be by the vision splendid, on her way attended—and to be among the happiest and helpfullest of the earth if the Power in which she profoundly but unobtrusively believes shall utter for her the world-old dictate: Let there be light.

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IN THE MANSION YARD

By William Hervey Woods

THERE'S no need now to look about my feet,
  Or lift a cautious chair,
But uses of old years my senses cheat,
  And still I think him there,

Along the hearth-rug stretched, in full content,
  Fond of the fire as I—
Ah! there were some things with the old dog went
  I had not thought could die.

The flawless faith mankind not often earn
  Nor give, he gave to me,
And that deep fondness in his eyes did burn
  Mine own were shamed to see.

And though to men great Isis Isis is
  But while she wears her veil,
This love looked on my stark infirmities
  Life-long, and did not fail.

And is it clean gone? Nay, an Indian's heart
  Have I, and even in heaven,
If heaven be mine, I pray some humble part
  To earth-joys may be given—

Far down the ringing streets, some quiet yard,
  Drowsy with afternoon
And bees, with young grass dandelion-starred,
  And lilacs breathing June—

Across whose mossy walls the rolling psalms,
  Like dream-songs, come aloud,
Shall float, and flying angels vex our calms
  No more than flying cloud—

Some nook within my Father's House, where still
  He lets me hide old toys,
Nor shames me even if foolish Memory will
  Play with long laid-by joys.

There may my friend await, as once on earth,
  My step, my hand's caress,
And naught of Heaven-town mingle with our mirth
  But everlastingness.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IF it is true, as has been so often asserted, that we bring away from a book practically what we take to it, it is easy to see why most critics have overlooked that one of Dickens's characteristics which looms largest before me when I think of my own row of dog-eared volumes. The majority of critics have not taken long years of house-keeping to his novels, and they have brought no housekeeping away. They could never feel the keen delight of stopping in the midst of a morning's dusting to snatch a friendly copy of the Beloved Boz from the shelves in order to extract from his inexhaustible stores a recipe for a rechauffé, a prescription for a tonic, a suggestion for a menu, a hint on the management of servants, a warning against personal incompetence, or an inspiration to all the housewifely virtues. These are all to be found there, and every novel-loving housewife knows that romance and housekeeping are as inextricably interwoven in his books as in the pages of the modern women's magazines.

What Every Housewife Knows

If his intense interest in house-keeping represented some special movement of his age, I should marvel less, but the attitude of his contemporaries puts this theory to rout. I remember that George Eliot spent hours in the dairy, and I look for traces of her experience in her novels, but I find that most famous of housewives, Mrs. Poyser, giving no specific advice about household matters, and confining herself to frequent scoldings about the delinquencies of the "gells," scoldings of no practical service to the present-day reader tossing on a troubled domestic sea. I recall that Thackeray, the social registrar, described many a formal dinner and "swarry," but I turn his pages only to discover that Miss Fotheringay, cleaning her white satin slippers with bread crumbs, is one of his few incidents which could be adapted to human nature's daily needs. I admit that Meredith has given us one immortal house-keeper, Mrs. Berry, "that bunch of black satin," who assures us that "kissin' don't last. Cookery do"; but Mrs. Berry is remembered as a culinary philosopher rather than a practical demonstrator of the art, and Mrs. Todgers is her undeniable prototype.

Dickens seems to stand alone in making his plot develop by means of cooking, meals, and household tasks. Despite his delightful pages where Bella Wilfer administers a knock both figurative and literal to the "Complete British Housewife," the cook-book of his day, he himself is often as explicit about matters of food as the cooking manuals of the present year of grace. In nearly all his longer stories someone's house-keeping is carefully, not always agreeably, delineated and its influence upon the home is given full emphasis. His two most famous house-keepers are those that might be denominated destructive housewives—Home Wreckers—Mrs. Jellyby, the Inefficient, and Dora Copperfield, the Incompetent. The keynote to Mrs. Jellyby's house-keeping is disorder, and it requires a full half-page to enumerate the conglomeration of heterogeneous articles collected in one of her closets. Whenever I open at this page, I invariably cast everything else aside and devote the day to the cleaning of cupboards! Dora and her house-keeping, superintended by Jip, is one of the most pathetic histories in any literature, yet when I realize what material havoc Dora wrought I almost forget her pathos in my haste to make my own account-books balance. A thorough study of these two characters would, I believe, do more for the future happiness of any Young-Woman-About-To-Be-Married than an entire course in that comparatively new branch which the students call "Dom Econ;" and here one great artist might outweigh several exact scientists.

In direct contrast to these are the beautiful portraits of two constructive housewives—Home Builders—Agnes Wickfield, the Efficient, and Esther Summerson, the Competent—and in both cases their vocation is continually suggested by the introduction of a bunch of keys. When David first sees Agnes she has a "little basket trifle hanging at her side with keys in it," and these keys appear again and again all through the nar-

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rative until its happy climax when she looks down at them and says, "They seem to jingle a kind of old tune!" Esther Summerson's first experience at Bleak House is the presentation of the keys, and after this they are constantly in evidence while she is portrayed as the busy young house-keeper, making lists of her preserves, balancing her neat accounts, serenely pursuing her household tasks, until to the most casual reader they eventually become the symbol of tender household ministrations. I know of no better incentive to order and devotion in home life than the example of these two young women.

They are not the only instances, however, for all through the books we catch glimpses of successful and attractive housewifery. There is Traddles's Sophy, "the dearest girl!" "her punctuality, economy and order!" there is Betsy Trotwood, washing the teacups and folding the cloth; there is gentle Florence Dombey sweeping the hearth at Captain Cuttle's; there is pretty Mary rolling the rugs with some aid from Sam Weller, and there are many, many more. On almost every page food is served in one form or another, and some of the most distinguished characters are introduced through the medium of a meal. Mrs. Jarley, Dolly Varden, Mrs. Maylie and Rose, the Father of the Infant Phenomenon, and Mr. F.'s Aunt, all make their initial entrances at the table.

There is a continuous performance of tea drinkings. Over the Squeers's teacups, Nicholas Nickleby meets John Browdie; with the aid of the teapot Mrs. Harris's fate is forever settled; in a tea-room Flora Casby makes her great confession to Little Dorrit; steeping the fragrant leaves the Heeps first assert their oppressive humbleness, and "with a little more flip" in her cup Mrs. Micawber avers that she "will never desert Mr. Micawber."

Through "Our Mutual Friend" more than all, are carried two great domestic strands. From the beginning to the end of the book the Handford-Hexam murder mystery is expanded by the discussions at the Veneering dinner-parties under the shadow of the "camels." The romance of the fascinating Bella Wilfer, on the other hand, from the time she first appears as a wilful girl, tossing her curls, until she becomes the Mendicant's Bride, is developed in a series of purely domestic scenes. When she finally leaves us, the Inexhaustible Baby in her arms, she is dreaming of the furniture in the new nursery.

The supreme use, perhaps, which Dickens makes of cookery is where the romance actually turns upon the concoction of a beefsteak pie. Peggotty was famous for her beefsteak pie, and it was a favorite dish of Vincent Crummles, but with Ruth Pinch and John Westlock it becomes the tissue from which love is woven. When I open at this passage, I lay down my duster and hasten to the pantry, hoping and expecting to find Cupid perched on the bread-board or hovering over the flour-barrel. Thus far his actual presence has not been vouchsafed me, but I feel that I have found something just as valuable.

No! It was no mere chance that prompted Dickens to call his magazine "Household Words." He was and is saturated with them, and the youngest housewife may perceive this more clearly than the oldest critic.

The Dash

HAVE you not noticed, in our current literature, the wide-spread epidemic of dashes that has broken out upon the printed page? In books and in periodicals it is alike prevalent; treatise, essay, and story are equally subject to it. I sometimes wonder, in picking up one of the more popular magazines, if an editorial fiat has gone forth that no tale shall be accepted unless it contains at least one dash to each sentence. Do they pay by the dash, one wonders, as the eye follows gap and hiatus in line after line and column after column? True, these blank spaces often constitute the best part of the page, and the grateful eye sometimes rests upon them with relief, but so plentiful and so unnecessary are they that one wonders if they point to a gradual but sure elimination of the text itself, in deference to a generation whose animal energies so far outstrip the mental. Are we going back to that long howl or bark, innocent of words and of ideas, which Mr. Jesperson, in a learned essay, assures us was the origin of human speech?

The dashes are of as many kinds as are the kinds of style that they decorate. Most common, perhaps, is the dash of inexpressible emotion.

"'Real love is—'" she broke off and returned suddenly to her light tone. . . .

"'Don't you know—haven't you seen—that—that I've always loved you?'

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"'It doesn't seem as if it could be a real, grown-up love——'

"Their eyes met and glanced away.

"'Can't you understand——'

"'You are sorry you said it. You would take it back if you could——'"

Then there is the psychological-subtle dash.

"These words, he was well aware, left his wife—given her painful narrowness—a bristling quiver of retorts to draw from; yet it was not without a silent surprise that he saw her, with her irritated eyes on him, extract a bolt of finest point. 'The pleasure then, in her view, you make out—since you make out such wonders—is to be all for us only?'"

Space forbids further quotation; one need but turn to our more serious writers of fiction to find instances innumerable of this baldly apparent, self-conscious device for securing piquant effects.

Closely related to the first class, the dash of inexpressible emotion, possibly also, though I should hardly dare suggest this, to the second class, is the plain-lazy dash. This hardly needs illustration; it confronts us everywhere. Naturally, it is easier to draw a line upon the page than it is to write out even the very obvious words that go with the plain-lazy style. In all these types there is a fundamental insincerity, whether the author is trying to suggest more emotion than is really there, or to hint a deeper meaning than is in his mind. By this device he imposes upon the reader, making him supply what the author lacks, suggesting, by this hiatus and that long pause, unspeakable things that he may have been, but probably was not thinking or feeling, but which he apparently hopes the reader will take the trouble to think and to feel.

I do not object to the dash as a dash, but to its excessive and inappropriate use. There are places where it serves a real need, as, for instance, in the essays and the letters of Charles Lamb. When, as in his case, the style is full of sudden quips and cranks and turns, it is well for the printed page to bear some device that meets the inner need. The charm of his thought is that it comes in flashes; and the imaginative suggestions are so diverse and so various that they are best indicated by this symbol of sudden break. In the case of the majority of those who use and over-use it, however, there is no such reason. What quips and sudden turns of thought are to be found, may I ask, in the prose of Mrs. Humphry Ward that she should thus disfigure her even, straightforward sentences? For the amiable mental processes of Richard Meynell no such device is needed to suggest complex mentality, and seeing his plain thoughts thus tricked out makes upon me an impression of as great incongruity as it would to see Matthew Arnold jumping rope.

Any amount of extraneous material can be thrust into sentences so made. It is as easy as throwing miscellaneous articles into the waste-basket, and in much of the writing employing this device the relation of the component parts is about the same. With this freedom, what mark or measure is there for the sentence? Why should it ever begin or ever end? I object to this impressionist punctuation, this chaotic and emotional kind of expression, this exclamatory and fragmentary thought. It is hard to have the meaning of a sentence, just as you were about to grasp it, *dashed* away; to have, if I may change the figure, the clew to the labyrinth break in your hands; to find yourself, if I may change it again, brought up standing, with a sudden wrench, as if some one were jerking the reins, and to find all meaning thrown violently out of your mind. When this happens, you naturally think that something in the thought has changed, and that you are to turn in another direction. But no! In nine cases out of ten you find yourself at exactly the same point in the same old subject, and you find it far harder to get back into the rut than it would have been to stay in. You lose mental confidence and grow nervous, as one who feels that a leg of the chair in which he is sitting may at any moment come out, or the wheel of his carriage roll independently away.

No good tailor would think of leaving an inch gap between sleeve and arm-hole, nor would a decent carpenter leave yawning pauses between his shingles. My chief objection to the dash is that it acts as a disintegrating force upon both form and subject-matter. The integrity of the sentence is disappearing before it, and with it is disappearing that skilful adjustment of minor phrases to the main phrase which alone can achieve delicate gradations and shades of meaning. The art of modifying your idea and explaining it in a fashion that brings out the relative values of the more and the less important parts is becoming a lost art, and the mastery of conjunctions, so marvellous in Newman's closely knit and logical prose, has already largely disappeared. Instead of a finely wrought bit of architecture, where every

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atom is in its rightful place, you are given, in the typical modern sentence, a heap of rolling stones, whose harsh sides grate one against another, as the meaning scatters everywhere and nowhere, the little clause that might mean so much in the right place tumbling over the larger clause and so being lost to sight and sense. Of what use is our alleged modern development in complex, many-sided thought, if subtlety of cunning sentence-structure, whereby this may be wrought out, is beyond us? Often in coming upon one of these long, meaningless dashes one feels as if, in some delicate triumph of architecture, one had discovered a sudden gap in arch or pillar. It achieves the impossible, substituting a hole where nothing but firmest substance would suffice.

My wrath is greatest when I find these marks thrust into my own writing, by dashing editor or proof-reader, anxious to keep up with the times; for I have resisted temptation, have struggled to manipulate my adjectives, my participles, my conjunctions so that definite design may be visible in my sentences. To have my careful dove-tailing torn asunder and wide spaces thrust between maddens me. Great also is my wrath when I find the tendency working unconsciously within me, with the subtle temptation to escape trouble. You would be distressed to know how many times, in writing down the foregoing brief remarks, I have found myself using it, and have removed it with maledictions.

Dash take the Dash!

THE FIELD OF ART

THE MUSEUM AND THE TEACHING OF ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

IN discussing the uses of the museum in connection with the teaching of art, the most important things to consider are, first, what we mean by "the teaching of art," and, second, what purpose is to be subserved by such teaching. Of course, in the strict sense of the words, art cannot be taught at all, but what we ordinarily call the teaching of art may be classed under three heads. In the first place we can teach *about* art. A great deal of the teaching in our schools and colleges, a great deal that appears in books and lectures everywhere, is, I think, rather teaching about art than teaching art. It is teaching the history of art; to some extent the theory of art. It is a very useful kind of teaching in its place, and for its own ends, but it is to be clearly distinguished from the other two kinds of teaching—the teaching of, or the assistance and encouragement in, the appreciation of art, which is the rarest kind of teaching; and the teaching of the use of the tools of art, which is what all teachers of drawing or of modelling are engaged in.

Now, it is obvious that in this teaching about art—this teaching of the history or the theory of art—a museum is a tool of the highest utility. It is possible, as we know too well, to teach something of art history by lectures and text-books without the use of concrete examples; but such teaching is pretty sure to degenerate into a teaching of names, or about names, instead of a teaching about things. It is a little pathetic to see the hunger for such teaching—to note how many people go to lectures on the history of art, or read books on that history, without ever realizing that they know nothing—really nothing—about the things of which they are hearing or reading.

But whatever you may learn of the history of art without seeing the actual objects which are the subject of that history, you can learn not at all to appreciate art without studying the objects themselves. The best that you can get outside of a good museum is a limited supply of photographs or of illustrations in books—and these are a very poor substitute. One really good picture of almost any school or epoch, one fragment of Greek sculpture or of Gothic carving, is a far better introduction to the enjoyment of art than all of the illustrations in all of the illustrated books on art that have been printed. In the attempt to teach appreciation the museum is not merely a valuable aid, it is an absolute necessity.

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In the third form of teaching—the teaching of the use of the tools of art—the museum is less obviously necessary; and as a matter of fact such teaching, whether in the professional art schools or in general schools, has made little use of the museum. I think it can be shown, however, that even in this part of the teaching of art the uses of the museum are many and its facilities should be taken advantage of.

As to the purpose of art teaching in our schools, I imagine it to have two principal aims or ends. I imagine art to be taught in the schools, first, for the sake of general culture; and, second, for the training of eye and hand, and for the providing of a valuable tool for use in the future life of the students.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of art teaching for the diffusion of culture. Our general school training becomes of necessity more and more a matter of utility. The necessarily, obviously useful things that will help a student to gain a living are insisted upon; and what used to be called the "humanities" are perforce more and more neglected. We all know how much regret has been felt and expressed at the gradual decay of the study of Greek in our institutions of learning. Now, it seems to me that in the teaching of art there is a pretty good substitute for some of the more humane studies that are being discontinued. The tendency to do away with the study of Greek is lamented by scholars because, they say, the Greek spirit is of the utmost importance to our general culture and to our finer and higher education; but, as long as there is Greek sculpture and Greek architecture to be studied in our museums, it seems to me we need not despair of arriving at some very tolerable notion of the Greek spirit. I have always been interested in the story that has been told of Goethe, who, when he was about to write his "Iphigenia," wished to fill himself with the Greek spirit and did it, not by reading Greek tragedies, but by taking a course of drawing from the antique.

The theory of art, I think, we can dismiss from this discussion as a thing hardly to be taught in the ordinary schools. The theory of art, or what we know as æsthetics, is a branch of metaphysics—a thing only to be understood or enjoyed by very advanced students—by mature minds. And, on the other hand, if a child or a young person in the high-schools can be brought to take a natural and healthy interest in art—the concrete thing as it exists—I think he need not be troubled much about the theory of it. He can be allowed to take that for granted—leaving it as a matter for the metaphysicians and the æstheticians to discuss.

Of the teaching of the history of art there is much more that is favorable to be said; but that teaching has also its dangers. I think there is always a little danger that in studying and in teaching the history of art we shall get too much into the scientific frame of mind—shall get to thinking too much of the importance of things as specimens. Thinking scientifically, rather than artistically, we shall classify and pigeonhole and come to treat a work of art as if it were an insect with a pin through it. If we are to gain much for culture out of the study of art we have got to know it as something alive—not as something in a cabinet with a label on it. In studying the work of art as if it were conveniently dead, we are studying, in reality, archæology rather than art, for archæology does not necessarily confine itself to the study of the work of extinct peoples. There is Egyptian archæology and Greek archæology, but there is also, nowadays, a good deal of Renaissance archæology. Even the study of modern art may reduce itself to what one may call a sort of premature archæology. The archæologist looks at a work of art for the light it throws on history or the life of man, on customs or costumes, on religion, or a thousand other things, but he sometimes forgets that the one important thing about a work of art is its beauty. We should remember that the teaching of art history is, after all, less a branch of the teaching of art than a branch of the teaching of history. As a branch of the teaching of history it has very great importance; but for those specifically engaged in trying to get some idea of the meaning of art into the minds of the young, such teaching should take a minor place.

The important thing about a work of art, then, for us is not its country or its date, or the name of its author—not its authenticity or any other fact about it—the important thing is its beauty. If it have not beauty it is useless for our purpose, however

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authentic and interesting it may be as a specimen. And that is one of the things that makes it necessary to use a museum with discretion—for a museum necessarily contains a good many specimens which have their interest of one or another sort, but which are not beautiful. They may not be beautiful, possibly, because the whole art of a certain period or school was unbeautiful; or they may be unbeautiful because they are the inferior works of a given period or the failures of a particular artist. But the things which in themselves intrinsically possess beauty are the only things which should interest us. If it have real beauty it does not much matter when a work of art was made, or where or by whom it was made—its beauty is its reason for existence; and the best we can do for the young people over whom we may have an influence is to try to encourage, and as far as possible to train, their appreciation of the beautiful. It is, therefore, the second kind of art teaching, the training in the appreciation of art, that is most important for our first purpose —that of the diffusion of culture.

Now, it is not an easy thing to do—to train the appreciation of art. As far as it can be done at all it can be done in a museum, and hardly anywhere else; and it becomes of the utmost importance, therefore, that relations between the museums and the schools should be systematic, and should be kept constantly in view.

I should like not only to see regular trips to the museum at certain intervals by classes under the direction of their teachers, but I should like to see the school children encouraged to go to the museum of their own volition—to go in their spare hours and on their holidays. I should like to see some reason given to them to do this; some question asked them that they could there find an answer for. I should like to see anything done that might tend to give them the museum habit—a habit which is lamentably lacking in a large class of well-to-do and well-educated people.

But I think it might be rather dangerous to try to give too much direction at first to these young people. I can imagine that if one took a class through the rooms of a good museum, carefully pointing out the best things and explaining why they should be admired and why they are the best, one might readily produce the result that a good many teachers of literature produce—the result of making the pupils hate the best things forever. My notion would be to take the horse to water, but not at first to try too hard to make him drink. Take the children to the museum. Let them range a little. See what they like. Find out, if you can, whether they really like anything; and when they like something, find out why. Then, it seems to me, if you can find out why any child or young person has liked a particular work of art, you can begin to point out the quality he has liked in other things, in better form and in higher degree; and you can gradually produce a very decided impression on the taste of the student.

To this end we must specially guard against the old error of thinking of art as a thing made up of pictures in gold frames and statues standing on pedestals. We must not forget the great number and variety of objects collected in a museum of art, and the genuinely artistic nature of almost all of these objects. Take, for example, a collection of musical instruments, and I can imagine a sense of line being awakened for the first time by the study of these instruments, just as I can imagine a sense of color being awakened by the study of the deep tones and rich glazes of some piece of oriental pottery.

In the first place, many of these things, by their associations, are more likely to interest the young than the pictures and the statues —certainly than the statues. And, in the second place, I am not at all sure that the purely artistic sensations cannot be given more directly by some of these works of minor art than by works of painting or sculpture, because the artistic element is less entangled with the question of representation. When we look at a picture we are inevitably thinking somewhat of the subject; we are inevitably thinking of the things represented, and the color of the picture, as color, does not come to us with anything like the force and the clearness and simplicity of appeal that it might have coming from some oriental plaque. So with beauty of line, which it is hard to disentangle from representation, but which is entirely disconnected with representation in the fine forms of a musical instrument or of a beautiful piece of furniture. Therefore, in trying to cultivate artistic appreciation in the young, I should, especially in the begin-

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ning, allow them a wide range of choice of subject, trying, little by little, to lead them to a finer, higher appreciation of the qualities they had first shown a liking for, taking them from the line of a fiddle neck to the line of a drawing by Botticelli, and from the color of a tile to the color of a Titian.

If this could be done—if the pupils of our public schools could be brought frequently to a museum and encouraged to come oftener by themselves until they became pretty familiar with its contents, there seems to be no real reason why, in a few years, such pupils should not have a really sounder, better-based, and more cultivated taste in the fine arts than many of the members of our highly educated classes.

The third form of the teaching of art, the teaching of the use of the tools of art, reduces itself, for our purpose, practically to the teaching of drawing. I do not think painting can be profitably taught in our public schools, and I shall not now consider the teaching of modelling, though much of what I shall say of the teaching of drawing would apply to the other study. This form of art teaching is especially fitted to promote the second of our aims, the training of eye and hand and the providing of a useful tool for the life work of the student. Drawing as a training of eye and hand is a kind of physical culture. It sharpens the senses, broadens the powers, and stimulates the observation and the intelligence, making of the student a finer and every way more efficient being than he could become without it. Drawing is also, in many walks of life, an indispensable tool, and I can imagine no walk of life in which the power of expressing oneself with lines might not occasionally be of the utmost service. Therefore, I consider the teaching of drawing a most important part of a good general education.

Now, the highest possible material for the study of drawing is undoubtedly the human figure; but I take it that very few of the pupils in our schools are at all likely to become professional artists, and I am quite certain that the amount of time which can be given to the teaching of drawing in the schools is utterly insufficient for any useful attempt at the mastery of the human figure. Therefore, I should eliminate at once from such teaching any attempt to draw the human figure, either from life or from casts or copies. Landscape is poor material for the training of the sense of form. The whole tendency of the study of landscape is necessarily toward the perception of color, of light and shade, and of effect, and toward the neglect of the precise study of form. Whatever may be proper for the education of the artist, I am quite certain that for the education of the artisan, and for the general training of eye and hand which is good for every one, any impressionistic work, any work that attempts "effect" or concerns itself with the subtleties and intricacies of light, is work in a mistaken direction. Therefore, as far as the teaching of drawing in the public schools is concerned, I should say at once, don't try to connect this teaching of drawing with pictures, or even to any great extent with figure sculpture. What you want for the kind of study of drawing that is necessary to the training of eye and hand, and to the forming of a useful tool, is something precise, definite, and simple in its forms. There can be nothing better for the purposes in view than the study of ornament and of the minor and decorative arts—the arts of pottery and furniture and the like—and good material for that kind of study may be found in the museum. For the future use of the pupil he has no need of effect, of mystery, of all that impressionism deals with. What he wants is a tool that will lend itself to the mastery of concrete facts. He wants to be able to see what the shapes of things and the makes of things are, and for his general training it is even more important that he should learn to see the facts of form and construction before thinking of effect. Let the teacher, therefore, discourage anything more than clear outline drawing, with a minimum of light and shade, making the attainment of exact proportion and construction the principal aim.

It is to be remembered that many of the pupils in the public schools are likely to practise one or another trade or handicraft in which not only will drawing be useful to them, but in which a knowledge of what has been done in the past in the way of artistic handicraft will also be of inestimable advantage. Now, such things, for instance, as the beautiful furniture and mural decorations of the eighteenth century can only be really understood by drawing them; and for the general cultivation of the pupils, for providing them with that power to draw, which will be a useful tool for them, and for

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the incidental gaining of some real understanding of the various styles of historic ornament and of some appreciation of the beauty of workmanship to be found in work in the minor and decorative arts of past times, I should wish that all classes in drawing connected with our public schools should have a certain regular allotment of time for work in the museum, where, instead of drawing from insignificant objects or from copies of one sort or another, they should be able to draw from really fine specimens of decorative art.

One thing more as to the methods of such study and I shall have done. I think in almost all modern study of art there is a lamentable neglect of the training of the memory. But perhaps even more than to the artist is it essential to the artisan that his memory be trained. Certainly a stonecutter should be able to carve an acanthus leaf "out of his head," and not have to go and look it up somewhere, and a woodcarver should surely "know by heart" most of the ornamental forms he is in the habit of employing. I should feel that half the value of a sound training in drawing was lost if it were not made to include a training of the memory as well as of the eye and hand. Therefore, in working with a class of pupils in drawing in a museum, my idea would be to set them to drawing selected objects in the museum, and then to ask them to reproduce these drawings from memory when away from the objects. As the pupils became more used to the work and more able to analyze and to remember the forms of things, I should set the more advanced among them to study the objects in the museum without drawing at all—simply making mental notes and deciding upon the height and width and construction of the thing on its form and on its ornament; and then I should ask them to make their drawing in the absence of the model, at school or at home, returning as often as necessary to the museum to correct their impressions, but never touching the drawing in the presence of the object. In working either from memory of a previous drawing, or from direct memory of the object itself, the student should, of course, have the aid of the instructor in comparing his work with the original in the museum, and should be shown where his drawing is wrong, and what is the nature and the importance of his mistakes.

I do not believe that every one can learn to draw. I think there are people without eye as there are people without ear. There are people who will never draw, just as there are people who will never be able to play an air by ear or from memory. But such a course of training the eye and the hand by drawing from objects of decorative art, and of training the memory by constant practice of the sort here recommended—all this done definitely and decisively, without sketching and scrawling, or impressionistic treatment of light and shade, but with a constant insistence upon clear statement of form—such a course should put into the hands of some considerable part of the class a fundamentally better and more generally available knowledge of drawing than is possessed by many a well-known artist to-day.

KENYON COX.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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BLOOD WILL TELL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE other men in the Broadway office took a different view. As Wyckoff, one of Burdett's flying squadron of travelling salesmen, said, "All grandfathers look alike to me, whether they're great, or great-great-great. Each one is as dead as the other. I'd rather have a live cousin who could loan me a five, or slip me a drink. What did your great-great-dad ever do for *you?*"

"Well, for one thing," said David stiffly, "he fought in the War of the Revolution. He saved us from the shackles of monarchical England; he made it possible for me and you to enjoy the liberties of a free republic."

"Don't try to tell *me* your grandfather did all that," protested Wyckoff. "There were a lot of others helped. I read about it in a book."

Wyckoff dived into his inner pocket and produced a leather photograph case that folded like a concertina.

"I don't want to be a descendant," he said; "I'd rather be an ancestor. Look at those." Proudly he exhibited photographs of Mrs. Wyckoff and three little Wyckoffs. David looked with envy at the children.

"When I'm married," he stammered, and at the words he blushed, "I hope to be an ancestor, but, for the present, I am proud to be a descendant."

David Greene was an employee of the Burdett Automatic Punch Company. The manufacturing plant was at Bridgeport, but in the New York offices there were working samples of all the punches, from the little nickel-plated hand punch with which conductors squeezed holes in railroad tickets, to the big punch that could bite into an iron plate as into a piece of pie. David's duty was to explain these different punches, and accordingly when Burdett Senior or one of the sons turned a customer over to David he spoke of him as a salesman. But David called himself a "demonstrator." He succeeded even in persuading the other salesmen to speak of themselves as demonstrators, but the shipping clerks and book-keepers laughed them out of it. They could not laugh David out of it. This was so because he had a great-great-grandfather. Among the salesmen on lower Broadway, to possess a great-great-grandfather is unusual, even a great-grandfather is a rarity, and either is considered superfluous. But to David the possession of a great-great-grandfather was a precious and open delight. He had possessed him only for a short time. Undoubtedly he always had existed, but it was not until David's sister Anne married a doctor in Bordentown, New Jersey, and became socially ambitious, that David emerged as a Son of Washington.

It was sister Anne, anxious to "get in" as a "Daughter" and wear a distaff pin on her shirt-waist, who discovered the revolutionary ancestor. She unearthed him, or rather ran him to earth, in the graveyard of the Presbyterian church at Bordentown. He was no less a person than General Hiram Greene, and he had fought with Washington at Trenton and at Princeton. Of this there was no doubt. That, later on, moving to New York, his descendants became peace-loving salesmen did not affect his record. To enter a society founded on heredity the important thing is first to catch your ancestor, and having made sure of him, David entered the Society of the Sons of Washington with flying colors. He had gone to bed a timid, underpaid salesman without a relative in the world, except a married sister in Bordentown, and he awoke to find he was a direct descendant of "Neck or Nothing" Greene, a revolutionary hero, a friend of Washington, a man whose portrait hung in the State

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House at Trenton. David's life had lacked color. The day he carried his certificate of membership to the big jewelry store uptown and purchased two rosettes, one for each of his two coats, was the proudest of his life.

At first when he showed the other clerks his parchment certificate, and his silver gilt insignia with on one side a portrait of Washington, and on the other a Continental soldier, they admitted it was dead swell. They even envied him, not the grandfather, but the fact that owing to that distinguished relative David was constantly receiving beautifully engraved invitations to attend the monthly meetings of the society; to erect monuments on battle-fields, to mark neglected graves; to join in joyous excursions to the tomb of Washington or of David Paul Jones; to be among those present at the annual "banquet" at Delmonico's.

In these communications he was always addressed as "Dear Compatriot," and never did the words fail to give him a thrill. They seemed to lift him out of Burdett's salesrooms and Broadway, and place him next to things uncommercial, untainted, high, and noble. He did not quite know what an aristocrat was, but he believed being a compatriot made him an aristocrat. When customers were rude, when Mr. John or Mr. Robert were overbearing, this idea enabled David to rise above their ill-temper, and he would smile and say to himself: "If they knew the meaning of the blue rosette in my buttonhole, how differently they would treat me! How easily with a word could I crush them!"

But few of the customers recognized the significance of the button. They thought it meant that David belonged to the Y. M. C. A. or was a teetotaler.

When Wyckoff mentioned marriage, the reason David blushed was because although no one in the office suspected it he wished to marry the person in whom the office took the greatest pride. This was Miss Emily Anthony, one of Burdett and Sons' youngest, most efficient, and prettiest stenographers, and although David did not cut as dashing a figure as did some of the firm's travelling men, Miss Anthony had found something in him so greatly to admire that she had, out of office hours, accepted his devotion, his theatre tickets, and an engagement ring. Indeed, so far had matters progressed, that it had been almost decided when in a few months they would go upon their vacations they also would go upon their honeymoon. And then a cloud had come between them, and from a quarter from which David had expected only sunshine.

The trouble befell when David discovered he had a great-great-grandfather. With that fact itself Miss Anthony was almost as pleased as was David himself, but while he was content to bask in another's glory, Miss Anthony saw in his inheritance only an incentive to achieve glory for himself.

From a hard-working salesman she had asked but little, but from a descendant of a national hero she expected other things. She was a determined young person, and for David she was an ambitious young person. She found she was dissatisfied. She found she was disappointed. The great-great-grandfather had opened up a new horizon—had, in a way, raised the standard. She was as fond of David as always, but his tales of past wars and battles, his accounts of present banquets at which he sat shoulder to shoulder with men of whom even Burdett and Sons spoke with awe, touched her imagination.

"You shouldn't be content to just wear a button," she urged. "If you're a Son of Washington, you ought to act like one."

"I know I'm not worthy of you," David sighed.

"I don't mean that, and you know I don't," Emily replied indignantly. "It has nothing to do with me! I want you to be worthy of yourself, of your grandpa Hiram!"

"But *how?*" complained David. "What chance has a twenty-five dollar a week clerk——"

It was a year before the Spanish-American War, while the patriots of Cuba were fighting the mother country for their independence.

"If I were a Son of Washington," said Emily, "I'd go to Cuba and help free it."

"Don't talk nonsense," cried David. "If I did that I'd lose my job, and we'd never be able to marry. Besides, what's Cuba done for me? All I know about Cuba is I once smoked a Cuban cigar and it made me ill."

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"Did Lafayette talk like that?" demanded Emily. "Did he ask what have the American rebels ever done for me?"

"If I were in Lafayette's class," sighed David, "I wouldn't be selling automatic punches."

"There's your trouble," declared Emily. "You lack self-confidence. You're too humble, you've got fighting blood and you ought to keep saying to yourself, 'Blood will tell,' and the first thing you know, it *will* tell! You might join the militia. That takes only one night a week, and then, if we *did* go to war with Spain, you'd get a commission, and come back a captain!"

Emily's eyes were beautiful with delight. But the sight gave David no pleasure. In genuine distress, he shook his head.

"Emily," he said, "you're going to be awfully disappointed in me."

Emily's eyes closed as though they shied at some mental picture. But when she opened them they were bright, and her smile was kind and eager.

"No, I'm not," she protested; "only I want a husband with a career, and one who'll tell me to keep quiet when I try to run his for him."

"I've often wished you would," said David.

"Would what? Run your career for you?"

"No, keep quiet. Only it didn't seem polite to tell you so."

"Maybe I'd like you better," said Emily, "if you weren't so darned polite."

A week later, early in the spring of 1897, the unexpected happened, and David was promoted into the flying squadron. He now was a travelling salesman, with a raise in salary and a commission on orders. It was a step forward, but as going on the road meant absence from Emily, David was not elated. Nor did it satisfy Emily. It was not money she wanted. Her ambition for David could not be silenced with a raise in wages. She did not say this, but David knew that in him she still found something lacking, and when they said good-by they both were ill at ease and completely unhappy. Formerly, each day when Emily in passing David in the office said good-morning, she used to add the number of the days that still separated them from the vacation which also was to be their honeymoon. But for the last month she had stopped counting the days—at least she did not count them aloud.

David did not ask her why this was so. He did not dare. And, sooner than learn the truth she had decided not to marry him, or that she was even considering not marrying him, he asked no questions, but in ignorance of her present feelings set forth on his travels. Absence from Emily hurt just as much as he had feared it would. He missed her, needed her, longed for her. In numerous letters he told her so. But, owing to the frequency with which he moved, her letters never caught up with him. It was almost a relief. He did not care to think of what they might tell him.

The route assigned David took him through the South and kept him close to the Atlantic seaboard. In obtaining orders he was not unsuccessful, and at the end of the first month received from the firm a telegram of congratulation. This was of importance chiefly because it might please Emily. But he knew that in her eyes the great-great-grandson of Hiram Greene could not rest content with a telegram from Burdett and Sons. A year before she would have considered it a high honor, a cause for celebration. Now, he could see her press her pretty lips together, and shake her pretty head. It was not enough. But how could he accomplish more? He began to hate his great-great-grandfather. He began to wish Hiram Greene had lived and died a bachelor.

And then Dame Fortune took David in hand and toyed with him and spanked him, and pelted and petted him, until finally she made him her favorite son. Dame Fortune went about this work in an abrupt and arbitrary manner.

On the night of the 1st of January, 1898, two trains were scheduled to leave the Union Station at Jacksonville at exactly the same minute, and they left exactly on time. As never before in the history of any Southern railroad has this miracle occurred, it shows that when Dame Fortune gets on the job she is omnipotent. She placed David on the train to Miami as the train he wanted drew out for Tampa, and an hour later when the con-

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ductor looked at David's ticket he pulled the bell-cord and dumped David over the side into the heart of a pine forest. If he walked back along the track for one mile, the conductor reassured him, he would find a flag station where at midnight he could stop a train going north. In an hour it would deliver him safely in Jacksonville.

"I don't want to be a descendant," he said; "I'd rather be an ancestor."—Page 130.

There was a moon, but for the greater part of the time it was hidden by fitful, hurrying clouds, and, as David stumbled forward, at one moment he would see the rails like streaks of silver, and the next would be encompassed in a complete and bewildering darkness. He made his way from tie to tie only by feeling with his foot. After an hour he came to a shed. Whether it was or was not the flag station, he did not know, and he never did know. He was too tired, too hot, and too disgusted to proceed, and dropping his suit case he sat down under the open roof of the shed prepared to wait either for the train or daylight. So far as he could see, on every side of him stretched a swamp, silent, dismal, interminable. From its black water rose dead trees, naked of bark and hung with streamers of funereal moss. There was not a sound or sign of human habitation. The silence was the silence of the ocean at night. David remembered the berth reserved for him on the train to Tampa and of the loathing with which he had considered placing himself between its sheets. But now how gladly would he welcome it! For, in the sleeping car, ill-smelling, close and stuffy, he at least would have been surrounded by fellow-sufferers of his own species. Here his companions were owls, water-snakes, and sleeping buzzards.

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"I am alone," he told himself, "on a railroad embankment, entirely surrounded by crocodiles."

And then he found he was not alone.

In the darkness, illuminated by a match, not a hundred yards from him there flashed suddenly the face of a man. Then the match went out and the face with it. David noted that it had appeared at some height above the level of the swamp, at an elevation higher even than that of the embankment. It was as though the man had been sitting on the limb of a tree. David crossed the tracks and found that on the side of the embankment opposite the shed there was solid ground and what once had been a wharf. He advanced over this cautiously, and as he did so the clouds disappeared, and in the full light of the moon he saw a bayou broadening into a river, and made fast to the decayed and rotting wharf an ocean-going tug. It was from her deck that the man, in lighting his pipe, had shown his face. At the thought of a warm engine-room and the company of his fellow-creatures, David's heart leaped with pleasure. He advanced quickly. And then something in the appearance of the tug, something mysterious, secretive, threatening, caused him to halt. No lights showed from her engine-room, cabin, or pilot-house. Her decks were empty. But, as was evidenced by the black smoke that rose from her funnel, she was awake and awake to some purpose. David stood uncertainly, questioning whether to make his presence known or return to the loneliness of the shed. The question was decided for him. He had not considered that standing in the moonlight he was a conspicuous figure. The planks of the wharf creaked and a man came toward him. As one who means to attack, or who fears attack, he approached warily. He wore high boots, riding breeches, and a sombrero. He was a little man, but his movements were alert and active. To David he seemed unnecessarily excited. He thrust himself close against David.

"I know I'm not worthy of you," David sighed.—Page 131.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the man from the tug. "How'd you get here?"

"I walked," said David.

"Walked?" the man snorted incredulously.

"I took the wrong train," explained David pleasantly. "They put me off about a mile below here. I walked back to this flag station. I'm going to wait here for the next train north."

The little man laughed mockingly.

"Oh, no you're not," he said. "If you walked here, you can just walk away again!" With a sweep of his arm, he made a vigorous and peremptory gesture.

"You walk!" he commanded.

"I'll do just as I please about that," said David.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

In front of David's nose he shook a fist as large as a catcher's glove.—Page 136.

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As though to bring assistance, the little man started hastily toward the tug.

"I'll find some one who'll make you walk!" he called. "You *wait*, that's all; you *wait!*"

David decided not to wait. It was possible the wharf was private property and he had been trespassing. In any case, at the flag station the rights of all men were equal, and if he were in for a fight he judged it best to choose his own battle-ground. He recrossed the tracks and sat down on his suit case in a dark corner of the shed. Himself hidden in the shadows he could see in the moonlight the approach of any other person.

"They're river pirates," said David to himself, "or smugglers. They're certainly up to some mischief, or why should they object to the presence of a perfectly harmless stranger?"

Partly with cold, partly with nervousness, David shivered.

"I wish that train would come," he sighed. And instantly, as though in answer to his wish, from only a short distance down the track he heard the rumble and creak of approaching cars. In a flash David planned his course of action.

The thought of spending the night in a swamp infested by crocodiles and smugglers had become intolerable. He must escape, and he must escape by the train now approaching. To that end the train must be stopped. His plan was simple. The train was moving very, very slowly, and though he had no lantern, in order to bring it to a halt he need only stand on the track exposed to the glare of the headlight and wave his arms. David sprang between the rails and gesticulated wildly. But in amazement his arms fell to his sides. For the train, now only a hundred yards distant and creeping toward him at a snail's pace, carried no headlight, and though in the moonlight David was plainly visible, it blew no whistle, tolled no bell. Even the passenger coaches in the rear of the sightless engine were wrapped in darkness. It was a ghost of a train, a Flying Dutchman of a train, a nightmare of a train. It was as unreal as the black swamp, as the moss on the dead trees, as the ghostly tug-boat tied to the rotting wharf.

"Is the place haunted!" exclaimed David.

He was answered by the grinding of brakes and by the train coming to a sharp halt. And instantly from every side men fell from it to the ground, and the silence of the night was broken by a confusion of calls and eager greetings and questions and sharp words of command.

So fascinated was David in the stealthy arrival of the train and in her mysterious passengers that, until they confronted him, he did not note the equally stealthy approach of three men. Of these one was the little man from the tug. With him was a fat, red-faced Irish-American. He wore no coat and his shirt-sleeves were drawn away from his hands by garters of pink elastic, his derby hat was balanced behind his ears, upon his right hand flashed an enormous diamond. He looked as though but at that moment he had stopped sliding glasses across a Bowery bar. The third man carried the outward marks of a sailor. David believed he was the tallest man he had ever beheld, but equally remarkable with his height was his beard and hair, which were of a fierce brick-dust red. Even in the mild moonlight they flamed like a torch.

"What's your business?" demanded the man with the flamboyant hair.

"I came here," began David, "to wait for a train——"

The tall man bellowed with indignant rage.

"Yes," he shouted; "this is the sort of place any one would pick out to wait for a train!"

In front of David's nose he shook a fist as large as a catcher's glove. "Don't you lie to *me!*" he bullied. "Do you know who I am? Do you know *who* you're up against? I'm——"

The barkeeper person interrupted.

"Never mind who you are," he said. "We know that. Find out who *he* is."

David turned appealingly to the barkeeper.

"Do you suppose I'd come here on purpose?" he protested. "I'm a travelling man——"

"You won't travel any to-night," mocked the red-haired one. "You've seen what you came to see, and all you want now is to get to a Western Union wire.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"But how," he demanded, "how do I get ashore?"—Page 140.

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Well, you don't do it. You don't leave here to-night!"

As though he thought he had been neglected, the little man in riding-boots pushed forward importantly.

"Tie him to a tree!" he suggested.

"Better take him on board," said the barkeeper, "and send him back by the pilot. When we're once at sea, he can't hurt us any."

"What makes you think I want to hurt you?" demanded David. "Who do you think I am?"

"We know who you are," shouted the fiery-headed one. "You're a blankety-blank spy! You're a government spy or a Spanish spy, and whichever you are you don't get away to-night!"

David had not the faintest idea what the man meant, but he knew his self-respect was being ill-treated, and his self-respect rebelled.

"You have made a very serious mistake," he said, "and whether you like it or not, I *am* leaving here to-night, and *you* can go to the devil!"

Turning his back, David started with great dignity to walk away. It was a short walk. Something hit him below the ear and he found himself curling up comfortably on the ties. He had a strong desire to sleep, but was conscious that a bed on a railroad track, on account of trains wanting to pass, was unsafe. This doubt did not long disturb him. His head rolled against the steel rail, his limbs relaxed from a great distance and in a strange sing-song he heard the voice of the barkeeper saying, "Nine—ten—and out!"

When David came to his senses his head was resting on a coil of rope. In his ears was the steady throb of an engine, and in his eyes the glare of a lantern. The lantern was held by a pleasant-faced youth in a golf cap who was smiling sympathetically. David rose on his elbow and gazed wildly about him. He was in the bow of the ocean-going tug, and he saw that from where he lay in the bow to her stern her decks were packed with men. She was steaming swiftly down a broad river. On either side the gray light that comes before the dawn showed low banks studded with stunted palmettos. Close ahead David heard the roar of the surf.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the youth in the golf cap, "but we drop the pilot in a few minutes and you're going with him."

David moved his aching head gingerly, and was conscious of a bump as large as a tennis ball behind his right ear.

"What happened to me?" he demanded.

"You were sort of kidnapped, I guess," laughed the young man. "It was a raw deal, but they couldn't take any chances. The pilot will land you at Okra Point. You can hire a rig there to take you to the railroad."

"But why?" demanded David indignantly. "Why was I kidnapped? What had I done? Who were those men who——"

From the pilot-house there was a sharp jangle of bells to the engine-room, and the speed of the tug slackened.

"Come on," commanded the young man briskly. "The pilot's going ashore. Here's your grip, here's your hat. The ladder's on the port side. Look where you're stepping. We can't show any lights, and it's dark as——"

But, even as he spoke, like a flash of powder, as swiftly as one throws an electric switch, as blindingly as a train leaps from the tunnel into the glaring sun, the darkness vanished and the tug was swept by the fierce, blatant radiance of a searchlight.

It was met by shrieks from two hundred throats, by screams, oaths, prayers, by the sharp jangling of bells, by the blind rush of many men scurrying like rats for a hole to hide in, by the ringing orders of one man. Above the tumult this one voice rose like the warning strokes of a fire-gong, and looking up to the pilot-house whence the voice came, David saw the barkeeper still in his shirt-sleeves and with his derby hat pushed back behind his ears, with one hand clutching the signal to the engine-room, with the other holding the spoke of the wheel.

David felt the tug, like a hunter taking a fence, rise in a great leap. Her bow sank and rose, tossing the water from her in black, oily waves, the smoke poured from her funnel, from below her engines sobbed and quivered, and like a hound freed from a leash she raced for the open sea. But

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

She dug the shapeless hat into David's shoulder.— Page 144.

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swiftly as she fled, as a thief is held in the circle of a policeman's bull's-eye, the shaft of light followed and exposed her and held her in its grip. The youth in the golf cap was clutching David by the arm. With his free hand he pointed down the shaft of light. So great was the tumult that to be heard he brought his lips close to David's ear.

"That's the revenue cutter!" he shouted. "She's been laying for us for three weeks, and now," he shrieked exultingly, "the old man's going to give her a race for it."

From excitement, from cold, from alarm, David's nerves were getting beyond his control.

"But how," he demanded, "how do I get ashore?"

"You don't!"

"When he drops the pilot, don't I——"

"How can he drop the pilot?" yelled the youth. "The pilot's got to stick by the boat. So have you."

David clutched the young man and swung him so that they stood face to face.

"Stick by what boat?" yelled David. "Who are these men? Who are you? What boat is this?"

In the glare of the search-light David saw the eyes of the youth staring at him as though he feared he were in the clutch of a madman. Wrenching himself free, the youth pointed at the pilot-house. Above it on a blue board in letters of gold-leaf a foot high was the name of the tug. As David read it his breath left him, a finger of ice passed slowly down his spine. The name he read was *The Three Friends*.

"*The Three Friends!*" shrieked David. "She's a filibuster! She's a pirate! Wher're we going?"

"To Cuba!"

David emitted a howl of anguish, rage, and protest.

"What for?" he shrieked.

The young man regarded him coldly.

"To plant bananas," he said.

"I won't go to Cuba," shouted David. "I've got to work! I'm paid to sell machinery. I demand to be put ashore. I'll lose my job if I'm not put ashore. I'll sue you! I'll have the law——"

David found himself suddenly upon his knees. His first thought was that the ship had struck a rock, and then that she was bumping herself over a succession of coral reefs. She dipped, dived, reared, and plunged. Like a hooked fish, she flung herself in the air, quivering from bow to stern. No longer was David of a mind to sue the filibusters if they did not put him ashore. If only they had put him ashore, in gratitude he would have crawled on his knees. What followed was of no interest to David, nor to many of the filibusters, nor to any of the Cuban patriots. Their groans of self-pity, their prayers and curses in eloquent Spanish rose high above the crash of broken crockery and the pounding of the waves. Even when the search-light gave way to a brilliant sunlight the circumstance was unobserved by David. Nor was he concerned in the tidings brought forward by the youth in the golf cap, who raced the slippery decks and vaulted the prostrate forms as sure-footedly as a hurdler on a cinder track. To David, in whom he seemed to think he had found a congenial spirit, he shouted joyfully: "She's fired two blanks at us!" he cried; "now she's firing cannon-balls!"

"Thank God," whispered David; "perhaps she'll sink us!"

But *The Three Friends* showed her heels to the revenue cutter, and so far as David knew hours passed into days and days into weeks. It was like those nightmares in which in a minute one is whirled through centuries of fear and torment. Sometimes, regardless of nausea, of his aching head, of the hard deck, of the waves that splashed and smothered him, David fell into broken slumber. Sometimes he woke to a dull consciousness of his position. At such moments he added to his misery by speculating upon the other misfortunes that might have befallen him on shore. Emily, he decided, had given him up for lost and married—probably a navy officer in command of a battle-ship. Burdett and Sons had cast him off forever. Possibly his disappearance had caused them to suspect him; even now they might be regarding him as a defaulter, as a fugitive from justice. His accounts, no doubt, were being carefully overhauled. In actual time, two days and two nights had passed; to David it seemed many ages.

On the third day he crawled to the stern where there seemed less motion, and

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finding a boat's cushion threw it in the lee scupper and fell upon it. From time to time the youth in the golf cap had brought him food and drink, and he now appeared from the cook's galley bearing a bowl of smoking soup.

David considered it a doubtful attention.

But he said, "You're very kind. How did a fellow like you come to mix up with these pirates?"

The youth laughed good-naturedly.

"They're not pirates; they're patriots," he said, "and I'm not mixed up with them. My name is Henry Carr and I'm a guest of Jimmy Doyle, the captain."

"The barkeeper with the derby hat?" said David.

"He's not a barkeeper; he's a teetotaler," Carr corrected, "and he's the greatest filibuster alive. He knows these waters as you know Broadway, and he's the salt of the earth. I did him a favor once; sort of mouse helping the lion idea. Just through dumb luck I found out about this expedition. The government agents in New York found out I'd found out and sent for me to tell. But I didn't, and I didn't write the story either. Doyle heard about that. So he asked me to come as his guest, and he's promised that after he's landed the expedition and the arms, I can write as much about it as I darn please."

"Then, you're a reporter?" said David.

"I'm what we call a cub reporter," laughed Carr. "You see, I've always dreamed of being a war correspondent. The men in the office say I dream too much. They're always guying me about it. But, haven't you noticed, it's the ones who dream who find their dreams come true. Now this isn't a real war, but it's a near war, and when the real thing breaks loose, I can tell the managing editor I served as a war correspondent in the Cuban-Spanish campaign. And he may give me a real job!"

"And you *like* this?" groaned David.

"I wouldn't, if I were as sick as you are," said Carr, "but I've a stomach like a Harlem goat." He stooped and lowered his voice. "Now, here are two fake filibusters," he whispered. "The men you read about in the newspapers. If a man's a *real* filibuster, nobody knows it!"

Coming toward them was the tall man who had knocked David out, and the little one who had wanted to tie him to a tree.

"All they ask," whispered Carr, "is money and advertisement. If they knew I was a reporter, they'd eat out of my hand. The tall man calls himself Lighthouse Harry. He once kept a light-house on the Florida coast, and that's as near to the sea as he ever got. The other one is a dare-devil calling himself Colonel Beamish. He says he's an English officer, and a soldier of fortune, and that he's been in eighteen battles. Jimmy says he's never been near enough to a battle to see the Red Cross flags on the base hospital. But they've fooled these Cubans. The Junta thinks they're great fighters, and it's sent them down here to work the machine guns. But I'm afraid the only fighting they will do will be in the sporting columns, and not in the ring."

A half dozen sea-sick Cubans were carrying a heavy oblong box. They dropped it not two yards from where David lay, and with a screw-driver Lighthouse Harry proceeded to open the lid.

Carr explained to David that *The Three Friends* was approaching that part of the coast of Cuba on which she had arranged to land her expedition, and that in case she was surprised by one of the Spanish patrol boats she was preparing to defend herself.

"They've got an automatic gun in that crate," said Carr, "and they're going to assemble it. You'd better move; they'll be tramping all over you."

David shook his head feebly.

"I can't move!" he protested. "I wouldn't move, if it would free Cuba."

For several hours with very languid interest David watched Lighthouse Harry and Colonel Beamish screw a heavy tripod to the deck and balance above it a quick-firing one-pounder. They worked very slowly, and to David, watching them from the lee scupper, they appeared extremely unintelligent.

"I don't believe either of those thugs put an automatic gun together in his life," he whispered to Carr. "I never did, either, but, I've put hundreds of automatic punches together, and I bet that gun won't work."

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"What's wrong with it?" said Carr.

Before David could summon sufficient energy to answer, the attention of all on board was diverted, and by a single word.

Whether the word is whispered apologetically by the smoking-room steward to those deep in bridge, or shrieked from the tops of a sinking ship, it never quite fails of its effect. A sweating stoker from the engine room saw it first.

"Land!" he hailed.

The sea-sick Cubans raised themselves and swung their hats; their voices rose in a fierce chorus.

"Cuba libre!" they yelled.

The sun piercing the morning mists had uncovered a coast-line broken with bays and inlets. Above it towered green hills, the peak of each topped by a squat block-house, in the valleys and watercourses, like columns of marble rose the royal palms.

"You *must* look!" Carr entreated David. "It's just as it is in the pictures!"

"Then I don't have to look," groaned David.

The Three Friends was making for a point of land that curved like a sickle. On the inside of the sickle was Nipe Bay. On the opposite shore of that broad harbor at the place of rendezvous a little band of Cubans waited to receive the filibusters. The goal was in sight. The dreadful voyage was done. Joy and excitement thrilled the ship's company. Cuban patriots appeared in uniforms with Cuban flags pinned in the brims of their straw sombreros. From the hold came boxes of small-arm ammunition, of Mausers, rifles, machettes, and saddles. To protect the landing a box of shells was placed in readiness beside the one-pounder.

"In two hours, if we have smooth water," shouted Lighthouse Harry, "we ought to get all of this on shore. And then, all I ask," he cried mightily, "is for some one to kindly show me a Spaniard!"

His heart's desire was instantly granted. He was shown not only one Spaniard but several Spaniards. They were on the deck of one of the fastest gun-boats of the Spanish navy. Not a mile from *The Three Friends* she sprang from the cover of a narrow inlet. She did not signal questions or extend courtesies. For her the name of the ocean-going tug was sufficient introduction. Throwing ahead of her a solid shell, she raced in pursuit, and as *The Three Friends* leaped to full speed there came from the gun-boat the sharp dry crackle of Mausers.

With an explosion of terrifying oaths Lighthouse Harry thrust a shell into the breech of the quick-firing gun. Without waiting to aim it, he tugged at the trigger. Nothing happened! He threw open the breech and gazed impotently at the base of the shell. It was untouched. The ship was ringing with cries of anger, of hate, with rat-like squeaks of fear.

Above the heads of the filibusters a shell screamed and within a hundred feet splashed into a wave.

From his mat in the lee scupper David groaned miserably. He was far removed from any of the greater emotions.

"It's no use!" he protested. "They can't do it! It's not connected!"

"*What's* not connected?" yelled Carr. He fell upon David. He half lifted, half dragged him to his feet.

"If you know what's wrong with the gun, you fix it! Fix it," he shouted, "or I'll——"

David was not concerned with the vengeance Carr threatened. For, on the instant, a beautiful miracle had taken place. With the swift insidiousness of morphine, peace ran through his veins, soothed his wracked body, his jangled nerves. *The Three Friends* had made the harbor and was gliding through water flat as a pond. But David did not know why the change had come. He knew only that his soul and body were at rest, that the sun was shining, that he had passed through the shadow of the valley, and once more was a sane, sound young man.

With a savage thrust of the shoulder he sent Lighthouse Harry sprawling from the gun. With swift, practiced fingers he fell upon its mechanism. He wrenched it apart. He lifted it, reset, readjusted it.

Ignorant themselves, those about him saw that he understood, saw that his work was good.

They raised a joyous, defiant cheer. But a shower of bullets drove them to cover, bullets that ripped the deck, splintered the superstructure, smashed the glass

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in the air ports, like angry wasps, sang in a continuous whining chorus. Intent only on the gun, David worked feverishly. He swung to the breech, locked it and dragged it open, pulled on the trigger, and found it gave before his forefinger.

He shouted with delight.

"I've got it working," he yelled.

He turned to his audience, but his audience had fled. From beneath one of the life-boats protruded the riding boots of Colonel Beamish; the tall form of Lighthouse Harry was doubled behind a water-butt. A shell splashed to port, a shell splashed to starboard. For an instant David stood staring wide-eyed at the greyhound of a boat that ate up the distance between them, at the jets of smoke and stabs of flame that sprang from her bow, at the figures crouched behind her gunwale, firing in volleys.

To David it came suddenly, convincingly, that in a dream he had lived it all before, and something like raw poison stirred in David, something leaped to his throat and choked him, something rose in his brain and made him see scarlet. He felt rather than saw young Carr kneeling at the box of ammunition and holding a shell toward him. He heard the click as the breech shut, felt the rubber tire of the brace give against the weight of his shoulder, down a long shining tube saw the pursuing gun-boat, saw her again and many times disappear behind a flash of flame. A bullet gashed his forehead, a bullet passed deftly through his forearm, but he did not heed them. Confused with the thrashing of the engines, with the roar of the gun, he heard a strange voice shrieking unceasingly:

"Cuba libre!" it yelled. "To hell with Spain!" and he found that the voice was his own.

The story lost nothing in the way Carr wrote it.

"And the best of it is," he exclaimed joyfully, "it's true!"

For a Spanish gun-boat *had* been crippled and forced to run herself aground by a tug-boat manned by Cuban patriots, and by a single gun served by one man, and that man an American. It was the first sea-fight of the war. Overnight a Cuban navy had been born, and into the lime-light a cub reporter had projected a new "hero," a ready-made, warranted—not—to—run, popular idol.

They were seated in the pilot-house—"Jimmy" Doyle, Carr, and David—the patriots and their arms had been safely dumped upon the coast of Cuba, and *The Three Friends* was gliding swiftly and, having caught the Florida straits napping, smoothly toward Key West. Carr had just finished reading aloud his account of the engagement.

"You will tell the story just as I have written it," commanded the proud author. "Your being South as a travelling salesman was only a blind. You came to volunteer for this expedition. Before you could explain your wish you were mistaken for a secret-service man and hustled on board. That was just where you wanted to be, and when the moment arrived you took command of the ship and single-handed won the naval battle of Nipe Bay."

Jimmy Doyle nodded his head approvingly. "You certainly did, Dave," protested the great man; "I saw you do it!"

At Key West Carr filed his story and while the hospital surgeons kept David over one steamer, to dress his wounds, his fame and features spread across the map of the United States.

Burdett and Sons basked in reflected glory. Reporters besieged their office. At the Merchants' Down-Town Club the business men of lower Broadway tendered congratulations.

"Of course, it's a great surprise to us," Burdett and Sons would protest. "Of course, when the boy asked to be sent South we'd no idea he was planning to fight for Cuba! Or, we wouldn't have let him go, would we?" Then they would wink heavily. "I suppose you know," they would say, "that he's a direct descendant of General Hiram Greene who won the battle of Trenton. What I say is, 'Blood will tell!'" And then, in a body, every one in the club would move against the bar and exclaim: "Here's to Cuba libre!"

When the *Olivette* from Key West reached Tampa Bay every Cuban in the Tampa cigar factories was at the dock. There were thousands of them and all of the Junta, in high hats, to read David an address of welcome.

And when they saw him at the top of

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the gangplank, with his head in a bandage and his arm in a sling, like a mob of maniacs they howled and surged toward him. But before they could reach their hero the courteous Junta forced them back and cleared a pathway for a young girl. She was travel-worn and pale, her shirt-waist was disgracefully wrinkled, her best hat was a wreck. No one on Broadway would have recognized her as Burdett and Sons' most immaculate and beautiful stenographer.

She dug the shapeless hat into David's shoulder and clung to him. "David!" she sobbed, "promise me you'll never, never do it again!"

THE EMBARKMENT FOR CYTHÉRA

[AFTER WATTEAU.]

By Thomas Walsh

WHERE is Tircis slender swain,
Now the petalled gloom is falling,—
Muscadin, and pale Syglaine
Whom the zephyrs come a-calling
Down the vales and streams again?
Are their silken sails in vain
Lifting for the sunset rivers?
Daphné! Amaryllis!—where
Now delaying?—Venus quivers
O'er Cythéra's rainbow stair
Whither golden barges fare.—
Wearied they of lute, and masking,
Shepherd staff, and ribboned air?
Wearied, of the lights, and tasking,
Rapier, plume, and saraband?—
"*Belle marquise*, thy little hand—"
Nay,—'tis but a lily swaying
Down the purple meadowland!—
"*Cher abbé*," what old betraying
Shadows yonder cypress throws!—
See! on crimson gusts of rose
One and all away are hieing
To Cythéra!—after those
Gentle shades that set us sighing
Where the stream of twilight flows!

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LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

I

THE letters of George Meredith, which since his death in 1909 have been brought together and prepared for publication by his son, and from which the MAGAZINE has now the privilege of printing a selection, are chiefly those to a relatively small number of his intimate and life-long friends and the members of his family. Others are known to have been in long and familiar correspondence with him, but the letters to some of these have been destroyed or cannot be reached. Largely for this reason, though the series extends over fifty years, it in no sense supplies or is intended to supply a narrative of his life; but it gives a reflection of temperament and character, of personal relations, of opinions, and even of moods, that is unsurpassed by any similar collection. To each of the more intimate correspondents he presents, even more than is commonly the case, an individual side; he has his note for each; there are few groups of letters extending over such a time which are so sharply differentiated in this way. In the difficult task of making a choice for the few instalments which the MAGAZINE can print, it has been thought best to take some typical letters from the manifestation of himself to each friend, rather than to seek to cover any period or to show more fully any one of the many phases of Meredith in which the reader will find interest when the whole collection is before him.

After a few notes from his boyhood and early youth, the body of the Letters begins a little before 1860. The friends to whom many of them are written had been made in the few years shortly preceding this time—the years of Meredith's first marriage, to Mrs. Nicolls, a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock. In the middle '50's the Merediths had lived in Weybridge, Surrey, and here they first made the acquaintance of Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon and their children, Maurice, Urania, and Janet, and at their house Tom Taylor, Kinglake, Mrs. Norton, J. E. Millais, G. F. Watts, and many more men of letters and artists. Later when Meredith lived at Copsham Cottage, Esher, with his little son Arthur, he was again a neighbor of the Duff Gordons, who had settled between Esher and Oxshott. Janet Duff Gordon and Edith Nicolls, Meredith's step-daughter, were play-fellows at Weybridge, and tell how, as small children, Meredith enthralled them by wild fairy tales which he spun for their edification. In so far as Meredith ever drew his characters direct from life, Janet Duff Gordon was his model for Rose Jocelyn in "Evan Harrington," whilst her father and mother are pictured as Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn.

In 1860 Miss Janet Duff Gordon became engaged to, and in December of the same year married, Henry James Ross, head of the firm of Briggs & Co., bankers, at Alexandria. Mr. Ross took part, with Layard, in the excavation of Nineveh. He also wrote a book, "Letters from the East," 1837–1857.

[To Mrs. Janet Ross.]

COPSHAM, ESHER, *May* 17, 1861.

MY DEAR JANET: The little man has been in great glee to answer you. He had paper and everything ready to do so a week before your letter came, and his reply is all his own, and from his heart. He must love you. Who could fail to love one so stanch and tender to him? Here have I waited silently, thinking much of you, and incurring I knew not what condemnation. I have not thought of you less because I withheld my pen. The truth is, my experiences are all mental—I see nothing of the world, and what I have to say goes into books. However, I am now compelled by my state of health to give it up for a time. Your poet—dare I call myself that, after hearing the rhap-

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sodic eulogies of old Alder?* I assure you, my dear, I cannot equal him. I might put him into rhythm, but that would spoil his hearty idiom. I feel quite a friendliness for old Alder after hearing him speak of you.—"I never saw a young lady like her, and never shall again. She's a loss to Esher and to England!" etc. You are compared with Miss Gilbert and Miss Reynolds; and men are dared to say that either fair equestrian surpassed you on horseback. Apropos of the former lady, Landseer has a picture of her in the Academy, leaning exhausted against the flanks of a mare couchant. "Taming of the Shrew" the picture is named, and it is sufficiently bad. Millais has nothing. Hunt a "Street Wooing in Cairo," of which you could judge better than I. Leighton has a "Paolo and Francesca"; painted just as the book has dropped and they are in no state to read more. You would scorn it; but our friendship never rested on common sentiments in art. I greatly admire it. I think it the sole English picture exhibiting passion that I have seen. I have the delight to stand alone in my judgment of this, as of most things, and I shall see the world coming round to my opinion, and thinking it its own. Does that smack of the original George M.?—Never mind. Well: there is a beautiful portrait of Alice P——. Idealized of course—showing more in her than she possesses; but my friend Maxse—one who is strong on points of feminine beauty (a naval man loose upon society)—thinks her superior to the picture in physique. He meets her out. He said to me, the first time: "I think she thought me slow":—the second: "Is she stupid?" His conclusive judgment pronounces her an exquisitely plumed little pol parrot. She is being admired: people think she should wear more clothing. The effect is said to be that of a damsel such as you see at the booth of a country fair.—Maxse is a very nice fellow with strong literary tastes. He was Naval Aide-de-Camp to Lord Lyons in the Crimea. I dare say you have heard of him. You would like him. He is very anxious to be introduced some day to Rose Jocelyn. I tell him that Janet Ross is a finer creature. If Rose satisfies him, how will not Janet! He has taken a cottage at Molesey, and we make expeditions together on foot. Talking of Rose, did you see the Saturday? It says you are a heroine who deserve to be a heroine. And yet I think I missed you. Your Mother tells me that Mrs. Austin speaks in very handsome terms of the performance generally, and of the portrait in particular.—I have not seen your mother for some days. She has had another attack, a very severe one. It wears my heart to think of her. And yet her constitution rallies from time to time, and I have still strong hopes of her ultimate recovery. She must not spend another winter in England.—The baby is quite charming. Like you, but rosier, and with a tendency to be just as positive. She articulates admirably, and shows qualities equal to the physiological promise I have noted from the first. How I should wish Arthur to conquer a fair position in the world, and lead her away as a certain Janet was led! At present he is not brilliant but he is decidedly hopeful. I don't want to force him yet. I wish to keep him sound, and to instil good healthy habits of mind and body. In writing, spelling, and reading; in memory for what he acquires, few children surpass him. And he really thinks—without being at all instigated to think. I remained at Copsham for his sake, and perhaps shall not quit it for some time to come. He will not go to a regular school till next year. I don't like the thought of his going; but it must be, and so I submit.

I have three works in hand. The most advanced is "Emilia Belloni," of which I have read some chapters to your mother, and gained her strong approval. Emilia is a feminine musical genius. I gave you once, sitting on the mound over Copsham, an outline of the real story it is taken from. Of course one does not follow out real stories; and this has simply suggested Emilia to me.—Then, my next novel is called "A Woman's Battle." Qy.—good title? I think it will be my best book as yet. The third is weaker in breadth of design. It is called "Van Diemen Smith"—is interesting as a story. Nous verrons. . . .

About the year 1858, when Meredith was thirty years old, he first met Captain Frederick Augustus Maxse (1833–1900).

*A butcher of Esher, and a regular follower of the Duc d'Aumale's hounds.

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Captain Maxse, R.N., promoted rear-admiral in 1877, was the second son of James Maxse by his marriage with Lady Caroline Fitzhardinge, daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley. He acted as naval A.D.C. to Lord Raglan, and after the battle of the Alma displayed conspicuous gallantry in carrying despatches from the army to the fleet. Promoted commander in 1855, he retired in 1867, and unsuccessfully contested Southampton in the Radical interest in the following year. During this election Meredith canvassed actively for him. He was also beaten in a subsequent contest for Middlesex in 1874. His Radical tendencies in these days were the dual outcome of his experiences of the inept unpreparedness of the government for the war in the Crimea and the sufferings which he saw and shared in that campaign. In later life he was a strong Unionist.

[To Captain Maxse.]

MILAN, *August* 16, 1861.

MY DEAR MAXSE: . . . You know I wish very earnestly to see you, a man made to understand and make happy any pure, good woman, married to one. I don't think any son owes his parents more than the conscientious assurance that he has clearly thought over what he is about to do (in such a matter); seeing that men are the only possible judges in the case; and that the stake is all their own. To have found a suitable person, and to give her up for anything on earth is like seeing a jewel on the shore and rejecting it on account of the trouble of conveying it home. But do you strongly recognize the jewel? Have you found her? A boy can't, but a man must reason, in these cases. You may know your love from its power of persisting and bearing delay. Passion has not these powers. If your love of this person is true and not one of your fancies, it will soon light you clear enough. . . . And don't be hasty and think you are trusting your instinct by grasping suddenly at the golden apple. Can you bear poverty for her? Will she for you? Can she, even if she would? Think whether you are risking it, and remember that very few women bear it and retain their delicacy and charm. Some do. Can you think her one of the chosen? The great difficulty is to be honest with ourselves. If there comes a doubt, the wave of passion overwhelms it. Try and listen to your doubt. See whether you feel, not what we call love, but tenderness for her. Satisfy yourself on this point. And then determine to wait. You can, if your heart has conceived real tenderness. If not, should you marry her? You speak of securing her. You may secure her person, but how can you be yet sure of more? If continually you find her worthier, fix your mind to win her by the force of your love. Then should you have that divine delight, I ask you whether you can see any earthly obstacle in your way? You are on the highest pinnacles and may remain untouched, whatever is said or done. You will have pains and aches—agonies to go through. They serve to strengthen you. —God bless you, my dear Maxse! Believe me your faithful and affectionate

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The Rev. Augustus Jessopp, to whom some of the following letters were addressed, was head-master of King Edward VI grammar-school, Norwich, canon of Norwich, author of "One Generation of a Norfolk House," "Trials of a Country Parson," etc.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

COPSHAM COTTAGE, ESHER, SURREY, *Nov.* 13, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter. Let me tell you at once that I feel it to be most generous, and I should be glad to think I deserved such hearty praise as fully as I do the censure. But on that point, I must be allowed to give you two or three words of explanation. Apropos of the "Rosanna," it was written from the Tyrol, to a friend, and was simply a piece of friendly play. Which should not have been published, you add? Perhaps not, but it pleased my friend, and the short passage of description was a literal transcript of the scene. Moreover, though the style is open to blame, there is an idea running through the verses, which, while I was rallying my friend, I conceived to have some point for a larger audience.

It is true that I have fallen from what I once hoped to do. The fault is hardly mine. Do you know Vexation, the slayer?

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There is very little poetry to be done when one is severely and incessantly harassed. My nerves have given way under it, and it is only by great care and attention to the directions of my doctor, that I can work at all.—I have now more leisure and somewhat better health, and the result is, that I have gone back partially to my old mistress.

As to my love for the Muse, I really think that is earnest enough. I have all my life done battle in her behalf, and should, at one time, have felt no blessing to be equal to the liberty to serve her. Praise sings strangely in my ears. I have been virtually propelled into a practical turn, by the lack of encouragement for any other save practical work. I have no doubt that it has done me good, though the pleasure your letter gives me, and let me say also the impetus, is a proof that I should have flourished better under a less rigorous system.

If you do me the favor to look at "Once a Week" during the next two months, you will see some poems of mine that are of another cast. The "Cassandra," you will see, is as severe in rhythm as you could wish. But one result of my hard education since the publication of my boy's book in '51 (those poems were written before I was twenty) has been that I rarely write save from the suggestion of something actually observed. I mean, that I rarely write verse. Thus my Jugglers, Beggars, etc., I have met on the road, and have idealized but slightly. I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay. And in doing so I have the fancy that I do solid work—better than a carol in mid air. Note the "Old Chartist," and the "Patriot Engineer," that will also appear in "Once a Week." They may not please you, but I think you will admit that they have a truth condensed in them. They are flints perhaps, and not flowers. Well, I think of publishing a volume of Poems in the beginning of '62, and I will bring as many flowers to it as I can. It may be, that in a year or two I shall find time for a full sustained Song. Of course I do not think of binding down the Muse to the study of facts. That is but a part of her work. The worst is, that, having taken to prose delineations of character
d life, one's affections are divided. I
now a prose damsel crying out to me to have her history completed; and the creatures of a novel are bubbling up; and in truth, being a servant of the public, I must wait till my master commands before I take seriously to singing.

This is a long letter for a man to write about himself; and it is the first time I have been guilty of such a thing. It has not been possible for me to reply to you in any other way.

[To Mrs. Janet Ross.]

COPSHAM, ESHER, *Nov.* 19, 1861.

MY VERY DEAR JANET: I plead ill health: I plead vexation, occupation, general insufficiency: I plead absence from home, absence from my proper mind, and a multitude of things: and now I am going to pay my debts. But are not my letters really three single gentlemen rolled into one? This shall count for ten. Now the truth is that my Janet is, by her poet at least, much more thought of when he doesn't write to her than when he does. Vulgar comparisons being always the most pungent, I will say, Lo, the Epicurean to whom his feast is still in prospect: he dreams of it: it rises before him in a thousand hues and salutes his nostril with scents heavenly. He dines. 'Tis gone. 'Tis in the past and with it go his rosy visions.—Your P. G., to wit H——, I saw him the other day, and shall probably dine with him on Thursday—Quoth I, at a period of our interview—Have you, O H—— replied duly to the fair Alexandrienne? Then went he through much pantomime, during my just reproaches, and took your address—which may be an excellent P. G. performance, and no more. You will see. He is in new chambers full of pictures, Old Masters, we hear. For a fine putative Leonardo he disbursed recently £400. And Sir Charles Eastlake said—never mind what. Then, too, a Masaccio for which he gave £19. 7s. 6½d., was Exhibited at the British Institution and the papers took note of nothing else. And Sir Charles Eastlake said—as before.

H—— is a good old boy. He has a pleasant way of being inquisitive and has already informed me, quite agreeably, that I am a gentleman, though I may not have been born one. Some men are always shooting about you like May flies in little quick darts, to see how near you they

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may come. The best thing is to smile and enjoy the fun of it. I confess a private preference for friends who are not thus afflicted, and get the secret by instinct. As my Janet does, for instance.—The dear indifferent Bart. I meet occasionally; in the train, or on lonely Celia; looking as if he bore with life, but had not the exact reason for his philosophy handy. He speaks out like a man concerning your husband, and I should wish every husband to have a father-in-law who appreciates him as heartily. Your Mother's Diary will not, I suppose, reach you before this letter. On the whole it is very hopeful. Secondly, it is immensely amusing, and shows her fine manly nature admirably. O what a gallant soul she is! and how very much I love her! I had only time during the passage of the train to read it, and couldn't get to the end. As yet the voyage has wrought no cure: but the change and the sea-breeze and shaking have done good and produced favorable excitement. I have new friends whom I like, and don't object to call by name. A Mr. and Mrs. Hardman I met in Esher this autumn. She is very pleasant, and is one of the rare women who don't find it necessary to fluster their sex under your nose eternally, in order to make you like them. I gave her private's rank in Janet's Amazonian regiment, with chances of promotion. Also he is a nice fellow: a barrister who does photographs; of his friends principally. On the other hand, let me say, that I went (thinking of you solely) and was done the other day, and will send a copy to you immediately. It looks absurd; but I must conclude it faithful. . . .

You have had particulars of our travels; at least, items. Munich is a glorious city to pass through, and the Tyrol a wonderful country for the same. I had, the truth is, a miserable walking companion. He couldn't walk in the sun: he wouldn't walk after its setting: the rain he shunned as if he had been dog-bitten—in fact, he was a double-knapsack on my back. Certainly the heat was tremendous. The Tyrolean men are the handsomest I have seen; the women the ugliest. The Alps gave me shudderings of delight; but I did not see enough of them, and I can't bear being coop'd long in those mountain-guarded valleys; so I shot through them in two weeks, and then saw Italy for the first time, emerging by Adige, which the Austrians are fortifying continually. Verona lies just under the Alps, and is now less a City than a fortress. You see nothing but white coats—who form the majority of the inhabitants. The little man* asked innumerable questions about the amphitheatre, and the gladiators, the shows, and the Roman customs. Thence to Venice, where he and I were alone—W—— parting for Como and his mother. Our life in Venice was charming. Only I had to watch the dear boy like tutor, governess, courier, in one; and couldn't get much to the pictures; for there was no use in victimising him and dragging him to see them, and I couldn't quit him at all. We hired a Gondola and floated through the streets at night, or out to Malamocco to get the fresh breeze. A fresh Levant wind favored our visit. To the Lido we went every morning: Arthur and I bathing—behold us for a solid hour under enormous straw-hats floating and splashing in the delicious Adriatic. The difficulty of getting him out of it was great. "Papa, what a dear old place this is! We won't go, will we?" I met and made acquaintance with some nice fellows (Austrians) in the water. The Italian fish are not to be found where they are. Venice looks draped, and wears her widow's weeds ostentatiously. Our Gondolier, Lorenzo, declared that he had seen Lor Birren, when a boy. "Palazzo Mocenigo, Signor Ecco!" On the Lido one thinks sadly of Byron and Shelley. I found the spot Shelley speaks of in "Julian and Maddalo," where he saw the Vicenza hills in the sunset through the bell-tower where the lunatics abide, on an island. Of the glories of St. Mark's who shall speak. It is poetry, my dear, and will be expressed in no other way. In Venice I learnt to love Giorgione, Titian and Paul Veronese. I cannot rank Tintoret with them (Ruskin puts him highest) though his single work shows greater grasp and stretch of soul. Viennese crinoline and the tyrant white coat do their best to destroy the beauties of St. Mark's. Charming are the Venetian women! They have a gracious walk and all the manner one dreams of as befitting them. Should one smile on a

*Arthur Gryffydd, Meredith's son by his first marriage, born in June, 1853.

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Whitecoat, she has the prospect of a patriotic dagger smiting her fair bosom, and so she does not; though the Austrians are fine men, and red-hot exclusiveness for an abstract idea sits not easy on any ladies of any land for longer than—say a fortnight. Consequently Vienna sends Crinoline to her children. I made acquaintance with a tough Baronne, who had brought two daughters of immense circle! How quietly the pretty Venetians eyed them! The square of St. Mark's is the great parade. —The weather was fiery: but we had no mosquitos.—Milan is, for heat, next door to Pandemonium. The view from the Cathedral you have heard of. I went to Como to see W——, who was with Il Principessa. She received me affably at the Villa—Villa Ciani, près d'Este. She has a handsome daughter, fair as a high-born English girl, engaged then, and since married to, General T——. Madame la Princesse will be Mdme. la Princesse, and desires that she should hear it too, as I quickly discovered. I grew in favor. She has no difficulty in swallowing a compliment. Quantity is all she asks for. This is entre nous, for she entertained me, and indeed I was vastly entertained. Look for it all in a future chapter. A good gross compliment, fluently delivered, I find to be the best adapted to a Frenchwoman's taste. If you hesitate, the flavor evaporates for them. Be glib, and you may say what you please. Should you in addition, be neat, and ready, they will fall in love with you. Mademoiselle the fiancée, perceived that I was taken with her before I had felt it. Hence she distinguished me, till the General came. It's a real love match. She wouldn't sing then —couldn't. Nor did I press it: for Oh!—She sings in the rapid French style: all from the throat: and such a hard metallic Giordigianic rang over Como's water as sure our dear old Muddy Mole never knew of! Young Captain G——, T——'s aide-de-camp, and I, then fell upon the Princess.

King Victor gave T—— some royal Tokay, which he brought to the Villa, and we were merry over it. I like G——, a very gallant fellow: only 24, and served through the Hungarian revolt, and all the Garibaldian campaign.

Before dinner we all bathed in Como, dies and gentlemen ensemble. Really pleasant and pastoral! Mdlle. swims capitally: rides and drives well; and will make a good hero's wife. She scorns the English for their bad manners, she told me. The Emperor allows her £1000 a year: her mother gets £2000. Vive l'Empereur! . . .

[To Captain Maxse.]

COPSHAM, ESHER.

MY DEAR MAXSE: You knew how glad it would make me to hear the good news, and I thank you for making me feel that she does not take you away from those who love you. I don't think there will be a war. I don't even think that the withdrawal of our Ambassador would give the signal for one. In any case there can be no reason why you should go. Dismiss the notion. A war with France would tax all the energies of this country. All would have to serve. . . . So be married quickly to that dear and sweet person who is to make you happy, I doubt not. I look at her and should envy you, if I did not feel for her through your heart.—I mean the photograph, which I prize.—De Stendhal I have had to send to Paris for. You will have "L'Amour" in a week. I told them (Hachette) to send it to you, from me. Write as often as you can spare time. Give her my kindest salute and know me, your loving

GEORGE M.

I have done a great deal of the "Love-Match." Rossetti says it's my best. I contrast it mentally with yours, which is so very much better!

[To Captain Maxse.]

LONDON, 1861.

MY DEAR MAXSE: I will come. So shall the little man. I hate wedding-breakfasts, which make one take wine and eat I don't know what at unholy seasons of the day, and are such a stupid exhibition of the couple.

Tell me when you think it may take place, that I may keep all clear for that day. I'm sure you're going to be happy, and I'm like Keats and the nightingale—"happy in your happiness."—I wonder, now, whether any nice woman will ever look on me?—I certainly begin to feel new

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life. Also a power of work, which means money. There is evidently great folly kindling in me. All the effect of example!

I have matters in hand, which you will like, I think. They won't drag you down to the Roadside and the haunts of vagabonds!

How do you like de Stendhal? L'Amour ought not to be dissected, and indeed can't be. For when we've killed it with this object, the spirit flies, and then where is L'Amour? Still I think de Stendhal very subtle and observant. He goes over ground that I know. Let me hear.—I bow to your lovely bride. The photograph is not just to her. All blessings on you both!—Your loving,

GEORGE M.

[To Captain Maxse.]

COPSHAM, ESHER.

Is it the same sky over us? Mine is of the grimmest grey, with a fog-lining. The daffodil in the meadow has been nodding to this genial wind for the last two weeks: and now we have the pen-bird heralding the cuckoo, and I suppose summer is coming: but we are all in suspense to know whether we are to get a daily ducking or live the life of non-purgatorial beings through the months. Last Sunday there was a puff of sunshine. I walked with a couple of fellows to Box Hill. What changes since last year! I looked over the hilly Dorking road we traversed. It wound away for other footsteps. Well! —you at least have nothing to regret. I hope the sunshine will cling to you.

The Naples correspondent of the *Times* gives a horrible account of the state of the country, and rather alarms one about you: but having so precious a charge to protect you won't be rash, I'm sure.— Of course, you have heard all about the Monitor and Merrimac. A pretty business sea-fighting comes to! Was there ever so devilish an entertainment! Blood bursting from the eyes and ears of the men at the guns, who seemed to be under the obligation of knocking their own senses to atoms as a preliminary to sending the souls of their foes to perdition. If they want me to go on board such vessels, I plead with Charles Lamb, "Lance, and a coward."—The whole business affects the imagination awfully: but in reality an old sea-fight was a far bloodier business. Science, I presume, will at last put it to our option whether we will improve one another from off the face of the globe, and we must decide by our common sense.

Read John Mill on "Liberty" the other day; and recommend it to you. It's a splendid protest against the tyranny society is beginning to exercise; very noble and brave.

The book will be out the Monday after Easter. I sent with Borthwick as many of the proofs as I could collect; thinking you would have no time to review in Rome. But, if you have not done it, let me beg you to be in no hurry. The book can wait. You will find one or two poems that you have not seen. The "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn" may please you.

I heard from Borthwick of the Violet's charming adventure with the Emperor, and can picture it.

What you say about Christianity arresting sensualism, is very well: but the Essenian parentage of Christianity was simply asceticism. Hitherto human nature has marched through the conflict of extremes. With the general growth of reason, it will be possible to choose a path midway. Paganism no doubt deserved the ascetic reproof; but Christianity failed to supply much that it destroyed. Pompeii, as being, artistically, a Grecian Colony merely, cannot represent the higher development of Paganism.

Alas! I fear I shall not join you in Venice.—By the way, take care to get an introduction to Rawdon Brown, while there. He has lived and worked at the Archives in Venice for 20 years, and can tell you more of the place than any other man. I hear he is also a good fellow.

Pray, give my kindest regards to your Cecilia. I am flattered to hear that Englishmen stand so high with her now that she can make comparisons.—Write soon; and know me ever, your faithful

GEORGE M.

In Venice read "Julian and Maddalo." It is one of Shelley's best: admirable for simplicity of style, ease, beauty of description and local truth. The philosophy, of course, you may pass.

William Hardman, a barrister, subsequently chairman of Surrey quarter-sessions, and later editor of the *Morning*

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Post, had lately taken for one summer a country cottage near Esher. Widely read, with a large circle of friends, a cheerful outlook upon the world, and a keen sense of humor, mated, moreover, with a lady in whom personal beauty was combined with musical tastes and rare personal charm, his hospitality was a welcome social tonic, and close life-long friendship resulted.

[To William Hardman.]

COPSHAM, *May* 5, 1862.

MADRIGAL

"Since Tuck is Faithless Found"

Since Tuck is faithless found, no more
I'll trust to man or maid;
I'll sit me down, a hermit hoar,
Alone in Copsham shade.

The sight of all I shun;
Far-spying from the mound;
I'll be at home no more,
Since Tuck,
Since Tu-a tu-a tu-a
Tuia Tuck,
Since Tuck is faithless found.

Oh! what a glorious day. I have done lots of Emilia, and am now off to Ripley, or St. Demitroïa hill, or Tuck's Height, carolling. I snap my fingers at you. And yet, dear Tuck, what would I give to have you here. The gorse is all ablaze, the meadows are glorious—green, humming all day. Nightingales throng. Heaven, blessed blue amorous Heaven, is hard at work upon our fair, wanton, darling old naughty Mother Earth.

Come, dear Tuck, and quickly, or I must love a woman, and be ruined. Answer me, grievous man!

In thine ear!—Asparagus is ripe at Ripley. In haste.—Your constantly loving friend,

GEORGE M.

[To Captain Maxse.]

COPSHAM, ESHER, *June* 9, 1862.

MY DEAR MAXSE: . . . I hope, by the way, your review won't be written before you see the book. One poem, new to you (Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn), will please you better than all—please you specially. It will suffice for me if you tell me what you think of it, and not the public. The notices that have appeared fix favorably on the Roadside poems, but discard "Modern Love," which, I admit, requires thought, and discernment, and reading more than once. The Saturday R. has not yet spoken. One paper calls me a genius—one, a meretricious, clever, bold man. I find, to my annoyance, that I am susceptible to remarks on my poems, and criticisms from whipsters or women absolutely make me wince and flush. I saw Robert Browning the other day, and he expressed himself "astounded at the originality, delighted with the naturalness and beauty."—Pardon my egotism—I write to please you!

I have not yet seen Gibson's Venus. I went to the Int. Ex. on the opening day—have delayed to go since. It was a poor unimpressive show. Fancy the Poet Laureate in the line of march!

June 13.—Your letter from Lucca:—You complain of sun. The S.W. has been blowing since the middle of May, and this year has not yet known one day of sunshine. Rossetti is beginning to ask about your Lady, to know when he may have a sitting. He, dear fellow, is better—still somewhat shaken. Mention it not—he buried his MSS. poems in his wife's coffin, it is whispered. He, his brother, and Swinburne, have taken a house (Sir T. More's) at Chelsea: a strange, quaint, grand old place, with an immense garden, magnificent panelled staircases and rooms—a palace. I am to have a bedroom for my once-a-week visits. We shall have nice evenings there, and I hope you'll come. . . . —The notices of my book are scarce worth sending. The "Spectator" abuses me. The "Athenæum" mildly pats me on the back: the "Parthenon" blows a trumpet about me: the "Sat. R." makes no sign.—Whatever number of books you may like to have, pray accept as your own. Is not mine yours, in all things? I would prefer that you should not buy books of mine. That is for the good public to do.

I wish particularly to be kept au courant of your change of abode: there's no knowing what I might do, on the spur. Whither in Switzerland do you go, first? I presume, across the Italian Lakes, and over the Splügen to Lucerne. Be careful of the waters of that lake: at some points it is dangerous at any moment.—Tell me, don't you find that great heat somewhat narrows and sharpens the reflective power?

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The effect, in Southern climates, on art, is to sacrifice all to outline, as a rule, and murder detail. Even during the short time I was in Italy I experienced this in a small degree. If the passions did but slumber, Italy would be the very spot of earth for great work to be done. Here!—I should like to try it.—I have a comedy germinating in the brain, of the Classic order: "The Sentimentalists." I fancy it will turn out well. "Emilia Belloni" goes slowly forward, for the reason that I have re-written it: so, all will be new to you. I shall send you the Cornhill Mag. next month. Adam Bede has a new work in it. I understand they have given her an enormous sum (£8000, or more! she retaining ultimate copyright)—Bon Dieu! will aught like this ever happen to me?—Shall you stay long at Turin?—Of all the horrible cities! Two or three days at Milan will give you quite enough of the pet Italian city: go to the Brera: and see Leonardo's wrecked Last Supper. On Como stop at Bellagio—not at the Villa d'Este: the hotel is good at the latter place, but the scenery is not so fine. . . . —Your constant loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

Dec. 15, 1862.

MY DARLING LITTLE MAN!—I shall be at Shoreditch station, on Wednesday, to meet the Train at 6.30. But, you must not be disappointed, if I tell you that it will be too late for you to go on to Esher that night; and you will sleep at Mrs. Morison's, in Porchester Square. Mr. Hardman wants me to dine with him on Thursday, but I have told him I am afraid you won't let me. Copsham will be delighted to see you. All the dear old woods are in their best winter dress. Mossy Gordon has come from Eton. Janet leaves England next week; but hopes to see her dear boy before she goes.—Be careful not to have any larks in the train. Only fools do that. As much fun as you like, but no folly. Look out for Ely Cathedral, just before you get to Ely station. At Cambridge you will see the four towers of "King's" Chapel, built by Cardinal Wolsey. Tell Angove, that I will get a bed for him, if he wishes to sleep in Town on Wednesday night. And give Angove your address, written down; that he may let me know when he will come to London from Cornwall, and we will go to the theatre together, and then he will take you to school again.—Your loving Papa,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

COPSHAM COTTAGE,
ESHER, *Nov.* 12, 1863.

MY DEAR LITTLE MAN!—Island Pond is frozen over, and all the common looks as you saw it that Christmas morning when we walked over to Oatlands. Sandars is seen sometimes, with brown gaiters and a green tunic. His legs continue to grow, but his body does not. All your playthings, your theatre, books, etc., are put away, but you can get at them easily when you return. You can imagine how glad I shall be to hear your voice again in this neighborhood; and if I were not working very hard, I should find the place too dull to live in, without you. Shall I hear at Christmas, that you have been learning, and have got a little more friendly with your Latin Grammar? Mind you don't waste your time. If you do your best, I shall be satisfied. Tell me the names of the boys you play with most, and what fellows you think are the best. I suppose you see Mr. Sandys. Have you been to Mrs. Clabburns? Let me be sure that I shall have a letter from you every week. When you have written to Captain Maxse, you must write to Mrs. Edward Chapman, "Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells." The name of her house is "Hollyshaw." God bless my dear little man, prays his loving Papa,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

ESHER, *June* 6, 1864.

MY DEAR JESSOPP: It is time that your friend should show you a clean breast. —He loves a woman as he never yet loved, and she for the first time has let her heart escape her. She is not unknown to you, as you both immediately divine. She is the sweetest person I have ever known, and is of the family which above all others I respect and esteem. Her father is a just and good man; her sisters are pure gentlewomen: she is of a most affection-

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ate and loving nature. May I be worthy of the love she gives me!

Your surprise over, you will possibly think me rash. My friends, who know of this, think me fortunate, on reflection. They see that I shall now first live; that I shall work as I have never yet done; and that, to speak materially, marriage will not increase the expenses of a man hitherto very careless. My hope stands like a fixed lamp in my brain. I know that I can work in an altogether different fashion, and that with a wife and such a wife by my side, I shall taste some of the holiness of this mortal world and be new-risen in it. Already the spur is acting, and health comes, energy comes. I feel that I can do things well, and not haphazard, as heretofore. . . . I can hardly make less than eight hundred, reckoning modestly. And I shall now hold the purse-strings warily.

I shall not speak to Arthur till he is with me. She is very fond of him, and will be his friend. He will find a home where I have found one.

I cannot play at life. I loved her when we were in Norwich. "Cathedralizing" would not otherwise have been my occupation. I believe that I do her good. I know that she feels it. Me she fills with such deep and reverent emotion that I can hardly think it the action of a human creature merely. I seem to trace a fable thus far developed by blessed angels in the skies. She has been reserved for me, my friend. It was seen that I could love a woman, and one has been given to me to love. Her love for me is certain. I hold her strongly in my hand. Write—I thirst to hear words from you. Address to Piccadilly. And if Mrs. Jessopp can feel that she can congratulate my beloved and thank her for loving me—Ah! will she let her know this?—her address is

Miss Marie Vulliamy,
Mickleham,
near Dorking,
Surrey.

Also, tell Mrs. Jessopp that "Emilia" is running very fast in Italy, and that we may hope to see the damsel of the fiery South (no longer tripped and dogged by Philosopher or analyst) by late Autumn. I have an arrangement to do a serial for "Once a Week," and a series of Wayside pieces for the "Cornhill," Sandys illustrating, is on the tapis. These will ultimately form a volume special and I hope popular. Adieu to you both! Will two be welcome some day? She has ventured to say that she hopes so.—Your loving,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

June 6, 1864.

Esher is the address, and your letter to Mickleham astonished us all. I read it and handed it to my beloved, who said—"How heartily he writes! he must be one of your true friends." Pray, write to her at once, if you have the kindly impulse. It will please her, for I have talked much of you and my feeling for you: of your happiness with your beloved, which she would rival. And she wishes to feel that my friends are to be hers. The letter will be a charming surprise to her. An assurance also that I am cared for, here and there, and by worthy men. Your wife is sure to love her. If God gives her to me, I may certainly say that our wives will be as much heart in heart as we are. We shall see one another more. Ah! when you speak of Ploverfield for us during the first sweet days of our union, you touch me deeply and breathe fair auspices. I shall accept, if it can be arranged. I could not choose another place while that door stood open. My friend, I have written of love and never felt it till now.—I have much to pass through in raking up my history with the first woman that held me. But I would pass through fire for my darling, and all that I have to endure seems little for the immense gain I hope to get. When her hand rests in mine, the world seems to hold its breath, and the sun is moveless. I take hold of Eternity. I love her.—She is intensely emotional, but without expression for it, save in music. I call her my dumb poet. But when she is at the piano, she is not dumb. She has a divine touch on the notes.—Yes, she is very fond of the boy. Not at all in a gushing way, but fond of him as a good little fellow, whom she trusts to make her friend. As to her family: the old man is a good and just old man, who displays the qualities by which he made what fortune he has. There are three sons, four daughters. The sons are all in business

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in France—wool manufacturers, or something. They and the girls were strictly brought up at home at Nonancourt in Normandy. Marie was seventeen when seven years ago they came to England. They have been about five years in Mickleham Vale. On Saturday next, Kitty, the third—the one preceding my beloved—is to be married at the little church: Marie being first bridesmaid, and I shall see her. The eldest sister is married to a French officer, who has an estate in Dauphiné, and is a good working soldier—"a rough diamond," says Marie. The eldest unmarried sister, Betty, is a person of remarkable accomplishments and very clear intellect, vivacious and actively religious: therefore tolerant, charitable, and of a most pure heart. Kitty, the present bride, takes her Christianity with more emotion: she teaches the children of the parish, while Betty every Sunday evening has a congregation of the men and women in a barn. Do you smile? Much good has been done by these two women. I saw last Sunday a man rescued by Betty from inveterate drunkenness, and happy. They—indeed all of them, are thoroughly loved by the poor throughout the district, and respected by all but the party clergyman, who declares that their behavior (Betty chief culprit) has been a scandal, and that he will countenance none of them—neither marry them, bury them, nor in any way bless them. I heard him preach last Sunday morning, and Oh! alas for Orthodoxy! Marie, however (she has strong common sense, as have all real emotional natures), takes her own view, and says she thinks Betty wrong in taking the clergyman's work out of his hands. "But if he doesn't do it?" "Yes, but his curate is anxious to try, and Betty has such influence, and speaks so closely to the hearts of the poor, that they will listen to no one else."—The controversy is at that point. Marie does not go to the barn: but, to please her sister, is willing, now that Kitty goes, to do her best among the children, until she likewise is led away.—To Ploverfield? I sound the echoes of the future. Oh! is it to be? There could not be a fairer, sweeter companion, or one who would more perfectly wed with me. She tries to make me understand her faults. I spell at them like a small boy with his fingers upon words of one syllable. Of course some faults exist. But she has a growing mind and a developing nature. Love is doing wonders with her.—I could write on for hours, but I have letters and work calling loudly stop. We shall live, I fancy, about my present distance from London. But where to find a cottage of the kind I require, is the problem. What you say of income is sensible, and has not been unthought of by me. If I did not feel courage in my heart and a strong light in my brain, I should not dare to advance in this path; but in those vital points I have full promise. I shall now write in a different manner. We will speak further on the subject when we meet. Let me know what day you think I may select to present you. The week after this will exactly do. And the Monday or Tuesday of it would be the best days, if possible; or add, the Wednesday. Try to give her the whole day, so that you may hear her play in the evening, and see her in all her lights and shades, and know the family—the best specimen of the middle-class that I have ever seen—pure gentlewomen, to call one of whom wife and the rest sisters is a great honor and blessing. God bless you, dear fellow. This letter and all the tenderness of my heart is for Mrs. Maxse as well as for yourself. My kindest wishes for Boy.—I am ever your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

Sept. 20, 1864.

MY DEAR JESSOPP: As to the Poems: I don't think the age prosaic for not buying them. A man who hopes to be popular, must think from the mass, and as the heart of the mass. If he follows out vagaries of his own brain, he cannot hope for general esteem; and he does smaller work. "Modern Love" as a dissection of the sentimental passion of these days, could only be apprehended by the few who would read it many times. I have not looked for it to succeed. Why did I write it?—Who can account for pressure? . . .

Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more)

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humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists au fond. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us Earth; but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a Kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer: and, just as sound prose is of more worth than pretentious poetry, I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength.

Does not all science (the mammoth balloon, to wit) tell us that when we forsake earth, we reach up to a frosty, inimical Inane? For my part I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit that we can refashion; but of earth must be the material.—Yours faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rev. Augustus Jessopp.]

GARRICK CLUB, *Autumn* 1864 (?).

MY DEAR JESSOPP: . . . Have you heard that the Countess Guiccioli has two continuation cantos of Don Juan, and means to publish them? Likewise more of Byron!—He's abused, so I take to him; and I'm a little sick of Tennysonian green Tea. I don't think Byron wholesome—exactly, but a drop or so—Eh? And he doesn't give limp, lackadaisical fishermen, and pander to the depraved sentimentalism of our drawing-rooms. I tell you that "Enoch Arden" is ill done, and that in twenty years' time it will be denounced as villanous weak, in spite of the fine (but too conscious) verse, and the rich insertions of Tropical scenery. Now, then!—are we face to face, foot to foot?—Forgues is translating "Emilia" (somewhat condensed) very well in the "Revue des deux Mondes." . . .

[To Captain Maxse.]

KINGSTON, 1865.

MY DEAR FRED: I must tell you that I am becoming an admirer of President Johnson. And have you seen the Book called Sherman's great March? If you get it, examine the heads of his Generals. They are of a peculiarly fine cast and show the qualities of energy and skill, and also race. They are by no means vulgar. Place our best men (headed by the Duke of Cam) alongside them, and start. The contrast will not be flattering to us.—Hawthorne has just the pen to fascinate you. His deliberate analysis, his undramatic representations, the sentience rather than the drawings which he gives you of his characters, and the luscious, morbid tone, are all effective. But I think his delineations untrue: their power lies in the intensity of his egotistical perceptions, and are not the perfect view of men and women.—Goethe's Elective Affinities—the Wahlverwandschaften—would delight you, as they have nourished Hawthorne.

[To Algernon Charles Swinburne.]

KINGSTON LODGE,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

MY DEAR SWINBURNE: "Vittoria," as I am told by Chapman and others, is not liked; so you may guess what pleasure your letter has given me. For I have the feeling that if I get your praise, I hit the mark. It seems that I am never to touch the public's purse. Why will you content yourself with only writing generously? Why will you not come and see me? My wife has constantly asked me how it is that you do not come. Must I make confession to her that I have offended you? It is difficult for me to arrange for spare evenings in town; I can't leave her here alone. If we meet, I must quit you only too early. I wonder whether Sandys would invite us to dine with him; when we might have one of our evenings together, and

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come to an understanding about future evenings at Kingston. I will speak to him on that head.—I am very eager for the poems. The promise of the essay on Byron makes me extremely curious, for though I don't mistrust your estimation of the manliness of his verse, he is the last man of whom I would venture to foretell your opinion.—As to the Poems—if they are not yet in the press, do be careful of getting your reputation firmly grounded: for I have heard "low mutterings" already from the Lion of British prudery; and I, who love your verse, would play savagely with a knife among the proofs for the sake of your fame; and because I want to see you take the first place, as you may if you will.—Apropos, what do you think of Buchanan's poetry? Lewes sends him up I don't know how high. My feeling is that he is always on the strain for pathos and would be a poetic Dickens. But I can't judge him fairly, I have not read his book. Adieu. Remind Moxon of the Byron, and write to me again.—I am ever your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 27, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED: I return Ruskin's letter, a characteristic one. I am chiefly glad that you should be in correspondence with a man who will appreciate and stimulate you; glad too that you seem to see where he falls short, or, rather, aims blindly. It is the spirituality of Carlyle that charms him. What he says of Tennyson I too thought in my boy's days, that is, before I began to think. Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought. Mill is essentially a critic: it is his heart, not his mind, which sends him feeling ahead. But he really does not touch the soul and springs of the Universe as Carlyle does. Only, when the latter attempts practical dealings he is irritable as a woman, impetuous as a tyrant. He seeks the short road to his ends; and the short road is, we know, a bloody one. He is not wise; Mill is; but Carlyle has most light when he burns calmly. Much of Ruskin's Political Economy will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it. This therefore is not the Political Economy of our day.—I have turned Wendell Phillips like a drenching fireman's hose on a parson, and made him sputter and gutter and go to his wife to trim his wick. The Oration is very noble. Adieu. Write some day next year.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

MICKLEHAM, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED: . . . Will is in the garden on a rocking-horse, new gift from his Aunt. His seat is as Cardigan's entering Balaclava guns.—Of course you've read Kinglake, very deliberate, very conscientious. He has done all the work of the History of the Crim. War except to write it. His writing is so fine—so fine (in both senses) that to say it is penmanship seems best to express it.—One sees the whole Balaclava business, as he saw it (and you) from the heights, through Kinglake's slowly-moving, dioramic opera-glass, with the fifty degree magnifying power of patient imagination, full study and testimony, superadded. It deserves praise and thanks. Contemporaneous history should thus be written: but it is not an artistic piece of history. How glorious Scarlett at the head of his 300 Greys and Inniskillens! Yet one can't help feeling that Kinglake makes them go astonishingly like the horsemen in a peepshow. Scarlett enters:—pause; now Shegogg:—pause; Aide de camp:—pause: now the Greys, presently the Inniskillens:—So on. Very good, very bad. Adieu.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Captain Maxse.]

MICKLEHAM, *Jan.* 2, 1870.

MY DEAR FRED: It's difficult to speak mildly of a man who calls John Mill blockhead, and dares to assume Carlyle's mantle of Infallibility on the plea that it is his "master's." Still I agree with much that he says of Carlyle. I hold that he is the nearest to being an inspired writer of any man in our times; he does proclaim inviolable law: he speaks from the deep springs of life. All this. But when he descends to our common pavement, when he would apply his eminent spiritual wis-

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dom to the course of legislation, he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop. "I purify the atmosphere," says this agent "You knock me down, spoil my goods and frighten my family," says the grocer.—Philosophy, while rendering his dues to a man like Carlyle and acknowledging itself inferior in activity, despises his hideous blustering impatience in the presence of progressive facts.

Read the "French Revolution" and you listen to a seer: the recent pamphlets, and he is a drunken country squire of superordinary ability.

Carlyle preaches work for all to all. Good. But his method of applying his sermon to his "nigger" is intolerable.—Spiritual light he has to illuminate a nation. Of practical little or none, and he beats his own brains out with emphasis.

As to what R. says of John Mill I have not the Pol. Ec. handy. I am inclined to think the present generation of P. Economists wrong—that they don't see that the obligations of Wealth pertain to its sources, and that R. has some vague truth for a backbone to his preposterous priestly attitude and inebriate conceit as against adversaries.

The Parsonry are irritating me fearfully, but a non-celibate clergy are a terrific power. They are interwound with the whole of the Middle class like the poisonous ivy. Oh! for independence, that I might write my mind of these sappers of our strength.—Your loving

GEORGE M.

(To be continued.)

TO LITTLE RENÉE

ON FIRST SEEING HER LYING IN HER CRADLE

By William Aspenwall Bradley

WHO is she here that now I see,
This dainty new divinity,
Love's sister, Venus' child? She shows
Her hues, white lily and pink rose,
And in her laughing eyes the snares
That hearts entangle unawares.
Ah, woe to men if Love should yield
His arrows to this girl to wield
Even in play, for she would give
Sore wounds that none might take and live.
Yet no such wanton strain is hers,
Nor Leda's child and Jupiter's
Is she, though swans no softer are
Than whom she fairer is by far.
For she was born beside the rill
That gushes from Parnassus' hill,
And by the bright Pierian spring
She shall receive an offering
From every youth who pipes a strain
Beside his flocks upon the plain.

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But I, the first, this very day,
Will tune for her my humble lay,
Invoking this new Muse to render
My oaten reed more sweet and tender,
Within its vibrant hollows wake
Such dulcet voices for her sake
As, curvèd hand at straining ear,
I long have stood and sought to hear
Borne with the warm midsummer breeze
With scent of hay and hum of bees
Faintly from far-off Sicily. . . .

Ah, well I know that not for us
Are Virgil and Theocritus,
And that the golden age is past
Whereof they sang, and thou, the last,
Sweet Spenser, of their god-like line,
Soar far too swift for verse of mine
One strain to compass of your song.
Yet there are poets that prolong
Of your rare voice the ravishment
In silver cadences; content
Were I if I could but rehearse
One stave of Wither's starry verse,
Weave such wrought richness as recalls
Britannia's lovely Pastorals,
Or in some garden-spot suspire
One breath of Marvell's magic fire
When in the green and leafy shade
He sees dissolving all that's made.
Ah, little Muse, still far too high
On weak clipped wings my wishes fly.
Transform them then and make them doves,
Soft-moaning birds that Venus loves,
That they may circle ever low
Above the abode where you shall grow
Into your gracious womanhood.
And you shall feed the gentle brood
From out your hand—content they'll be
Only to coo their songs to thee.

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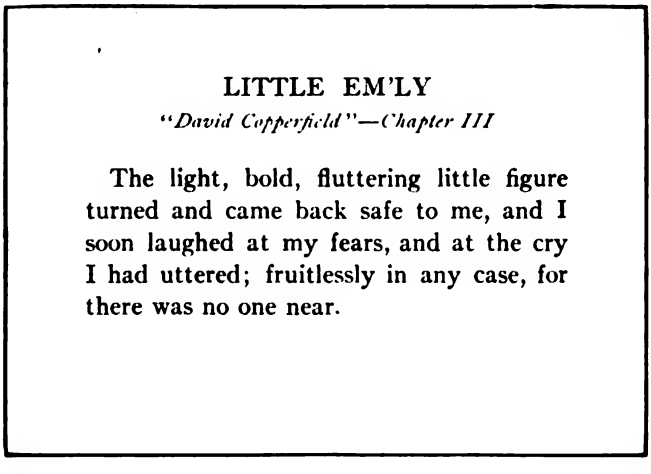
DICKENS'S CHILDREN

TWO DRAWINGS

BY

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH



LITTLE EM'LY

"David Copperfield"—Chapter III

The light, bold, fluttering little figure turned and came back safe to me, and I soon laughed at my fears, and at the cry I had uttered; fruitlessly in any case, for there was no one near.

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THE RUNAWAY COUPLE

"Christmas Stories"
The Holly-Tree—Second Branch

"So Boots goes up-stairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa,—immense at any time, but looking like the great Bed of Ware, compared with him,—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked!"

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Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan.

"She flung herself across his knees and put her arms around him."—Page 171.

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THE EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN.

I

"O DANNY! oho-o-o! five o'clock!"

The clear young voice of Esther North floated across the snowy fields to the hill where the children of Glendour were coasting. Her brother Daniel, plodding up the trampled path beside the glairy track with half a dozen other boys, dragging the bob-sled on which his little sister Ruth was seated, heard the call with vague sentiments of dislike and rebellion. His twelve years rose up in arms against being ordered by a girl, even if she was sixteen and had begun to put up her hair and lengthen her skirts. She was a nice girl, to be sure—the prettiest in Glendour. But she might have had more sense than to call out that way before all the crowd. He had a good mind to pretend not to hear her.

But his comrades were not so minded. They had no idea of letting him evade the situation. They wanted him to stay, but he must do it like a man.

"Listen at your nurse already!" said one of the older lads mockingly; "she's a-callin' you. Run along home, boy!"

"Aw, no!" pleaded a youngster, not yet master of the art of irony. "Don't you mind her, Dan! The coast is just gettin' like glass, and you're the onliest one to steer the bob. You stay!"

"Please, Danny," said Ruth, keeping her seat as the sled stopped at the top of the hill, "only once more down! I ain't a bit tired."

"Dannee-ee-ee! O *Danny!*" came the sweet vibrant call again. "Five o'clock—come on—remember!"

Daniel remembered. The rules of the Rev. Nathaniel North's house were like the law of the Medes and Persians. Daniel had never met a Mede or a Persian, but in his mind he pictured them as persons with reddish-gray hair and beards and smooth-shaven upper lips, wearing white neck-cloths and long black broadcloth coats, and requiring absolute punctuality at meal-time, church-time, school-time, and family prayers. Esther's voice recalled him from the romance of the coasting-hill to the reality of life. He considered the consequences of being late for Saturday evening worship and made up his mind that they were too much for him.

"Come on, Ruthie," he cried, picking up the cord of her small girl's sled, which she had forsaken for the greater glory and excitement of riding behind her brother on the bob. The child put her hand in his, and they ran together over the creaking snow to the place where their older sister was waiting, her slender figure in blue jacket and skirt outlined against the white field, and her golden hair shining like an aureole around her rosy face in the intense bloom of the winter sunset.

The three young Norths were the flower of Glendour: a Scotch village in western Pennsylvania, where the spirits of John Knox and Robert Burns lived face to face, separated by a great gulf. On one side of the street, near the river, was the tavern, where the lights burned late, and the music went to the tune of "Wandering Willie" and "John Barleycorn." On the other side of the street, toward the hills, was the Presbyterian church, where the sermons were an hour long, and the favorite lyric was

"A charge to keep I have."

The Rev. Nathaniel North's "charge to keep" was the spiritual welfare of the elect, and especially of his own motherless children. To guide them in the narrow way, unspotted from the world, to train them up in the faith once delivered to the saints and in the customs which that faith had devel-

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oped among the Scotch Covenanters, was the great desire of his heart. For that desire he would gladly have suffered martyrdom; and into the fulfilling of his task he threw a strenuous tenderness, a strong, unfaltering, sincere affection that bound his children to him by a love which lay far deeper than all their outward symptoms of restiveness under his strict rule.

This is a thing that seldom gets into stories. People of the world do not understand it. They are strangers to the intensity of religious passion, and to the swift instinct by which the heart of a child surrenders to absolute sincerity.

This was what the North children felt in their father—a devotion that was grave, stern, almost fierce in its single-hearted attachment to them. He was theirs altogether. He would not let them dance or play cards. The theatre and even the circus was tabooed to them. Novel-reading was discouraged and no books were admitted to the house which had not passed under his censorship. All this seemed strange to them; they could not comprehend it; at times they talked together about the hardship of it—the two older ones—and made little plots to relax or circumvent the paternal rule. But in their hearts they accepted it, because they knew their father loved them better than any one else in the world, and they trusted him because they felt that he was a true man and a good man.

You see they were not "children in fiction"; they were real children—and beautiful, high-spirited children too. Esther was easily the fairest of the village maidens, and the head of her class in the high-school; Daniel, a leader in games among the boys of his age; even eight-year-old Ruth with her fly-away red hair and her wide brown eyes had her devoted admirers among the younger lads. It was evident to the Rev. Nathaniel North that his children were destined to have the perilous gift of popularity, and with all his natural pride in them he was tormented with anxiety on their account. How to protect them from temptation, how to shield them from the vain allurements of wealth and folly and fashion, how to surround them with an atmosphere altogether serious and devout and pure, how to keep them out of reach of the evil that is in the world—that was the tremendous problem upon which his mind and his heart labored day and night.

Of course he admitted, or rather he positively affirmed, according to orthodox doctrine, that there was original sin in them. Under every human exterior, however fair, he postulated a heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." This he regarded as a well-known axiom of theology, and it had no bearing at all upon the fact of experience that none of his children had ever lied to him and that he would have been amazed out of measure if one of them should ever do a mean or a cruel thing.

But he believed, all the same, that the mass of depravity must be there, in the nature which they inherited through him from Adam, like a heap of tinder waiting for the fire. It was his duty to keep the fire from touching them, to guard them from the flame, even the spark, of worldliness. He gave thanks for his poverty which was like a wall about them. He prayed every night that no descendant of his might ever be rich. He was grateful for the seclusion and plainness of the village of Glendour in which vice certainly did not glitter.

"Separate from the world," he said to himself often, "that is a great mercy. No doubt there is evil here, as everywhere; but it is not gilded, it is not attractive. For my children's sake I am glad to live in obscurity, to keep them separate from the world."

But they were not conscious of any oppressive sense of separation as they walked homeward, through the saffron after-glow deepening into crimson and violet. The world looked near to them, and very great and beautiful, tingling with life even through its winter dress. The keen air, the crisp snow beneath their feet, the quivering stars that seemed to hang among the branches of the leafless trees, all gave them joy. They were healthily tired and heartily hungry; a good supper was just ahead of them, and beyond that a long life full of wonderful possibilities; and they were very glad to be alive. The two older children walked side by side pulling the sled with Ruth, who was willing to confess that she was "just a little mite tired" now that the fun was over.

"Esther," said the boy, "what do you suppose makes father so quiet and solemn lately—more than usual? Has anything happened, or is it just thinking?"

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"Well," said the girl, who had a touch of the gentle tease in her, "perhaps it is just the left-over sadness from finding out that you'd been smoking!"

"Huh," murmured Dan, "you drop that, Essie! That was two weeks ago—besides, he didn't find out; I told him; and I took my medicine, too—never flinched. That's all over. More likely he remembers the fuss you made about not being let to go with the Slocums to see the theatre in Pittsburgh. You cried, baby! I didn't."

The boy rubbed the back of his hand reminiscently against the leg of his trousers, and Esther was sorry she had reminded him of a painful subject.

"Anyway," she said, "you had the best of it. I'd rather have gone, and told him about it, and taken a whipping afterward."

"What stuff! You know dad wouldn't whip a girl—not to save her life. Besides, when a thing's done, and 'fessed, and paid for, it's all over with dad. He's perfectly fair, I must say that. He doesn't nag like girls do."

"Now *you* drop *that*, Danny, and I'll tell you what I think is the matter with father. But you must promise not to speak to him about it."

"All right, I promise. What is it?"

"I guess—now mind, you mustn't tell—but I'm almost sure it is something about our Uncle Abel. A letter came last month, postmarked Colorado; and last week there was another letter in the same handwriting from Harrisburg. Father has been reading them over and over, and looking sadder each time. I guess perhaps Uncle Abel is in trouble, or else——"

"You mean father's rich brother that lives out West? Billy Slocum told me about him once—says he's a king-pin out there, owns a mine a mile deep and full of gold and diamonds, keeps lots of fast horses, wins races all over the country. He must be great. You mean him? Why doesn't father ever speak of him?"

The girl nodded her head and lowered her voice, glancing back to see that Ruth was not listening.

"You see," she continued, "father and Uncle Abel had a break—not a quarrel, but a kind of a divide—when they were young men. Lucy Slocum heard all about it from her grandmother, and told me. They were in a college scrape together, and father took his punishment, and after that he was converted, and you know how good he is. But his brother got mad, and he ran away from college, out West, and I reckon he has been—well, pretty bad. They say he gambled and drank and did all sorts of things. He said the world owed him a fortune and a good time. Now he's got piles of money, and a great big place he calls Due North, with herds of cattle and ponies and a house full of pictures and things. I guess he's quieted down some, but he isn't married, and they say he isn't at all religious. He's what they call a free-thinker, and he just travels around with his horses and spends money. I suppose that is why father does not speak of him. You know he thinks that's all wrong, very wicked, and he wants to keep us separate from it all."

The boy listened to this long, breathless confidence in silence, kicking the lumps of snow in the road as he trudged along.

"Well," he said, "it seems kind of awful to have two brothers divided like that, don't it, Essie? But I suppose father's right, he most always is. Only I wish they'd make it up, and Uncle Abel would come here with some of those horses, and perhaps I could go West with him some time to make a start in life."

"Yes," added the girl, "and wouldn't it be fine to hear him tell about his adventures. And then perhaps he'd take an interest in us, and make things easier for father, and if he liked my singing he might give the money to send me to the Conservatory of Music. That would be great!"

"Yes," piped up the voice of Ruth from the sled, "and I wish he'd take us all out to Due North with him to see the ponies and the big house. That would be just lovely!"

Esther looked at Dan and smiled. Then she turned around.

"You little pitcher," she laughed, "what do you have such long ears for? But you must keep your mouth shut, anyway. Remember, I don't want you to speak to father about Uncle Abel."

"I didn't promise," said Ruth, shaking her head, "and I want him to come—it'll be better'n Santa Claus."

By this time the children had arrived at the little red brick parsonage, with its white wooden porch, on the side street a few doors back of the church. They stamped the snow off their feet, put the sled under the

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porch, hung their coats and hats in the entry, and went into the parlor on the stroke of half-past five.

Over the mantel hung an engraving of "The Death-Bed of John Knox," which they never looked at if they could help it; on the opposite wall a copy of Reynolds' "Infant Samuel," which they adored. The pendent lamp, with a view of Jerusalem on the shade and glass danglers around the edge, shed a strong light on the marble-topped centre-table and the red plush furniture and the pale green paper with gilt roses on it.

On Saturday evening family worship came before supper. The cook and the maid-of-all-work were in their places on the smallest chairs, beside the door. On the sofa, where the children always sat, their Bibles were laid out. The father was in the big arm-chair by the centre-table with the book on his knees, already open.

The passage chosen was the last chapter of the Epistle of James. The deep, even voice of Nathaniel North sounded through that terrible denunciation of unholy riches with a gravity of conviction far more impressive than the anger of the modern muck-raker. The hearts of the children, remembering their conversation, were disturbed and vaguely troubled. Then came the gentler words about patience and pity and truthfulness and the healing of the sick. At the end each member of the household was to read a sentence in turn and try to explain its meaning in a few words. The portion that fell to little Ruth was this:

"*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*"

She stumbled over the two longer words, but she gave her comment clearly enough in her childish voice.

"That means if we obey Him, God will do anything we ask, I suppose."

The father nodded. "Right, my child. If we keep the commandments our prayers are sure of an answer. But remember that the people in the first part of the chapter have no such promise."

There was an unusual fervor in the prayer which closed the worship that night. Nathaniel North seemed to be putting his arms around the family to shield them from some unseen danger. The children, whose thoughts had wandered a little while he was remembering the Jews and the heathen and the missionaries in the customary phrases, felt their hearts dimly moved when he asked that the house might be kept from the power of darkness and the ravening wolves of sin, kept in unbroken purity and peace, holy and undefiled. The potent sincerity of his love came upon them. They believed with his faith; they consented with his will.

At the supper-table there was pleasant talk about books and school work and games and the plan to make a skating-pond in one of the lower fields that could be flooded after the snow had fallen. Nathaniel North, with all his strictness, was very near to his children; he wished to increase and to share their rightful happiness; he wanted them to be separate from the world but not from him. It was when they were talking of the coming school exhibition that Ruth dropped her little surprise into the conversation.

"Father," she said, "will Uncle Abel be here then? Oh, I wish he would come. I want to see him ever so much!"

He looked at her with astonishment for a moment. Esther and Daniel exchanged glances of dismay. They did not know what was coming. A serious rebuke from their father was not an easy thing to face. But when he spoke there was no rebuke in his voice.

"Children," he said, "it is strange that one of you should speak to me of my brother Abel when I have never spoken of him to you. But it is only natural, after all, and I should have foreseen it and been more frank with you. Have other people told you of him?"

"Oh, yes," they cried, with sparkling looks, but the father's face grew darker as he noticed their eagerness.

"Let me explain to you about him," he continued gravely. "He was my older brother—a year older—and as boys we were very fond of each other. But one day we had to part because our paths went in opposite directions. He chose the broad and easy way, and I was led into the straight and narrow path. How can two walk together except they be agreed? For ten years I tried to win him back, but without success. At last he told me that he wished me never to address him on the subject of religion again for he would rather lose both his hands and his feet than believe

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as I did. He went on with his reckless life, prospering in this world, as I hear, but I have never seen him since that time."

"But wouldn't you like to see him?" said Esther, dropping her eyes. "He must be quite a wonderful man. Doesn't he write to you?"

Her father's lip twitched, but he still spoke sadly and gravely.

"I see you have guessed the answer already. Yes, a letter came from him some time ago, proposing a visit, which I discouraged. Another came this week, saying that he was on his way, driving his own horses across the country, and though he had received no reply from me, he hoped to get here late Saturday—that is, to-night—or Sunday morning. Of course we must welcome my own brother—if he comes."

"Why, he may get here any minute," cried Daniel eagerly; "he's sure to change his wagon for a sleigh in Pittsburgh, and he won't have to drive 'way round by the long bridge, he can cross the river on the ice. I wonder if he's driving that famous long-distance team that Slocum told me about. Oh, that'll be simply great."

"I must go upstairs right away," exclaimed Esther, with brightening face, "to see that the guest-room is ready for him when he comes."

"I'll go to help," cried Ruth, clapping her hands. "What fun to have a real uncle here. I guess he'll bring a present for each of us."

"Wait, my children," said the father, lifting his hand, "before you go I have something more to say to you. Your uncle is a man of the world, and you know the world is evil; we have been called to come out of it. He does not think as we do, nor believe as we do, nor live as we do, according to the Word. For one thing, he cares nothing for the sanctity of the Sabbath. Unless he has changed very much, he is not temperate nor reverent. I fear the effect of his example in Glendour. I fear his influence upon you, my children. It is my duty to warn you, to put you on your guard. It will be a hard trial. But we must receive him—if he comes."

"If he comes?" cried Esther, evidently alarmed; "there's no doubt of that, is there, since he has written?"

"My dear, when you know your uncle you will understand that there is always a doubt. He is very irregular and uncertain in all his ways. He may change his mind or be turned aside. No one can tell. But go to your tasks now, my children, and to bed early. I have some work to do in my study. God keep you all!"

Each of them kissed him good-night, and he watched them out of the room with a look of tender sternness in his lined and rugged face, anxious, troubled, and ready to give his life to safeguard them from the invisible arrows of sin. Then he went into his long, narrow book-room, but not to work.

Up and down the worn and dingy carpet, between the walls lined with dull gray and brown and black books, he paced with heavy feet. The weight of a dreadful responsibility pressed upon him, the anguish of a spiritual conflict tore his heart. His old affection for his brother seemed to revive and leap up within him, like a flame from smothered embers when the logs are broken open. The memory of their young comradeship and joys together grew bright and warm. He longed to see Abel's face once more.

Then came other memories, dark and cold, crowding in upon him with evil faces to chill and choke his love. The storm of rebellion that led to the parting, the wild and reckless life in the far country, the gambling, the drinking, the fighting, the things that he knew and the things that he guessed—and then, the ways of Abel when he returned, at times, in the earlier years, with his pockets full of money to spend it in the worst company and with a high-handed indifference to all restraint, yet always with a personal charm of generosity and good-will that drew people to him and gave him a strange power over them—and then, Abel's final refusal to listen any more to the pleadings of the true faith, his good-humored obstinacy in unbelief, his definite choice of the world as his portion, and after that the long silence and the growing rumors of his wealth, his extravagance, his devotion, if not to the lust of the flesh, at least to the lust of the eyes and the pride of life—all these thoughts and pictures rushed upon Nathaniel North and overwhelmed him with painful terror and foreboding. They seemed to loom above him and his children like black clouds charged with hidden disaster. They shook his sick heart with an agony of trembling hatred.

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He did not hate his brother—no, never that—and there was the poignant pain of it. The bond of affection rooted in his very flesh held firm and taut, stretched to the point of anguish, and vibrating in shrill notes of sorrow as the hammer of conviction struck it. He could not cast his brother out of his inmost heart, blot his name from the book of remembrance, cease to hope that the infinite mercy might some day lay hold upon him before it was too late.

But the things for which that brother stood in the world—the ungodliness, the vainglory, the material glitter and the spiritual darkness—these things the minister was bound to hate; and the more he hated the more he feared and trembled. The intensity of this fear seemed for the time to blot out all other feelings. The coming of such a man, with all his attractions, with the glamour of his success, with the odors and enchantments of the world about him, was an incalculable peril.

The pastor agonized for his flock, the father for his little ones. It seemed as if he saw a tiger with glittering eyes creeping near and crouching for a spring. It seemed as if a serpent, with bright colors coiled and fatal head poised, were waiting in the midst of the children for one of them to put out a hand to touch it.

Which would it be? Perhaps all of them would be fascinated. They were so eager, so innocent, so full of life. How could he guard them in a peril so subtle and so terrible? He had done all that he could for them, but perhaps it was not enough. He felt his weakness, his helpless impotence. They would slip away from him and be lost—perhaps forever. Already his sick heart saw them charmed, bewildered, poisoned, perishing in ways where his imagination shuddered to follow them.

The torture of his love and terror crushed him. He sank to his knees beside the ink-stained wooden table on the threadbare carpet and buried his face in his arms. All of his soul was compressed into a single agony of prayer.

He prayed that this bitter trial might not come upon him, that this great peril might not approach his children. He prayed that the visitation which he dreaded might be averted by almighty power. He prayed that God would prevent his brother from coming, and keep the home in unbroken purity and peace, holy and undefiled.

From this strange wrestling in spirit he rose benumbed, yet calmed, as one who feels that he has made his last effort and can do no more. He opened the door of his study and listened. There was no sound. The children had all gone to bed. He turned back to the old table to work until midnight on his sermon for the morrow. The text was: "*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*"

II

But that sermon was not to be delivered. Mr. North woke very early, before it was light, and could not find sleep again. In the gray of the morning, when the little day was creeping among the houses of Glendour, he heard steps in the street and then a whisper of voices at his gate. He threw his wrapper around him and went down quietly to open the door.

A group of men were there, with trouble in their faces. They told him of an accident on the river. A sleigh crossing the ice during the night had lost the track. The horses had broken into an air-hole and dragged the sleigh with them. The man had been carried under the ice with the current. His body came out a little while ago in the big spring-hole by the point. They had pulled it ashore. They did not know for sure who it was—a stranger—but they thought—perhaps——

The minister listened silently, shivering once or twice, and passing his hand over his brow as if to brush away something. When their voices paused and ceased, he said slowly, "Thank you for coming to me. I must go with you, and then I can tell." As he went upstairs softly and put on his clothes, he repeated these words to himself two or three times mechanically—"yes, then I can tell." But as he went with the men he said nothing, walking like one in a dream.

On the bank of the river, amid the broken ice and trampled yellow snow, the men had put a few planks together and laid the body of the stranger upon them turning up the broad collar of his fur coat to hide his face. One of the men now turned the collar down, and Nathaniel North looked into the wide-open eyes of the dead.

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A horrible tremor shook him from head to foot. He lifted his hands, as if he must cry aloud in anguish. Then suddenly his face and figure seemed to congeal and stiffen with some awful inward coldness—the frost of the last circle of the Inferno—it spread upon him till he stood like a soul imprisoned in ice.

"Yes," he said, "this is my brother Abel. Will you carry him to my house? We must bury him."

During the confusion and distress of the following days that frozen rigidity never broke nor melted. Mr. North gave no directions for the funeral, took no part in it, but stood beside the grave in dreadful immobility. He did not mourn. He did not lament. He listened to his friends' consolation as if it were spoken in an unknown tongue. Nothing helped him, nothing hurt, because nothing touched him.

He did no work, opened no book, spoke no word if he could avoid it. He moved about his house like a stranger, a captive, shrinking from his children so that they grew afraid to come close to him. They were bewildered and harrowed with pity. They did not know what to do. It seemed as if it were their father and not their uncle who had died.

Every attempt to penetrate the ice of his anguish failed. He gave no sign of why or how he suffered. Most of the time he spent alone in his book-room, sitting with his hands in his lap, staring at the unspeakable thought that paralyzed him, the thought that was entangled with the very roots of his creed and that glared at him with monstrous and malignant face above the very altar of his religion—the thought of his last prayer—the effectual prayer, the fervent prayer, the damnable prayer that branded his soul with the mark of Cain, his brother's murderer.

The physician grew alarmed. He feared the minister would lose his reason in a helpless melancholia. The children were heartbroken. All their efforts to comfort and distract their father fell down hopeless from the mask of ice behind which they saw him like a dead spirit in prison. Daniel and Ruth were ready to give up in despair. But Esther still clung desperately to the hope that she could do something to rescue him.

One night, when the others had gone to bed, she crept down to the sombre study. Her father did not turn his head as she entered. She crossed the room and knelt down by the ink-stained table, laying her hands on his knee. He put them gently away and motioned her to rise.

"Do not do that," he said in a dull voice.

She stood before him, wringing her hands, the tears streaming down her face, but her voice was sweet and steady.

"Father," she said, "you must tell me what it is that is killing you. Don't you know it is killing us too? Is it right for you to do that? I know it is something more than uncle's death that hurts you. It is sad to lose a brother, but there is something deeper in your heart. Tell me what it is. I have the right to know. I ask you for mother's sake."

He lifted his head and looked at her. His eyelids quivered. His secret dragged downward in his breast like an iron hand clutching his throat-strings. His voice was stifled. But no matter what it cost him, to her, the first child of his love, his darling, he must speak at last.

"You have the right to know, Esther," he said, with a painful effort. "I will tell you what is in my soul. I killed my brother Abel. The night of his death, I knelt at that table and prayed that he might be prevented from coming to this house. My only thought, my only wish was that he must be kept away. That was all I asked for. God killed him because I asked it. His blood is on my soul."

He leaned back in his chair exhausted, and shut his eyes.

The girl stood dazed for a moment, struck dumb by the grotesque horror of what she had heard. Then the light of Heaven-sent faith flashed through her and the courage of human love warmed her. She sprang to her father, sobbing and trembling with the joy of the thought that had come to her. She flung herself across his knees and put her arms around him.

"Father, did you teach us that God is our Father, our real Father?"

The man did not answer, but the girl went bravely on:

"Father, if I asked you to kill Ruth, would you do it?"

The man stirred a little, but he did not open his eyes nor answer, and the girl went bravely on:

"Father, is it fair to God to believe that

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He would do something that you would be ashamed of? Isn't He better than you are?"

The man opened his eyes. The fire of his old faith kindled in them. He answered firmly:

"He is infinite, absolute, and unchangeable. His Word is sure. We dare not question Him. There is the promise—the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

The girl did not look up. She clung to him more closely, she buried her face on his breast, but she went bravely on:

"Yes, father dear, but if what you asked in your prayer was wrong, were you a righteous man? Could your prayer have any power?"

It was her last stroke—she trembled as she made it. There was a dead silence in the room. She heard the clock ticking on the mantel, the wind whistling in the chimney. Then her father's breast was shaken, his head fell upon her shoulder, his tears rained upon her neck.

"Thank God," he cried, "I was a sinner—it was not a prayer—God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE MOTHER

By John Hall Wheelock

THERE was a trampling of horses from Calvary,
  Where the armed Romans rode from the mountain-side;
Yet riding they dreamed of the soul that could rise free
  Out of the bruised breast and the arms nailed wide.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary
  And the long spears glittered into the night;
Yet riding they dreamed of the will that dared to be,
  When the head fell and the heavens were rent with light.

The eyes that closed over sleep like folded wings
  And the sad mouth that kissed death with the cry,
"Father, forgive them,"—silently these things
  They remembered, riding down from Calvary.

And Joseph when the sick body was lowered slowly
  Folded it in a white cloth without seam,
The indomitable brow inflexible and holy,
  And the sad breast that held the immortal dream,

And the feet that could not walk, and the pierced hand,
  And the arms that held the whole world in their embrace;
But Mary beside the cross-tree could not understand,
  Looking upon the tired, human face.

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THE OLD NIAGARA

a ballad by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

'Twas noon. A dreamy August heat
Pervaded all the village street;
The horses dozed upon their feet,
The people dozed as well;
A drowsy note the locust sang;
When, clear and slow with vibrant clang,
From out the lime-washed belfry rang
The booming fire-bell:

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"Come, Deluge One! Come, Torrent Three!
Come, Old Niagara, brave and free!
Come, fire-lads of each degree
Where Duty calls, and Fame!
Come one, come all! Come friends, come foes!
Come, Water Witch and Neptune Hose!
Oh, come! Across the river glows
Judge Bascom's Place, aflame!"

Now, "Fi-urr! fi-urr!" urchins cried;
The village clamored; horses shied;
The clerkly pen was cast aside;
The hammer down was flung.
How swiftly donned were shirts of red!
His leathern helm upon his head,
How gallantly each hero sped
To man his engine-tongue!

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Then, swept along by shouting bands,
On every rope a score of hands,
The foremen blaring wild commands
With sundry oaths, belike,
Black Deluge with her seasoned crew,
Green Water Witch, all painted new,
And Old Niagara, tried and true,
Came roaring down the Pike.

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Brave Old Niagara! our boast,
And ever first when needed most!
We bumped her through the panting host
With lusty heave and tug.
Red Torrent's race was quickly done;
We "jumped" the Neptunes on the run,
And, barely passing Deluge One,
Achieved the water-plug!

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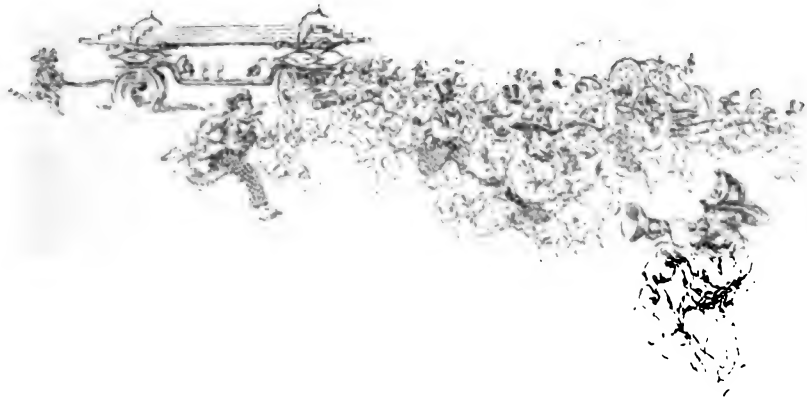

That plug was ours by law and right;
But Deluge One in jealous spite
Essayed to steal our prize by might
Of fisticuffs and blows.
But, stroke for stroke on helmets black,
We drove the Deluge cohorts back;
And having foiled their base attack
Made fast our suction hose.

Yet Bascom's Place stood well away
Beyond our nozzle's utmost play;
So orders came our pipe to lay,
A steady stream to pour
In Water Witch, whose braggart claim,
Though challenged oft, was still the same—
That she could empty on a flame
All we could pump, and more!

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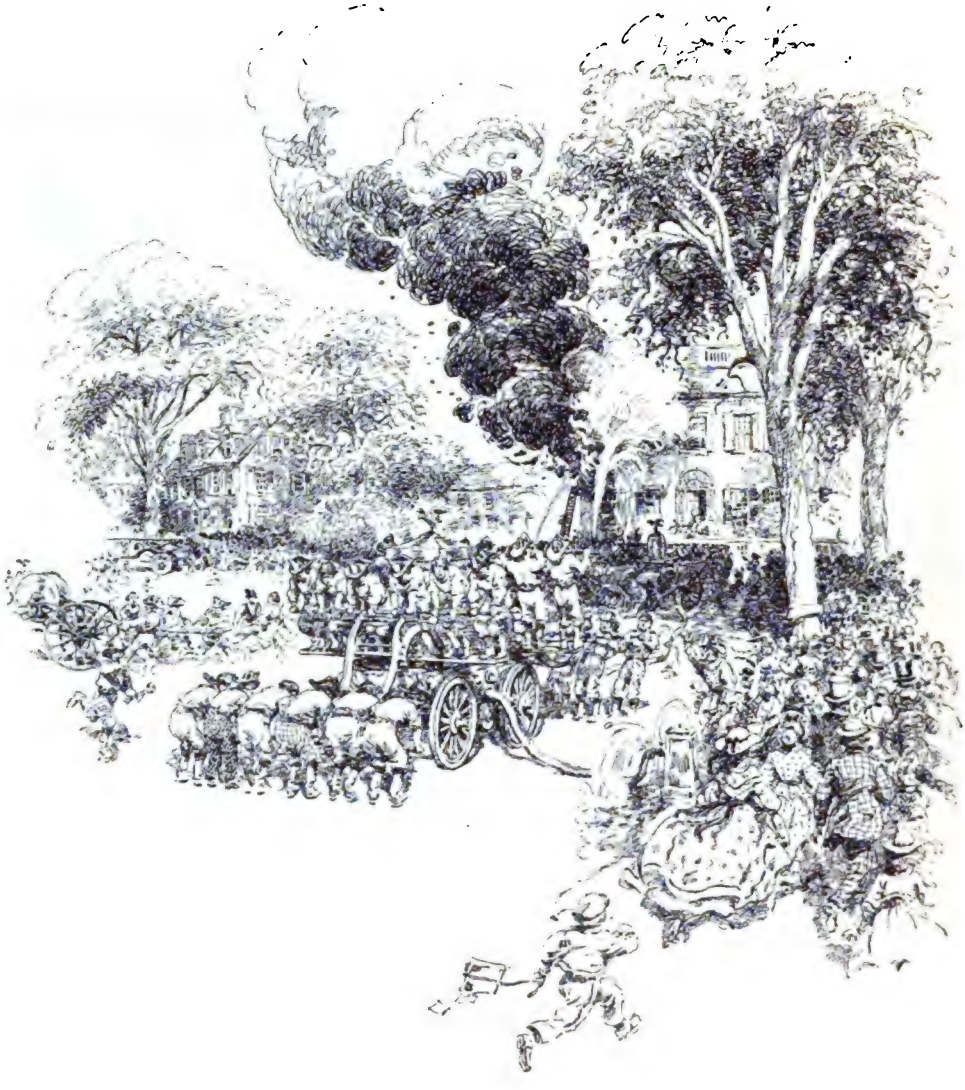

Though twelve stout men on either side
Her pumping-brakes, unwearied, plied,
Our hose-pipe gushed a whelming tide!
In vain, at fever-pitch
Our rivals pumped! Unworthy foes,
In vain they tried to cut our hose!
Above their brim the bubbles rose—
We'd "washed" the Water Witch!

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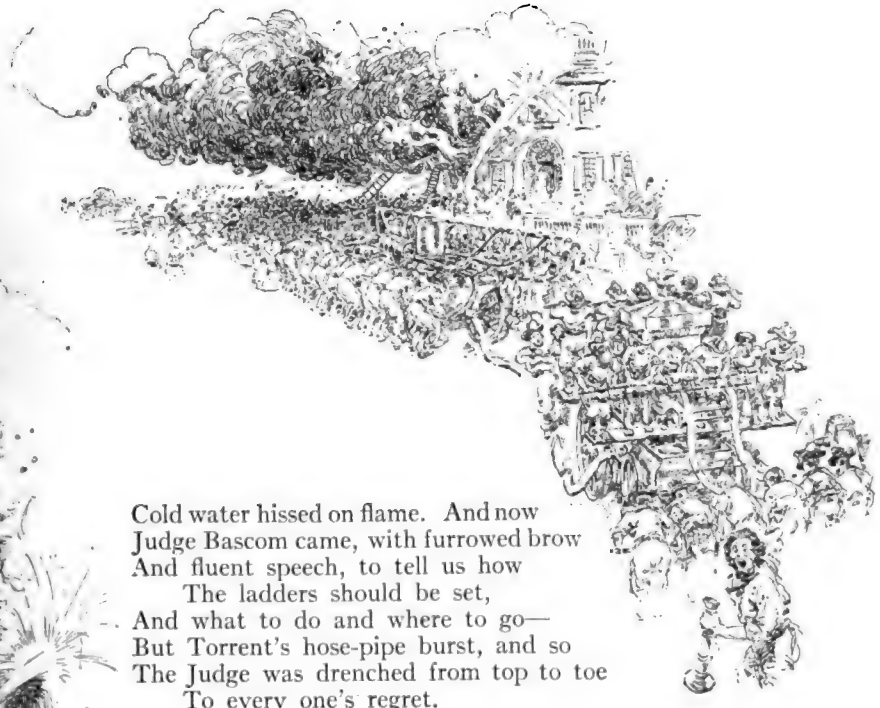

Cold water hissed on flame. And now
Judge Bascom came, with furrowed brow
And fluent speech, to tell us how
The ladders should be set,
And what to do and where to go—
But Torrent's hose-pipe burst, and so
The Judge was drenched from top to toe
To every one's regret.

"Up, ladders!" Brawny axemen broke
The panes and plunged through flame and smoke
To save, perchance, a chair, a cloak,
A hat or gingham gown.
Some hurled from windows chinaware
And costly glass and pictures rare;
While other-some, with tender care,
A mattress lowered down.

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Alas! a surging, crackling wave
Engulfed the home we could not save!
Yet noble deeds that day, and brave,
Were writ on History's page;
And distant Melton heard the roar
Of cheers when Perkins burst a door
And down the charring stairway bore
A parrot in a cage!

The *Banner* said: "A sooty pall
Of ashes covers Bascom Hall!
The Place was burned in spite of all
Our fire-lads endured.
The honors of the dreadful day
The Old Niagara bore away.
Judge Bascom, we rejoice to say,
Is heavily insured."

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XIV

LITTLE Mavis did not reach the hills. At sunrise a few miles down the road, the two met Steve Hawn on a borrowed horse, his pistol buckled around him and his face pale and sleepless.

"Whar you two goin'?" he asked roughly.

"Home," was Jason's short answer, and he felt Mavis's arm about his waist begin to tremble.

"Git off, Mavis, an' git up hyeh behind me. Yo' home's with me."

Jason valiantly reached for his gun, but Mavis caught his hand and, holding it, slipped to the ground.

"Don't, Jasie—I'll come, pap, I'll come." Whereat Steve laughed and Jason, raging, saw her ride away behind her stepfather, clutching him about the waist with one arm and with the other bent over her eyes to shield her tears.

A few miles further, Jason came on the smoking, charred remains of a toll-gate, and he paused a moment wondering if Steve might not have had a hand in that, and rode on toward the hills. Two hours later the school-master's horse shied from those black ruins, and John Burnham kept on toward school with a troubled face. To him the ruins meant the first touch of the writhing tentacles of the modern trust and the blue-grass Kentuckian's characteristic way of throwing them off, for turnpikes of white limestone, like the one he travelled, thread the blue-grass country like strands of a spider's web. The spinning of them started away back in the beginning of the last century. That far back the strand he followed pierced the heart of the region from its chief town to the Ohio and was graded for steam-wagons that were expected to roll out from the land of dreams. Every few miles on each of these roads sat a little house, its porch touching the very edge of the turnpike, and there a long pole, heavily weighted at one end and pulled down and tied fast to the porch, blocked the way. Every traveller, except he was on foot, every drover of cattle, sheep, hogs, or mules, must pay his toll before the pole was lifted and he could go on his way. And Burnham could remember the big fat man, who once a month, in a broad, low buggy, drawn by two swift black horses, would travel hither and thither, stopping at each little house to gather in the deposits of small coins. As time went on, this man and a few friends began to gather in as well certain bits of scattered paper that put the turnpike webs like reins into a few pairs of hands, with the natural, inevitable result: fewer men had personal need of good roads, the man who parted with his bit of paper lost his power of protest, and while the traveller paid the same toll, the path that he travelled got steadily worse. A mild effort to arouse a sentiment for county control was made, and this failing, the Kentuckian had straightway gone for firebrand and gun. The dormant spirit of Ku-Klux awakened, the night-rider was born again, and one by one the toll-gates were going up in flame and settling back in ashes to the mother earth. The school-master smiled when he thought of the result of one investigation in the county by law. A sturdy farmer was haled before the grand jury.

"Do you know the perpetrators of the unlawful burning of the toll-gate on the Cave Hill Pike?" asked the august body. The farmer ran his fearless eyes down the twelve of his peers and slowly walked the length of them, pointing his finger at this juror and that.

"Yes, I do," he said quietly, "and so do you—and you and *you*. Your son was in it—and yours—and mine; and you were in it yourself. Now, what are you going to do about it?" And unrebuked and unrestrained, he turned and walked out of the room, leaving the august body,

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startled, grimly smiling and reduced to a helpless pulp of inactivity.

That morning Mavis was late to school, and the school-master and Gray and Marjorie all saw that she had been weeping. Only Marjorie suspected the cause, but at little recess John Burnham went to her to ask where Jason was, and Gray was behind him with the same question on his lips. And when Mavis burst into tears, Marjorie answered for her and sat down beside her and put her arms around the mountain girl. After school she even took Mavis home behind her and Gray rode along with them on his pony. Steve Hawn was sitting on his little porch smoking when they rode up, and he came down and hospitably asked them to "light and hitch their beastes," and the black-haired stepmother called from the doorway for them to "come in an' rest a spell," and Gray and Marjorie concealed with some difficulty their amusement at such queer phrases of welcome, their wonder at the democratic ease of the two and their utter unconsciousness of any social difference between the lords and ladies of the blue-grass and poor people from the mountains, for the other tobacco tenants were not like these. And there was no surprise on the part of the man, the woman, or the little girl when a sudden warm impulse to relieve loneliness led Marjorie to ask Mavis to go to her own home and stay all night with her.

"Course," said the woman.

"Go right along, Mavis," said the man, and Marjorie turned to Gray.

"You can carry her things," she said, and she turned to Mavis and met puzzled, unabashed eyes.

"Whut things?" asked little Mavis, whereat Marjorie blushed, looked quickly to Gray, whose face was courteously unsmiling, and started her pony abruptly.

It was a wonderful night for the mountaineer girl in the big-pillared house on the hill. When they got home, Marjorie drove her in a little pony cart over the big farm, while Gray trotted alongside—through pastures filled with cattle so fat they could hardly walk, past big barns bursting with hay and tobacco and stables full of slender, beautiful horses. Even the pigs had little red houses of refuge from the weather and flocks of sheep dotted the hill-side like unmelted patches of snow. The mountain girl's eyes grew big with wonder when she entered the great hall with its lofty ceiling, its winding stairway, and its polished floor, so slippery that she came near falling down, and they stayed big when she saw the rows of books, the pictures on the walls, the padded couches and chairs, the noiseless carpets, the polished andirons that gleamed like gold before the blazing fires, and when she glimpsed through an open door, the long dining-table with its glistening glass and silver. When she mounted that winding stairway and entered Marjorie's room she was stricken dumb by its pink curtains, pink wall paper, and gleaming brass bedstead with pink coverlid and pink pillow-facings. And she nearly gasped when Marjorie led her on into another room of blue.

"This is your room," she said smiling, "right next to mine. I'll be back in a minute."

Mavis stood a moment in the middle of the room when she was alone, hardly daring to sit down. A coal fire crackled behind a wire screen—coal from her mountains. A door opened into a queer little room, glistening white, and she peeped, wondering, within.

"There's the bath-room," Marjorie had said. She had not known what was meant, and she did not now, looking at the long white tub and the white tiling floor and walls until she saw the multitudinous towels, and she marvelled at the new mystery. She went back and walked to the window and looked out on the endless rolling winter fields over which she had driven that afternoon—all, Gray had told her, to be Marjorie's some day, just as all across the turnpike, Marjorie had told her, was some day to be Gray's. She thought of herself and of Jason, and her tears started, not for herself, but for him. Then she heard Marjorie coming in and she brushed her eyes swiftly.

"Whar can I git some water to wash?" she asked.

Marjorie laughed delightedly and led her back to that wonderful little white room, turned a gleaming silver star, and the water spurted joyously into the bowl.

"Well, I do declare!"

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Soon they went down to supper, and Mavis put out a shy hand to Marjorie's mother, a kind-eyed, smiling woman in black. And Gray, too, was there, watching the little mountain girl and smiling encouragement whenever he met her eyes. And Mavis passed muster well, for the mountaineer's sensitiveness makes him wary of his manners when he is among strange people and he will go hungry rather than be guilty unknowingly of a possible breach. Marjorie's mother was much interested and pleased with Mavis, and she made up her mind at once to discuss with her daughter how they could best help along the little stranger. After supper Marjorie played on the piano, and she and Gray sang duets, but the music was foreign to Mavis, and she did not like it very much. When the two went upstairs, there was a dainty long garment spread on Mavis's bed, which Mavis fingered carefully with much interest and much curiosity until she recalled suddenly what Marjorie had said about Gray carrying her "things." This was one of these things, and Mavis put it on wondering what the other things might be. Then she saw that a silver-backed comb and brush had appeared on the bureau along with a tiny pair of scissors and a little ivory stick, the use of which she could not make out at all. But she asked no questions, and when Marjorie came in with a new tooth-brush and a little tin box and put them in the bath-room, Mavis still showed no surprise, but ran her eyes down the night-gown with its dainty ribbons.

"Ain't it purty?" she said, and her voice and her eyes spoke all her thanks with such sincerity and pathos that Marjorie was touched. Then they sat down in front of the fire—a pair of slim brown feet that had been bruised by many a stone and pierced by many a thorn stretched out to a warm blaze side by side with a pair of white slim ones that had been tenderly guarded against both since the first day they had touched the earth, and a golden head that had never been without the caress of a tender hand and a tousled dark one that had been bared to sun and wind and storm—close together for a long time. Unconsciously Marjorie had Mavis tell her much about Jason, just as Mavis without knowing it had Marjorie tell her much about Gray. Mavis got the first good-night kiss of her life that night, and she went to bed thinking of the blue-grass boy's watchful eyes, little courtesies, and his sympathetic smile, just as Gray, riding home, was thinking of the dark, shy, little mountain girl with a warm glow of protection about his heart, and Marjorie fell asleep dreaming of the mountain boy who, under her promise, had gone back homeless to his hills. In them perhaps it was the call of the woods and wilds that had led their pioneer forefathers long, long ago into woods and wilds, or perhaps, after all, it was only the little blind god shooting arrows at them in the dark.

At least with little Jason one arrow had gone home. At the forks of the road beyond the county-seat he turned not toward his grandfather's, but up the spur and over the mountain. And St. Hilda, sitting on her porch, saw him coming again. His face looked beaten but determined, and he strode toward her as straight and sturdy as ever.

"I've come back to stay with ye," he said.

Again she started to make denial, but he shook his head. "'Tain't no use—I'm a-goin' to stay this time," he said, and he walked up the steps, pulling two or three dirty bills from his pocket with one hand and unbuckling his pistol belt with the other.

"Me an' my nag'll work fer ye an' I'll wear gal's stockin's an' a poke-bonnet an' do a gal's work, if you'll jus' l'arn me whut I want to know."

XV

THE funeral of old Hiram Sudduth, Marjorie's grandfather on her mother's side, was over. The old man had been laid to rest, by the side of his father and his pioneer grandfather, in the cedar-filled burying-ground on the broad farm that had belonged in turn to the three in an adjoining county that was the last stronghold of conservatism in the blue-grass world, and John Burnham, the schoolmaster, who had spent the night with an old friend after the funeral, was driving home. Not that there had not been many changes in that stronghold, too, but they

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were fewer than elsewhere and unmodern, and whatever profit was possible through these changes was reaped by men of the land like old Hiram and not by strangers. For the war there, as elsewhere, had done its deadly work. With the negro quarters empty, the elders were too old to change their ways, the young would not accept the new and hard conditions, and as mortgages slowly ate up farm after farm, quiet, thrifty, hard-working old Hiram would gradually take them in, depleting the old Stonewall neighborhood of its families one by one, and sending them West, never to come back. The old man, John Burnham knew, had bitterly opposed the marriage of his daughter with a "spendthrift Pendleton," and he wondered if now the old man's will would show that he had carried that opposition to the grave. It was more than likely, for Marjorie's father had gone his careless, generous, magnificent way in spite of the curb that the inherited thrift and inherited passion for land in his Sudduth wife had put upon him. Old Hiram knew, moreover, the parental purpose where Gray and Marjorie were concerned, and it was not likely that he would thwart one generation and tempt the succeeding one to go on in its reckless way. Right now Burnham knew that trouble was imminent for Gray's father, and he began to wonder what for him and his kind the end would be, for no change that came or was coming to his beloved land ever escaped his watchful eye. From the crest of the Cumberland to the yellow flood of the Ohio he knew that land, and he loved every acre of it, whether blue-grass, bear-grass, peavine, or pennyroyal, and he knew its history from Daniel Boone to the little Boones who still trapped skunk, mink, and muskrat and shot squirrels in the hills with the same old rifle, and he loved its people—his people—whether they wore silk and slippers, homespun and brogans, patent leathers and broadcloth, or cowhide boots and jeans. And now serious troubles were threatening them. A new man with a new political method had entered the arena and had boldly offered an election bill which, if passed and enforced, would create a State-wide revolution, for it would rob the people of local self-government and centralize power in the hands of a triumvirate that would be the creature of his government and, under the control of no court or jury, the supreme master of the State and absolute master of the people. And Burnham knew that in such a crisis ties of blood, kinship, friendship, religion, business would count no more in the blue-grass than they did during the Civil War, and that now, as then, father and son, brother and brother, neighbor and neighbor would each think and act for himself, though the house divided against itself should fall to rise no more. Nor was that all. In the farmer's fight against the staggering crop of mortgages that had slowly sprung up from the long-ago sowing of the dragon's teeth, Burnham saw with a heavy heart the telling signs of the land's slow descent from the strength of hemp to the weakness of tobacco—the ravage of the woodlands, the incoming of the tenant from the river-valley counties, the scars on the beautiful face of the land, the scars on the body social of the region—and now he knew another deadlier crisis, both social and economic, must some day come.

In the toll-gate war, long over, the law had been merely a little too awkward and slow. County sentiment had been a little lazy, but it had got active in a hurry, and several gentlemen, among them Gray's father, had ridden into town and deposited bits of gilt-scrolled paper to be appraised and taken over by the county, and the whole problem had been quickly solved, but the school-master, looking back, could not help wondering what lawless seeds the firebrand had then sowed in the hearts of the people and what weeds might not spring from those seeds even now; for the trust element of the toll-gate troubles had been accidental, unintentional, even unconscious, unrecognized, and now the real spirit of a real trust from the outside world was making itself felt. Courteous emissaries were smilingly fixing their own price on the Kentuckian's own tobacco and assuring him that he not only could not get a higher price elsewhere, but that if he declined he would be offered less next time, which he would have to accept or he could not sell at all. And the incredulous, fierily independent Kentuckian found his crop mysteriously shadowed on its way to the big town markets, marked with an invisible "noli me tangere" ex-

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cept at the price that he was offered at home. And so he had to sell it in a rage at just that price, and he went home puzzled and fighting-mad. If, then, the blue-grass people had handled with the firebrand corporate aggrandizement of toll-gate owners who were neighbors and friends, how would they treat meddlesome interference from strangers? Already one courteous emissary in one county had fled the people's wrath on a swift thoroughbred, and Burnham smiled sadly to himself and shook his head.

Rounding a hill, a few minutes later, the school-master saw far ahead the ancestral home of the Pendletons, where the stern old head of the house, but lately passed in his ninetieth year, had wielded patriarchal power. The old general had entered the Mexican war a lieutenant and come out a colonel, and from the Civil War he had emerged a major-general. He had two sons—twins—and for the twin brothers he had built twin houses on either side of the turnpike and had given each five hundred acres of land. And these houses had literally grown from the soil, for the soil had given every stick of timber in them and every brick and stone. The twin brothers had married sisters, and thus as the results of those unions Gray's father and Marjorie's father were double cousins, and like twin brothers had been reared, and the school-master marvelled afresh when he thought of the cleavage made in that one family by the terrible Civil War. For the old general carried but one of his twin sons into the Confederacy with him—the other went with the Union—and his grandsons, the double cousins, who were just entering college, went not only against each other, but each against his own father, and there was the extraordinary fact of three generations serving in the same war, cousin against cousin, brother against brother, and father against son. The twin brothers each gave up his life for his cause, the cousins in time took their places in the heart of the old general, and in the twin houses on the hills. Gray's father married an aristocrat, who survived the birth of Gray only a few years, and Marjorie's father died of an old wound but a year or two after she was born. And so the balked affection of the old man dropped down through three generations to centre on Marjorie, and his passionate family pride to concentrate on Gray.

Now the old Roman was gone, and John Burnham looked with sad eyes at the last stronghold of him and his kind—the rambling old house stuccoed with aged brown and covered with ancient vines, knotted and gnarled like an old man's hand; the walls three feet thick and built as for a fort, as was doubtless the intent in pioneer days; the big yard of unmown blue-grass and filled with cedars and forest trees; the numerous servants' quarters, the spacious hen-house, the stables with gables and long sloping roofs and the arched gateway to them for the thoroughbreds, under which no hybrid mule or lowly work-horse was ever allowed to pass; the spring-house with its dripping green walls, the long-silent blacksmith-shop; the still windmill, and over all the atmosphere of careless, magnificent luxury and slow decay; the stucco peeled off in great patches, the stable roofs sagging, the windmill wheelless, the fences following the line of a drunken man's walk, the trees storm-torn, and the mournful cedars harping with every passing wind a requiem for the glory that was gone. As he looked, the memory of the old man's funeral came to Burnham—the white old face in the coffin—haughty, noble, proud, and the spirit of it unconquered even by death; the long procession of carriages, the slow way to the cemetery, the stops on that way, the creaking of wheels and harness, and the awe of it all to the boy, Gray, who rode with him. Then the hospitable doors of the princely old house were closed and the princely life that had made merry for so long within its walls came sharply to an end, and it stood now, desolate, gloomy, haunted, the last link between the life that was gone and the life that was now breaking just ahead. A mile on, the twin-pillared houses of brick jutted from a long swelling knoll on each side of the road. In each the same spirit had lived and was yet alive.

In Gray's home it had gone on unchecked toward the same tragedy, but in Marjorie's the thrifty, quiet force of her mother's hand had been in power, and in the little girl the same force was plain. Her father was a Pendleton of the Pendletons, too, but the same gentle force had,

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without curb or check-rein so guided him that while he lived, he led proudly with never a suspicion that he was being led. And since the death of Gray's mother and Marjorie's father each that was left had been faithful to the partner gone, and in spite of prediction and gossip, the common neighborhood prophecy had remained unfilled.

A mile farther onward, the face of the land on each side changed suddenly and sharply and became park-like. Not a ploughed acre was visible, no tree-top was shattered, no broken boughs hung down. The worm fence disappeared and neat white lines flashed divisions of pastures, it seemed, for miles. A great amphitheatrical red barn sat on every little hill or a great red rectangular tobacco barn. A huge dairy was building of brick. Paddocks and stables were everywhere, macadamized roads ran from the main highway through the fields, and on the highest hill visible stood a great villa—a colossal architectural stranger in the land—and Burnham was driving by a row of neat red cottages, strangers, too, in the land. In the old Stonewall neighborhood that Burnham had left, the gradual depopulation around old Hiram left him almost as alone as his pioneer grandfather had been, and the home of the small farmers about him had been filled by the tobacco tenant. From the big villa emanated a similar force with a similar tendency, but old Hiram, compared with old Morton Sanders, was as a slow fire to a lightning-bolt. Sanders was from the East, had unlimited wealth, and loved race horses. Purchasing a farm for them, the Saxon virus in his Kentucky blood for land had gotten hold of him and he, too, had started depopulating the country; only where old Hiram bought rods, he bought acres; and where Hiram bagged the small farmer for game, Sanders gunned for the aristocrat as well. It was for Sanders that Colonel Pendleton had gone to the mountains long ago to gobble coal lands. It was to him that the roof over little Jason's head and the earth under his feet had been sold, and the school-master smiled a little bitterly when he turned at last into a gate and drove toward a stately old home in the midst of ancient cedars, for he was thinking of the little mountaineer and of the letter St. Hilda had sent him years ago.

"Jason has come back," she wrote, "'to learn some way o' gittin' his land back.'"

For the school-master's reflections during his long drive had not been wholly impersonal. With his own family there had been the same change, the same passing, the workings of the same force in the same remorseless way, and to him, too, the same doom had come. The home to which he was driving had been his, but it was Morton Sanders's now. His brother lived there as manager of Sanders's flocks, herds, and acres, and in the house of his fathers the school-master now paid his own brother for his board.

XVI

THE boy was curled up on the rear seat of the smoking-car. His face was upturned to the glare of light above him, the train bumped, jerked, and swayed; smoke and dust rolled in at the open window and cinders stung his face, but he slept as peacefully as though he were in one of the huge feather beds at his grandfather's house—slept until the conductor shook him by the shoulder, when he opened his eyes, grunted, and closed them again. The train stopped, a brakeman yanked him roughly to his feet, put a cheap suit-case into his hand, and pushed him, still dazed, into the chill morning air. The train rumbled on and left him blinking into a lantern held up to his face, but he did not look promising as a hotel guest, and the darkey porter turned abruptly and the boy yawned long and deeply, with his arms stretched above his head, dropped on the frosty bars of a baggage-truck and rose again shivering. Cocks were crowing, light was showing in the east, the sea of mist that he well knew was about him, but no mountains loomed above it, and St. Hilda's prize pupil, Jason Hawn, woke sharply at last with a tingling that went from head to foot. Once more he was in the land of the blue-grass, his journey was almost over, and in a few hours he would put his confident feet on a new level and march on upward. Gradually, as the lad paced the platform, the mist thinned and the outlines of things came out. A mys-

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terious dark bulk high in the air showed as a water-tank, roofs, new to mountain eyes jutted upward, trees softly emerged, a desolate dusty street opened before him, and the cocks crowed on lustily all around him and from farm-houses far away. The crowing made him hungry, and he went to the light of a little eating-house and asked the price of the things he saw on the counter there, but the price was too high. He shook his head and went out, but his pangs were so keen that he went back for a cup of coffee and a hard-boiled egg, and then he heard the coming thunder of his train. The sun was rising as he sped on through the breaking mist toward the blue-grass town that in pioneer days was known as the Athens of the West. In a few minutes the train slackened in midair and on a cloud of mist between jutting cliffs, it seemed, and the startled lad, looking far down through it, saw a winding yellow light, and he was rushing through autumn fields again before he realized that the yellow light was the Kentucky River surging down from the hills. Back up the stream surged his memories, making him faint with homesickness, for it was the last link that bound him to the mountains. But both home and hills were behind him now, and he shook himself sharply and lost himself again in the fields of grass and grain, the grazing stock and the fences, houses, and barns that reeled past his window. Steve Hawn met him at the station with a rattle-trap buggy and stared at him long and hard.

"I'd hardly knowed ye—you've growed like a weed."

"How's the folks?" asked Jason.

"Stirrin'."

Silently they rattled down the street, each side of which was lined with big wagons loaded with tobacco and covered with cotton cloth—there seemed to be hundreds of them.

"Hell's a-comin' about that terbaccer up here," said Steve.

"Hell's a-comin' in the mountains if that robber up here steals the next election," said Jason, and Steve looked up quickly and with some uneasiness. He himself had heard vaguely that somebody, somewhere, and in some way had robbed his own party of their rights and would go on robbing at the polls, but this new Jason seemed to know all about it, so Steve nodded wisely.

"Yes, my feller."

Through town they drove, and when they started out into the country they met more wagons of tobacco coming in.

"How's the folks in the mountains?"

"About the same as usual," said the boy. "Grandpap's poorly. The war's over just now—folks 'r' busy makin' money. Uncle Arch's still takin' up options. The railroad's comin' up the river"—the lad's face darkened—"an' land's sellin' fer three times as much as you sold me out fer."

Steve's face darkened too, but he was silent.

"Found out yit who killed yo' daddy?"

Jason's answer was short.

"If I had I wouldn't tell you."

"Must be purty good shot now?"

"I hain't shot a pistol off fer four year," said the lad again shortly, and Steve stared.

"Whut devilmint are you in up here now?" asked Jason calmly and with no apparent notice of the start Steve gave.

"Who's been a-tellin' you lies about me?" asked Steve with angry suspicion.

"I hain't heerd a word," said Jason coolly. "I bet you burned that toll-gate the morning I left here. Thar's devilmint goin' on everywhar, an' if there's any around you I know you can't keep out o' it."

Steve laughed with relief.

"You can't git away with devilmint here like you can in the mountains, an' I'm 'tendin' to my own business."

Jason made no comment and Steve went on:

"I've paid fer this hoss an' buggy an' I got things hung up at home an' a leetle money in the bank, an' yo' ma says she wouldn't go back to the mountains fer nothin'."

"How's Mavis?" asked Jason abruptly.

"Reckon you wouldn't know her. She's al'ays runnin' aroun' with that Pendleton boy an' gal, an' she's chuck full o' new-fangled notions. She's the purtiest gal I ever seed, an'," he added slyly, "looks like that Pendleton boy's plum crazy 'bout her."

Jason made no answer and showed no sign of interest, much less jealousy, and

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yet though he was thinking of the Pendleton girl and wanted to ask some question about her, a little inconsistent rankling started deep within him at the news of Mavis's disloyalty to him. They were approaching the lane that led to Steve's house now, and beyond the big twin houses were visible.

"Yo' Uncle Arch's been here a good deal, an' he's tuk a powerful fancy to Mavis an' he's goin' to send her to the same college school in town whar you're goin'. Marjorie and Gray is a-goin' thar too, I reckon."

Jason's heart beat fast at these words. Gray had the start of him, but he would give the blue-grass boy a race now in school and without. As they turned into the lane, he could see the woods—could almost see the tree around which he had circled drunk, raging, and shooting his pistol, and his face burned with the memory. And over in the hollow he had met Marjorie on her pony, and he could see the tears in her eyes, hear her voice, and feel the clasp of her hand again. Though neither knew it, a new life had started for him there and then. He had kept his promise and he wondered if she would remember and be glad.

His mother was on the porch, waiting and watching for him, with one hand shading her eyes. She rushed for the gate, and when he stepped slowly from the buggy she gave a look of wondering surprise and pride, burst into tears, and for the first time in her life threw her arms around him and kissed him, to his great confusion and shame. In the doorway stood a tall, slender girl with a mass of black hair, and she, too, with shining eyes rushed toward him, stopping defiantly short within a few feet of him when she met his cool, clear gaze, and, without even speaking his name, held out her hand. Then with intuitive suspicion she flashed a look at Steve and knew that his tongue had been wagging. She flushed angrily, but with feminine swiftness caught her lost poise and lifting her head, smiled.

"I wouldn't 'a' known ye," she said.

"An' I wouldn't 'a' known you," said Jason.

The girl said no more, and the father looked at his daughter and the mother at her son, puzzled by the domestic tragedy so common in this land of ours, where the gates of opportunity swing wide for the passing on of the young. But of the two Steve Hawn was the more puzzled and uneasy, for Jason, like himself, was a product of the hills and had had less chance than even he to know the outside world.

The older mountaineer wore store clothes, but so did Jason. He had gone to meet the boy, self-assured and with the purpose of patronage and counsel, and he had met more assurance than his own and a calm air of superiority that was troubling to Steve's pride. The mother, always apologetic on account of the one great act of injustice she had done her son, felt awe as she looked, and as her pride grew she became abject and the boy accepted the attitude of each as his just due. But on Mavis the wave of his influence broke as on a rock. She was as much changed from the Mavis he had last seen as she was at that time from the little Mavis of the hills, and he felt her eyes searching him from head to foot just as she had done that long ago time when he saw her first in the hunting-field. He knew that now she was comparing him with even higher standards than she was then, and that now, as then, he was falling short, and he looked up suddenly and caught her eyes with a grim, confident little smile that made her shift her gaze confusedly. She moved nervously in her chair and her cheeks began to burn. And Steve talked on—volubly for him—while the mother threw in a timid homesick question to Jason now and then about something in the mountains, and Mavis kept still and looked at the boy no more. By and by the two women went to their work and Jason followed Steve about the little place to look at the cow and a few pigs and at the garden and up over the hill to the tobacco patch that Steve was tending on shares with Colonel Pendleton. After dinner Mavis disappeared, and the stepmother reckoned she had gone over to see Marjorie Pendleton—"she was al'ays a-goin' over thar"—and in the middle of the afternoon the boy wandered aimlessly forth into the blue-grass fields.

Spring green the fields were, and the woods, but scarcely touched by the blight of autumn, were gray as usual from the limestone turnpike, which, when he crossed

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it, was ankle-deep in dust. A cloud of yellow butterflies fluttered crazily before him in a sunlight that was hardly less golden, and when he climbed the fence a rabbit leaped beneath him and darted into a patch of iron-weeds. Instinctively he leaped after it, crashing through the purple crowns, and as suddenly stopped at the foolishness of pursuit when he had left his pistol in his suit-case, and with another sharp memory of the rabbit hunt he had encountered when he made his first appearance in that land. Half unconsciously then his thoughts turned him through the woods and through a pasture toward the twin homes of the Pendletons, and on the top of the next hill he could see them on their wooded eminences—could even see the stile where he had had his last vision of Marjorie, and he dropped in the thick grass, looking long and hard and wondering.

Around the corner of the yard fence a negro appeared leading a prancing iron-gray horse, the front doors opened, a tall girl in a black riding-habit came swiftly down the walk, and a moment later the iron-gray was bearing her at a swift gallop toward the turnpike gate. As she disappeared over a green summit, his heart stood quite still. Could that tall woman be the little girl who, with a tear, a tremor of the voice, and a touch of the hand, had swerved him from the beaten path of a century? Mavis had grown, he himself had grown—and, of course, Marjorie, too, had grown. He began to wonder whether she would recollect him, would know him when he met her face to face, would remember the promise she had asked and he had given, and if she would be pleased to know that he had kept it. In the passing years the boy had actually lost sight of her as flesh and blood, for she had become enshrined among his dreams by night and his dreams by day, among the visions his soul had seen when he had sat under the old circuit rider and heard pictured the glories of the blessed when mortals should mingle with the shining hosts on high; and above even St. Hilda, on the very pinnacle of his new-born and ever-growing ambitions, Marjorie sat enthroned and alone. Light was all he remembered of her—the light of her eyes and of her hair—yes, and that one touch of her hand. His heart turned to water at the thought of seeing her again and his legs were trembling when he rose to start back through the fields. Another rabbit sprang from its bed in a tuft of grass, but he scarcely paid any heed to it. When he crossed the creek a muskrat was leisurely swimming for its hole in the other bank, and he did not even pick up a stone to throw at it, but walked on dreaming through the woods. As he was about to emerge from them he heard voices ahead of him, high-pitched and angry, and with the caution of his race he slipped forward and stopped, listening. In a tobacco patch on the edge of the woods Steve Hawn had stopped work and was leaning on the fence. Seated on it was one of the small farmers of the neighborhood. They were not quarrelling, and the boy could hardly believe his ears.

"He'll have two of his judges to your one at every election booth in the State. He'll steal every precinct and he'll be settin' in the governor's chair as sure as you are standing here. I'm a Democrat, but I've been half a Republican ever since this free-silver foolishness came up, and I'm going to vote against him. Now, all you mountain people are Republicans, but you might as well all be Democrats. You haven't got a chance on earth. What are you goin' to do about it?"

Steve Hawn shook his head helplessly, but Jason saw his huge hand grip his tobacco knife and his own blood beat indignantly at his temples. The farmer threw one leg back over the fence.

"There'll be hell to pay when the day comes," he said, and he strode away while the mountaineer leaned motionless on the fence with his grip on the knife unrelaxed.

Noiselessly the boy made his way through the edge of the woods and out under the brow of a hill and went on his restless way up the bank of the creek toward Steve's home. When he turned toward the turnpike he found that he had passed the house a quarter of a mile, and he wheeled back down the creek, and where the mouth of the lane opened from the road he dropped in a spot of sunlight on the crest of a little cliff, his legs weary, but his brain still tirelessly at work. These people of the blue-grass were not only robbing him and his people of their lands, but

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of their political birthright as well. The fact that the farmer was on his side but helped make the boy know it was truth, and the resentments that were always burning, like a bed of coals, deep within him, sprang into flames again. The shadows lengthened swiftly about him and closed over him, and then the air grew chill. Abruptly he rose and stood rigid, for far up the lane, and coming over a little hill, he saw the figure of a man leading a black horse and by his side the figure of a woman—both visible for a moment before they disappeared behind the bushes that lined the lane. When they were visible again, Jason saw that they were a boy and a girl, and when they once more came into view at a bend of the lane and stopped he saw that the girl, with her face downcast, was Mavis. While they stood the boy suddenly put his arm around her, but she eluded him and fled to the fence, and with a laugh he climbed on his horse and came down the lane. In a burning rage Jason started to drop down the cliff and pull the intruder, whoever he was, from his horse, and then he saw Mavis, going swiftly through the fields, turn and wave her hand. That stopped him still—he could not punish where there was apparently no offence—so with sullen eyes he watched the mouth of the lane give up a tall lad on a black thoroughbred, his hat in his hand and his handsome face still laughing and still turned for another glimpse of the girl. Another hand-wave came from Mavis at the edge of the woods and glowering Jason stood in full view unseen and watched Gray Pendleton go thundering past him down the road.

Mavis had not gone to see Marjorie—she had sneaked away to meet Gray; his lips curled contemptuously—Mavis was a sneak and so was Gray Pendleton. Then a thought struck him—why was Mavis behaving like a brush-girl this way, and why didn't Gray go to see her in her own home, open and above board, like a man? The curl of the boy's lips settled into a straight, grim line, and once more he turned slowly down the stream that he might approach Steve's house from another direction. Half an hour later, when he climbed the turnpike fence, he heard the gallop of iron-shod feet and he saw bearing down on him an iron-gray horse. It was Marjorie. He knew her from afar; he gripped the rail beneath him and his heart seemed almost to stop. She was looking him full in the face now, and then, with a nod and a smile she would have given a beggar or a tramp, she swept him by.

(To be continued.)

A LAST FAVOR

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

SPEAK lower—do not wake
This hurrying heart of mine
That ailed the livelong day,
And listening tense for thine,
Remembered scarce to beat!
Step ghostlier—do not stir
Forgotten miseries.
Come thou no nearer her.

Still, and appeased at last,
By every sign she sleeps—
Forsaken of desire.
Alas, the slumbering deeps
Will tremble 'neath thy voice—
Thy faintest whispering break
Her calm's frail barrier.
Ah, go! she shall not wake!

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THAT OLD-TIME PLACE

By John Galsworthy

"YES, suh—here we are at that old-time place!" And our dark driver drew up his little victoria gently.

Through the open doorway, into a dim cavern of ruined house, we passed. The mildew and dirt, the dark, denuded dankness of that old hostel, rotting down with damp and time!

And our guide, the tall, thin, gray-haired dame, who came forward with such native ease, and moved before us, touching this fungused wall, that rusting stairway, and telling, as it were, no one, in her soft, slow speech, things that any one could see—what a strange and fitting figure!

Before the smell of the deserted, oozing rooms, before that old creature leading us on and on, negligent of all our questions and talking to the air, as though we were not, we felt such discomfort that we soon made to go out again into such freshness as there was on that day of dismal heat. Then realizing, it seemed, that she was losing us, our old guide turned; for the first time looking in our faces, she smiled, and said in her sweet, weak voice, like the sound from the strings of a spinnet long unplayed on: "Don' you wahnd to see the dome-room: an' all the other rooms right here, of this old-time place?"

Again those words! We had not the hearts to disappoint her. And as we followed on and on, along the mouldering corridors and rooms where the black peeling papers hung like stalactites, the dominance of our senses gradually dropped from us, and with our souls we saw its soul—the soul of this old-time place; this mustering house of the old South, bereft of all but ghosts, and the gray pigeons niched in the rotting gallery round a narrow court-yard open to the sky.

"This is the dome-room, suh and lady; right over the slave-market it is. Here they did the business of the State—sure; see their faces up there in the roof—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Davis, Lee—there they are! All gone—now! Yes, suh!"

A fine—yea, even a splendid room, of great height, and carved grandeur, with hand-wrought bronze sconces, and a band of metal bordering, all blackened with oblivion. And the faces of old heroes encircling that domed ceiling were blackened too, and scarred with damp, beyond recognition. Here, beneath their gaze, men had banqueted, and danced, and ruled. The pride, and might, and vivid strength of things still fluttered their uneasy flags of spirit, moved disherited wings! Those old-time feasts and grave discussions—we seemed to see them printed on the thick air, imprisoned in this great chamber built above their dark foundations. The pride and the might and the vivid strength of things—gone, all gone!

We became conscious again of that soft, weak voice.

"Not hearing very well, suh, I have it all printed, lady—beautifully told here—yes, indeed!"

She was putting cards into our hands; then, impassive, maintaining ever her impersonal chant, the guardian of past glory led us on.

"Now we shall see the slave-market—downstairs, underneath! It's wet for the lady—the water comes in now—yes, suh!"

On the crumbling black and white marble floorings the water indeed was trickling into pools. And down in the halls there came to us wandering—strangest thing that ever strayed through deserted grandeur—a brown, broken horse, lean, with a sore flank and a head of tremendous age. It stopped and gazed at us, as though we might be going to give it things to eat, then passed on, stumbling over the ruined marbles.

For a moment we had thought him a ghost—one of the many. But he was not, since his hoofs sounded. That scrambling clatter had died out into silence before we came to the dark, crypt-like chamber

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whose marble columns were ringed in iron, veritable pillars of foundation. And then we saw that our old guide's hands were full of newspapers. She struck a match; they caught fire and blazed. Holding high that torch, she said: "See! Up there's his name, above where he stood. The auctioneer. Oh yes, indeed! Here's where they sold them!"

Below that name, decaying on the wall, we had the slow, uncanny feeling that some one was standing there in the gleam and flicker of that paper torch. For a moment the whole shadowy room seemed full of forms and faces. Then the torch died out, and our old guide, pointing through an archway with the blackened stump of it, said:

"'Twas here they kept them—indeed, yes!"

We saw before us a sort of vault, stone-built, and low, and long. The light there was too dim for us to make out anything but walls, and heaps of rusting scrap-iron cast out there and mouldering down. But trying to pierce that darkness we became conscious of innumerable eyes gazing, not at us, but through the archway where we stood; innumerable white eyeballs gleaming out of blackness. From behind us came a little laugh. It floated past through the archway, toward those eyes. Who was it laughed in there? The old South itself—that incredible, fine, lost soul! That "old-time" thing of old ideals, blindfolded by its own history! That queer, proud blend of simple chivalry and tyranny, of piety and the abhorrent thing! Who was it laughed out of that old slave-market, at these white eyeballs glaring from out of the blackness of this dark cattle-pen? What poor departed soul in this House of Melancholy? But there was no ghost when we turned to look—only our old guide with her sweet smile.

"Yes, suh. Here they all came—'twas the finest hotel—before the war-time; old Southern families—bought their property. Yes, ma'am, very interesting! This way! And here were the bells to all the rooms. Broken, you see—all broken!"

And rather quickly we passed away, out of that "old-time place"; where something had laughed, and the drip, drip, drip of water down the walls was as the sound of a spirit grieving.

THE COWARD

By William Hervey Woods

We stoned him for a coward yesterday
  And quitter, hated even of Heaven, we thought,
  But when his garments from his breast we caught,
And then our own, to give our vengeance play,
Among the stones we heard him shuddering pray,
  "Open their eyes!" and with those words were wrought
  An unguessed woe: our leader, long time sought,
Hid in a closet, died of fright, they say
Who saw his face; and those, his friends addressed,
  Are fled, no man knows whither, all save me,
And now on me our victim's curse is laid,
That I, I always of the brave confessed,
  Should taste the coward's shivering agony,
  And since I see, walk evermore afraid.

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SAILORMEN OF THE MAINE COAST

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"CAST off your bow line!"

The big hawser splashed into the green water below the old wharf.

Clang! A muffled bell sounded somewhere in the depths of the little steamer.

The captain, standing on the upper deck beside the pilot-house, his hand on the engine-room signal bell, scanned the narrow, rocky harbor carefully.

On the rambling old wharf the entire population of the little seaport village shouted last farewells as the boat slowly swung clear.

"Tell Uncle Aaron we'll be lookin' for him Thanksgivin'!"

"Now, father, don't forget you got them thick flannels, ef we git a spell o' cold weather!"

"Susie, be sure an' send me that rule for ginger cake!"

"Take good care o' yourself!"

"Don't forget to write!"

From the deck came back:

"Say good-by to Aunt Myra for me!"

"I've had a lovely time!"

"Dan'l, be sure an' don't forgit to feed the cat!"

"I'll write fust thing when I get to Machiasport!"

The engines throbbed, the screw churned the water into foam astern, and the old, gray-bearded wharf-master in dingy uniform cap and faded cotton shirt tugged frantically to free the stern hawser from the wharf piling.

The captain leaned over the rail.

"Let go your starn line, Hiram!" he called.

With a last tug the old man slipped the loop of rope over the pile and straightened up as far as his bent figure allowed.

"All gone, Cap'n!" he shouted importantly.

The captain, gauging the long swing of his steamer, reached for his signal bell.

"Clang! Clang!"

The engines settled down to a steady,

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The captain reached

rhythmic hum as the boat turned her nose toward the narrow harbor entrance.

"Good-by! Good-by!" came the chorus over the widening strip of water.

The captain waved his hand to the store-keeper.

"I'll bring them dress goods next trip sure!" he called. "Tell Micah he better ship them chickens Thursday. They'll fetch a good price now t'—th'—city!" he shouted above the shriek of the whistle.

Astern of us the little village of Lost Harbor was slipping away, its ancient wharves, the winding road leading up over the hill, the green slope dotted with snug, white, one-story houses, and the slender church spire—all were losing themselves in the gray-green background of the coast.

As the steamer passed the rocky headlands tipped with rich, dark-green hemlocks which closed in to make the harbor entrance, a lobsterman in a dingy weather-beaten dory piled high with traps slid by us. Never pausing in his even stroke as he stood at the oars, he nodded silently to the captain, and then he too melted into the background of the quiet little fishing port. The steamer turned her clean-cut prow out into the waters of Muscongus Sound, lifting a little to meet the swing of the sea outside. And leaving the warm land breeze and the odor of

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for his signal bell.—Page 193.

the pines we turned our faces toward the ocean to feel in our nostrils the salt sting of the sea.

"Gulls flyin' in t' the shore," said a husky voice at my side; "cal'late we'll git a spall o' wet."

I turned and saw a stocky, bronzed old man with a thatch of iron-gray beard, who was puffing solemnly at a pipe and staring overhead at a flight of sea-gulls winging their way toward the land.

"Is that a sure sign?" I asked.

"The's two-three more," he answered. "Full moon riz pale last night, an' I never see the flies bite like they done yes'day."

He broke off to watch a dory that was dipping across the choppy waves, her sprit-sail full before the fresh breeze. A trawl tub and the sparkle of fish showed above her gunwale, and in the stern sat a hardy, bent old fisherman.

"Nothin' but fishin' an' farmin'," my friend muttered, scornfully, "an' both on 'em peterin' out. When I was a boy"—his face lightened—"ev'rybody follered th' sea. Lost Harbor thar' was all cluttered up with sea cap'ns. . . . I run away when I was fourteen—cal'lated I'd see the world . . . wa'al, I see it, an' see it good . . . master of a bark at twenty-two 'n th' Chiny trade—seven v'y'ges in all I

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went. Them was the days o' clipper ships an' big squar' riggers. . . . The old skippers is mos'ly dead an' gone. Nothin' like it nowadays."

The light died out of his eyes. He sighed deeply.

"Mother wus allers possessed t' buy a farm," he went on after a moment. "'Bout twelve year ago I did. . . . Sometimes I wish. . . . Land ain't wuth a cuss for farmin', anyway. 'Tain't nothin' but rock—look 't that!"

A breeze o' wind.

He pointed to a jagged ledge that we were rounding into the open sea. Our steamer was pitching in the long green swell that broke into white splotches on the rocks.

"A bad lee shore in a blow, Captain?" I suggested.

"Wust kind," he answered, a far-away look in his eyes. "Makes me think o' one time I got ketched on a lee shore—'twa'n't a blow, neither—an' nigh fetched up with all hands. I was purty scared too, but nobody knowed it."

He chuckled grimly.

"Cap'n's got to stan' on his own feet," he went on. "'Twas off Rio, back in '74, a nice quiet October evenin'. I was holdin' a course 'bout a mile off shore, wind fair an' stiddy, when all of a suddin' it died away stark ca'm, an' thar' I was, tide a-heavin' me in on th' rocks an' nary a puff o' wind! I had my wife aboard an' I didn't say nothin', but she see I wa'n't eatin' much supper, an' bimeby I says: 'I'll go on deck a spell,' an' I did. Thar' we was, half a mile off shore an' the tide takin' us in stiddy. I see the surf breakin' on the rocks an' I walked the deck, an' still I didn't say nothin'. The yards was braced t' ketch an off-shore wind, an' the mate kep' his eye on me, an' I kep' mine aloft. Bimeby I felt a leetle puff o' wind. Then I see the to'gallant-s'ls fill, an' then purty soon the top-s'ls, . . . an' I knowed we was safe."

I drew a long breath.

"What did the crew think?" I asked.

The captain turned and looked squarely at me. His weather-beaten face wrinkled in amused recollection.

"The crew?" he said. "They didn't think nothin'. They cal'lated I'd hauled in under the shore t' ketch the breeze off'n the land!"

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Lights twinkled in the sombre hull of the battle-ship.—Page 200.

Our steamer was ploughing across the sound under a cloud-dappled sky, "opening out" a steadily changing view of long, low, pine-topped islands, their level stretches broken by the occasional lift of a light-house. On the horizon the sun caught the sails of coasting schooners, and near by we passed business-like dory fishermen at work, and dancing white sail-boats lying over before the freshening breeze.

My friend pointed out to sea. An irregular bit of blue lifted itself from the straight horizon.

"Monhegan," said he.

From time to time we touched at sleepy, half-forgotten ports where dismantled hulls lay rotting at ancient wharves. The captain was telling me of the busy shipping of past days.

"'Long back in eighteen hunderd 'n' twelve the' was consid'able many privateers fitted out o' Maine," he said. "It paid purty well," he chuckled, "an' th' British *was* kind o' pesterin' . . . some on 'em was neighborly, though . . . my gran'-father—he come from Bayport over yonder—he ust t' tell how one time he was makin' port from a long fishin' v'y'ge t' the Gran' Banks, an' a big British frigate fired at him an' made him heave to. He didn't know nothin' 'bout th' war, an' he was b'ilin' mad! Wa'al, sir, them Britishers took all the fish he had—an' a master fine fare, too—an' paid him consid'able more'n they was wuth, an' filled up his kag with good ol' Jamaicy rum!

"They didn't hev' no prohibitionary laws in them days," he went on. "But then," his gray eyes twinkled, "them laws don't do no harm. The way *I* figger it now, all on us hed ought t' be satisfied. Them that wants prohibition has got it, an' them that wants rum has got it, tew!"

He paused just long enough to relight his pipe.

"But that wa'n't what I started in t' tell ye about," he resumed. "I was goin'

As the steamer passed, he glanced up, but did not move.—Page 202.

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t' tell ye 'bout the only privateer v'y'ge my gran'father ever made."

He puffed away at his pipe.

"'Twas this way, 's I rec'lect it. Money was gittin' scurce an' the' was rumors a-plenty o' British prizes. Wa'al, one day, a fisherman come int' Bayport with a story o' how he'd seen a ship t' th' mighty, he hove a shot into her, an' then she come to. Gran'father an' a bo't lo'd o' men, bristlin' firearms, went aboard an' captured her . . . an' what kind o' a cargo d'ye s'pose she carried?"

I gave it up.

"Wa'al, sir, ef you'll believe it, she was bound from England to Canady, an' the

Her square, awkward bow buried in white spray at every plunge.
—Page 202.

north'ard looked like a West Injy trader, prob'ly lo'ded full with rum 'n' sugar 'n' m'lasses an' Lord knows what. Wa'al, gran'father, he couldn't stan' it no longer, bein' kind o' arbeterious, an' he an' some more turns to an' h'ists a couple o' ol' brass cannon aboard his fishin' schooner, an' fills her up with men an' muskets an' puts to sea.

"Wa'al, bimeby he sighted the ship an' he sot all the sail he hed. She was a good sailer an' up t' wind'ard, an' gran'father chased her nigh all day, gainin' slow. He cal'lated he could smell coffee, an' he was figgerin' what her cargo'd be wuth 't Portland."

The captain stopped and laughed silently.

"Wa'al, when he got up abeam of her, he h'isted his colors an' hove a shot under her bows. 'Twas a mercy his cannon didn't bust! She kep' on, an' then, by most val'able thing she had aboard was a parcel o' Bibles an' New Test'ments for the Canady Sunday-schools! . . . Gran'-father he kind o' cal'lated a cargo o' Bibles might be some embarrassin' for a priva-teer, 'n' he stood away for hum. . . . An' that was all the privateerin' he ever done."

The shadows of the headlands were lengthening across the water. We passed a trim Gloucester mackerelseiner heading, as we were, for Rockland—her black hull and lower sails in shadow and her top-sails yellow with the last rays of the sun. Ahead across the bay rose the blue Cam-den Mountains melting into the twilight haze. As we rounded Owl's Head into Rockland Harbor, there, near a group of coasting schooners, lay a great, gray man-of-war at anchor. While we looked the mellow notes of a bugle came to us across

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Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

The lumber coaster.

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the silence, and from her peak fluttered down a tiny bit of bunting, red and white, while a puff of smoke followed by a dull boom told us of the sunset gun. In the purple twilight lights twinkled in the sombre hull of the battle-ship and mingled with the distant lights of the city.

"Beats all," said the captain thoughtfully, "how good that makes ye feel . . . it's purty good wherever ye see it, but . . . I've seen it a good many dif'rent places, in Halifax, 'n' South America, 'n' China, an' ev'ry time—the further off I be—the more it kindo' takes a-holt of ye—inside!"

The captain's cigar had gone out.—Page 203.

There is an eastern proverb that runs: "The morning has gold in its mouth." But it is only when one rises in the dark of a September morning by the light of the morning star, and watches the purple eastern sky fade to cold gray, and then warm with the crimson glow at the horizon which means a new day—it is only then that one realizes the full beauty of the saying.

To see the black sails of the coasting schooners turn to gold, to walk the wet deck of the steamer when the rails and brass-work catch the color of the coming sunrise, to get the salty, tarry smell of the docks and taste the new-made morning air—well, that is worth getting up for!

Bells jangled, hawsers splashed, and the engines settled down to work. The wharf piling began to slip away from us and we were off for another day's adventure. I looked at my watch. It was quarter-past five.

As we steamed out past the neighborly little group of coasters lying at anchor, with patched sails hoisted up to dry, curls of smoke rose from the galley cook-stoves and sleepy, sweater-clad members of the crew thrust up out of the companion-ways, pipe in mouth, to watch the steamer pass. Morning had brought a fair wind and several schooners loaded deep with lumber were getting under way. The creak of blocks and the scrape of wooden hoops against the masts as the crews hoisted sail came sharply to us across the water. The keen air, the smoke from the galley stoves, and the faint odor of cooking reminded me suddenly that I was hungry. I had parted from my friend of the day before with regret and his cordial request to "look him up the next time I made Lost Harbor." I had changed boats, slept aboard the new steamer, and chosen a new route across the wide reaches of Penobscot Bay. To the north lay the Camden Mountains—rose-colored on the eastern slopes and casting long blue shadows inland—and ahead to the eastward were long stretches of hazy islands through which we were to find an opening.

Breakfast finished, with a cigar alight, I came on deck again to find that we were well out among the islands. The crimson streak at the horizon had given way to a luminous gray sky that merged indistinguishably into the gray stretches of the bay. Now and then between the islands we saw a coaster under full sail standing out to sea, or the trailing smudge of smoke from a distant steamer.

It was too fine to enjoy alone. I looked about me, and there leaning against the rail placidly smoking stood a replica of my friend of the day before—a bit taller and thinner, but with the same tuft of beard and the same pipe.

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"It's a fine morning," I said.

"Wa'al," he returned, doubtfully, "kind o' dull weather. Suthin' brewin' mos' likely."

He scrutinized me keenly.

"Be you that artist chap Cap'n Thatcher was tellin' me 'bout las' night?" he inquired.

I nodded.

"Wa'al, wa'al, I might 'a' knowed it!" he muttered. . . . "The' was one on 'em to Port Lookout las' summer—a woman one—an' I see one o' them lan'scape pictur's she painted by hand. 'Twas kind of a beach scene with a pavilion an' a movin' pictur' show an' some cottages into it, all on 'em painted up in bright colors, and the' was some fellers fishin' an' yachts an' row-bo'ts on th' water, an'" . . . his voice trailed off. "An' you're one on 'em, too?" he finished.

He looked me over with deep interest.

We met the long swell coming in from the ocean and the steamer began to pitch. We steadied ourselves against stanchions. He looked at me almost hopefully.

"Don't never git sea-sick, do ye?" he inquired.

I smiled noncommittally.

"'F ye do," he grinned back, "the's nothin' so good 's drinkin' a leetle salt water."

I looked my surprise.

"Only," he went on seriously, "ye want to drink it on th' ebb tide. 'F ye drink it when the tide's flood, 't 'll make ye wuss!"

I must have smiled.

An injured look came over his face. He took his pipe out of his mouth for emphasis.

"It's sure cure," he averred. "Jes' 's sure 's 'tis that ye'll have bad luck ef ye kill a bird 'board ship or wear blue mittins . . . or turn a hatch bottom up.

"One time I went mackerel seinin' on Georges I rec'lect one o' the crew, grass-green he was, come aboard with blue mittins. Wa'al, he hed t' heave 'em over suddin, but 'twas too late. Next night we was layin' hove to under jib an' double-reefed main-s'l, an' thick o' fog. Fust thing we knowed a big squar' rigger was right aboard of us! Our lookout for'ard was countin' the planks in th' deck. The cap'n he see her lights fust. We done all we could—run up th' shrouds with torches, but she hit us jest abaft the knightheads, carried away our bowsprit an' port stannin' riggin'. They throwed us ropes an' we clim' aboard th' ship. When the fog riz we see our schooner was still afloat, so we went aboard. The ship was stannin' by. Wa'al, by Godfrey, that fog shut in ag'in 's thick 's I ever see it. An' the next time she riz, dummed 'f the ship wa'n't gone!"

He shook his head in disgusted recollection. His pipe was out and I offered him a cigar.

"Thankee," he said. "Wa'al, thar' we was. Our main-m'st bent way over th' starn, bowsprit gone, an' the hull vessel lookin' like a junk pile. We rigged jury sails an' stood int' New Bedford."

He shook with silent laughter.

"'Bout two years after that, that same ship come int' New York. Our cap'n he sued 'em 'n th' courts, an' the judge giv' me fourteen dollars for my share."

He reflected gloomily.

"I lost the profits of a good v'y'ge jest along o' them durned blue mittins!" he growled.

While the captain talked, the rocky shore had closed in and we were passing Deer Isle through the wonderful thoroughfare of Eggemoggin Reach. We touched at frequent landings, back of which rose hemlock heights sprinkled with summer homes. As he finished his story, we stood silent. The Reach was opening out again into the broader waters of the bay. Far to our right rose a high, rounded island.

"Isle au Haut," said the captain.

Then I saw that he had turned and was looking toward the east. He touched my arm and pointed silently.

I looked as he indicated. And then I saw above the distant haze on the skyline a bit of denser blue like a mountain peak—or was it a cloud?—and as I watched it extended itself downward until it seemed that the ocean had built from the clouds and the blue of the sea a wonderful fairy mountain—a mirage?—

I looked at the captain.

He nodded.

"Mount Desert," he said.

As we came nearer, the island grew slowly more real. From the single peak

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half a dozen opened out. They were indeed mountains; we saw their gray-green slopes and pine-covered ridges. Then before we realized it we were in under the land, rounded a headland, and swung across the entrance to Somes Sound, the beautiful water gap that cuts the island almost in two.

And then, our landings made, we were outside again skirting the island on the last stretch of our voyage. In the dark-green reflection close under the high shore our little steamer left a long white wake. The shore grew steadily more wild. The shriek of the whistle started loud echoes in the mountains. At intervals on the high wooded slopes we caught glimpses of wonderful villas. . . . Presently, ahead, in an amphitheatre of the hills we saw the town. There was no mistaking it.

"That is Bar Harbor!" I said.

I found the captain after dinner on the forward deck calmly smoking a cigar that I had given him, and watching with critical interest a steam-yacht near by which was getting under way with a jolly party on board. The captain's eye followed her appraisingly as she steamed away, and then he spoke.

"Take it on a summer evenin', now," he said, "the' ain't nothin' nowhar' purtier." He swept his great brown hand in a broad motion including mountains and bay. "When 't comes on dark, an' all th' leetle lights begin t' twinkle up on them mountains, . . . an' down on th' water ye kin see th' sloops to anchor, an' their ridin' lights, an' hear the music kind o' faint up to the hotels, . . . an' then, mebbe, one o' them cruisin' yachts"—he nodded toward the one he had been watching—"comes slippin' in quiet, all lit up, an' ye don't hear nothin' but the splash her anchor makes, . . . it's a purty good place t' play in, now, ain't it?" he finished, smiling broadly.

We had cast off by this time and our steamer was passing out of the bay on her return journey.

"In the summer, yes," I said. "But how about the winters, Captain?"

He stopped smiling and looked thoughtfully out to sea. We were both silent. To starboard lay a small boat with a young chap in a brown shooting-coat with a gun across his knees. Near by a string of black decoy ducks bobbed ridiculously on the water. As the steamer passed, he glanced up, but did not move. That single, lonely duck-hunter had suddenly brought us a breath of the coming winter.

I was thinking of the desolate, snow-buried headlands, and of the bitter nights when the little, one-story cottages of Lost Harbor crouched lower behind the drifts to escape the sweep of the north-east gales; of lighted windows, of red-hot stoves, of delayed steamers fighting their way against heavy seas.

"Yes," said the captain, "winters *are* consid'able severe. Snow gits dre'tful drifted. My mem'ry goes back to one winter"—he smiled—"must 'a' been in '79—or '78—that my brother-'n-law got short o' firewood an' went out an' chopped down a tree. Wa'al, now, 'f you'll believe it, we got a big Janooary thaw, an' when the snow melted that stump was twenty-two foot long!"

We had left Mount Desert astern and were crossing the outer reaches of the bay. Close abeam of us, ploughing out to sea, her square, awkward bow buried in white spray at every plunge and her dirty, patched sails close-hauled, was a small, two-masted coasting schooner. A deck load of yellow-pine lumber carried her paint-scarred hull low in the water. At the wheel stood a stolid figure, pipe in mouth. Slowly, heavily she drew past us. The old skipper and I watched her without a word.

"How about those fellows in winter?" I asked.

The captain shook his head gravely.

"That's the wust on it," he said. "A parcel of old vessels a good many on 'em"—he nodded thoughtfully—"some like I be, only I'm hauled up out o' commission . . . an' when we git a bad blow from th' east'ard a lot on 'em piles up on the rocks.

"One time some years ago—I rec'lect 's though 't was yeste'day—a leetle, two-hunderd-ton schooner come ashore below thar'"—he waved his arm to the southward—"a pitch-black night, snowin', an' th' wind a livin' gale."

He shivered unconsciously at the memory.

"The life-savers sighted her at dark makin' bad weather of it. Her skipper

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done his best t' git her by the wind, but she was loaded deep with lumber an' she kep' drivin' off t' le'ward. She struck broadside on an' laid thar' with the big seas poundin' her. The life-savin' crew shot a line to her, an' jes' then her masts went an' th' line all fouled up with the wreckage. They tried ag'in, but the crew couldn't reach it. The deck lo'd had fetched loose an' the lumber was comin' ashore."

He paused, living over the recollection.

"It was nip an' tuck," he went on. "Didn't seem 's though no bo't could live in them seas with that lumber stavin' round, but suthin' had to be done. We see the men hangin' on t' th' deck-house, an' the captain he called for volunteers. Ev'ry man stepped out. . . . Three times 't was that bo't was swep' back, but 't last they got her out . . . didn't seem to make no headway, lumber thrashin' so an' breakers an'—wa'al, when they fetched alongside, the deck-house had broke loose an' swep' overboard, men hangin' on. They held the bo't up till they yanked them men aboard, ev'ry one, an' got 'em ashore."

He paused.

"And you saw that?" I asked.

"I pulled an oar in the bo't," he answered simply.

The captain's cigar had gone out. He was staring unseeingly across the bay.

"The' was another time, though," he continued, speaking almost to himself, "when the *Martin F. Eldridge* come ashore . . . an' we couldn't do nothin'."

He paused helplessly.

"'Twas a wicked night, fall o' the year . . . an' cold. It had been blowin' a gale for three days an' had kicked up a master heavy sea. 'Long jes' afore midnight the patrol he heared a fog-horn, faint, an' when he run toward it, the fog thinned a leetle an' he see the masts of a schooner. Jes' that, an' then it shut down thick ag'in. He burned a Coston light to signalize 'em, an' tel'phoned t' the station. . . . 'Twas a long haul through that deep sand, only seven on 'em . . . they got a line aboard 't last, but the crew couldn't seem to haul it in. We was ready, but 'twa'n't possible to la'nch th' life-bo't, breakers comin' in mountain-high. . . . We could see lights dim from the cabin winders, an' her sails was slattin'—we could hear 'em above the roar o' the surf. But the' wa'n't no sign o' life. . . . We built a big fire on the beach an' waited—the' wa'n't nothin' else *to* do."

He was silent a moment.

"Bimeby them cabin lights went out . . . an' then 'long 'bout three in th' mornin' we heared a crash an' one ongodly scream—we jedged her masts hed gone . . . an' the' wa'n't nothin' more . . . "

He sighed.

"We done all anybody *could* do . . . next mornin' her name board come ashore . . . an' later on we found a woman, dressed complete, with a blanket kind o' tied 'round her 's if . . . an' bimeby a man . . . the' wa'n't nobody else ever found . . . we couldn't hev done no more . . . "

The lights of Portland were gleaming across Casco Bay one evening a couple of days later when the steamer came steadily in. Standing on the forward deck I heard more and more distinctly the noise of the streets and the rattle of trolley-cars. Great warehouses and tall chimneys lifted black against the yellow evening sky, smudged with the smoke of a city. There ahead was the real world of work and achievement.

Far behind me, down the coast, lay the open sea, the long stretches of gray islands, and the blue mountain of Mount Desert. Next summer, and the year after, they would still be there . . . waiting. And I was glad that it was so.

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THE SCARLET IBIS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE boy stopped sharply in the portage, and swung about and glanced inquiringly at Josef. Light as the sound was, quickly as the boy had heard it, Josef had heard first. He stood rooted in the path, a line of lean strength, in vague-colored clothes, his black locks tumbling from under his battered felt-hat, a scarlet bandanna in the belt at his slim waist pricking the dim light with an explosion of color. His extraordinary eyes, very light blue, very large, with pupils dilated over the irises, as animals' eyes dilate, snapped electrically; his glance searched the woods to this side and that.

The boy had been trained under Josef and knew his ways; he stood stock-still as the guide listened, as he sent that concentrated glance ahead into the confused masses of shadow and brightness and foliage and water of the Canadian forest. It flashed, that blue search-light, straight through tangled branches and across bulks of emerald velvet which were moss-covered bowlders; it went on deep into the inscrutable forest—Josef's glance. And the boy knew that he was seeing things in those mysterious depths, and reading them as wild creatures see and read the woodland, as the boy himself, trained woodsman though he was, might never hope to do. With that, the tense pose relaxed, the wonderful eyes came back from their exploring and—gentle, friendly, shy—met the boy's eyes. Josef smiled.

"M'sieur Jack hears the m'sieur talking?" he asked in French.

Used as he was to his guide, the boy was surprised. "What m'sieur? What do you mean, Josef?"

Josef waved a careless hand. "There is a m'sieur and a guide. The landing-net dropped, just now. It was that which one heard. They fish in the little river, around the next turn, at the Rémous des Jurons—Profanity Pool—one will see in a moment. The m'sieur, *par exemple*, is large—a heavy man."

This in quick, disjointed sentences, as Josef talked—much the same way as he sprang from one rock to another in a river crossing, feeling his way, assuring himself of a footing before he tried the next. Josef was shy even with his own young m'sieur whom he had guided for seven years, since M'sieur Jack was a lad in knickerbockers. It was of his nature to talk in a hurrying low voice, in short phrases, meeting one's glance with the gentleness of the brilliant, great, light eyes, guardedly, ready to spring back into the cave of his reserve as an alarmed wild creature might hide in its den. Yet he loved to show M'sieur Jack this gift of his, this almost second sight in the woods. It gratified him now when the boy spoke.

"How in thunder do you know all that?" he demanded. "I'm not so blamed slow, and yet I can't hear any one talking."

Josef held up his hand dramatically, very Frenchly. "Listen—*écoutez!*"

Jack listened, Josef smiling at him broadly, alert, vivid. The little river ran at their left, brown-pooled, foam-splashed, tumbling over rocks, blurring all sounds. Overhead, in the tall, white birches, in the lower spruce trees, the wind rustled, and brushed with a feathery music the edges of the tinkling water noises. It seemed, as one walked along the portage—the old, old Indian trail—all beautiful peace and stillness; but when one stopped to listen there was a whole orchestra of soft instruments playing, and any one sound was hard to disentangle. Jack threw his whole soul into the effort before he made out, through the talking water and the wind sounds, an intermittent note which he could place as a man's speech some distance away.

"I hear it," he cried out.

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Josef smiled indulgently; he liked to teach woodscraft to his young m'sieur; also M'sieur Jack was a good scholar; there was no other m'sieur of the club, young or old, to whom he would give the bow of his canoe in going through a difficult rapids; he had done that with M'sieur Jack. Yes, and also M'sieur Jack could tell if a male or female beaver had gnawed the chips around a birch trunk by the tooth marks in the wood; Josef had taught him that. And M'sieur Jack was also "capable" to portage a canoe like a guide, tossing the heavy boat to his shoulders unaided and swinging off down a trail as silently, as swiftly as an Indian; and he could tie up a *pacqueton*—and make camp in a rain—and skin a moose; these things and others M'sieur Jack could do, and Josef was proud of him. But M'sieur Jack could not see into the woods like Josef and he was not as quick at hearing sounds—of that also Josef was proud. So he smiled and waited for the question sure to come. "What the dickens makes you think he's a big man—*un homme pesant?*" asked Jack promptly.

They were moving forward along the trail, Jack leading, and throwing his sentences in an undertone, as instinct teaches one to speak in the woods, over his shoulder to Josef. And for answer Josef flung out his muscular arm in its faded blue calico sleeve, and pointed ahead. Jack stumbled on a root as he followed the pointing hand, and, recovering, caught sight of a tan-colored sweater far in front, even now barely in range of sight, hung on a tree by the path.

"It is not warm to-day, *par exemple;* a m'sieur who is not somewhat fat would not feel the walking in this portage—so as to take off that," Josef reasoned softly, in jerks.

"Did you see that—away back there? Well, I'll be—" staccatoed the lad, and Josef grinned with pleased vanity. "Josef, you're a wizard," the boy went on. "But never mind, my son, you'll get fooled some time. I'll bet he didn't drop the landing-net. I'll bet it was his leader-box or his cigarette-case. No landing-net. *A bas*, landing-nets! You'll see!"

And Jack kicked at a rotten stump and sent it crashing in slow ruin, as if the vitality in him were overflowing through his long legs. So the two, the boy born into a broad life which faced from babyhood the open door of opportunity, and the boy scarcely five years older, born to a narrow existence, walled about with a high, undoored wall of unending labor—these two swung on brotherly, through the peace and morning freshness of the forest, and in the levelling reality of nature were equals.

The river sang. One saw it—out of the corner of the eye as one walked—brown in the pools, white where it tumbled over the rocks; the rocks speckled it with their thousand gray hummocks; grasses grew on them; a kingfisher fled scolding across the water and on downstream; in the trail—the portage—it was all shimmering misty greens, with white sharp ranks of birch trees; the wind murmured and blew against one's face. Through such things the two stalwart lads walked on and were happy. The unconcerned gray stones of the rapids, which had looked exactly the same on the morning when Pharaoh's daughter had found little Moses in the bulrushes, would look exactly the same, likely, two thousand years from now—for world-making is a long business and the Laurentian hills are the grandfathers of the planet, and stones reel off twenty centuries with small aging—these immemorial nobodies of an obscure little Canadian river had seen nothing pass by in their long still lives blither or more alive than the two lads, gentleman and peasant, with their "morning faces" and their loping pace of athletes.

Around a turn shortly they halted as by one brain order. Something moving. In Broadway a man in rapid motion is lost in a sea of men in rapid motion; in the woods a man lifts a slow finger and is so conspicuous that the mountains seem to shout a startled "Look!" The man at the edge of Profanity Pool leaned forward and lunged at his flies, hanging tangled around his rod; he said "Damn!" The two boys, whom his movement had brought to a stand-still, unseen, motionless in the shade of the narrow portage, shook with silent laughter.

With that Jack stepped forward, breaking a twig purposely, and came out on the rocks. The man looked up and saw him, a bright-faced, tall lad, claret and brown

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as to complexion, clean-limbed and strong as to build. Something in him drew a smile to the man's face—it was not unlikely to be so.

"*Bon jour*," Jack said with a haul at his cap, and stuffing it into his pocket further; and then "Good-morning, sir. Any luck?"

The man stared at him. "Didn't you hear what I said?" he inquired.

And Jack, pausing one second, went off into a shout of deep laughter which set the mountain echoes ringing, and Josef, discreet in the background, stepped back a pace so that the strange m'sieur might not see him laughing also. When M'sieur Jack laughed it was impossible to keep as serious as one should.

Squatting in the shadows beyond the m'sieur was something shading off into rocks and foliage; a face stared over the bushes of the "*thé sauvage*"—the Indian tea shrub with its dim pink flowers. So hidden, so motionless was the man that Jack did not see him for the first instant—but Josef had seen him; there had been a brief half nod of recognition on both sides before the messieurs had spoken. Jack caught sight of him.

"It is you, Adelard Martel?" he demanded; Jack was likely to know most of the guides in the club. "Why haven't you got a big fish for your m'sieur? They are here," he threw at him cheerfully.

But the man did not answer with a smile, as most people answered Jack Vance. The dark, furtive eyes shot a resentful glance at the large man who still struggled with his fishing tackle. "M'sieur —is not lucky," he brought out with the broad, soft accent of a habitant, and looked down sulkily, displeased, and then flashed up an angry glance. "There was a big one—*b'en gros*—three minutes ago. He rose to the fly. One would have had him grabbed—*poigné*—in a second. But *v'là*, M'sieur slipped and fell backward and knocked me the landing-net out of my hand, and the big one saved himself—*se sauvait. Comme ça*"—with a swift gesture of disgust.

"The landing-net?" The boy turned and looked at Josef and laughed, and Josef's big light eyes flashed satisfaction.

The strange m'sieur broke in with a nod toward his guide. "Something wrong with that fellow," he commented. "He seems angry that I can't catch fish."

Jack leaned over and swept in one of the curly, bobbing snells of the m'sieur's leader as he answered. "May I help you?" he asked with friendliness of a brother craftsman. "It's the dickens of a job to do this alone. Adelard ought"—and he stopped and shook his head fatherly at the sullen-faced guide. "He's sore as a crab because you haven't had luck," he explained. "They're all that way. It's a personal question—if their messieurs are lucky, you see. He'll be another person when you take a five-pounder."

The big man lowered the butt of his rod suddenly, thereby mixing up all the whirls of catgut which Jack had skilfully untangled; he looked at the boy with a heart-broken expression; he looked as if he were going to cry.

"But I can't," he said sorrowfully. "I don't know how to fish. And I want to so much. It's my first vacation in six years, and I haven't got but a week. I thought it was easy to fish, that anybody could do it. And I don't know how to tie the leader on, and the reel falls out of the—the reel plate or something. And if I touch the automatic spring it all snaps up before I can wink, and the leader runs down the rod through the rings and it's the very devil. I hit a rock and broke a tip the first thing and had to put in another. It took me half an hour to put the stuff together and then that happened. And the flies tangle—all the time. And my guide despises me! I thought fishing was fun!"

The man's voice was a wail in the last sentences. Something in the boy's friendly youthfulness had made it possible to pour out this tale of woe where with another wayfarer the unlucky fisherman would have kept his bitter counsel. His instinct was not wrong. The thought shot into Jack's mind that here was a poor man, probably not able to afford vacations, who had put his hard-earned money into one and was failing to get the good of it. Like a young knight to a maiden in distress Jack rushed to the rescue.

"Now that's just too darned bad," he brought out heartily. "But you know, sir, it's easy enough to set it all straight. Fishing *is* fun—almost the best fun going.

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I don't want to butt in, but—you see I've been at this sort of thing all my days" —one thought involuntarily of Methuselah—"and I can't help knowing the trick. I'm not a crack exactly, but—well, it's second nature to me, and I'd simply love to show you if you wouldn't think me fresh to offer."

"Fresh!" the older man repeated. "If you'll give me a few points I'd bless you. But you're off on a trip yourself—I can't take your time to"—and the boy cut in there with joyful assurances which there was no mistaking as to his pleasure in helping.

"We're just on a casual two days' tramp, Josef and I," he explained. "Nothing to do so's you'd notice it. We left the canoe and the pack down at the lake and dashed up here for a fish or so." By this he had the stranger's rod in hand, a Leonard rod, the boy knew at a glance, about four ounces in weight, the last word in expense and perfection of rods. "Gosh, he blew himself!" was the inward comment Jack made. Josef was somehow present at the psychological distance from the butt, as the boy held it in his hand, and while he set the reel more firmly into the plate and pushed the nickel ring down strongly, Josef's delicate, coarse finger-tips were untwisting the three bright flies from an extraordinarily thorough tangle. Adelard Martel watched sulkily out of the Indian tea bushes; the large m'sieur watched, wondering. With that the lines were free, and Jack swung the butt about into Josef's ready hand, and suddenly had the junction of leader and fish-line in his mouth and was chewing at it with energy.

"Tied wrong," he commented thickly, and then had it out and drew the softened strings from their knot. "If you don't mind, sir, I'll show you how to put a leader into a snell." He held the loop of transparent cord in his left hand and poised the green line above it. "Like this—down you go inside—up you go outside—across you go—then down outside, up—and pull her tight. There you are!" He slid the cross-loop down, and with a jerk it was all undone. "Just as easy to take out as to put in, you see. Want to do it yourself, sir?" And the man, as enchanted as a small boy, fumbled a bit and learned the knot. "Now we're off," Jack announced, glancing backward to assure his recover, and sent a skilful line into Profanity Pool.

Perhaps no harder place to fish was in the club. The pool, a black hole in the river, was thirty odd feet long and varied in width from twenty to five feet, irregularly. At the right a large log stretched over the water lengthwise, and under its shadow lurked the big trout. Also under it were snags where, once hooked, the fish ran to hide, and catch the line about the wood, and tear loose. One must keep a fish away from this log at all hazards. Yet across from it were sharp rocks apt to cut fish-line.

"The hole is chuck full of Scyllas and Charybdises, all right," Jack remarked, pointing out the geography to his pupil. "I reckon Profanity Pool isn't a misnomer. Lots of cuss words spilled into this water, they do say."

He cast, varying his line, varying his direction, with easy skill, over the dark, wild water, all the time telling how and why.

"With the forearm, you know, sir. Don't put your shoulder into it. And stop a second on your recover, when the line's back of you. Don't monkey with it too fast—give it time to straighten out; and don't slap the water with the flies. That scares 'em. Let the tail fly touch first, and just as it's touching lift the tip of the rod a scrap—see!" He illustrated with finished delicacy. "Then it goes down softly. Hi!"

A liquid swash, a break of white foam, an upward snap of the wrist—a trout was on.

"That's too blamed bad—I didn't mean to take anything," he murmured regretfully, but he played it all the same, and in three or four minutes Josef had landed it and held it up wordlessly—a *Salmo Fontinalis* of a pound and a half, with scarlet fins and gold and silver spotted stomach. The stranger was tingling with excitement.

"That's something like!" he brought out, and then meekly, anxiously, "May I fish now?"

And Jack, smiling his old young smile, put the rod into the man's hand and held the hand carefully for a few trial casts. Then "Let her go," he commanded, and the large m'sieur, trembling with eager-

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ness, was fishing. Jack, standing by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his whole soul on the performance, criticised with frankness. "Now that's rotten, sir. Don't recover that nervous way; that's what tangles 'em. Just—sort of—rhythmic; back slow—pause—cast; lift the tip a scrap as you touch; just a shiver of the wrist does it. Now—tip up—don't sag the line; draw the flies along, and wiggle 'em alluringly as they come; don't let 'em go under—bad, bad! You can't fool fish if you drown your flies. Oh, well—the tail fly may sink a bit if you're after big ones"—and so the illustrated lecture went on, Jack thoroughly enjoying himself in the rôle of instructor. "Ginger!" he brought out suddenly in an interval, "my brother would throw a fit if he saw me teaching fishing. He's a shark at it, you know. He's forgotten more than I ever knew. "Josef"—turning on the guide—"*M'sieur va s'amuser de moi en proffeseur de la pêche, n'est-ce pas?*" And Josef, showing his teeth in a short grin, answered promptly, "*Oui, M'sieur,*" and attended to business.

The large m'sieur was learning fast. One saw that he had not missed a word of the boy's lesson or the reason for any point of piscatorial finesse. He made mistakes certainly, and was awkward, as is any beginner at the wonderful world-old game which has to get into the nerves and the blood before one plays it well ever. Yet he took hold as a trained mind takes hold of whatever problem, with a certain ability and sureness.

"I rather think you must do some things very well, sir," Jack remarked encouragingly, after a bout of unflinching reprimand as to some vicious tendencies of the scholar. "You caught that idea about not getting the line too close, at once. You must be used to doing things well."

The stranger lifted his keen, clear blue eyes a second and shot a glance at the boy. "Possibly one thing," he answered briefly, and cast again.

Half a dozen small trout lay on the rocks, strung on a forked willow branch, the vivid, pointed leaves crisp on one side of it, cut by the resentful Adelard, now charmed by the turn of events and eager to be included in them. But the big trout did not rise.

"Bad time of day," Jack explained. "Hole's fussed up, too. Have to let it get quiet before the sockdologers will take notice." He turned to the older man with a certain brotherly manner of his, a manner which lacked in no point of respect, but was yet simply unconscious of any difference of age—a manner which made older men like the lad and like themselves better too. "If I were you," advised Jack; "I'd stop now and come back early tomorrow morning, by gray light, and have a try at them. Maybe you'd get an old he-one then."

A short lecture followed on the taking down of rods, and the etiquette of winding a leader about one's hat, so that the pull is always from the last fly.

"Where are you going now?" asked the large m'sieur as he and Adelard stood, their *butin* packed, ready to move on.

Jack laughed and looked at Josef, who laughed also and shrugged his shoulders. "We don't know exactly," the boy said. "We're just 'loungin' 'round and sufferin',' like Brer Fox. I rather think we'll ramble upstream and take the new trail the guardian cut last winter to Lac Cru. I've never been there. And then come back and put up our tent on your lake for the night, if you don't mind, sir. It's down there now, with the canoe, at the mouth of this little river," and he stamped a boot caressingly into the brown water, as one pats an animal in speaking of it.

"Put up with me overnight," suggested the m'sieur. "I've plenty of room; it would be a great pleasure. Then you needn't bother with your tent or your kit."

The clear eyes met the man's with frank, pleased surprise; Jack never got used to the astonishing goodness of people in wanting him about. "Why, we'll do that with bells on, if you'd really like us, sir," he agreed heartily.

Ten minutes later the two lads were swinging again through the shifting mystery of the portage, following the narrowing river farther and farther upstream, while the large m'sieur and Adelard, now in a pleasanter humor, progressed downstream to the lake and the camp.

About six o'clock that evening the large m'sieur, whose name, incidentally, was Bradlee, spread a gray camp blanket on the pine needles in front of his immense walled tent, and stretched it with care to

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Jack put the rod into the man's hand and held the hand carefully for a few trial casts.—Page 207.

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Now Jack missed a stroke and shot his paddle high in the air in salute.

the foot of a peculiarly luxurious stump—a stump of the right shape and angle and consistency to make a good back for a man to loll against. There is a large difference in the comfort of stumps. Mr. Bradlee sighed an unbroken sigh of satisfaction as he felt his weight settle rightly into curves of stump and of pine needles and knew that his confidence in both had not betrayed him. It was the only manner of Morris-chair he had about, and it seemed of importance. He had been tramping all the afternoon, and he was tired and wanted luxury; he found it on the gray blanket, with his back against the spruce stump; luxury, it is said, is a matter of contrast; this man's scale of such things possibly began at a different point in New York—here in Canada, after a day's heavy labor in portage and canoe, after coming back grimy and sweating and black-fly-bitten and footsore—after those things, a plunge in the lake and dry flannel clothes and a gray blanket and a stump realized luxury. So he sighed contentedly and shifted his leg to feel how comfortably the muscles ached in repose, as he drew his crowning happiness out of his pocket, that long brown happiness called a cigar. Yet he was conscious as he lit it, and pulled the first delicious puff, that he was still unsatisfied.

"I wish that cub would come," Bradlee murmured half aloud.

Behold, around the corner of the spruce point which guarded the bay, dark on the silvery water, a canoe shot forward, swift, silent. Bradlee with one long pull took his cigar from his mouth and held it as he watched. It was a picture to remember—the blue sky with pink and copper cotton-batting clouds; below that the band of dark woods, sunlight gone from them, crowding to the lake; below that the gray shimmer of water and the dark bulk of the canoe, and the double paddle flash of the stroke of the two powerful lads under which the canoe leaped toward him out of the hills. The indescribable intoxication of the Canadian mountain air was about him, immense, pervading; he heard the beat of the paddles and the long swish of the water after each bound of the canoe; now Jack missed a stroke and shot his paddle high in the air in salute, but did not break the infinite quiet with a spoken word.

"Most boys would have howled their heads off at sight; this one respects the sanctuaries," thought the man.

With that the springing boat was close and he got up and stood at the water's edge and the bow crushed, with a soothing sound which canoe people know, up the wet sand. Jack arose, stretched his legs, and stepped out, tall and dirty and happy; bareheaded, bare-armed, the gray flannel shirt décolleté around his strong neck, his

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face streaked with mother earth, and with blood of murdered black flies, but bright with that peace which shines from faces which nature has smoothed for a while.

"Glad to see you, young man; hope you have an appetite," spoke Bradlee cordially, and felt the place all at once illumined by a buoyant presence.

"*Have* I?" responded Jack. "Just you watch me, sir."

Shortly, on the sand by the lake edge, under a wide-branched pine tree, the table was spread, with trout still sizzling in the frying-pan and flapjacks and maple sugar and thin fried potatoes and other delicacies of camp, which Adelard and his confrère, Louis, brought in relays, laughing joyfully at the enormous hunger of the young m'sieur. Then, while the guides ate their dinner, while the night settled down like some mammoth bird into its nest over the lonely miles of mountains and the quiet stretch of lake, the man and the boy sat by the bubbling birch fire and "smelled wood smoke at twilight," and talked fishing. Jack was very great at expounding, and it was seldom he had such a chance; he made the most of it. The older man listened as to the Law and Gospel; it was a memorable evening. The Bradlee fishing tackle was had out and looked over.

"You've got some splendid things," Jack announced in his uncompromising young voice, and regretted to himself the unnecessary extravagance of a poor man. "But the trouble is, there's a lot that's—excuse me for saying it—trash. I reckon you just went to a shop and bought what they told you, didn't you?"

"Exactly."

"Too bad." Jack's wise head shook sorrowfully. "Wish I could have been along. I could have saved you hunks of money. An automatic reel's a crime, too, you know. Not sportsmanlike. However—you'll know yourself next time."

"Thanks to you," said Bradlee humbly.

"Oh, gee, no," protested Jack. "You'll just learn, doing it. Let's see about that cast for to-morrow morning. Now, I'd admire to have a Parmachene Belle—that's good in these waters."

The fine, big, new fly-book was opened, and the man flapped a thick leaf or two and nervously drew out a brown fly. Jack had been teaching him the names.

Bradlee pointed out a patch of scarlet with his forefinger. "I want that one," he stated.—Page 212.

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"Oh no!" the boy threw at him. "That's a Reuben Wood. Hard to remember till you get used to them, isn't it, though? Here is your Parmachene—see, with the ugly-colored red feather? Put her on for a hand-fly, wouldn't you, sir?"

Bradlee obeyed with pathetic promptness, fumbling a bit, but getting fly and snell together ultimately.

"That's—all—right!" approved the boy. "Now—let's see. A Silver Doctor—this fellow? Don't you think? I've had great luck with that fly. It's a pretty decent fly." The owner of the fly-book took his orders and annexed the Silver Doctor to the leader.

"Now—tail-fly. That's important. Let—me—see."

But the willing horse suddenly took the bit in his mouth. Bradlee pointed out a patch of scarlet with his forefinger. "I want that one," he stated.

The boy laughed. "The Scarlet Ibis?" he inquired, like a kind but pitying father. "That wouldn't do, I'm afraid. That's too—crude, you see. That's good for very dark days and very wild waters, where no one has ever fished and they're not educated. I'm afraid they'd know better than a Scarlet Ibis at Profanity Pool."

But the man, so docile up to now, acquired a setness about the mouth. "I want the Scarlet Ibis. I like the name of it, and red is the color I like, and I have an idea it will bring me luck."

There was something in the large m'sieur, when he spoke in this way, which made one see that he was accustomed to manage things; this was different from the meek scholar of the kindergarten class in fishing. Jack yielded at once and with cordiality.

"Of course, if you've got a hunch," he agreed with his young elderly benevolence. "Maybe it will bring you luck."

And the large m'sieur, smiling inwardly, felt that he had been allowed the Scarlet Ibis by an indulgent superior, yet liked the lad no less.

When the thick mists that had blanketed the lake all night were blowing in streamers along the shore and curving to the alders in the damp morning wind; when the forest was a black mass below but dividing above into spires of spruce trees under the mystical glow which fast loosed the night-bound shadows; when the grasses in the little beaver meadows were stiff with cold, wet silver, the man and the boy, leaving the guides in camp, started upstream to Profanity Pool. It was hard to follow the portage at first, so dark it was; a hush was through the woods; no breeze stirred here away from the lake; no little beast rustled; no bird fluttered; the underworld was fast asleep. One felt like a knight of Arthur adventuring into a Merlin-guarded forest.

Even when the two fishermen reached the pool it was dark enough to make the footing uncertain as one crossed from rock to rock, to the sand-bar where the Indian tea bushes grew, their small old-rose-colored blossoms frosted with dew, and over them in the dim light the same mysterious stillness, as if the night's sleep were not yet ended. Also it was very cold; the chill crept through sweaters and flannel shirts, through flesh and blood and into the bones and the marrow, as they sat down to put the rod together. Instinctively they spoke in low voices, not to waken the drowsy forest. Then arrows of sunlight shot and caught in the tops of the spruces and crept ever downward. One could see the quiet pool now, and the dark, wet log lying lengthwise, and the brown water; not a stir of life on that level surface, yet under it the great trout must be waking.

The large m'sieur, casting, with his whole heart in his forearm, suddenly was aware of a small tentative resistance somewhere on the leader threading a shimmering way across the pool. Like an electric connection his wrist thrilled in response and the delicate mechanism answered again with a light jerk.

"Steady," spoke Jack's deep authoritative voice. "Something's after it—don't jerk. It's a big one. Recover—don't get flustered—slow. That's a peach. Draw the fly slowly—it's dark yet—let the tail-fly go under a little—not too quick—he's after it—let him take hold. *Strike!*"

With an appalling suddenness Bradlee was aware of a mighty pull of unseen live strength applied to the gossamer structure of his rod and line, and his wrist flew up antiphonally with a good-will which luckily did not break everything concerned. The fish had taken the fly under water, as a

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big one will; he was on—Bradlee had hooked him. But there was small time to dwell on that point, for the fight had begun without preliminaries. Straight for his finger on the spring—for he was learning fast—and the line was snapping back in handfuls—yet there was slack for at least two seconds and it was pure chance

"It's the Scarlet Ibis!"—Page 215.

the log ran the invisible streak of force, and Jack cried out in horror:

"Keep him away—don't let him get under."

The large m'sieur's lips curled back from his teeth, and his eyes gleamed savagely, as he lifted the tip and held the struggling fish on the very edge of the danger zone. The boy, following every pulse throb, murmured "Good work," and with that there was a sound as of a mighty garment ripping and the trout was off headlong to the foot of the pool.

"Give him line—quick," the boy thundered.

And Bradlee, lowering the rod a bit, let the line run out—and behold the trout turned suddenly in his tracks and rushed back. Only luck saved him on that manœuvre; before Jack had cried breathlessly "Reel up," the man had the tip lifted and that the fish did not shake loose. There was a space of quiet after this—dangerous quiet. The big trout was "sulking." Somewhere down in the bottom he lay, planning fight in his cloudy fish brain, and it was equally dangerous to let him go on and to stir him up. He might be burrowing under a rock with a sharp edge which would cut the leader; he might rise at an inopportune touch and get free with one unexpected effort; everything was dangerous.

"Just wait," Jack advised. Two minutes of masterly inactivity and then, out of patience, enraged, the enemy rose to the top and flung himself this way and that, tearing, rushing, shaking his head from side to side in a very hopeful effort to shake out the fly. Fisherman's luck certainly carried the large m'sieur through that peril, for the most expert rodsman

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can do little but hope and hold on to his tackle in such tornadoes. The fit wore past, however, and was succeeded by a determined attempt, in a series of rushes, to get under the big log. Jack stood close at Bradlee's side and counselled him through the sharpness of this battle, and Bradlee's keen mind bent to the execution of his orders with all there was in it. Add to this that the trout was uncommonly well hooked inside the throat, and one sees that the event was not impossible. The time came at length when it was evident that the prey was tiring. The rushes were shorter and executed with less vim, and the great back came up to the surface at times and flopped over limply.

"Gee!" commented Jack, "it's the best fight I've seen in moons. He's a sockdologer, sure Mike! All of four pounds, sir—look at him—did you see him then?"

With that there was a sharp revival of energy and a dash to the end of the pool, and a double back, repeating the manœuvre with which operations had begun. The last ten minutes of playing a fish have a peculiar danger in the relaxing effort of the fisherman. Not only does the creature struggle less vigorously and so throw one off guard, but the strain has told and one is tired, and then, often, comes an unexpected strong rush which proves successful—the fish is gone.

The large m'sieur, ignorant of what to expect, did not presume, did not relax, and was not taken off his guard. The boy glanced at the set face many times with benignant approval, as the man, silent, intent, fought the flagging fight as earnestly, as watchfully, as at its beginning.

"Them's um," Jack endorsed proceedings, as the big fish flopped listlessly at the surface, and the fisherman yet held his line delicately taut, yet led the live weight at its end this way and that. "Them's um. Don't take your eye off him or he'll fool you yet," and finished with a manner of squeal. "Holy mackerel, but he's a he-one—I'll bet he's close on five."

At which premature gloating the trout rose for one last fling and shook his mighty head and slashed with his tail and threw his strong flexible body in a hundred directions at once, whipping the brown water into foam. The boy, crouching with the landing-net at the water's edge, followed the infinitely quick scintillations with his eyes; the man, lifting, lowering his rod, keeping the line not too tight, not too loose, followed them, as mere human muscles might, with his playing wrist; with that the long, shining body, brown and gold and silver and pink and scarlet and spotted, stopped struggling, floated limply half out of water, and the large m'sieur, flushed, anxious, drew him slowly inshore. Jack, with the net deep in the pool four feet to the right of the defeated king of it, waited till he was close—yet not too close—till a clock in his brain sounded the psychological second, and then—swoop; the net rushed through the brown water, deep under the trout and up with a sure curve. There was a mad flopping and struggling, but the big fellow was caught in the meshes and Jack lifted him out, both fists gripping the handle of the heavy-weighted net, and held him so at arm's length high in air.

"Gosh!" said Jack.

The large m'sieur did not say anything, but he lowered the butt of his rod with hands that shook, and brought out a sigh that appeared to wander up in stages from his boots. His face radiated a solemn happiness several flights farther down than words; his eyes were glued to the landing-net with its freight of glory. He sat down on the rocks with his boots casually trailing in the water and sighed profoundly again.

"I caught him," he stated.

"Sure," agreed Jack. "You took him, that's as certain as the Pyramids. What's more, you did it in style. The way you played that fish, sir, was good enough for anybody. You may not have experience," Jack allowed candidly, "but I'll be hanged if you haven't got promise. You're a wonder, sir—a plain wonder."

By now Jack was squatting before the net, laid on a flat stone; his hunting-knife was out of its leather-fringed caribou-skin sheath, and he had it in his right hand, the dull side of the blade down, while with his left he gathered the net tighter around the still flopping great trout. The wet, dull nose, the staring eyes were uppermost. Jack gave a sharp rap on the back of the neck two or three times repeated, and the king of Profanity

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Pool, with a long shiver, was still. Then with big-handed dexterity he drew back the meshes and pulled him out, a splendid, shining creature twenty-two inches long.

Three months later, on a day in November, a tall young man in good clothes, with a clean face and a hat, swung along a street uptown in New York City. The

"State the situation now, Izaak Walton," he commanded.—Page 217.

The large m'sieur, watching the boy's expert work, made a sudden movement. "What fly is he on?" he threw at Jack.

Jack carefully withdrawing the net from its twists and double twists around the tail, around the leader and the flies, bent swiftly, examining. There was the Parmachene Belle, tied in a yard or two of wet net-meshes; there was the Silver Doctor, having run in a half-second a complicated course through a system of the same and caught itself in the snell of the Parmachene. That was all. The lad gave a whoop that set echoes ringing in the dark hills about Profanity Pool and the gully of the little river.

"Gosh!" shouted Jack, while the large m'sieur grinned triumphantly, "it's the Scarlet Ibis!"

setting and the costume were changed, yet a person who might have met the bareheaded, gray-shirted, earth-streaked woodsman and his guide in the Canadian forest in August might still have known this correct city character as Jack Vance. The freedom of the woods had not yet left his buoyant heels, nor the breeziness of the hills his physiognomy; by these signs he was the same. But his mind was working harder than it had on that morning when he and Josef had found the large m'sieur fishing by Profanity Pool; his eyes were absent-minded and intense; if one might have listened to his thoughts as his long pace lifted them and him over the pavement, it might be that some such sentence as this would have come to the light:

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"Now how in thunder am I to tell if that's interstate commerce or if it isn't?" Jack was thinking.

With the same whole-heartedness that he had put into his fishing, into his woodscraft, the boy had now flung himself into the study of the law at that hot-house for starting the delicate green sprouts which are to grow into trees of justice, the Harvard Law School. He was in New York for what he would have described as a "bat" of some days, yet his work fermented in his brain in his holiday. He was finding law, as one mostly finds things done with all one's might, a joy and delight. Yet for all the fun of it he was badly puzzled just now, and anxious as well as eager. After exhausting the sources of information he needed more light.

"If I only knew a man who had a practical hold on it," his mind went on, throwing out tentacles to search for help, "an older man—a clever man, a man who—" he stopped short; a mind tentacle had touched something in the dimness. Why had there come to him in a flash the familiar feeling of the woods, of fishing, of Josef and the little river and—in a flash again he had arrived. "Profanity Pool! The large m'sieur—Mr. Bradlee! He said he was a railroad man—he said I was to call him up and lunch with him; he said if ever he could help me about anything he'd do it—by the sign of the Scarlet Ibis. Ginger! I'm glad I thought of him. The very chap!"

He dashed into a drug store and rushed to the telephone booth. Here he was—Bradlee—W. R. H.—that was the man. Wall Street—yes. And he took down the receiver and gave a number. It was a bit roundabout getting Mr. Bradlee. It seemed that the approach to him was guarded by an army of clerks and secretaries.

"He must think he's mighty precious," Jack complained to himself.

One must send a name—"Mr. Vance," Jack said simply. So that when at last a voice out of the long wire was speaking, the words "Yes—this is Mr. Bradlee," came with impersonal iciness. But Jack was not given to being snubbed; his theory of the friendliness of mankind prevented that, along with other discomforts. "Oh, hello, Mr. Bradlee," he threw back eagerly. "I hope I'm not butting into business. This is Jack Vance."

"Who?" The chilly tone was a bit impatient.

"Jack Vance—of the Montagnard Club—we went fishing—don't you remember——"

The identification was cut short by a shout at the other end of the telephone in which there was no iciness or impatience at all. "Oh—Jack Vance—why, Great Scott, boy, it's you, is it? I'm delighted to hear your voice. I was thinking about you yesterday and of how you fell down on the fly question. The Scarlet Ibis was crude, was it? What have you got to say about that now?"

Jack's great pealing laughter went down the telephone wires in response. "You certainly pasted me on that, sir," he agreed cheerfully, and then, "I want to know if I can bother you with a question or two about railroads," he began, and explained the situation briefly. He had been assigned to argue a case in one of the moot courts—the mock trials of the students—of the law school; it was his first case; he wanted to win it "the worst way"; he was at a stand-still about a railroad question; he needed the point of view of a practical experience.

"You're a railroad man, aren't you, sir?" Jack asked.

There was a second's hesitation at the other end of the wire, and the answer came as if the speaker were smiling. "Well, yes—I'm called that." And Mr. Bradlee's friendly voice went on: "Tell you what, my son—we can't discuss law over the telephone. Will you come down to lunch to-morrow at the Lawyers' Club?"

"Why, I'd simply love to do it, thank you," Jack agreed joyfully.

"Good. One o'clock. Come to my office. Possibly I may find—somebody who will help me advise you. We've got to win that case if it takes a leg—it's a sort of Scarlet Ibis case, I consider, you see." And with light-hearted laughter again at both ends of the wire the telephone was hung up.

Promptly at one next day a tall young man of fresh color was handed along with distinguished courtesy from one to another of such an array of officials as guards the valuable time of magnates in great offices.

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"Gee!" remarked Jack casually as he landed at last in the private office and the very presence of Mr. Bradlee. "Gee, this is 'some' different from Adelard Martel and the tent, isn't it, Mr. Bradlee?"

On the wall of the office, in a frame behind a bulging glass, hung one of the ugliest and one of the most satisfactory personal possessions which earth affords, a trophy trout set up by experts. Its weight, five and three-quarter pounds, was marked clearly in a corner, above the date, August 7, 19—. Hooked in the grim black mouth gleamed a red fly. This work of art was examined, criticised, and appreciated by the visitor before he took his way with his host through the swarming life of downtown to the great Equitable Building which held the famous club restaurant.

Three men were waiting in the reading-room as the two went in, three grizzled, important personages, who rose up and greeted Jack's large m'sieur as one entitled to consideration.

"I want to present Mr. Vance to you," said Bradlee. "Mr. Howell—Judge Carroll—Mr. Fitzhugh."

And Jack, gripping the hands held out with his friendly, bone-breaking handclasp, failed to see the wonder at his youth on the men's faces, for the wonder in his own mind that the large m'sieur had found him worthy to meet these bully old chaps, who were quite evidently somebodys. Somebodys—who? He wondered further. Shortly he found out.

"I asked you three here," Bradlee began, waving a comprehensive oyster fork, "to meet Mr. Vance, for a purpose."

A bar of red crept up the clear brown of the boy's cheeks. He had not realized that these dignified persons had come to meet him! He would have described himself as "rattled."

Bradlee went on: "It will advance the purpose if I mention who you all are. Jack, Mr. Howell is the president of the I. S. I. & O. Z. D.; Judge Carroll, whom I luckily caught in town for the day, is on the Interstate Commerce Commission; and Mr. Fitzhugh is general counsel of four railways in the West and South. If anybody knows what you want to find out, these gentlemen do."

"Holy mackerel!" said Jack simply, and flushed scarlet having said it, and murmured etiquettically something about "Certainly am mighty grateful." But the four, at the awe in the tone, at the untrammelled expletive, at something winning and indescribable in the lad's embarrassment, broke into sudden laughter, and Bradlee, well pleased, knew that the charm which he had felt in the youngster was working. With that he was telling, what most men like to hear, a fish story—the story of the Scarlet Ibis. Plenty of raps for his autocratic ways the boy got as the large m'sieur told the tale, and once or twice the deep-toned young laughter rang out in a shout which made people all over the dining-room turn and stare and smile. Jack did not see that, but the elder men saw, and laughed too, and loved the boy for it, as older men do love youth and unconsciousness and joy of living.

"So you see," Mr. Bradlee finished, "Izaak Walton Vance slipped up on the fly and the humble scholar guessed right. But the lad gave me the best time I've had for twenty years, bar none, and he taught me how to fish—I consider that worth anywhere from ten to forty million. So I'm his debtor to a large amount, and I want you three gentlemen to help me to pay an instalment on my debt. I want you to help the boy win his case in his moot court up at the Harvard Law School. That's what you're here for."

"Speaking for myself, it will be a pleasure if I can help Mr. Vance," Fitzhugh enunciated with elaborate Southern courtesy. "And speaking for people in general, they certainly are likely to do what Billion Bradlee asks."

The lad swung about and flashed a startled look at his host. "Are you—" he began and stopped.

Bradlee frowned slightly. "You've heard my nickname, I see," he said. "You didn't place me before?"

"Place you—well, I just didn't, sir," Jack smiled broadly. "You know, I thought you were so darned extravagant about that Leonard rod." And Bradlee smiled too, pleased with the comrade-like confidence. He laid a fatherly hand on Jack's arm.

"State the situation now, Izaak Walton," he commanded.

So Jack, stammering a bit at first, for-

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getting himself soon, and launching out into a perfectly regardless wealth of law language which flowed quaintly from his young mouth, set forth his case. There was a small railroad, it appeared, running twelve miles, from Skaneateles to Skaneateles Junction, wholly within the State. At Skaneateles the road joins the New York Central. A train was made up at Skaneateles, consisting of engine, tender, caboose, four local freight cars, and one freight car billed through to Chicago, via New York Central and Lake Shore. A brakeman on this train was injured between Skaneateles and Skaneateles Junction by the negligence of the railroad company, but also because of his own negligence.

"You see," finished Jack, addressing the great railway magnates and the interstate commerce commissioner as man to man, "the question to be settled is whether that small road is engaged in interstate commerce, so that the brakeman may recover in an action against it in spite of his contributory negligence."

Billion Bradlee, whose nod shook Wall Street; Judge Carroll, who, with his associates, decided every day vast questions of national commerce, and the two powerful railway men listened with careful attention. The four pair of keen eyes were fixed on the boy's face. The boy went on. His whole personality was focussed now on his argument, and though in the vague margin of consciousness there might have been a knowledge of the incongruity between such an audience and a case in a law school moot court, yet the glow of his intense interest in his affair reduced such thoughts to a dim fringe. The boy went on, unembarrassed, throwing his free power into his statement.

"You see, sir—you see, Judge Carroll, the act of 1898 speaks of 'common carriers by railroads, while engaged in commerce between any of the States,' being liable to any employee for injuries while 'employed by such carrier in such commerce.' The fact of contributory negligence does not bar a recovery in such actions."

Conway Fitzhugh, who handled railroads in three States, spoke consideringly. "It's an interesting question. I believe it has never been decided," he said, and the president of the I. S. I. & O. Z. D. followed him up quickly.

"Possibly there has been no final test case. But if such a position as Mr. Vance sets forth is maintained—if the brakeman could recover—then there is no such thing as the domestic trade of a State. Congress may take the entire control of the commerce of the country."

Bradlee, leaning back in his chair, laid down his knife and fork, and the perfectly cooked bird on his plate was left untasted. His keen blue glance swept across the table to Jack's face. Jack, bright-eyed, flushed, slashed off a manful bit of partridge and stowed it away before he answered.

"There's that view of it, sir, of course," he answered the mighty Howell respectfully but firmly—and Bradlee chuckled. He remembered a fishing lesson up a little lost river and the odd sensation of being talked to as a novice. He wondered how Howell would take these fearless tactics. The lad went on: "But there's a good deal of authority on the other side. 'The Constitution gives Congress plenary power to regulate interstate commerce,' you see—doesn't it, Judge Carroll? I think that's a quotation from one of your opinions, sir. And you may use the analogy of the Safety Appliance act—under that it has been held that a railroad wholly within a State, not even touching the boundary line, may be engaged in interstate traffic. Then there was an example—let's see—what was that?—it was a perfect peach," mused Jack, and the four dignitaries waited, regarded him seriously. "Oh, yes—I know," he flashed at them joyfully. "You'll remember this of course, Judge Carroll. The Senate was monkeying with the question—I mean to say, the question arose in the Senate. Senator Bacon supposed a case—he said, take a purely local train from Richmond to Alexandria. Clearly that train would not be engaged in interstate commerce. A trainman injured must sue under the Virginia law. Now suppose a man at Orange Court House puts on a box of cigars consigned to Baltimore—does that immediately change the character of the train? After that may a trainman injured sue under the United States act? Senator Dolliver seemed to believe he could."

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With that there was a battle of the gods. Even Bradlee dropped his spectator's attitude and descended into the arena, for the point was one which held a vital interest for each of the four and the lad had opened the ball with a dance of distinguished authorities. Moreover, he had the literature of the question at his fingers' ends, and his shining spear, bright and new, flashed back and forth in the thick of the fray so readily, so accurately, that no thought of difference in age entered the minds of the older men any more than it did his own. It was suggestive of certain remarks of Kipling's calling attention to the fact that

> "There is neither East nor West nor border nor breed nor birth
> When two strong men meet face to face though they come from the ends of the earth."

So the four captains of industry, men at the very crest of international careers, and the lad not yet at the beginning of his career, bringing only his eager brain and hard-won young knowledge and tremendous impulse of his enthusiasm, debated together as equals and gave and took pleasure and strength. And the boy soaked in experience and ideas at every delighted pore. Till at last the lunch was over, and Jack, due at an engagement, had to leave before the grandees, and stood up to say good-by. In his manly, boyish way he expressed his appreciation of their help, and as he towered above them all in his young vigor and bright good looks, each one felt, perhaps, that he had unconsciously given as much as he had gotten, and that an impulse of generous new life had swept like a rushing wind into the world-worn minds from his contact.

"I can't begin to thank you, sir," he said, his hand in his host's and Bradlee's arm across his shoulder half-caressingly. "I can't possibly tell you how I've enjoyed it. It's been simply great. I—I've never had such a bully time in my life," he exploded, and the others laughed quiet little laughs of older men, but their eyes were very friendly as they looked at him.

"We shall be interested to hear if you win your case," the mighty autocrat Howell said. "Bradlee must let us know."

"Send me a telegram, Jack," ordered Bradlee.

"I sure will," promised Jack heartily, "if you'd like it, sir," and, flushed and radiant and smiling, was gone.

About four o'clock the door in Jim Fletcher's room uptown—where a club of three law students held their meetings for study, and where the confrère from Cambridge was expected this afternoon to battle with them over a special question—opened and three bent heads lifted from a table littered with papers and legal-looking volumes to regard Jack Vance.

"Come in," Fletcher threw at him. "You're late. We're half through. What are you grinning about?"

Jack shut the door inside with an air of reserved electricity which arrested the workers at the table. He came and stood over them and they all stared up at him; there appeared to be something to wait for.

"Gee!" spoke Jack at last. "Guess whom I've been lunching with."

Carl Harrison drew a law book toward him. "Don't care," he stated with disapproval. "Get to work, Jack; we've got a tough one on to-day." But Joe Lewis and Jim were interested.

"What's up?" Joe asked. "Get it out of your system, Johnny. Who?"

Jack stuck a thumb in each waistcoat pocket and looked "chesty." "Oh," he flung at them casually with his lips pursed and his eyes dancing. "Nothing uncommon. I simply lunched at the Lawyers' Club downtown with four of me pals—Billion Bradlee—W. R. H., you know, the railroad king, and Judge Carroll of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the president of the I. S. I. & O. Z. D., Mr. Howell, and Conway Fitzhugh, the Southern railway magnate—just us five, that's all. We had some business to talk over."

And Jack, grinning consumedly, agitating his fingers from the thumb fulcrums, posing his slim figure as near as might be to resemble a bay-windowed alderman, grinned more and watched the effect.

"Come off," responded Jim Fletcher.

"Stop your monkey-shines," said Carl.

But Joe Lewis asked curiously, "What do you mean, Jack? Give us straight dope."

And with that Jack, chuckling very much, told the tale, to the wonder and

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amusement and awe of the three lads. And then, with a dizzying shift from boyishness to the stress of the battle of life, the shouts of laughter and light-hearted chaffing stopped short, and the four bent, grave and responsible, over the law books, and the work of the day went on.

And the days went on and the Harvard Law School and its events went on, varying from mere recitations to trials in the moot courts, till a Thursday came, three weeks after the luncheon at the Lawyers' Club. There was an important meeting that day in the impressive offices of W. R. H. Bradlee. People had travelled from long distances to that meeting; there was a man there from Texas, and Hugh Arkendale had come from San Francisco on purpose, and Conway Fitzhugh had left his home in New Orleans two days before for it. Bradlee, opening the meeting, was making a short speech setting forth its purpose and importance. He had just begun when a rap came at the door. Every one looked up in astonishment; these men were as unaccustomed to being interrupted in their councils as the gods of Olympus.

"Come," thundered Bradlee in a terrible voice, and an alarmed clerk slid hurriedly in and held out a telegram.

"Orders"—he murmured—"any message from"—and the name was a gurgle and the clerk bolted.

Billion Bradlee flopped the paper open, and then, as if a bar of rollicking sunlight had broken into the dull atmosphere, his face lit up, as he read it, with a smile, a most unfitting smile. His clear, keen blue eyes flashed about the company a second, and then, like a boy, quite unlike a great financier plying his mighty trade, he tossed the yellow scrap to Fitzhugh.

"Good news," he spoke—he was shaking a bit with inward laughter, it seemed. "Read that, Conway."

The bald-headed general counsel of four railways put on his glasses, while the rest of the august company watched him and waited curiously. With careful, deliberate enunciation, in a business-like tone and manner, the general counsel read aloud—a picked company of the most important men in America listening—these somewhat bewildering words:

"Landed my trout Scarlet Ibis top of the heap glory be won every blamed thing sure am grateful to you and high mucky-mucks kindly pass on thanks and accept most. J. C. VANCE."

There was a momentary astonishment on the face of Conway Fitzhugh as he stared over the yellow paper at Bradlee; the varied expressions of surprise on the dozen faces of the other men were a psychological assortment; Fitzhugh suddenly arrived with a jostle of quick laughter.

"Oh—that boy!" he said, and handed the telegram back across the table. "That delightful boy—I'm glad he won his case. Give him my congratulations."

"A youngster—a friend of mine—and of Fitzhugh's—" Bradlee explained vaguely to no one in particular, but the smile and the look of clean pleasure were still there, and every one felt at once as if a draught of sweet air had found its way into the room and had refreshed them.

"Now, gentlemen," said W. R. H. Bradlee, "as I was saying——"

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IN THE WAKE OF WILLIAM TELL

By Marion Hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

THE longer Kenneth went to school the surer he became of the fact that his dear mother knew nothing at all, or next to it. This was a saddening discovery for a loving little boy to make of a nice lady.

And, except for her poverty of mind, she *was* nice—quite a credit to him, never arraying herself in shawls and invading the startled class room to talk loudly to the teacher either for or against him, which was the sort of nervous parent some boys suffered from; but always stayed at home where ladies belonged and wore pretty and perfumy dresses.

As loyal as he was loving, Kenneth hated to humiliate her by correcting her, but sometimes she left him no escape. As now.

"Why don't you do your ciphering on your slate?" she asked.

"What's ciphering?" he counter-questioned hopefully. This might prove a loop-hole. She looked so intelligent sitting there sewing in the sunny, flower-potted window of her room!

"Arithmetic."

Kenneth twisted uncomfortably. The issue was upon him.

"We do number-work," was his gentle accusation.

Instead of flinching under this censure, she bit off a thread end very unconcernedly. Those thread ends added to his worry. Was she lined inside like a bird's nest?

"Number-work, then," she admitted, smiling. She was so disarmingly pretty when she smiled that she could have stopped right there with honors. Instead, she added dementedly, "Just another name for the same things—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division."

Cobwebs of ignorance for the broom of his knowledge to sweep down.

"It's put-togethers," he elucidated. "And take-aways. And timeses. And goes-intos."

Was she glad to be taught? Her appearance gave no sign. She merely kept on poling the needle into unseen button and miraculously hitting the holes, too. So Kenneth made ready to glide downstairs to Minna in the kitchen—he smelled gingerbread—but he administered a parting bit of information at the sewing-room door:

"And only the babies use slates. We use pads." He then went.

Minna greeted him with unction and cake as usual. She was Irish and acquisitive. No need to tell Minna anything.

"Aha, Kenneth!" was her happy roar as, with arms akimbo, she beamed on him while he ate as if he were doing something very clever indeed. "Is it home you are already? Ate, then. For there's nothing that empties a boy's stummick quicker nor filling his head with lessons does. Don't I know that!"

It seemed she did, for slice followed slice. Under the warm, thick soothingness of gingerbread, Kenneth forgot his mother's ignorance—till next time. When this is what she said:

"Won't you bring home your copybook some night, for me to see?"

Copybook! My goodness!

Kenneth patiently explained in words of one syllable that copybooks were the banished relics of a faulty past, that they had perished with the mastodon and cave man, that nowadays a little boy used specimen sheets, and that specimen sheets never went home, but were kept at the principal's office, except when a particularly nice one was pinned up on the class-room door to be an honor and example to all within. And at this his cheek glowed modestly.

She was at least intuitive, asking joyously, "Is yours pinned up?"

"Yes," he admitted, growing hotter and gladder.

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Privately, he couldn't help but be pleased that there was *one* good writer in their family, for her penmanship was certainly painful, causing him chills in the spine whenever he had to carry a note to school. For her t's were never crossed, and the dots to her i's spattered just anywhere.

Later along, she called language, composition.

Worse and more of it, she insisted upon helping him with his examples yet didn't know enough to write sum, rem, prod, and quo after the results! What these labels meant was all a doubt to Kenneth. He was sure only of one thing—you had to have them. If you did a "goes-into" without tacking a "quo" to the answer you might just as well not have gone-into at all, for you were marked wrong. To times without a prod was equally disastrous. And take-aways without rems had been known to mean ten minutes after school.

Yet his mother said the things weren't really needed. H'm. Let any one try to tell that to Miss Cutler, the keeper in!

With a lady abroad making life dangerous by featuring quo's, and a lady at home making life equally dangerous by disparaging them, no wonder Kenneth looked forward to the time when he would have a man teacher and get rid of damsels in the class room. Yet, let him pause to consider—would it be pleasant to lose Viola Lane?

This poignant thought came to him one day in school when Viola had been more than ordinarily entertaining, spelling worse and wriggling harder than ever before. She sat across the aisle from him, and one charm of her was that she could do more unnecessary things in five minutes than all the rest of the class put together. In lessons, she was a "low" girl, not "high"; but in prettiness of face and garments, Viola was "high" enough to suit anybody, even a fastidious soul like Kenneth. Viola was so small that her outside garment wasn't much more than a ribbon frilled to a band with sleeves on it, yet it gave Viola as much concern when seating herself as a little dog's tail when it goes to lie down and has to turn around twenty times first. Neatness rather than scholarship was Viola's fad, and during a recitation she never did anything very much but skim to the waste-basket with scraps of paper.

Miss Cutler said Viola Lane "wore her out."

If true, this spoke volumes in Viola's favor, for anybody who could wear out Miss Cutler was not only a wonder but a blessing.

Miss Cutler was a heavy weight for a class to bear up under, always talking about nobility and honor and truth.

Not that the emoluments of honor were to be sneezed at. Fridays, the child whose name was "on the roll" got out ten minutes ahead of time. To gather his book and pencil and then to glide glowingly away to freedom with ninety-eight admiring eyes upon his sailor collar was the pride of Kenneth's careful life; for his name was always on the roll.

A wonderfully eye-filling thing, this Roll of Honor, occupying one whole corner of the black-board, and being represented by a drawing of a kind of a sheet on a pole surmounted by the American eagle. The fine affair had been sketched by Billy Quigg, class Michael Angelo, aged eight. Billy had done it with skill and seven different colored chalks. The eagle looked a bit like a chicken getting over a fit of epilepsy, and the writhing ribbon in his mouth bearing the legend *E Pluribus Unum* had every appearance of a worm he feared to swallow until entirely well; yet the whole general effect was inspiring.

Kenneth Underwood—that's what it said. To see how much room he took up always gave Kenneth a thrill of happy horror. And to be pointed out to whispering visitors as the owner of the name always gave him a thrill of horrible happiness.

But the mechanics of honor as practised daily in the class gave him, and everybody else, horror alone without the element of happiness either before or after.

Just now they were being told about Androclus and the lion. To be *told* tales was soothing. Sitting idly in one's seat and being filled up with language, instead of standing wretchedly in the aisle and unloading one's self of it, was to be borne. The unbearable part was this:

"Now repeat the story in your owr words," at which blood-curdling conclu-

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sion Miss Cutler stabbed her finger at one victim after another, who had to get up at once and put his foot in it.

Androclus *and* the lion both being gentlemen, the he's gambolled through the retold narra ive very mixingly. A listener had to know the story from A to Izzard in order to tell which of the characters was at work.

"And he growled and lashed his tail which softened his heart," finished Kenneth, weak but sparring bravely. "So, when he roared, he struck his brow and asked himself, 'Shall this poor beast suffer?' When he growled again. Then he with his own hands pulled out the thorn. This made him lick his paw and thank him with his gently moving tail. So he smiled. Then he crouched at his feet. And he said, 'Oh, beast, thou art kinder than is man.'"

Kenneth sat down shattered. Could there be any torture worse than "reproducing orally"? There could. There was.

While the last martyr was trickling forth he's, Miss Cutler tore folds of writing paper into sinister neat squares. Gloomily every desk was cleared except for a pen, and all too soon an eye-smiting white square reposed on the top of each, like a storm signal. Which it turned out to be.

"Write the story," ordered Miss Cutler heartlessly. Then, in icy response to the awful appeal for help which showed in every eye, "Why, start with your title. Put down 'Androclus and the Lion.' And"—more icily still—"remember your capitals and periods."

Why theirs? Why not hers? She was the one who fought about capitals and periods, not they. Moreover, this was a case where capitals and periods were not the trouble. Spelling was the trouble. "Lion" was bad enough to stumble over without coming a cropper like "Androclus."

With his half-hundred suffering mates, Kenneth clutched his pen and bent perspiringly over the paper.

Viola Lane was the first to straighten up. She was charmingly rapid with the pen. She could scratch it along at a great rate. Her proficiency as a speedist had once led her to being permitted to go to the board to drill spectacularly on M's, copying for the class this message: "Many Men of Many Minds." And before Miss Cutler could reach the spot, Viola had succeeded in putting down six times "Many Meny of Man Mings." Viola loved the gymnastics of penmanship rather than the mentality back of it, so no wonder Kenneth wavered his lashes at her doubtfully in the present crisis.

Quick and sociable as a wren, Viola tipped her paper up for him to see. Her achievement was:

Andorkle an Line.

This being a confidence of Viola's, Kenneth respected it. He had no time to do much else about it, for Billy Quigg was performing. In addition to the artistic temperament, Billy had the trick of giggling merrily when in agony. When Billy giggled it was almost time for a doctor.

"Ker-chick, ker-chick," he now went in despair.

"Twenty minutes after school," prescribed Miss Cutler medicinally.

Kenneth sympathetically sped a shy, long-lashed glance at Billy's paper to find out what had frightened him. He found it. This:

Andy Roggles Andy Loin.

Poor Billy! But Kenneth had no further time to bestow on the misfortunes of others. His own were pressing him too hard. Trying to keep sane and rely on analogies he wrote down:

Androclus and the Lirn.

Naturally dubious about the man, he felt solid about the beast. For if L-I-R-N did not spell lion, then nothing did. The story part was easy. Even at that, Kenneth made the statement that the lion "waged his tale," and he wasn't talking editorially, either. Given leisure, Kenneth could spell both wagged and tail. But a pen in a hurry can do some fearful things, all by itself, too.

After the papers were taken up and recess mercifully arrived, Sandy McGann filled the yard with vociferations about the recent outrage. Sandy was, fortunately, a more desirable boy than he looked and sounded. All his life on his knees to fate, begging not for his deserts, but merely to be let alone, Sandy was frayed at the edges and owned a voice which was simply a wail.

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"Fellers, tell me," he implored, his falsetto cutting gashes into the ears, "where did they git them softy sort of beast? Know that big yaller li-urn out to the park zoo? Sposen I tried pickin' thorns from *him*. *Say, I can see us*. Him a-wavin' gently of his tail? No. Me a-sailin' tru de air chawed to bits? Yuss. Not enough lef' of me to catterize. An' there ain't no other kind of li-urn. I don't b'lieve none o' her dope. Do you know what I call it? I call it punk."

Which last word put difficulties in the way of Kenneth's repeating Sandy's wisdom at home. Kenneth was never allowed to say punk unless it came around on the Fourth of July and cost five cents. Having a cash value apparently cured punk of its curse. To his father and mother, at the tea-table, where he always held forth on the day's scholastic doings, Kenneth apologized for punk in its poverty.

His mother looked depressed.

"I told Sandy it was a bad word," extenuated Kenneth.

His father looked cheered. Lots of things that worry mothers, cheer fathers.

"What did Sandy say to thank you for that?"

"Said 'Bloo-ey, bloo-ey, don't be so desprit,'" reported Kenneth faithfully but a-squirm.

"Are we not risking a great deal in sending our little lad to a public school?" said Kenneth's mother.

"If it turns him out a Lincoln or a Grant we ought to be able to stand the disgrace," answered his father.

"And Sandy knows more goes-intos than anybody else," contributed Kenneth, a fair-play patriot already.

The outcome of this supper conversation was the spread of heroic anecdote to the home, for Kenneth's mother opened book-covers of an evening and through them led him to enchanted lands of chivalry. To become a hero was the hope of Kenneth's throbbing little heart.

At school Miss Cutler had dug up the best yet—William Tell—who was not only a good shot, and easy to spell, but a short talker.

"To kill thee, tyrant, hadst I slain my son."

Who could beat it?

Kenneth pondered by the hour over Tell's excellencies. The many-sidedness of them! Fancy being able to think of a word like "hadst" all at once, after he had already used beauties like "thee" and "tyrant," with "slain" yet ahead! And how sure he was of "kill"! After he had previously muffed things to the bitter extent of "slaying" a son from whom he had merely wanted to knock an apple, wouldn't you think he'd have been afraid of reversing affairs again and merely knocking an apple off of Gessler instead of putting an end to him? But no. Kill.

"To kill thee, tyrant, hadst I slain my son."

How brilliant its brevity was! If Kenneth had had to reply to the question about the hidden arrow, *what* could have been forthcoming but this rigmarole:

"I thought I'd better put an extra arrow into my blouse before I tried to hit the apple off of my little boy's head, so's if I'd accidentally killed my little boy, I'd have had another arrow handy to fire at you, you fierce, bad, wicked man, you."

Why Gessler would be asleep and snoring! With words as with arrows, Tell was a crack shot, and no mistake. Kenneth so adored him that Sandy McGann's tirade actually *hurt*.

"Say, fellers, does she take us for dippies?" he howled, "she" in that tone of voice being Miss Cutler, and howling being more than ever necessary, so great was the seethe and surge in the boys' yard. "Tryin' to tell us that back talks work. Does they? Look a here. Sposen I have a spit ball in me pockut, an' she goes tru 'em, the way she does, an' finds it, an' says, 'For what is this?' an' I says, 'To paste thee, teacher, hast thou keep me in.' *Then what?* Bouquets to me? Me a-marchin' out to music? Can you *see* it? I gits keep in, don't I? An hour more? Yuss."

Kenneth refused to imbibe this heresy. He might not know as many goes-intos as Sandy, but he was a firmer believer in the ideal. If heroism was once a thing of beauty and honor, so was it to-day; if heroes then walked a path of blossoms and laurels, so walked they now. Oh, for a chance to be a hero and prove it!

That opportunity was stalking grimly toward him, he mercifully did not know.

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Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"Let me hear if you have anything to say for yourselves. What have *you?*"—Page 228.

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The yard teacher rang her bell. Its intention, and result, was to have the bubbling mass of boys stand still and fold their arms—all attentively dead except for their respirations. In the astonishing hush which ensued, the little girls in the adjoining yard, a high board fence between, could be heard still revelling in life, laughter, and cackle. Jackstones whacked, skipping-ropes thumped. Kenneth had to wrench his mind off this unseen roistering in order to pay strict heed to the yard teacher.

"Boys," she announced pleasantly but with stabs of warning, "I must leave the yard to consult with the principal. I expect you to behave better than if I were still here watching you. Remember, I leave you on your honor."

She tapped the bell again to unlimber them, then disappeared.

On his honor or off it was all the same to Kenneth, whose righteous mind never harbored any design except only to be good; but he was delighted with the effects of "on honor" in the others, for the yard suddenly became raving pandemonium, very cheerful and uplifting. Plainly, boys could do much funnier things on their honor than off it. And when Sandy McGann and Billy Quigg "shinnied" up the board fence and became witty over the top to the little girls on the other side, Kenneth adventurously joined them. Because they were his friends. His was a starry-souled Damon and Pythias act of devotion. Nobody could pretend that a hopping mess of little girls was a sight worth scraping one's knees for or straining one's seams. Would a small person tug and puff merely to see things that would soon enough be in the class room with one, wriggling under one's nose, upsetting one's ink, borrowing one's sharp pencil?

Kenneth Underwood.

Once safely balanced on his ribs, however, Kenneth found that his pains paid. How delightfully queer and stumpy little girls looked when viewed from aloft! How blue and pink and prettily rag-baggy they were when bunched! How superior to them, and airy, a person felt on a fence! And who was this iridescent mosquito staring up at Sandy and Billy? Viola Lane.

"You'll catch it!" was her rather Sibyllic utterance. She appeared immensely glad about it, too, till she happened to see Kenneth. Then her Satanic glitter faded. "*You'd* better get down," she suggested curtly.

"Why?" asked Kenneth. He was now more than ever comfortable.

"Because," she said, by way of full explanation.

"Why?" he repeated. The monosyllable was a masterly thing, being both reply and remark.

When a question wasn't lessons, Viola never missed.

"Because it's against the rules," she warned.

"Oh, then I will," said Kenneth, shocked in his feelings.

Simultaneously, too, he was shocked on the calf of his unseen, dangling little leg. The returned yard teacher had rapped it with the handle of her bell. Next, Billy ker-chicked. Lastly, Sandy yelped "Say!" The dismounting signal was doubtless on march.

Descending from a fence takes less time than ascending, but scrapes more. The three startled aviators faced their rapper.

"And I left you on your honor!" she said in a voice which spanked.

Sandy and Billy at once dropped their heads and smelled their neckties. But Kenneth looked trustfully up, glad to have a reassuring thing to say.

"I never got off my honor, even on the fence," he mentioned truly.

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"Ker-chick!" burst from Billy with tragic hopelessness.

"Disobedience. Impertinence. Levity," said the yard teacher, and with these three dictionary words on her lips, she led them to the region of culprits, which was a row of tacks all off by itself. Passing them, the rest of the yard marched back to the class room. It was odd and awful to be out of this, to be standing in mental pillory, toeing the tacks of ostracism.

Culprits had to fold their arms, moreover. Kenneth's were so chubby and short that they hardly clasped his chest even in the best of times. And this was one of the worst. In line with his two slouching companions, he stood straight and bravely, but his legs had that soft-boiled, inadequate feeling that they had in dreams when wild animals were coming, and a good sensible run refused to occur.

Billy Quigg.

"Bloo-ey!" bluffed Sandy. "Who's skeered?"

"I am," said Kenneth. How could he say otherwise? He was.

"Wot yer skeered of?"

"I don't know," confessed Kenneth. Which was just the trouble. During the brief moment that they were alone in the silent, cavernous yard, Sandy and Billy grew blithely loquacious.

"If Miss Cutler tries any monkey-work with me, know what I'll do?" asked Billy sternly—Billy, usually so meek!

Sandy McGann.

"Naw. Wot?" queried Sandy with interest.

"Grab my cap and beat it. What'll you do?"

Sandy ruminated senatorially. "Tell her to quit gettin' gay an' go on wid her school," was his majestic sentence. He had the elements of the politician about him even then. "Wot'll you do?" was his boss-like demand of Kenneth.

"Why, I don't know," said Kenneth faintly. Do? Was he expected to "do"? Wasn't he suffering enough merely by being done unto?

Here a smugly virtuous classmate tiptoed toward them and beckoned them to follow him back to the room. They were soon there, but not safely in their desks. They were lined fatefully up in front of Miss Cutler's platform which, frankly, was ten sizes too small for the state of "mad" she was in. Their conduct—this she hurled at them—had bankrupted the credit of the class, had blackened its fame, had outraged their classmates, had insulted their aspiring teacher.

The tirade was so long and fierce that Kenneth's polite attention, reaching saturation point, soon peacefully wandered. There was Viola Lane, for instance.

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She had taken out her ink-well, had artfully introduced a bottle of water under the hole and into it was "planting" a cabbagy pink rose. To have a real live rose tilting head-first into the aisle was a scheme both new and good. No wonder Viola was occupied with it. The rest of the children had eyes and ears for no other enjoyment than the witch burning that was going on up in front. Viola apparently was deaf and blind to the crackle and glare of the flames.

"Now, before I punish you severely as you deserve," concluded Miss Cutler ferociously to the three criminals, "let me hear if you have anything to say for yourselves. What have *you?*" her finger menaced Sandy McGann's brains like a revolver ready to go off.

"Nuthin'," mumbled the boss abstemiously.

"Thought not. *You.*" Billy's artistic storehouse was threatened next.

Billy went palely to his doom in merry delirium. "Ker-chick! *Ker*-chick! Ker-*chick!*"

"It will be a little less funny presently. *You.*"

So close to Kenneth's soft brown bang came the loaded pistol that his eyes all but crossed trying to look at it respectfully.

"I did not know it was breaking rules to climb the fence," he said, speaking, as he thought, the truth to set him free. Fear had died. Back of Kenneth was a race of men who believed in the gentle justice of woman.

"When I'm through with you, you *will* know," said this one.

Why, he manifestly knew already. What need to be "through," with him? And, at this slow-coming thought, his small hands gripped the air and his chin hardened—his word had covertly been given the lie.

"*And Kenneth Underwood didn't!*" This unexpected championship hurtled through the air like a bomb. It came hotly from Viola Lane, who stood fearlessly in the aisle, her small mouth buttoned smaller than ever, her big eyes opened bigger than ever.

"I need no assistance from a child who hasn't learned her three table," said Miss Cutler. "Sit down."

Viola sat down. Her three table was frightful. Three times nothing's three—that's as far as she knew with any certainty.

Kenneth grew quietly to see through and dislike Miss Cutler, for Miss Cutler evidently did not need the assistance of a child who *had* learned her three table. Miss Cutler merely wanted to be impolite.

Nor was Miss Cutler a lady. What she proceeded to do to Sandy and poor Billy proved this. Pity for them, shame for her, kept Kenneth from anticipating. And then came his turn. At the end he felt himself hauled through the atmosphere by his immaculate little coat collar and dangled derisively in front of the Roll of Honor.

"A pretty specimen to be *there!*" clarioned Miss Cutler. With a swoop of the board eraser she wiped his name from sight. Then she let go of him. "Now take your seat."

While recovering his footing, he saw much devastation about himself—his brown suit abused, his silk tie loosened, his anchor-shield askew, his arm chevron twisted, his modest little undershirt horribly showing from under one crushed cuff—he hardly knew himself. Was he *Kenneth?*—loved of his mother, hugged of his father, petted of Minna? His heart suddenly swelled to man's size. Conquering dizziness and faintness, he started for the door.

"Come back! I said take your seat!"

"I am going home," said Kenneth. "To my—my—*mother.*"

The tender word nearly undid him. The silence in the startled room pounded in his ears like engines. Miss Cutler started for him. Almost anything might have happened. But the child who didn't know her three table knew something better. She hopped capably to the fore, tweaked Kenneth's blouse straight, thrust his anchor into his palpitating bosom, poked his undershirt to proper retirement—all in the twinkling of an eye—and rammed Kenneth safely behind his desk. Then she whisked her skirts sideways to her perfect maidenly satisfaction and subsided into her own. And spelling began.

Not that the afternoon's proceedings mattered to Kenneth. He had quietly

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"Coming back day after to-morrow?"—Page 230.

done with the whole thing. He felt like a visitor—a rather sick one, too. Miss Cutler told him once to take a drink of water. She seemed solicitous about him. Well, it was too late for that. He was no longer a member of her class. When dismissal time came, Kenneth trod the streets with his entire belongings humped up under one arm, even his ruler. When a person's ruler goes home it is moving day indeed.

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"Why, you aren't comin' back!" interpreted Sandy, worship in his tones.

"No," said Kenneth. "William Tell couldn't stand it. And I can't, either."

He was the centre of an admiring circle. Even the girls hung around.

"Whist I had your spunk," said pale Billy tributively.

"Stick it out," implored Sandy. "Don't be no welcher. Stick."

"Stick" was the only intelligible elegance in this speech; so Kenneth replied to it.

"I intend to," he promised, pride and gentleness making his voice tremble. As if William Tell could turn coward and kneel to Gessler's cap after all!

"Coming back day after to-morrow?" asked Viola. Her dot of a face was a study in mysticism. She evidently wanted a certain reply and wanted it badly, but gave no sign. Gladly would he have given her what she wanted if he only knew. There was nothing for it but the truth.

"No," he said. And—wonderful!—the truth turned out to be her need.

"That's the talk," she said triumphantly. "Here." At the word, she shoved the rose into his embarrassed hand and skipped away.

Kenneth went home with a retinue—one carried his books, one his ruler, another his pencils, leaving him nothing but the cabbagy rose. All fought shy of *that*. Except that it was a sacramental kind of cabbage, there'd have been jeers. A girl has no business to bedeck you florally.

When he got into the house he found his mother gone. Why, he couldn't forever walk around jabbing a rose into space! What to do with it? An inheritance from his dear father came to his rescue—he would be helped out *and* be a bestower—all in one beautiful scoop. So he donated the rose to Minna.

"The gintlemanly little boy ye arre!" she roared gratefully, and presented him with a slab of spice cake as wide as a geography.

His honest hand drew back.

"I did not want the rose," he confessed.

"Ye didn't? Oi does!" As the bellow was undiminished in happiness, he ate the cake.

In the drastic fun of making cookies with her all afternoon, he quite forgot the hero situation till school time next morning.

When his mother glanced meaningly at the clock, his remembering heart gave a leap of pride and glee.

"I'm not going," he explained. "I'm being a hero instead."

Then, bit by bit, he told the whole blushing, wretched story. The amusement on his mother's face faded. When he came to the account of his punishment, her eyes blazed through tears.

"*Oh!*" she cried sobbingly; then dropped to her knees on the floor beside him and wrapped her arms protectingly around him.

"It's all right now," he consoled, patting her on the shoulder. "It made a hero out of me, and I'm never going back."

Without getting up from the floor, she clasped her hands in her lap and thought things out. It was dreadful to see tear-marks on her face. Yet it was a trifle worse to see a smile gradually come. When a big person smiles at your trouble, you're done for.

"Little son," she said at length, "run off to school, dear. For you must go back. I'm sorry you were punished. But you broke a rule, you know. Forget it all now, and run off."

Forget it? Be a traitor? Did she know his whole world was banking on his fidelity?

"Why, William Tell wouldn't; couldn't," he stammered, pleading desperately. The words were poor, but they were all he could muster.

Yet she seemed to understand, and again thought deeply. Then:

"Kenneth," her eyes smiling levelly into his, "what *is* heroism?"

What was it? Why, in anecdotes, if it was anything at all it was doing exactly as you pleased. But she gave him no chance to say so; she quickly made up an answer of her own.

"Heroism, Kenneth, is doing the hardest thing in the world because it is right. Your hardest thing, just now, is going back to school. Not the staying, but the going, will prove you a hero. So go."

It had a decently noble sound and he reached for his cap and books. Next, Reason, that murderer of dreams, gave him a setback.

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"But they'll *call* me a coward!" The ringing words were prophecy.

She knew it, too. Her smiling glance wavered. Were the tears again shining? "My little boy, my little boy," she whispered. Had he stumped her? If so, victory. But—no. It is not so easy to stump a mother. Rather, they won't *stay* stumped.

"Kenneth," she announced, so conclusively that his heart died; "unless the boys do call you a coward—"

"—and the girls;" he flung in passionately. (Viola, Viola!)

"—the going back *won't* be the hardest thing in the world. When they call you a coward, my baby, then you *are* a hero. Remember it!"

Oh, what use to argue! What had she *ever* known about school?

She put his cap upon his downcast head. He laggingly took his books. The ruler quite made faces at him. No wonder it jeered. So this dingy, slinking, crawling set-out was heroism! Who would have thought it? What about the flags? the music? the applause? Evidently such things never came around till long, long afterward.

There was something in this last idea which held a crumb of comfort. He tried to impart it. But he had not much time. He was already at the door, waving goodby to his mother—still on the floor.

"I guess a hero's got to be—" He paused. How slippery an idea becomes when its author tries to tie it down in words!

"—has to be—what, dear?" encouraged his mother, her face brighter. She happily stood up.

"*Dead*," explained Kenneth, cheering.

THE TRIAL AT RAVELLO

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

THE Benedicts were at Amalfi when they got the letter from Ferdie which set them all by the ears. They were sitting in the Cappuccini cloister eating bread and honey and drinking tea at five in the afternoon: Gregory Benedict, the head of the family, a compact man of a modest portliness and a disposition to yield you the right of way in any matter not concerning his particular business; Mrs. Benedict, of an equal age and a complete set of carefully arranged ideals; Helen, a tall daughter with a surprised and inquiring expression of countenance; and Benedict's sister, known as Aunt Harriet. She, this aunt, who stood to the family and indeed to herself as one decreed to be an aunt and little more, was not yet fifty; but she had taught in a country seminary too fixed in its inherited traditions ever to become a college, and her standards of beauty and conduct were those of a day when women in like responsible positions wore dresses prematurely middle-aged, and perhaps did their own hemstitching. Aunt Harriet was really extremely handsome, except that she lacked the bravado which is inevitable to all but the purest beauty. She had no audacity to set her off. When her brown eyes sought you they said: "Please excuse me. I am not intrusive. I really have a purpose in looking. I am going to make a remark." Of any calculated commerce of glances and the repertory known in literature under "flashing," "glancing," "sparkling," she had the vaguest knowledge by hearsay. Her wonderfully white teeth disclosed themselves only when something accredited as humorous dared them to display. And her clothes, like the clothes of all female Benedicts, were made by a dressmaker of high ideals but inadequate equipment, who needed the work; they were, as Ferdie, Helen's married sister, had confided to her husband, after three months' travel and

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the moulting of like raiment, "sights." But they were flagrantly honest clothes. They looked like what they were, the covering of a highly self-respecting family of inherited modesty of station, living outside a country town so that father might be near his manufacturing plant. It was six months before that Aunt Laura, Mr. Benedict's aunt, had died and left him her very considerable fortune, and it had seemed best then to fulfil the breathless purpose of years and go abroad for the summer. They had never contemplated going save as a body. They were a very united family. But Ferdie, named Fernandina, in regular descent from an ancestor whose father had been wrecked on the coast of Africa, had gone three months before them with her husband, who was general superintendent of the Benedict factory. It had meant a good deal to Benedict to give him up at that time, but Ferdie had been so passionately set upon it that the ordinary ways of withstanding her had been exhausted about the time she developed nerves. This was her unimagined trump-card, and the family had played all they had. So Ferdie had gone, and here was the letter to say that she and Preble would meet them at Ravello, and they could talk over things there. She thought it best to give them an idea, so that they might be considering it. She wanted to leave Preble. She meant to live abroad. It would be perfectly easy on what father could allow her (it never occurred to her that Aunt Laura's money did not belong to all the family equally, and it certainly did not occur to the family as they read). She supposed they'd noticed that she and Preble weren't suited to each other. She realized now that she'd always known it, though coming over here had made it so apparent that she simply found there was but one thing to do.

She walked back again to the *pension* in a trance of acquiescence — Page 234.

This letter it was that turned the Benedicts homesick in the face of Italy. It robbed the honey of its tang, and made the enchantment of that shore as idle as a painted screen. Mrs. Benedict, after a half-cup of tea, had taken the letter again out of her bag and read it for the fifth time. It was not a long one. She really knew it by heart. There had been no discussion of it, but now she addressed a question as directly to her husband as if he and she had been alone.

"I never noticed she and Preble didn't get on all right, did you?"

He shook his head. He could scarcely trust himself with a subject so shockingly alien to business. These crude avowals of incompatibility were what, with a fastidiousness of which

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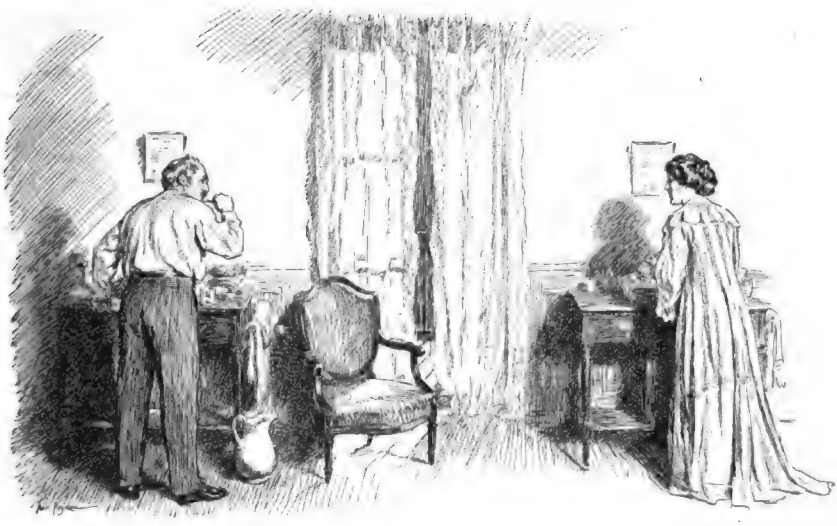

"Guess we'd better take her along with us," he had said.—Page 236.

he had almost been ashamed, as too finicking, he had always wished the girls wouldn't read in the morning paper. And yet he had been too finicking even to forbid their being read.

"Preble's a queer Dick," said Helen. "He never has anything to say for himself."

She offered it impetuously, her cheeks flushing, as if it were difficult to confide even so small an instance of emotional bias to her elders. This was an old-fashioned family. They had the most intimate confidences in regard to the renewal of rugs and the desirability of transplanting the phlox, and they did pass letters about at the breakfast-table. They would have said they had no secrets from one another, and now that Ferdie had winged them equally with this arrow cunningly contrived to pin them all in a bunch, they hung there, with no power beyond a sympathetic flutter.

Aunt Harriet spoke now, with a like impetuous appearance of not daring to hesitate lest she find herself choked by custom.

"I understand what Ferdie means. I understand perfectly."

Mrs. Benedict turned upon her in an extremity of surprise, took up her lorgnon, and then dropped it with an apparent recollection that this was only Harriet and supplementary lenses needn't help. Mr. Benedict, too, turned, and with more purpose. His plump person bumped slightly in its chair, as if it said, "Is this really Harriet speaking?" But all he could say was to inquire of Harriet, with a species of hostility, as if to ask also how a mere aunt could be so clever when the authors of Ferdie's being found themselves mired——

"You do, do you?"

Aunt Harriet had flushed a deep, becoming red. She knew, in the depths of her memory, why she could speak up for Ferdie and the miscalculated forces of nature. Aunt Harriet had her secret, not more than three weeks old. It went back to a night in Naples when she had run out of the *pension* bareheaded to post a letter. Immediately she was outside the court, the brazen spell of the city had assailed her, and she had fled on, with a green letter-box, such as she knew at home, for her objective, but really with something crying out inside her, bidding her speed and speed, and never stop until she came on illimitable joy whereof this pageant was the herald. And as she paused to look up at the Bertolini, in its fire-fly sea of lights, she felt an arm about her waist. It did not feel startling, although no arm save that of a worshipping school-girl had ever lain there before. It was as familiar as her belt, and Harriet turned, with a pleased expectancy, and saw beside her an Italian officer. His

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expression suited the act he had just performed. It was audacious, yet humbly adoring, and Aunt Harriet found it exactly right. She did turn about, her letter still in her hand, and he turned with her, and thus encircled she walked back again to the *pension* in a trance of acquiescence. At the door she paused, and the arm fell from her waist. There was a step on the stone-paved court within: the porter, Harriet, and perhaps her officer also, knew. He fell back a little into the shadow, brought his heels together, and made her an enchanting bow. Aunt Harriet went in, her letter still in her hand. She had forgotten that the porter might post it, and indeed it was never posted, for it was to one of her pupils, and Aunt Harriet, with a vague besetment that it had somehow shared in the profligacy of her adventure, tore it up as unworthy to invade the maiden precincts of the young. But that progress had told her what flames might be burning under the inherited tradition of New England snows. Aunt Harriet knew in her soul that the gold-laced swain had but spent an idle moment in the assault of her waist, and yet something in her told her a veil of high meaning had dropped on it from the romance of

She almost running to the summer-house . . . and he stalking gauntly in her wake.—Page 236.

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the world. He would never see her again; she never wanted to see him again—and yet somewhere, said that voice of lying paradox, he was seeking her, somewhere, in a fuller paradise than Italy, they would meet. So it was out of a more extended experience than any Benedict, she believed, had ever enjoyed that she faced her brother, whom she respected illimitably both as man and brother, and returned:

"Yes. I know all about it. I think Ferdie's probably right."

Gregory continued looking at her and, quite unaided by any natural facility, accomplished the feat of becoming pop-eyed.

"Well," said he, "by George!"

"But, Harriet," said Mrs. Benedict, also regarding her from a high degree of amazement, "you don't mean you're prepared for it? Has Ferdie ever brought this up before?"

"No," said Aunt Harriet defiantly, "but I'm not surprised."

They were all three looking at her, she knew, with unvarying degrees of perplexity, at which she was, again, not surprised. They could not see the Italian officer in the background.

"Well," said Mrs. Benedict, "of course we shall all stand by Ferdie."

"God!" said Gregory, the solemn adjuration as unexpected to him as to the others. "I guess we shall."

Of the accompanying shock that Preble, whom he had considered worthy of marrying a Benedict, had been found wanting by one of the most precious Benedicts of the clan, he could not speak. It was all very well to stand by Ferdie. That was nature. But that a chap he had believed in as he had in Preble, liked him, indeed, too much to need to say anything about it, that Preble should in some unpardonable fashion kick over the traces, shook the foundations of his house. Preble's side of it was too awful to be spoken of, except perhaps by Helen, who hadn't the experience to know what she was talking about anyway, and was as likely as not to judge a man for the cut of his hair.

Thereupon they abandoned the sight of the siren coast to such as might have free minds for looking at it, and went off to pack—all but Aunt Harriet, who sat in her dream by the railing and watched the fishermen, vaguely like Peter and Paul in the Bible picture, hauling their nets. Once a splendid figure ran up the steps to the Cappuccini, and she drew back with a flood of certainty that this was he and he mustn't see her. And then her saner mind assured her that it was not he, and that if it were, this all-revealing daylight would hide her, in her middle-aged honesty, from him who had found her under the spell of night, and she leaned forward again and saw he was a man as old as herself and not Young Love at all.

That night they were at Ravello, established at the very top, all rather light-headed with the sudden lift from sea level, but Gregory and his wife keeping their minds strictly upon the business of standing by Ferdie.

Where shirt-waists needed perennially pulling down.—Page 242.

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"Guess we'd better take her along with us," he had said as they were brushing their teeth with a rhythmic unanimity at neighboring stands, while the moon of Italy silently bade them take heed of the heart which alone shall rule.

"Mm," said Mrs. Benedict. "I never realized how much attached I was to Preble; but if Ferdie wants to get rid of him, you can depend there's a reason for it."

And it was on the first day at Ravello that Ferdie and Preble were upon them, she almost running to the summer-house at the end of the terrace to find them, and he stalking gauntly in her wake. As he approached them and they escaped from the pretty assault of Ferdie's caresses to greet him for this one of the last times when they meant to accept him at all, they saw, as with a common vision, how he had changed. Preble strikingly resembled the younger pictures of Abraham Lincoln. He had the same large-featured benevolence of gaze, and he had also one characteristic of the later Lincoln portraits: that look of most pathetic weariness. His face did not lighten in the least in greeting them, though he had, as Mrs. Benedict thought rather indignantly at noting his flaccidness, only the pleasantest recollections of them. And having shaken hands in a bony, perfunctory fashion, he turned about and left them, with a remark about seeing to the luggage. But Ferdie was with them, and they exclaimed over the wonder of her. Ferdie had changed. She was the plain one of the family, small without slenderness, and with no one feature to be thankful for. But, since they had seen her, Ferdie had attained distinction. She had in her hand that marvellous and priceless gift to earth's daughters who mean to inherit: she believed in herself. A number of artists had gone to the support of her in this arduous adventure. Ferdie had rather thin hair of no particular distinction, but it had been waved and twisted and turned until her small head was a

She lighted Preble's cigar for him very prettily.—Page 242

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It almost looked as if she were protecting him.—Page 245.

marvel of modish prettiness. She had no better features than are needed for conducting the acts of seeing, smelling, and their sister offices in a wholesome manner; but the slight expression of arrogance she had attained seemed to bring them into a harmonious agreement. Her clothes were just such as Aunt Harriet and Helen, on the way through Europe, had found in Regent Street windows, and despairingly regarded. And now this apotheosis of the old Ferdie who had worn flannel shirtwaists at home and even made a rhubarb pie with lattice work on top, for Preble's degustation, produced a vanity box, took a serious look at the state of her countenance, and here, in open conclave, rubbed a powder paper over her nose. But she didn't omit speaking while these rites were being accomplished.

"He hasn't gone to look after the luggage. We left it in our rooms. I told him I was going to begin upon you the minute I saw you. He hates talk more than ever. He says he wishes he was deaf and dumb."

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"Well," said Mrs. Benedict, "that's a good deal for Preble to say."

"I suppose he is tired of it," said Ferdie, with a bright alertness, pulling her veil down over her face and settling it with some of those mysterious mouth contortions women adopt toward veils. "You see, I've had to talk so much. I've had to do a lot of it at night, because we've been sight-seeing by day, and of course he's tired. I am, I'm sure, tired as a dog."

But her air of gay equipment, of being equal to any situation, gave her the lie. A creature so ready for life, it said, so familiar with its outermost supremacies, could hardly yield to so crude a thing as physical weariness. She challenged them all round, admiring face after admiring face.

"Well," she said, "you got my letter. I told you what I meant to do."

Her mother bowed in a solemn manner, as if she felt a crown being fitted to her head; but Gregory Benedict asserted, from a ponderous sobriety:

"We stand by you, Ferdie. I'd have sworn by Preb as I would by myself. But it's no use going over that now. I'm for having the fellow drop off right here and our staying on a spell. Then we'll put for home."

"Oh, but you see," said Ferdie, with the same air of holding the interview in her hands and tossing it about as suited the game, "I don't want to put for home. I want to stay over here."

"Why, Ferdie," said her mother, and in spite of careful habit she lapsed into a phrasing of her less-cultured yesterdays, "you don't want to stay longer than father wants you should."

Ferdie's eyes were shining. What with her new accoutrements and her triumph, she looked very pretty.

"The fact is," said she, "I've written a story."

"Short story?" Helen came pelting in. Her eyes, too, were shining. She had never imagined such doings in the house of Benedict. They might even, some time, by infection, get to her.

"Yes," said Ferdie. "And the *Torch Bearer* has taken it and asked for another. So you see I've simply got to give myself to my work."

"You don't feel as if you could do it after you got home?" her mother suggested.

"It isn't that I can't write after I get home," said Ferdie, with a perfect air of exploiting everything time and travel could do for her. "It's simply that I've got to live over here and be—be different." Here she stumbled from her height of perfect poise, but they all understood her better so.

"The seat's been taken," said she.—Page 245.

"What does Preb say?" her father inquired, as if he couldn't yet visualize the rock of shipwreck and wanted the testimony of a man who had really struck it.

"Oh, he said he'd stand for it as far as he could," said Ferdie. "But I can't call on him. He doesn't care for one of the things I care for—not one. Pictures, music—imagine Preb caring one snap."

"No," said Mrs. Benedict musingly, "I

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don't know as I ever heard Preble express any interest in music. That's why I always thought 'twas so good in him to let you have those lessons in town that winter." Inadvertently she was shifting to the side of the defence. "You know that was the time of the strike, and we couldn't even keep one girl, and Preb got up and made your coffee so you could take the early train."

"They're lovers, making love."—Page 245.

"Yes," said Ferdie, with assurance, "of course I had to save my hands. I practised awfully hard that winter. I may take lessons over here."

They sat staring at her, Gregory in a fever of perplexity because, as yet, he had nothing sufficiently tangible to go on, and the three women breathless with appreciation of Ferdie as they saw her. Gregory, too, was duly influenced by her marvellous equipment; but he failed to translate it into plumes and cloth. He thought only how glad he was to see her, and how much nicer even than usual she seemed—which, indeed, was the effect of her bravado and her hat. But the three women studied her clothes with ravishment. They were not so dull as to fail to see that here was accomplished that simplicity which is the last word of art. And the way she wore them! Ferdie was no prettier than she was before, and if the eye turned to follow her it was because she was a matter of line and contour, of silk and lace, a last cry of fashion, but a shriek of audacity, too. She was not so much modish as grotesque, but the grotesqueness voiced an audacity that bespoke some big pretension in the background. Surely Ferdie couldn't look like this, couldn't sit up like beauty enthroned and punctuate her talk with neat little gestures, if she weren't, in some fashion, more important than the Ferdie they had left. And the clothes spoke for her. Every wave of her hair stamped her right to be as she was. "Look at me," they said. And because they said it in such a complacent, mandatory tone, it was evident that Ferdie was worth their championship. Aunt Harriet was the one who seemed to be seeking out the real Ferdie within her clothes. Her expression said she didn't care how shiny you made your hair with unguents pretending to be nature's own, and she didn't care how graciously the sun lay on the crests of it, nor how cannily the veil fitted over them. She was used to girls, and she could pluck out the heart of their mysteries.

"Ferdie," said she, in her school-ma'am voice.

Ferdie sat up a trifle straighter, if that might be, and gave her veil another little reconciling adjustment with the lips.

"Ferdie," said Aunt Harriet, "there's somebody else in this. You've met some man over here."

"Harriet!" breathed Mrs. Benedict, in a pained invocation of propriety.

Helen regarded the heaven about her and felt, not as if she were inexpressibly confused, as she must have been at Salem Field, if anybody had mentioned illicit love, but rightly curious. A sail was being dropped on the blue water below. It seemed like a fairy sail on a fairy boat, or at least a sail woven from the unreality of the stage. It couldn't have done so insignificant a thing as to bring a fisherman, or if it had, he would break into an aria and his entire purpose would have to do, not with fish, but with emotions that are eternally beautiful and so eternally right.

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But all this Helen did not think in any explicit way, being a simple maiden with no imaginative equipment; she merely had a sense of ineffable acquiescence in whatever this ecstatic scene brought about, and she was not in the least shocked to hear Ferdie accused of erring love.

Gregory Benedict, who was not troubling himself acutely about Italian scenery, was the only one who, in the face of it, could keep his head. He looked at Aunt Harriet after her projectile had been launched, and ejaculated:

"What the devil, Hat!"

This last he had not called her since she had begun to teach, but Aunt Harriet was not moved by its curtness. There were some things, she concluded, that brother didn't know. No Italian officer had ever laid an arm about his waist. But Ferdie, unabashed, was looking straight at Aunt Harriet, glance for glance.

"I don't wonder you ask," she said. "Of course it's the most natural thing in the world. But there's nothing in it. I'm not leaving Preble for another man. I'm simply leaving him because we're not congenial. I'm very fond of Preb."

Gregory was frowning a little now, but with perplexity.

"We've got to go into this matter of Preb," he began. "Shouldn't you rather I'd see him by himself and get it out of him?"

"Get what out of him?" asked Ferdie. She had the air of wondering whether there were any more to be got out of him than she had got already, and if that were so of being ready to make a new essay.

"Why, whatever there is," said Gregory testily. He hated to be made to speak before Helen. "What you accuse him of."

Ferdie gave a little laugh, as nicely calculated as her clothes.

"Why, bless you," said she, "I don't accuse Preble of anything. He's a dear old boy. I just want to leave him, that's all."

Gregory sat staring at her, again with that effect of straining eyes. Then he shook his head.

"You're shielding him," he told her. "It's very creditable to you, Ferdie. But you just answer me a question or two. Before we started, Preble cabled me to sell out some stock of his and send him the money. You didn't have a very big letter of credit, you two, but 'twas all you could afford. Now what'd Preble get into over here that made him cable for more?"

"Oh, that was all right," said Ferdie, with a carelessness not at all elaborated. "We simply had to have it. You have to, you know."

"But you hadn't been over here six weeks," Gregory pursued. "You couldn't have spent your letter of credit if you travelled as you'd ought to, as we're travelling, for instance."

"Well!" said Ferdie. Her eyebrows went up, and she glanced about at the other women with an affectionate acceptance of them as they were, but still from a perfect comprehension of how droll they looked. "Mother and Helen haven't had any clothes—not a thing."

"We planned it that way, you know, dear," said Mrs. Benedict. "It's saved us time for our sight-seeing, and, besides, there won't be any complications with the custom-house."

"Well, I sha'n't be complicated with the custom-house," said Ferdie. "I'm not going back. I've spent under eighteen hundred dollars, and I think I've really done pretty well."

"You've spent eighteen hundred dollars in clothes?" said Gregory. He grasped the railing beside him as if he felt an impulse to jump down the declivity.

"Why, that isn't much, father," said Ferdie. "If you could see the things they showed me!"

"Do you mean to tell me Preb footed that bill without a murmur, and simply cabled home for more?" pursued her father, still with his desperate clutch on the rail.

"Why, he had to," said Ferdie patiently. "I had to have the clothes, and they certainly had to be paid for. You wouldn't have had me go about in a shirt-waist made in Salem Field, would you?"

Helen looked down at her own silk waist not so much in dissatisfaction as a surprised certainty of perhaps never having met it socially before. Mrs. Benedict was speaking timidly but with a certain coldness:

"I don't wonder your father's surprised at the price of things, my dear, but I can't

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help thinking if you find Preble so hard to live with, it's on account of other things you don't want to speak about. Helen, I wish you'd get my blue shawl out of the top of my trunk. Here's the key. Now, Ferdie, you tell. I've been trying to think over cases where there was dissatisfaction. There's Romola. But Tito was very different from Preble. And there was Rosamond Vincy. But 'twas her conduct more than his. I don't seem to remember in Thackeray——"

"O mother," said Ferdie, "that's all reading club. This is entirely different. I just tell you I want father to give me some money, so I can stay over here and let Preble go home. It's as simple as a b c."

But Mrs. Benedict went back to her precedents.

"I don't see what we could do better, dear, than take the best books we know," said she. "And George Eliot has always been praised for her lifelike characters."

"There! there, mother!" said Gregory. "Ferdie, as near as I can make out, you've no case against Preble. You simply want to shake him."

Mrs. Benedict gave a murmur, but Ferdie, to whom slang was not tabu, assented cordially.

"You want to stay over here and study music and write stories and spend eighteen hundred dollars in clothes whenever you feel inclined."

"I shouldn't have to spend anything for a long time," Ferdie corrected him. "I've got a very good outfit now."

"It's lunch time," said Aunt Harriet, dropping her eye-glass on the little hook attached to her silk waist. "You'd better go in and take off your hat, Ferdie."

"I sha'n't need to take off my hat," said Ferdie. "But I'll wake Preb."

Preble appeared with her at luncheon, gaunt and taciturn. Benedict made some gruff confidences to him on the news from the factory; but there was an air of uneasiness over them, all except Ferdie. The veil of silence didn't seem to touch her at all, or if it did she had been able to lift a corner of it and peer out with an almost pert self-sufficiency. There were other people at the table, a party motoring through and carrying the very air of worldly equipment that Ferdie had been mysteriously able to filch. They talked to Ferdie as of their own kind, and she answered them with a sophistication that left even Aunt Harriet gasping. She told them the Vandewaters were at Spa and Aunt Clara's rheumatism was much improved, and when Helen, in an unquenchable curiosity, asked her afterward how she knew the Vandewaters, she said she had seen them at the hotel at Spa and the old lady had talked with her about her rheumatism.

"Well!" said Helen, "I thought, from the way you spoke, you really knew the Vandewaters."

"Well," said Ferdie, "of course you have to talk to people about what they know. You'll have to pin that waist down, Nell."

But it was not only Aunt Clara Vandewater's rheumatism of which she had cognizance. She knew what was being played in Paris, and even the mysterious names at the Comédie. She had a little gossip about what Bernhardt—whose name she pronounced in a way to veil its identity from the denizens of Salem Field—had said to Mrs. Kendall.

"How in blazes does she manage it?" Aunt Harriet found herself saying to Helen that night when they were braiding their hair in the moonlight of Ravello.

"Why, Aunt Harriet, you said 'blazes!'" Helen switched off the topic to exclaim.

"Did I?" said Aunt Harriet dreamily. "Well, it's a word I never used before. I dare say I sha'n't again."

But she didn't mention that just now it didn't seem necessary to cavil at words; she had no prejudice, so they were telling enough. What were they? Symbols. And this was Life. But she thought, as she lay awake in the moon-rays that seemed to her the true effulgence of Diana's axles, that it wasn't so difficult to understand how Ferdie had managed it. Ferdie was studying the world now as if it were a guide-book to sophistication. With a mind quickened under this sun and moon, she was snatching at every straw to build her nest of knowingness.

The next day they found Ferdie had been up early and gone to walk by herself. She came, vivacious and breathless, to breakfast, drawing off long gloves.

"I left Preb asleep," she explained.

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"He didn't get any sleep the first part of the night. We talked. But I wasn't going to miss this morning air. Don't you know that essay, 'The dewy chrism of the day'? I wasn't going to lose that."

"You might have waked me," said Helen, much aggrieved, "and let me have it, too."

To this Ferdie didn't reply. She was sweetly good-natured to Preble, to the waiters, to the family. She had found that out, too: that the mantle of the socially equipped is an impregnable composure and ability to make things go. The family didn't know how to take her. She was excellent company, if you were willing to strain up to her height of cognizance, but she made them a little afraid. Helen, who regarded her from the bog of a sisterhood which had had no such social boost and where shirt-waists needed perennially pulling down, yielded to a malicious desire to hear what Preble thought of her, he who had been by while the statue was in process of moulding. She hadn't been sprung upon him as she had on them, full-armed from the head of Jove.

But Ferdie was not hiding her nest. She left them in no doubt of an intention to settle her future without delay.

"Let's go out to that lovely seat," she said, including them all. "Then we can talk things over. Come along, Preb."

Gregory had wanted a word with Preble by himself, but that was not to be accorded him, and he lighted his cigar frowningly and paced along in the rear. Ferdie was vivacity itself. No wonder, Helen thought, still aggrieved, when she was the one for whom the banners were going to fly and the shouting to be raised. She was the centre of the picture. She looked as if she always meant to be. Some of us were going home to wear flannel waists again, and, in the discouragement of our state, perhaps insufficiently to pin them down. No woman of the three had forgiven Ferdie her clothes. They were in no condition to forgive from the slough of antithetical abasement where they found themselves.

"Well," said Ferdie. She lighted Preble's cigar for him very prettily, took a little silver case from her bag, and was about to open it, but seemed to think better of it and returned it to the bag. But Aunt Harriet knew what was in the case. She had once dealt with a pupil detected in smoking cigarettes, a circumstance that looked now as remote as "battles long ago." It seemed at this moment a matter of indifference whether Ferdie smoked or whether she didn't. Only it would be a pity to shock Ferdie's mother, which was, she supposed, why Ferdie had wisely abandoned the indulgence. But Ferdie was speaking.

"It's no use going over it all again. Preble and I just agree to separate, that's all. And of course I want you to know it, so it will be perfectly aboveboard and easy. And I want to stay over here, and of course dad 'll make it easy for me. I don't need to ask you that, do I, dad?"

She had never called him dad before, and Gregory didn't object to an innovation in the way of names; but he failed to reply with the efficacy she had looked for. Indeed, he didn't reply at all. He had caught a glimpse of Preble's face, not only the face, but the man back of the man's mere appearance, and, unimaginative though he was, it shocked him. It was really the shock he might have had if he had seen Preble drop dead. He drew his breath sharply between his teeth, and Helen, who was "father's girl," and always guessing him out under his silences, said quickly, "What is it?" But Gregory had hold of himself now, though he still avoided looking at Preble. Having once seen the bleeding body of a man's happiness, he found it too terrible ever to encounter again. Gregory had seldom realized anything with the vividness of this sight of Preble's misery. The pageant of life, in its uneven values, was displayed before him. Ferdie, he saw, had darted ahead. She was at the first of the series of worldly goals. Old Preble lounged about the starting-post, and here she was, breathless but triumphant. She had learned to play the game more deftly than he. Poor old Preble! he never would play just this game. Gregory felt as if he himself were judge and jury in one. His predilections were swinging round to the defendant. If the judge side of him had to charge the jury side just at this moment, he felt that, in reviewing the evidence, he should have to lay stress on everything Preble had done to help Ferdie out in her

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clutchings at a more rarefied life, while they were at Salem Field, and what he was ready to do now. He heard a rustle of mother's dress as she rose and reseated herself, and the thought came over him, to the accompaniment of a shudder and an actual crawling of the flesh, "Suppose mother had proposed leaving him, 'way back when they were both as young as Preble and Ferdie, just because she had been hungry for more life than he could give her, more silks, more rustling things and excitements and talk about Vandewaters?" His house of life, a solid structure with a tower and a mansard roof, seemed to be toppling down about him as he thought it. He felt like giving Preble a hand, and saying, "Hang on to me, old man. I'll see you through." And what was this Harriet was saying?

"You'd better consider that this is Italy. You won't feel the same when you get home."

Ferdie took out her vanity box and powdered her nose. She appeared to find some moral support in the act.

"Nobody feels the same in Italy," Harriet was boldly asserting. "I don't know how it would be if we stayed longer. But the first taste of it's like getting drunk."

"Harriet!" breathed Mrs. Benedict. Then she drew her lips in primly. "I can only say," she announced, in the manner of one to whom the task has fallen of leading the last hope, "that I have felt no temptation to become intoxicated. Nor has Helen. Nor have I seen any indication of it in my husband." She seemed intentionally to leave out Aunt Harriet: a kind of purgatory by exclusion.

Aunt Harriet was not to be halted.

"I've had serious thoughts myself," she said, "of drawing out my savings and staying here till they're gone. When you're here it seems the only thing to do. But everybody can't live in Italy. Somebody's got to stay in Salem Field, or the world won't balance."

It became evident that Aunt Harriet was the counsel for the defence. Preble turned a dull eye upon her. She seemed to be advising Ferdie to stay with him, and so she must be on his side. But Ferdie was answering brightly:

"Good for you, Aunt Harriet. You stay over here with me and we'll take an apartment in Rome."

"Oh, no," said Aunt Harriet grimly. "I'm going back to teach school. I'm going to take Italy in my pocket and pull it out and look at it."

"There! there!" said Gregory. "Don't get off the key, Harriet. We've got to talk this thing out."

"So," said Aunt Harriet to Ferdie, quite unmoved by any side issue of interruption, "I feel as if you'd make a mistake if you give up Preble for anything so far away from what you've been born to as—as this." She threw a comprehensive wave of the hand at the heaven of slope and sea below them. "You must remember, if it doesn't turn out as you think and you get rid of Preble and Preble gets rid of you"—here both Ferdie and Preble gave a little passionate murmur, which might mean one thing or another—"after you've once got a divorce, you can't go back on it."

"My stars, Aunt Harriet, I didn't say a divorce!" cried Ferdie. Her whole face was flaming, and she thrust the vanity box into her little bag as if she had to thrust at something. "I said a separation."

Preble threw his cigar over the parapet, got up and put his hands in his pockets, and stared at the sky.

"Why, of course you won't do such a contemptible thing as to separate from Preble," said Aunt Harriet, with the severity of the teacher who sets a disciplinary task of irregular verbs. "Send him back to Salem Field to fight it out alone? You've got to let him get a divorce, and not raise a finger, so he can marry again and make himself a home while he's young enough to enjoy it."

The Benedict family sat staring at Aunt Harriet as if she were its uncomprehended sibyl. Preble stared at the sky. What he thought no one could tell from his back. He seemed to be turning it on the entire Benedict family. There was no doubt that Aunt Harriet, by force of audacity, it might be, had made a hit. Gregory was the head of the family, assuredly the judge, but Aunt Harriet was taking the argument out of his hands. It was she who was charging the jury.

"Oh, come, Harriet," said he, "you don't know what you're talking about." But he said it weakly.

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"As to your writing," said Aunt Harriet inexorably, addressing herself to Ferdie, "if you've got it in you, you can write about Salem Field."

"I don't want to write about Salem Field," said Ferdie. "Do you suppose I mean to tag on behind writing dialect stories, like—" She paused rather scornfully, and then two angry tears came into her eyes. "I'm not so awfully young," said Ferdie. "I may look it, and I intend to look it. You can do almost anything with yourself now, if you keep up with things. And I want to live as other people do."

"What people?" asked Aunt Harriet, and the Benedict consciousness trembled because a fibre of it was being wrenched to the bar.

"Like everybody that lives at all," said Ferdie. "You don't know the kind of novels I want to do. I want to do them like Marion Crawford and Henry James —and others. Father and Preble haven't even heard of 'em."

"Look here, Ferdie," said Aunt Harriet. She rose and stretched out her hands toward the sky with an unconscious magnificence. For a moment she held them so, and then, with an equal majesty, let them relax and fall. "I've taught literature, and I can tell you you couldn't do the kind of thing you want to if you should live here for the next twenty years. Some women could. You can't. You're not that kind. But——"

They were all watching her, really hanging on her words. She seemed to hold the entire Benedict family in her grasp. "I tell you what," said Aunt Harriet. She forgot the Benedicts. She remembered young love and Naples. "If I could be putting out to sea down there with somebody I liked, I'd rather do it than teach English literature or write like Henry James. And you can go down there and take a boat. You can go with Preble. Preble just worships the ground you tread on. You do all the writing you want to. But don't you think you've got to have the scene set for it, and you've got to live in Italy, and you've got to throw over your folks—because you're not a big enough woman, Ferdie, to go walking over things like that."

Ferdie surprised them. She began to sob.

"You don't know, Aunt Harriet," said she. "You don't know how big I can be."

"I don't care," said Aunt Harriet, "how big you are if you're throwing over a man you've made your home with when you haven't got a shadow of complaint against him."

"Preble's been a good husband to you," said Gregory, to his own amaze. He had no idea that his attitude had shifted or that he wasn't standing by Ferdie. "I don't say I won't do anything in reason in the way of money. I never 've stinted you girls and I never shall. But when it comes to your saying Preble ain't up to the scratch, and that sort of thing, I don't stand for it, Ferdie."

"I do feel," murmured Mrs. Benedict, "that Preble's done everything in the world for you a husband could."

"Seems to me," said Helen—no one expected her to speak, but she dashed in with the alertness of a sisterly certainty that Ferdie might need taking down a peg—"seems to me, everything we've brought out shows how Preble's got down in the dust every single time and let Ferdie just walk over him."

Ferdie looked from one to another of them in a panic-struck surprise. No Benedict had ever, in her experience, turned against another Benedict. At that instant Preble threw himself round and faced them. Gregory, in one brief look at him, saw how crumpled his face was, and how savage a misery dwelt in the eyes, and had to look away again. He had never seen a man cry.

"Now," said Preble, "I'll speak. Ferdie's going to have whatever she wants, and she's going to take it from me, and when I can't give it to her I'll say I ain't man enough to live and put a bullet through my head. If she's going to stay over here, I can sell the home place and board. I don't want any place without Ferdie. It's going to be enough for me to know she's living the way she wants to live. You don't any of you understand Ferdie."

Like Aunt Harriet, he looked very big against the sky, a colossal figure made for protection, on which the lesser waves of life could dash leaving him unscarred—a little worn, perhaps, after a good deal of it, but never overthrown. The group be-

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fore him dissolved, broke up, and shifted. Helen frankly put her handkerchief to her face and cried. Gregory blew his nose violently, and his wife murmured, "There!" Aunt Harriet stood at the rim of the world made by the edge of the terrace, another heroic figure that might, with Preble, know the meaning of life through nearness to the larger calls of earth. But Ferdie had run to Preble like a child, and stood by him holding his big hand. It almost looked as if she were protecting him, perhaps by her silken touch from the ache that even giants may feel in giant hearts. They turned together, he and she, and went off along the terrace, Ferdie still holding his hand until, in a moment, Aunt Harriet saw him put his arm about her waist and draw her to him. In a moment too, without a conclusive word, the other Benedicts dispersed to their letters or their guide-books. All that day they didn't have a glimpse of Preble and Ferdie. But at night when they made their moonlit way along the terrace, Helen, in advance, turned back to them.

"The seat's been taken," said she. "They're lovers, making love." Italy and moonlight were upon her, too, and it seemed as if she couldn't repeat the word enough. "Lovers!"

Then some one laughed: a girl's laugh, Ferdie's. A man's laugh answered it: Preble's.

"Come on," called Ferdie. "Come on, Family. We've got it all settled. We're going to stay three months more than we intended, and then we're going home together."

Then they all sat down and talked plans, and Preble, Ferdie's head on his shoulder, told a story he'd heard the day before in a smoking-room. It was a stupid story, but Ferdie led the laughter. Mother Benedict, from her demesne of matrimonial experience, realized that Ferdie, from some of those mysterious forces that prevail in matrimony, again considered her husband "about right." Gregory gave himself up to his cigar with an untainted satisfaction, and Helen, the warmth of virginal youth throbbing at her breast, wondered what made Ferdie get up such a row if she really meant to stick to Preble after all. But Aunt Harriet, standing in the moonlight, the shower of it on her face and shoulders like a silver rain, thought back to the morning when she had made her plea for the defendant. The plea had been well directed, the verdict was benign. And yet, if Ferdie had left her husband and gone forth emotionally unloosed, Aunt Harriet wondered, with a throb of wildest envy, what she would have found in Italy.

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BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

By G. E. Woodberry

I RODE in the dark of the spirit
  A marvellous, marvellous way;
The faiths that the races inherit
  Behind in the sunset lay;
Dome, mosque, and temple huddled
  Bade farewell to the day;
But I rode into the leagues of the dark,
There was no light but my hoof-beats' spark
  That sprang from that marvellous way.

Behind were the coffined gods in their shroud
  Of jungle, desert, and mound,
The mighty man-bones and the mummies proud
  Stark in their caves underground;
And the planet that sepulchres god and man,
  Bore me in the cone of its dark profound
To the ultimate clash in stellar space,
The way of the dead, god-making race
  Whirled with its dead gods round.

And my heart, as the night grew colder,
  Drew near to the heart of my steed;
I had pillowed my head on his shoulder
  Long years in the sand and the reed;
Long ago he was foaled of the Muses,
  And sired of the heroes' deed;
And he came unto me by the fountain
Of the old Hellenic mountain,
  And of heaven is his breed.

So my heart grew near to the heart of my horse,
  Who was wiser, far wiser than I;
Yet wherever I leaned in my spirit's course,
  He swayed, and questioned not why;
And this was because he was born above,
  A child of the beautiful sky;
And now we were come to the kingdoms black,
And nevermore should we journey back
  To the land where dead men lie.

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Now whether or not in that grewsome air
My soul was seized by the dread *cafard*,
Terror of deserts, I cannot swear;
But I rode straight into an orbèd star,
Where only reigned the spirit of good,
And only the holy and virtuous are;
And my horse's eyes sent forth sun-rays,
And in my own was a noon-tide gaze
That mastered that splendid star.

The madness of deserts, if so it be,
Burned in my brain, and I saw
The multitudinous progeny
Of the talon and the claw;
And Mammon in all their palaces
Gaped with a golden maw;
And we rode far off from the glittering roofs,
And the horse, as he passed, with his heaven-shod hoofs
Broke the tables of their law.

And we came to a city adjacent thereby,
For the twain to one Empire belong;
Black over it hung a terrible cry
From eternal years of wrong;
And the land, it was full of gallows and prisons
And the horrible deeds of the strong;
And we fled; but the flash of my horse's feet
Broke open the jails in every street,
And lightning burned there long.

We were past the good and the evil,
In the spirit's uttermost dark;
He is neither god nor devil
For whom my heart-beats hark;
And I leaned my cheek to my horse's neck,
And I sang to his ear in the dark:—
"There is neither good nor evil,
"There is neither god nor devil,
And our way lies on through the dark.

"Once I saw by a throne
A burning angel who cried,—
'I will suffer all woes that man's spirit has known,'
And he plunged in the turbid tide;
And wherever he sank with that heart of love,
He rose up purified;

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Glowed brighter his limbs and his beautiful face,
And he went not back to the heavenly place,
  And he drew all men to his side.

"I have never heard it or learnt it,
  It is in me like my soul,
And the sights of this world have burnt it
  In me to a living coal,—
The soul of man is a masterless thing
  And bides not another's control;
And gypsy-broods of bandit-loins
Shall teach what the lawless life enjoins
  Upon the lawless soul.

"When we dare neither to loose nor to bind,
  However to us things appear;
When whatsoever in others we find,
  We shall feel neither shame nor fear;
When we learn that to love the lowliest
  We must first salute him our peer;
When the basest is most our brother,
And we neither look down on nor up to another,—
  The end of our ride shall be near."

A wind arose from the dreadful past,
  And the sand smoked on the knoll;
I saw, blown by the bolts of the blast,
  The shreds of the Judgment scroll;
I heard the death-spasms of Justice old
  Under the seas and the mountains roll;
Then the horse who had borne me through all disaster,
Turned blazing eyes upon me his master,
  For the thoughts I sing are his soul.

And I sang in his ear,—" 'Tis the old world dying
  Whose death-cries through heaven are rolled;
Through the souls of men a flame is flying
  That shall a new firmament mould;
And the uncreated light in man's spirit
  Shall sun, moon, and stars unfold";
Then the horse snuffed the dark with his nostrils bright,
And he strode, and he stretched, and he neighed to the light
  That shall beam at the word to be told.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT is a pity that the anonymous letter, by a long alliance with libel and blackmail, has sunk out of reach of the respectable. A force which might have been used for good has thus been lost to the community. There is no reason why the anonymous letter should not have become as necessary a part of our social, as the anonymous book review has of our literary life. Criticism, admittedly helpful to the artist, is even more desirable in the field of manners and morals; yet few individuals in maturity, except those in public life, are subjected to this salutary process; although it is a commonplace that the older we grow the more we need it. In youth, under our present mild system, discipline is primarily criticism; and here no false reticence on the part of school-master or parent prevents children from knowing whenever they have committed a breach of taste or of the ten commandments. For the first fifteen years of their lives they live in the eye of a public, small, but conscientiously determined to express the minutest comment. But as we grow older, the voice of admonition grows fainter and fainter; and its tones have entirely died away by the time we reach the age when our mistakes may have the most serious consequences. Many of the faults of old age are doubtless due to this condition. One of the first uses most of us make of independence is to repel all hostile criticism, to secure ourselves for the future against one touch of that moulding process which has made us what we are. We become reticent, not to say, secretive; refuse to discuss our opinions and actions with those who disagree with us; and, in extreme cases, withdraw from those friendships in which the faintest critical flavor may be detected. "I don't know why it is," we say sadly, "but So-and-So and I are no longer as congenial as we used to be."

A Plea for Anonymous Letters

Many of us, it is true, can count among our nearest and dearest some people of sufficient candor, courage, and skill to convey even a disagreeable truth—who, for the sake of the love they bear us will risk not only a painful interview, but a possible breach. But unhappily not only are our nearest and dearest the last people to see us as we really are, but their utterances cannot always achieve the terrible finality of those of an utter stranger.

And that is where the anonymous letter would be useful. Any well-disposed outsider, who could not be expected to engage in a personal controversy, might yet be willing for the sake of the public good, to offer a dispassionate statement of opinion like this:

LETTER TO A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN

"My Dear Horace: It has been generally observed that during the last eighteen months you have not spoken commendingly of, nor appeared in public with, anyone whose income was less than $50,000 a year. While the desire to provide for your wife and children is entirely admirable, you must learn to distinguish between your social taste and your business necessities."

Or again:

TO A WIFE AND MOTHER

"Domesticity, my dear Mrs. Blank, like culture and happiness, cannot be pursued directly as an end in itself. By concentrating your attention exclusively upon your husband and children, you are providing them with but a dull companion. You cannot impoverish your own existence without depleting theirs. Since you have destroyed your own power of taking an interest in anything outside the home circle, you are beginning to resent their doing so. I do not say to you love them less; but love them because they are lovable, and less because they are yours."

TO A GENTLE EGOIST

"My Dear Clorinda: You are kind, but you wear your kindness as an ornament, and so while it dazzles the world, it will never win you the love of the recipient. You are concerned, not with the necessities of the beggar, but with the splendor of the benevolent gesture. The admiration of the onlookers is your full reward. Talk not therefore of ingratitude."

To some people there may seem something too overt in the actual sending of such

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letters. Perhaps, therefore, it would be better to establish a central bureau, where, three or four times a year, we could go—just as we are expected periodically to balance our check-books—and carry away the complaints that have been filed against us.

Fancy how helpful it would be to some of our worst social tyrants—the university prig, the spoilt beauty, the domestic autocrat—to meet, while hurrying away from such a bureau with their pockets full of unpalatable truths, the humble victims of their tyranny tripping home empty handed.

The Army Post

AT first glance, life at the modern army post presents all its old, familiar characteristics. There is the same picturesqueness, the same air of cheerful animation. The day is punctuated by bugle calls, the band comes out and plays, groups of children disport themselves on the well-kept walks, young women play tennis and older women play bridge, while everywhere men in uniform are coming and going, afoot or on horseback, the enlisted man stalking stiffly along about his business, the officer calling out a friendly greeting or perhaps stopping for a moment's talk. There is about the place an air of good comradeship and wholesome out-of-door life. It does not take long, however, to find out that we are much busier than we seem to be, and much more serious.

There is a traditional idea of an army officer as a good fighter, to be sure, but, in time of peace, an idle sort of fellow, somewhat given to drink; and an accompanying tradition of his wife as a mere butterfly, leading a merry and irresponsible life of perpetual dancing and flirting. This was never altogether true. The officer's wife, poor soul, has always had her share of hardships, which she has met no less bravely than gayly; and as for the officer himself, while the requirements were formerly less than at present, yet life was not all beer and skittles for him. He did his duty and bore himself well in trying situations, even though he knew that scant appreciation would be his portion. For instance, it has been proverbial that there was no glory in Indian warfare, which required, nevertheless, the highest amount of quick-witted resource and cool courage. In the enforced and irksome leisure of life at a small frontier post, the officer did not by any means always take to drinking and gambling to pass the time. Many a man has taken to books instead, has perhaps learned a language, or made himself an authority on a favorite subject. If not inclined to books, he has very likely become a mighty hunter, or set up a carpenter shop, or even raised chickens, with much study of scientific methods. But of the criticisms which may, from time to time, have been justified, some, at least, are justified no longer. Conditions have changed and in our modern army there are very few interims of idleness. Our officer is at present a hard-worked man whose day is filled from end to end with duties of the most strenuous kind. Aside from the ordinary routine of work, which is much more exacting than formerly, there is no calling outside of the two services in which, after fulfilling the initial requirements for admission to his profession, one is obliged to take so many courses of study and to pass so many examinations; while in the matter of physical exercise, there is so much of it that one wonders how a man can have enough vitality left over to use his mind at all.

In the old days, when a girl came a-visiting at an army post, the beaux were at her beck and call at pretty nearly any time of day. Now they say regretfully how sorry they are not to be able to drop in oftener, but that really, after five or six hours of riding and several more hours of study, they are fit for nothing but to drop into their beds. Or it may be merely the daily routine of regimental duties which almost equally consumes their time. Not but what young men are still young men. The visiting girl enjoys herself, but with more measure than formerly.

As to the young officer's wife, what with the increased cost of living and the unchanged figures on the monthly pay check, she is hard put to it to make ends meet; for it is the exception if she or her husband have, at this period of their lives, any money outside of the pay. Servants are scarce and expensive, and unreliable to boot. It behooves her to be a notable housewife. To add to the difficulties of the ménage, the powers that sit up aloft at head-quarters are distinguished by a certain restlessness in the matter of uniform. No manner of dress is more expensive, and only too often the uniform has not lost its first gloss when changes are ordered, involving a heart-breaking outlay on a new one. The cost

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must be saved somewhere and the wife must, if possible, make her own and the children's clothes—simple ones at that. To the male belongs the gorgeous plumage. Frequently she must be a school-mistress as well as a seamstress; for good schools are not always at hand, children must be educated, and of children there are plenty. Here you see a mother who has learned the kindergarten system and has two hours of kindergarten every day in her nursery, and there you see one who is taking her daughter through all the grades of a modern grammar and high school. Naturally one would not venture to say that every young woman who marries into the army displays all these virtues and talents. Our wives are as various as other men's. But given some natural aptitudes of mind and heart, army life does much to develop them. In civil life a woman in such a case is apt to give up all amusements of her own and develop into a serious, overworked domestic drudge. At an army post she shares in the life of the place. She dances, as does her husband; she plays cards, she makes and receives calls, she never gets out of the habit of hospitality. She lives in an atmosphere of comradeship. Nor is her life without its touch of poetry. The pause, with arrested needle, while the bugle sounds other calls to her than those on the soldier's schedule; the lift of the spirit when the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner and the boom of the gun announce that the day is done; the quickened pulses when, at the review, heads are bared as the colors pass; all these things mean something in her life and in the lives of her husband and children as well. It may be said in passing that the army finds no better material than in the sons of officers. The boy who comes in from a civilian family may sometimes be assailed by misgivings and regrets. He may wonder whether he would not have done better in another career. But the army boy who wants a commission has no doubts at all in the matter. He knows just what he wants, and when he gets it he does his work whole-heartedly.

It is a comparatively simple life that we live in the army. A delightful young woman said to me lately: "When I go home to visit my family I find that all my friends have more money than I have, but I don't see that they have much more fun. The chief aim of their lives seems to be to have things, and as soon as they have got them and put them around their houses, they hurry up to get more. Somehow I have got over caring very much for things. One can get along so happily without them." Well, we are of all kinds, and some of us still care about our things. For those of us whose hearts break with breaking china and whose tempers are rasped by a scratch on cherished mahogany, the discipline of army life is indeed hard. Fortunately the most of us have learned to be philosophical. If we have poor quarters, why, the next change of station may give us good ones. If our pay is almost too small to live on, we have plenty of companions in misery and, if we only live long enough, we shall eventually get more rank and more pay with it; more obligations, too, to be sure, and as the children grow older, increased expenses for them. But we don't borrow trouble.

There is of late, much talk of a changed order of things, and it may be that our government will one of these days find it expedient to put regiments in barracks in cities and, in the words of one of its advisers, "cease to concern itself with the housing of women and children." Then the officers and their families will live in such quarters as their allowances will provide. They will live there according to their poverty; the bond of comradeship will be loosened; the pleasures and distinctive virtues of army life will be things of the past. Then our young officers will perhaps come to the conclusion that they must seek well dowered wives or else remain unmarried. Of course, if the dowry is too large (and who shall regulate its size?) our young man may presently find his duties irksome and resign his commission. Such a thing is not unheard of. Or if, on the other hand, he drifts along without a normal domestic life he is likely to deteriorate, morally or physically. Experienced officers have observed that in many cases a young man's career of usefulness has undoubtedly been prolonged by the fact that he has had a wife to look after his health and comfort. So that in either case, whether he remains unmarried or marries too prosperously, his value is apt to be diminished to the government which has educated him.

Whatever may be the drawbacks of the present system, whatever the reasons for changing it, there will be much to regret in the passing of these unique little communities where still exists a manner of life so simple, so wholesome, and withal so gracious.

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AN English clergyman whom I once met in Paris told me he meant to spend three months there.

"You are resting?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, working hard. I am polishing my accent."

Of Foreign Finery

"You have occasion to speak French in fulfilling your parochial duties?" I inquired, still curious.

"Oh, no, not quite that. In my sermons French expressions will come to me, you know, and it wouldn't be just *comme il faut* not to give them the correct accent, would it now?"

I agreed fully. "A clergyman can't be too careful," I said. My feeble irony was lost upon him.

The friendly English clergyman is not the only one of his nation who thinks he proves his culture in interlarding his English idioms, well or ill pronounced. No doubt there are Americans, too, who share his thought. It is to be hoped that these good people at least say what they mean when they drop into French. People so seldom do. Americans in France are likely to forget that "menu" is only American-French for *carte du jour;* that "nom de plume" means naught in French, but is rendered *nom de guerre;* that "vaudeville" means, not music-hall stunts, but light comedy; that *un grand sérieux* is not a too serious person, but only a very long drink. Many are the pitfalls for the unwary.

Nothing more powerfully impresses one with the silliness of using foreign phrases to express ideas that are native enough in themselves than residence in a foreign city, where one may study the abuse of English by foreigners who are equally affected. The cheapness of this particular affectation was borne in upon me when I gazed at a shop window in Paris one day and read the sign "Extra-Snob Confections pour Hommes." It was a haberdashery—and a very bad one! Especially in the world of sports has English passed current in France, where clubmen have been "clubistes" and "sportsmans," and pedestrians have strolled out for an hour's "footing," and reporters have been "intervieweurs," and summer-men in "smokings" (dinner-jackets) who make love at a minute's warning (or no warning at all) were "flirts"—they, and never the girl in the case. But have we not a lesson to learn from the fact that the French, like the Germans, are today reacting against this foolish borrowing of verbal coinage that is so often only counterfeit? In accounts of ring battles, to be sure, we may still read in French newspapers that *Carpentier a mis* knock-out *Jim Sullivan*—but even the sporting columns are using fewer and fewer English words. Frenchmen and Frenchwomen believe in speaking French. If they can speak German and English too, so much the better; but they are little disposed to speak two languages at once. Can't we learn a lesson from them, I repeat? We are very bad linguists: in this respect I feel myself to be a typical American. But am I a better linguist for making an international scandal of my table-talk?

We all know the experience of the restaurant patron who complained because the bill of fare was printed all in French, but was assured that the cook was Irish. That seems to have mollified him, but it is right there that I make my quarrel. I have no grudge against good French cookery; I do object to a French dinner card for honest Irish cooking. I find the following paragraph in a journal I once kept in Paris:

"To-night I met a drunken man here for the first time. He was quite pleasantly intoxicated, although a porter; and took to speaking the few English words he knew, bawling them out as he marched the boulevard. Sober, he spoke French; drunk, English. The man is a symbolist."

Let us, too, use foreign languages only when we have a good excuse. Should anyone ask us if we never find foreign words requisite to exactitude of expression or vividness of color, we can say with the captain of H. M. S. *Pinafore:* "Well, hardly ever." No reasonable person can wish to root out of his vocabulary that borrowed word, which, better than any native expression, conveys his meaning. *Trust* will remain good French, and *chauffeur* good English, however the words themselves may be mispronounced, and even if the irony of both words (the latter used to mean an armed brigand who held up mail-coaches) is quite wasted. But never can there be a good excuse for sandwiching one's talk with importations used precisely because they *are* imported. Æsop's fable of the crow who stuck peacock feathers in his tail was, I suspect, directed at the Roman matrons who dropped into Greek when they gossiped over their pure Falernian, and chattered about *καθάρσις* between the acts of a first-night.

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·THE FIELD OF ART·

The Madonna and Child with St. Jerome and St. Dominic. By Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.
In the Jarves collection, Yale Art School.

THE JARVES COLLECTION OF ITALIAN PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES OF THE YALE ART SCHOOL

IN the general revival of interest concerning American collections, it is odd that such an exceptional collection as that of James Jackson Jarves, in the galleries of the Yale Art School, should have received so little attention. Here, within a short distance from New York, is a remarkable and very interesting collection of early Italian masters known by comparatively few. Mr. Jarves's collection was first exhibited in the Yale School of Fine Arts in 1867, where it has since remained, with, it appears, but little recognition from the American critics. It has been several times mentioned in the *Burlington Magazine* and by various English critics, but Mr. Jarves's own countrymen, for whose benefit this collection was made and preserved, have given it scant meed.

Collected during the owner's long residence in Italy, it stood for several years the severe test of connoisseurship in Florence. It was, unfortunately, brought to this country in the early sixties, a period when appreciation of the beautiful appears to have been painfully lacking. Charles Eliot Norton made an effort to secure its permanent location in Boston, but after one or two exhibitions in New York, which apparently aroused no enthusiasm, it was, at Mr. Jarves's wish, taken to New Haven and was subsequently bought by the Yale Art School.

This does not purport to be a collection of masterpieces. It was Mr. Jarves's intention to get together a series of pictures, that should, by characteristic specimens of the masters and schools, give an excellent opportunity for the study of early Italian art, and in this that prophet without honor has most exceptionally succeeded.

These paintings occupy two of the three rooms devoted to pictures in the Yale Art School and cover a period from the tenth century Byzantine triptych to the Venetian

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painters of the sixteenth century. Rarely, indeed, is such a comprehensive study of Italian art to be found outside of the great European galleries. Many of these paintings have the support of documentary evidence, but aside from any discussion of the authenticity of this or that picture, the collection, as a whole, shows a remarkable knowledge and judgment in selection. It is extraordinary that such a representative collection could have been made at so late a date and most fortunate that it should have been made before the law prohibiting the removal of old masters from Italy.

Many of the Italians can, of course, be seen to advantage only in mural decorations. Any gallery picture can give but a slight idea of their power, and in this respect it is unnecessary to say the Jarves collection cannot be representative. Aside from that, the collection has great historical and educational value. Mr. Jarves knew the painters and loved them, from Margharitone to Guido Reni, and with infinite skill and patience he gathered them together for a newer people who have not had them as a birthright.

To afford to those interested in the subject some idea of the range and extent of this collection, this short résumé of the most illustrative examples is attempted. Beginning with an extraordinary Byzantine work, a crucifixion having the Y-shaped cross, the distinctive peculiarity of the earliest Byzantine representations, from that through several twefth-century triptychs and altar-pieces done in encaustic, the collection proceeds to a crucifixion of Giunta da Pisa and an altar-piece of Margharitone of Arezzo. After Margharitone comes Cimabue, and with him the beginning of the Florentine school. Cimabue studied from the Greeks and retained to the end much of the Byzantine style. However, he greatly improved their dry and formal art, drawing, as was unusual in that age, from living models. The picture here accredited to Cimabue is a panel of the Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist, St. James, St. Peter, and St. Francis of Assisi in the gray robes in which he was always drawn, before the end of the fourteenth century. It is difficult to believe that, as Boccaccio assures us, the early Florentine really mistook Cimabue's figures for living people, in spite of their great advance from Margharitone's stiff Byzantine manner. It is, moreover, to the fact that he was Giotto's master that Cimabue chiefly owes his fame.

> "Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido
> Sì che la fama di colui è oscura."

Giotto can be, of course, but imperfectly represented by easel-pictures, but the two specimens in the Jarves collection are interesting studies: An altar-piece of the entombment and a small picture of the crucifixion done in Giotto's early style still markedly Byzantine. From Giotto the school proceeds in an almost unbroken line. It is impossible to mention all of the pictures worthy of notice, so carefully have these links in the early school been chosen, but the two attributed to Giotto's godson, Taddeo Gaddi, two Orcagnas, one of St. Augustine and St. Lucia and another of St. Domenic and St. Agnes from the convent of the Salvi near Florence, a St. Francis receiving the stigmata, by Agnolo Gaddi, the teacher of Antonio Veneziano, who is represented here by "The Deposition from the Cross," a small altar-piece, instanced by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, are especially interesting. Then there is a delightfully primitive votive picture in honor of SS. Cosimo and Damian by Lorenzo di Bicci, where these patron saints of physicians are pictured healing a man with an incurable leg by grafting in its place the startlingly black leg of a Moor. From the gallery of the Prince Conti is a fascinating cassone painting of Gentile da Fabriano, "The Triumph of Love." Here are Venus and Mars, Apollo and Daphne, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Charlemagne, Semiramis, "che libito fe'licito in sua legge," and a host of other distinguished personages known to have succumbed to the fatal passion.

Another of Fabriano's is the lovely signed "Madonna of the Roses and Pomegranates." This is mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as having been injured by restoring, but the repainting has been entirely removed without appreciable injury to the picture. Fra Angelico is represented by the right wing of an altar-piece. St. Zenobia in pontificals, St. Francis Padre Serafico in a brown corded robe, and St. Anthony of Padua holding the flaming heart of fervent piety, and for once untroubled by his importunate ladies. There is a most interesting Masaccio of the infancy of St. John the Baptist. This is be-

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lieved to be from the predella of the chapel of the Carmine in Pisa. The altar-piece of Masaccio's, as mentioned by Vasari, in the Carmine chapel was a Madonna and Child with St. Peter and St. John the Baptist on one side, the Virgin, and St. Nicholas and St. Julian on the other; on the predella beneath were stories from the lives of the

The Adoration of the Magi. By Luca Signorelli.
In the Jarves collection, Yale Art School.

four saints, and in the centre of these "The Adoration of the Magi." Three of these panels from the predella are now in the Berlin gallery. There are two delightfully quaint cassones of Paolo Uccelli on which he has depicted incidents from the "Æneid," a pictorial feat that gave him unlimited opportunity for displaying his passionately studied art of perspective, to which Vasari remarks "he applied himself perpetually and without any intermission whatsoever." After these comes another cassone of Dello Delli of a tournament in the piazza Santa Croce at Florence, in which figure "many people of importance," distinguishable by their armorial bearings. Sano di Pietro, whose works are so seldom to be found outside of Sienna, is twice represented—by the gradino of an altar-piece, "The Adoration of the Magi," and a "Coronation of the Virgin," wonderful in its pure religious feeling.

A canvas of "The Nativity," transferred from wood to oil, is attributed to Squarcione and to his pupil, Mantegna, a crucifixion with the Virgin and St. John beside the cross. Of Matteo of Sienna, who succeeded Sano as the leader of Sienese painting, there is a Madonna and Child, rich in coloring and decoration. Of Filippino Lippi there is the remarkable picture of "The Penitence of St. Jerome," mentioned by Vasari as hanging in the guardaroba of Cosimo de Medici. The companion picture of this, St. Augustine, that in Vasari's time was in the possession of Bernado Vecchietti, is now in the Uffizi. Then there is a charming annunciation of Benozzo Gozzoli's of lovely pure coloring. The figure of the angel is very like that of Melozzo da Forli's "Angel of the Anunciation" in the Uffizi, and two Pollajuolo's, "The Rape of Dejanira" by Antonio, and an "Annunciation" attributed to Pietro. There is an interesting little picture of Signorelli's taken from the palace of the Archbishop of Cortona, Signorelli's native city. Signorelli is best shown in fresco, but this is an interesting example of his work, although the coloring is crude, as it so often was in his work, and this subject, "The Adoration of the Magi," gave him naturally no opportunity for showing his skill in the handling of nude figures, in which he was one of the first Italian painters to excel. Next comes a portrait of

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the Princess Vitelli by Francia. This is exceptionally lovely in coloring and modelling and has a charming bit of landscape in the background. Perugino is represented by a small oil painting of "The Baptism of Christ," Pinturicchio, his assistant, by a decorated salver of "Love bound by Maidens" from Petrarch's "Triumph of Chastity." Dominico Ghirlandajo is most interestingly and characteristically shown in a fresco on tile, the portrait of a lady strikingly similar to the head of the young Florentine woman in the birth of the Virgin, and presumably his mistress, the sister of Lorenzo Tornabuoni. There is a charming Botticelli, a "Madonna and Child," with the ineffable melancholy grace that was Sandro's peculiar charm. And a Giovanni Bellini of St. Peter done apparently in his earlier style before his work was influenced by the glorious coloring of his pupil Giorgione.

Madonna and Child accompanied by Saints. By Sodoma.
In the Jarves collection, Yale Art School.

Very remarkable in this selection are the two paintings attributed to Giorgione, and it is strange that these two, the portraits of Andrea Gritti and his sisters, and a "Circumcision of Christ," should have escaped the attention of Giorgione enthusiasts. They are undoubtedly interesting examples of the Giorgionesque school. The golden light and the rich, warm coloring are typical of Giorgione, and being so clearly in his manner offer an interesting study. To return to the Florentine school, Filippino Lippi is shown in a St. Sebastian dated 1479 and inscribed with the names of those who ordered the painting. There is a crucifixion of Lorenzodi Credi from a chapel in the Borghese Palace done in tempera. A Pieta of Fra Bartolomeo and an "Angel Gabriel," by his companion, Albertinelli.

A Raphael of the Madonna with St. John and St. Joseph of Arimathea supporting the dead Christ is mentioned in the London *Athenæum* of February 12, 1859, by T. A. Trollope, as being "an interesting early work of Raphael's, painted by him while still with his master, Perugino, from a design of his, but with variations." The original design of Perugino's is in the Albizzi Palace in Florence, and this study from the fresco is supposed to be Raphael's earliest known work, and was taken from a villa of the Chigi family. Attributed to Lo Spagna is a "Madonna and Child" and to Andrea del Sarto, a fresco, again of the "Madonna and Child," which in its transference from wall to canvas has been practically destroyed. Two Sodomas, mentioned by C.C. Black of the South Kensington Museum, are especially interesting studies, a "Madonna and Child" with St. John the Baptist, St. Bernadino, and St. Catherine, and an exceptionally beautiful and characteristic painting of Christ bearing the cross. A sombre portrait of Vittoria Colonna, Vittoria as an elderly dowager, done by Sebastiano del Piombo, is of some interest, and Veronese is represented by a crucifixion, which, however, gives no idea of his decorative value. Few of the Venetian school are included in this collection and those few are, for the most part, rather poor examples. The Guido Reni's, which conclude Mr. Jarves's selection from the six centuries, are a sketch from the Gerini Gallery of St. Joseph holding the Christ-child, and a large canvas of three goddesses disarming cupid.

There are in all one hundred and fifteen pictures in the Jarves collection, and they present an exceptional opportunity in this country for the study of Italian art.

ANNE C. BUNNER.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I WANT TO KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO WITH THAT LAND O' MINE. I AIN'T FORGOT WHAT YOU TOLD ME."

—"The Heart of the Hills," page 347.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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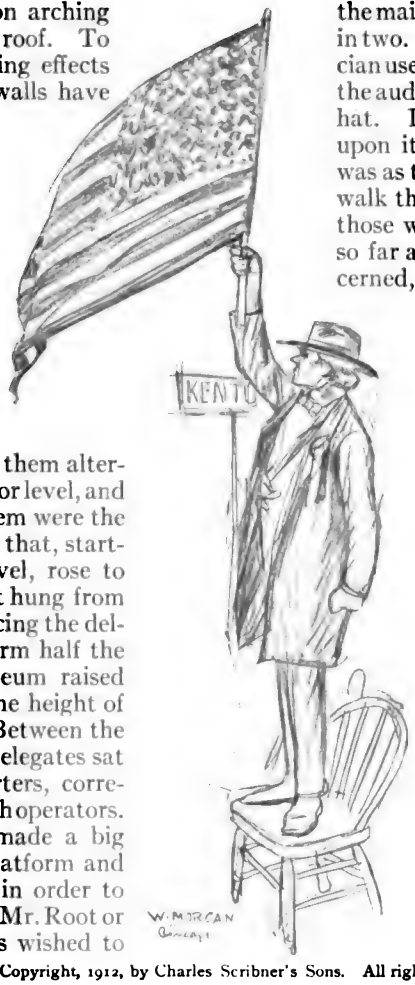
THE TWO CONVENTIONS AT CHICAGO

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE Coliseum in which the Republican convention was held is of the trolley-car-barn style of architecture. Its walls support on arching girders an arching roof. To obtain better lighting effects the roof and the walls have been painted a good canary yellow. During the days of the convention all you could see of the inside of the building was the yellow roof and the iron girders. The rest of the Coliseum was concealed by people. Delegates, and back of them alternates, sat on the floor level, and on three sides of them were the spectators, on seats that, starting on the floor level, rose to meet a balcony that hung from all four walls. Facing the delegates was a platform half the width of the Coliseum raised from the floor to the height of a man standing. Between the platform and the delegates sat hundreds of reporters, correspondents, telegraph operators. These press seats made a big gap between the platform and the delegates, and in order to bridge it, whenever Mr. Root or one of the speakers wished to address the delegates, or a clerk called the roll, he walked out along a gang-plank that jutted from the platform like a wharf from the main-land and cut the press seats in two. It was like the one the magician uses when he comes down among the audience and lifts rabbits out of a hat. It made the man who stood upon it pitilessly conspicuous. It was as though he had been forced to walk the plank. Indeed, several of those who ventured forth upon it, so far as their political life was concerned, *did* walk the plank. While, on the other hand, as one man stood there the lightning struck him, and the next morning he found himself famous.



Seated as they were, two-thirds of those present faced the other third, knee to knee, and eyes looking into eyes. It was a compact, confidential, "heart-to-heart-talk" kind of an arrangement. In twenty years of reporting I have never seen as big a gathering seated better. The man in the farthest gallery, up under the band-stand, that clung to the roof like a bird's-nest to a cliff, may not agree. But that he should hear or see was not the object of the convention. What was important was that the

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Calling the roll.

chairman, the gentleman who had the floor, and the reading clerk should hear and be heard by one thousand delegates, and that whatever of wit or wisdom, of insult or repartee passed between them should on the instant be heard by the reporters, who in their turn should be able to pass it on outside the building to eighty million waiting people. That this was possible was due to the excellent acoustic properties of the Coliseum, and to the efforts of Frederick W. Upham and the other gentlemen of the convention committee of Chicago.

When in the daily, or rather hourly, accounts of the convention you read of eleven thousand people on their feet yelling for twenty minutes, it was difficult to believe that in such chaos any progress was possible or that it could lead to any sane result. As a matter of fact, owing to experience with former conventions, and to a system based on that experience, the work of the convention struck at least one looker-on as being conducted with remarkable order, speed, and fairness. This does not refer to the work of the "steam-roller," but to the carrying on of the order of business. In the first place, neither the presiding officer nor the delegates were concerned with the ten thousand men and women who were present as their guests. In their minds those at times semi-maniacs were eliminated. The delegates were concerned only with a tall man swinging a wooden mallet, and he with a thousand men gathered compactly together at his feet in a space little larger than the orchestra floor of a theatre.

Sereno E. Payne.

The delegates sat in a block of kitchen chairs entirely surrounded by narrow aisles. In these aisles were messengers and stenographers. It was their business to see that no delegate who rose to his feet to speak was unreported. There were stenographers on the platform, stenographers on the gang-plank, stenographers below the gang-plank; but these stenographers in the aisles were the allies of the lone delegate. They saw that no crumb that fell from his table was lost. No matter in what frenzy he had spoken, no matter whether he had

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committed libel, perjury, or was guilty only of "violent and profane language," the messenger and stenographer were at his throat. With a demand for his name, the messenger thrust into his hands a card and a pencil, and the stenographer commanded that he repeat his remarks. Half the time the delegate did not want to repeat his remarks, but he felt that had he wished to do so his protest, motion, or merry jest would have gone on record and in time have reached the chairman. The chairman in his turn, in order to reach the delegates, was assisted by a staff of lieutenants with strong lungs and megaphones, expert accountants to keep score, sharps in parliamentary usage to give him advice, clerks to read resolutions, and sergeants-at-arms to keep order. These formed the machinery of the convention; the brains that directed the machinery also were on the platform, the Roosevelt leaders on one side, the Taft leaders on the other. Like admirals in the conning-tower, by means of telephones and messengers, they issued orders or received them, described the battle to the White House or to the Congress Hotel, commanded fresh guns into action or spiked those of the enemy. In spite of the shouting and the tumult, the "stampedes," demonstrations, fist fights, catcalls, challenges, and insults, this machinery of the convention worked like a clock, and, like a juggernaut, the "steam-roller" ploughed its way. For the machinery one felt nothing but admiration. What puzzled and surprised one was that those in control did not seem to know how to make the best use of it. The working parts were all there. What you missed was the stage-manager, the coaches on the side lines. No college base-ball team, no second-class theatrical company would have gone on the field, or raised the curtain, with a lack of preparation as shocking, with a team so ill-selected, with a cast so incompetent, without one man in authority to substitute a fresh pitcher for the one who had been knocked out of the box. It was not as though the convention had come to the Roosevelt and Taft managers as a complete surprise. It had been in the air for some time. It was not a carefully guarded secret. One would have thought the importance of what was at stake at that meeting might have occurred to them. In order to defeat Harvard at foot-ball, young men at New Haven go into training for six months. For six months each man who is to play his particular part is tested, tried out, coached, and cruelly driven. Veteran foot-ball players neglect their business, and from all over the country assemble to sit in judgment upon him, to coach him in what he has to do, and, if they find he cannot do

Elihu Root, chairman.

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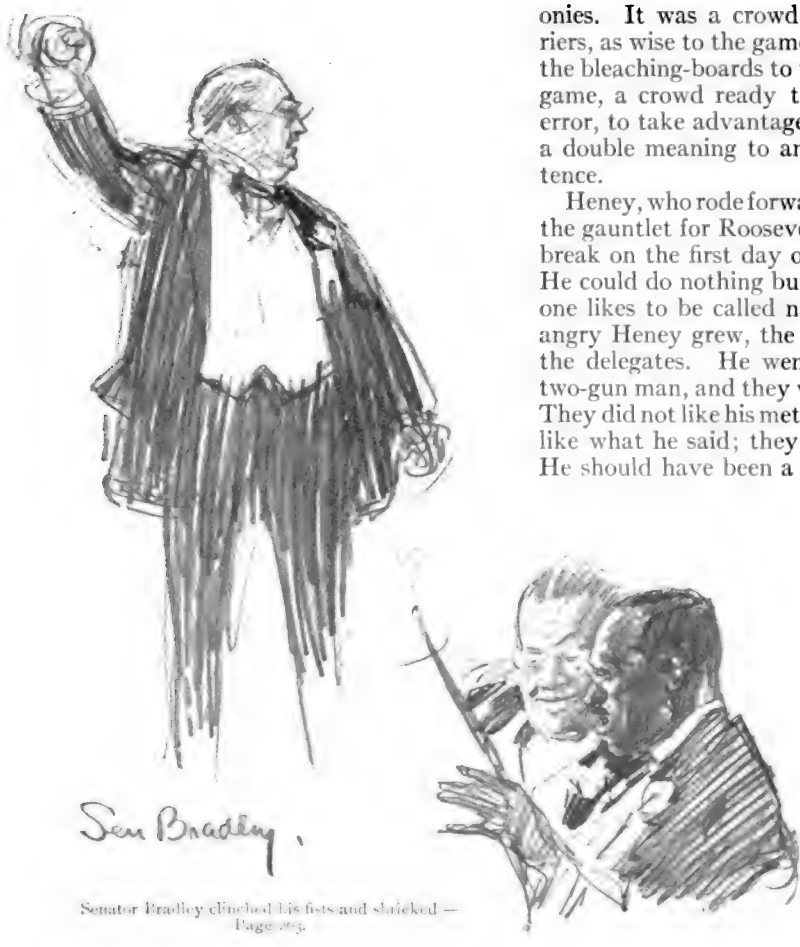
it, to throw him out and train some one who can. They leave nothing to chance. They do not act on the hope that "it will all come right on the night." They put into the field the best team they can get together, and each player knows just what he is to do and the coaches know he can do it. They go to all that trouble and preparation to win a foot-ball championship. If they lose, in a year they can try again. But if a convention nominates the wrong man, and on election day the party loses, it cannot try again for four lean, hungry years. For four years it is out of office, out of patronage, out of pocket. Knowing this, the party managers, or the managers of this or that candidate, would go into the convention, you would think, with picked men, with men they had rehearsed, drilled, trained, men who would speak only the lines assigned them, men who would not fumble the ball. Instead, most of the men placed upon the gang-plank by both the Roosevelt and Taft managers, to represent them and fight, were pathetic. They were so incompetent that the audience howled at them, not because it was opposed to them in politics, but because they were incompetent. In most instances they succeeded only in assisting greatly the other side. Apparently, no one had asked them what they planned to say and had suggested that they had better not say it. No one, when they had made themselves ridiculous, stood ready to signal them off the field; no one had authority to throw into the breach a fresh and better player.

They faced an audience of one thousand and seventy-eight men from every one of the States of the Union and of her colonies. It was a crowd as smart as terriers, as wise to the game of politics as are the bleaching-boards to the other national game, a crowd ready to jump upon an error, to take advantage of a slip, to give a double meaning to any unstudied sentence.

Heney, who rode forward to throw down the gauntlet for Roosevelt, made the first break on the first day of the convention. He could do nothing but call names. No one likes to be called names. The more angry Heney grew, the more angry grew the delegates. He went at them like a two-gun man, and they would not have it. They did not like his method; they did not like what he said; they did not like him. He should have been a "head-liner," but his turn was a failure. Any stage-manager would have called him to the wings. Instead, Heney, his own stage-manager, insisted upon remaining until Root had silenced the tumult that Heney's own tactlessness had aroused.



Senator Bradley clinched his fists and shrieked — Page 263

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As a result, Root got credit for the assist, and Heney struck out. Some friend should have warned him that no man likes to be called a thief. This is especially so when he is a thief. Fort, the ex-governor of New Jersey, made a failure almost as brilliant. He was put forward to champion Roosevelt and to attack the tainted delegates. Apparently he had not prepared what he had to say. What he *tried* to say was, "We must be firm at first, because later it will be too late." He said, "We must be firm *at first*" —and stopped. It sounded as though he was admitting that later the Roosevelt crowd would surrender. A stage-manager would have told him in reading his line not to emphasize the "at first." Seated directly below him, Wadsworth, the leader of the New York delegation, lent further emphasis to the "at first" by kicking his legs in the air and shrieking in derisive, mocking laughter. The other delegates took it up. Amidst the tumult Fort was heard crying, "I don't mean what *you* mean," but his usefulness was at an end.

Among his own people he is an orator.

It was the same with the speakers thrown into the fight by the Taft managers. They were dyed-in-the-wool, hidebound "party" men, old in years, old in traditions. They did not know there was a new step on the floor, a new face at the door. No one had told them how you spell "progressive."

Sereno E. Payne, like a Rip Van Winkle of the past, talked of Frémont. He did not know that since the days of the great Pathfinder a change had come to the map of this country, that disruption threatened his party. He could not read the writing on the wall. Below him in black and white were signs staring him in the face. They read, "Alaska," "Porto Rico," "Hawaii," "Philippines." He did not see them. Helpless against the jeers and laughter, against the howls of "How about the Payne tariff bill?" he wandered aimlessly up and down the gangplank, scolding and mumbling to himself, a maudlin, pathetic spectacle. Finally, still mumbling, he wandered away, a stenographer, grinning cynically, clinging to his elbow. Senator Bradley, of Kentucky, another old man, whose white hairs gained him no respect, was drowned out with cries of "Lorimer! *You* voted for Lorimer!" One wondered why, in the city of Chicago of all places, the managers put forward one at whom it was so easy to hurl a brick. The old man raged, stamped, lost temper, breath, and dignity. Outside of the building eighty million people waited, while inside Senator Bradley clinched his fists and shrieked, speechless with rage.

A negro followed him. Among his own people he is an orator. He began just the way an orator should begin.

"The negro of this country," he proclaimed, "looks to the Republican party for——"

"Post-offices!" yelled the delegates. Then he tried to say "populist!" and pronounced it "pop-populist," and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. A young man from Virginia felt he had to tell us about his "native State." A Virginian may reverence his mother, his

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wife, his God, but what chiefly troubles him is his love for his native State. Some one should have warned this young man that he was sent down the gangplank to explain a contested election, and that the circumstance that he himself had been born in Virginia was an historical fact in which neither the delegates nor the waiting eighty millions were especially interested. But no manager told him that, and of himself no Virginian would believe that there live men with souls so dead that they'd take no more pride in having been born within any special geographical area than they do in possessing a special telephone number. So he told us about his love for his native State, and he was so unhappy over it, and spoke in tones so reverential, that a delegate imitated his mournful accents with a long-drawn "Amen!" And the young Virginian was laughed back into the arms of his native State. Another Southern gentleman suffered from the same obsession. Instead of at once getting to Hecuba, and telling the delegates what they wanted to know, he began, "The men—of Kenntuck-ee, loave—Keen-tuck-*ee!*"

At which a delegate shouted, "Then go *back* to Ken-tuck-*ee!*"

After a speaker had once made a slip, had once been ridiculed, no matter how unfairly, the delegates would have none of him. He was as helplessly at their mercy as a man in a pillory. Knowing this, one sat and wondered why the managers put forward the untrained, weak, and incompetent brother.

In the language of vaudeville, why, when you have at your command "head-liners" and "top-notchers," give your audience "chasers" and "movies."

Not that there were no head-liners.

Job Hedges was one. Cynical, clever, adroit, he tricked the delegates, and they loved him for it. They laughed, but with him, not at him. And he knew just when to stop. He stopped when he had done Mr. Root just as much good as he possibly could and Mr. Roosevelt as much harm as Sam Weller did to Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, and then, like the clever actor that he is, "left them laughing when he said 'good-by.'"

For the managers the choice of cham-

Governor Johnson, of California.
"Present—but *not* voting!"—Page 270.

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pions should not have been difficult, for when a man had something to say, and said it with self-control, the delegates heard him eagerly. They did not mind vehemence; indeed, when the indignation was honest, even though it was directed against their own faction, they applauded impartially. It was loss of temper, pomposity, incompetence they could not tolerate. On the second day, Governor Johnson, of California, and Heney, each of whom on the first day had lost his temper and his audience, "came back." They were just as earnest as on the day previous, but they were not abusive; each had himself well in hand. Each spoke "man's talk," not like a peevish fish-wife, and in consequence each of them scored tremendously.

The success of Governor Hadley was one entirely of personality.

The success of Hadley was one entirely of personality. Dramatic critics throw personality at popular actors as though it was something of which they should be ashamed. That should not be so. Personality in a man is what charm is in a

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"We want Teddy."

woman, something that cannot be explained, imitated, or acquired. A week after Hadley, in Chicago, walked down the gangplank and found himself famous, in New York the middle-weight champion of England walked into the prize-ring in Madison Square Garden, and suddenly eight thousand good American citizens stood up and cheered him. Why? Because they wanted him to defeat the American "white hope"? Certainly not! Because he was the champion of all England? Hardly! They liked his personality. He had not struck a blow; he only had walked once around the ring, smiling, bowing, holding his head high, and in that short circuit Bombardier Wells had made eight thousand friends. It was so with Governor Hadley. He had nothing to say that some one else could not have said as well. Nor was it the way he said it. It was his appearance, which is distinguished, his confidence, the way he bore himself, the respect he showed to his opponents, the respect he felt for his cause and for himself—and personality. That night, up and down Michigan Avenue, in the hotel corridors, in committee-rooms, bar-rooms, Gold rooms, Florentine rooms, the gossip, the surmise, the speculation was all of Hadley, and in the half-million of words sent out over the country by the correspondents the name of Hadley led all the rest. The next morning no one could remember what he had said that had so deeply impressed him, no one could recall any particular act of strategy, statecraft, or generalship that had excited his admiration; but for some reason, or many, overnight the name of Hadley had become famous and familiar.

It is said that that same night he was offered three different crowns which he did thrice refuse. That may or may not be true. In any event, it is politics and has no place in a story of a big meeting in a big hall. But this is certain, when the next morning he appeared upon the platform his presence started the only genuine demonstration of the convention. But convention audiences are fickle. Hadley did not long enjoy the demonstration, for within five minutes it switched to Roosevelt; half an hour later it again switched, this time to a good-looking young woman in a blue hat. Who shall say that republics are ungrateful?

It broke loose at ten minutes past three. For four hours every delegate had been sitting on a kitchen chair that each minute grew harder, smaller, and nearer to those on either side of it. For four hours he had been without food, drink, or a cigar. And he was bored, irritated, insurgent. Veter-

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ans of many conventions say it is impossible to explain the psychology of a demonstration. What floated this one, possibly, was that the Roosevelt delegates were pleased when Root permitted Hadley, who already had addressed them, again to speak. They looked upon his having the last word as an advantage. And when he came down the gangplank they cheered and applauded mightily. At this point the enthusiasm was heart-felt and genuine, but no more violent than it had been on other occasions. People had time to say it was clever of Root to let Hadley speak again as nothing he could say could now alter the final vote, and the concession gave an impression of fairness, even of magnanimity. They had time to say that when the cheering reached a higher note, it took on a new and strange significance. As one man, each reporter reached for his watch. Hadley, who had raised his hand for silence, felt the change, and lowering his arm stepped back quickly. Just as quickly, but too late, Root saw the danger and shot forward. The cheers now were yells, and halted him. A moment sooner with a few raps of his gavel he could have stopped it. Now thunder-claps could not have stopped it. From a greeting to Hadley it had swung into a demonstration for the man for whom "the fighting governor" was fighting. Hadley sat down. Root sat down. Leaning back and crossing his legs as comfortably as though he were in his own library, he began reading a typewritten document of many pages. As chairman he had effaced himself. The convention was in the hands of a mob. The demonstration fed on itself. The delirium of one man affected the one next him. They became like dancing dervishes, like those at a negro camp-meeting who have found religion. Twenty Texans rose in a solid mass and flung their arms into the air like men at calisthenic exer-

W. J. Bryan in the press seats, a sandwich in one hand.—Page 271.

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James Watson.

cises. In unison they yelled, "*We want Teddy! We want Teddy!*" They kept this up for half an hour. Their arms rose and fell with the regularity of a gang of Italians driving a hand-car. The California delegation, led by Heney, the Ruef-breaker, and Governor Johnson, stamped down the aisles cheering for Roosevelt and waving on high the banner and golden grizzly bear of their State. Parts of the delegations from the other States and Territories followed. The black and white signs that had been used to mark the location of the different delegations were plucked from the floor and brandished as standards. Eleven thousand people got on their feet, waving handkerchiefs, flags, newspapers, and cheering, or jeering at those who cheered. If on one part of the floor the noise and tumult sank, on another it burst out with the roar of a blast-furnace. Unexpected shrieks issued from unexpected sources. Old gentlemen, elderly ladies, staid business men stood on chairs and at the same time tried to attract the attention of eleven thousand people. Massachusetts began to give a yell in rhythm, other delegations or tiny derelict blocks of delegates in half-dozens followed suit. Their war-cries explained that "We are so-and-so!" the faithful six or the loyal two, and they wanted "Teddy!" It had lasted half an hour when a young woman in a blue dress and blue hat leaned out like Barbara Freitchie from the balcony and waved a bill-poster on which was printed a likeness of Roosevelt. She was a very excited, very good-looking young woman. She might have been a twin-sister to Miss Blanche Ring. She was extremely graceful. In pantomime she made a speech, waving her arms in the air, pointing at the portrait, shaking her fist at the Taft men and throwing kisses to the Roosevelt delegates. Instantly the entire attention of every one in the Coliseum was centred upon her. The audience liked her. It liked her so well that the tempest rose again, the "roof-tops seemed to sway," men and women went entirely crazy. Delegates

The gentleman from Texas.

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who had sunk into the kitchen chairs breathless, panting, unable even to whisper, at sight of the girl in the blue hat returned to life. Unable to express themselves like ordinary human beings, they gave imitations of Indians, coyotes, cowpunchers, noon-day whistles, motor-car sirens. Nothing could silence them. They were as raucous, as persistent as an alarm-clock at six in the morning. The gallant Californians rushed to the balcony and escorted the lady in the blue hat to the floor. In spite of sergeant-at-arms, policemen, and shrieking delegates, in a flying wedge they swept her down the aisles, jammed with howling men, to the platform and lifted and dragged her to the reporters' tables. Three of her bodyguard were jostled off the tables and disappeared beneath them. But no one sympathized with them. The lady and her guard of honor were kicking and tramping upon the instruments of the telegraph operators, and the telegraph experts were fighting mad and trying to hurl them into space, but no one sympathized with them either. Lifted high above the crowd in the aisle, with policemen plucking at her skirts, with the body-guard holding her on her feet, the lady in dumb show made a speech. At least we could see her lips moving, her eyes flashing, her clinched fists trembling on high. It was a very interesting moment. Outside the Coliseum those same eighty million people still patiently waited for those they had sent there to nominate a presidential candidate. Inside, delegates waiting to do that very thing were gathered from Alaska's icy mountains, from Arizona's burning plains, from the land of the sheltering palm ruled by the Sultan of Sulu, from the rock-ribbed State ruled by the Boston and Maine Railroad. But something forbade it. Something frustrated the wishes of the sovereign people of these United States and their legally, more or less, appointed delegates. It was the wife of a real-estate agent of Chicago in a blue frock and a blue hat. And did any one object? Certainly not! *Had* any man been so base he would have been launched into Wabash Avenue and the arms of the ambulance surgeon. What did it prove?

Mr. Root subduing "Bill" Flinn.

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Did it prove we are a gallant nation or that we are a very good-natured nation? One thing is certain, had the lady attempted the same performance in London she would by now be wearing broad arrows in Halloway jail and forcibly feeding from a stomach-pump.

There is nothing more baffling than to know what is and what is not what Broadway calls "drama." One lone female holding up an entire convention sounds like drama. But it was not. There was no "thrill" to it. It was only comic and entertaining. The real thrill, when it came, was big, not on account of what actually happened, but on account of what lay behind it, on account of what it meant. The clerk was calling the votes for chairman, and in vehement, aggressive shouts the men were howling at him the name of either McGovern or Root. The clerk came to the delegates from California. He had called the name of Governor Johnson, of Truxton Beale, of Francis J. Heney, and, in stentorian, defiant shouts, each had thundered back the choice of the followers of Roosevelt. For an instant the clerk remained silent, and then loudly and distinctly called, "Mrs. Florence C. Porter!" And for the first time in the history of the United States a woman, in a firm, clear, sweet voice, cast her vote in a national convention. That was drama! That was where we got the first thrill. And while eleven thousand men and women howled and cheered her, the gray-haired, gentle-faced gentlewoman bowed her head and happily smiled.

The actors in the convention drama gave us one other thrill. That was not because any one actually did anything thrilling, but because he refused to do anything at all. It came when the first Roosevelt delegate, during the vote on the nomination of a candidate, in answer to his name, shouted, "Present, but *not* voting!" Then the audience and the delegates knew that a majority of the Roosevelt delegates would obey the wishes of their leader. It grew more thrilling when Root tried to rule that if a delegate "refused to perform his duty," the clerk should call upon his alternate. This brought Fosdick to his feet, and, with all the traditions of the commonwealth of Massachusetts back of him, he told Mr. Root no one could steal from him his vote or force him to vote for any one for whom he did not choose to vote. Mr. Root appeared more than pained. During the duel that followed, he looked like a man who, on finding a belligerent lion in his path, lacks the courage to attack and is afraid to run away.

There would have been more thrills had it not been for the "steam-roller." After you have shoved even a lawn-mower over the grass, you have noticed that there is very little of thrill left to the grass. That was the way the Roosevelt delegates were left after Mr. Root and the "steam-roller" had mowed them down. But they took it with true American humor. No one could say they were not good losers. On a motion, on an amendment, Mr. Root could call for the "ayes" and "noes," and the Taft delegates would bellow "ay" and the Roosevelt delegates, in much louder tones, to make up for the fact that they were in the minority, would drown out the "ayes" with frantic "noes." But, strange to re-

Among those present.

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A quiet evening at the Congress Hotel.

late, the increased volume of sound did not deceive Mr. Root.

"The ayes have it," he would invariably decide. And then the Roosevelt faction would howl mockingly, and, as though to admit that the laugh was on them, blow "toot, toot" on police whistles, and in chorus, in measured cadences, give a very excellent imitation of the puffing and hissing of a gigantic steam-engine. After a half-hour of this, one of the Roosevelt delegates leaped excitedly to his feet on a point of information.

"What is the point of information?" asked Root benignly.

"Don't you think, sir," inquired the delegate innocently, "that your 'steam-roller' is exceeding the speed limit?"

Another delegate called cheerily, "Draw your fires, Root! She'll go without steam now."

And Allen, of Kansas, promised if the Taft men would give him a hearing he would not "put any sand in your gasoline."

It was all perfectly good-natured, honest give-and-take, except when everybody was very ill-natured, and even then it was honest give-and-take, especially when Will Cooke, of Illinois, got a punch on the jaw and a Missouri delegate knocked down a policeman. What was fine about it was that it was perfectly American, perfectly democratic. William Jennings Bryan, sitting in the press box with a sandwich in one hand and with the other clasping the hand of an admiring delegate or policeman, was only one sign of it. All men present were free and equal. It was no House of Commons. No faction was classed as "labor" delegates, no other as "sons of somebodies." The only distinction was that some men were bossed and a few men were the bosses, and that distinction held as good with one faction as with the other. If one side yelled "Flinn," the other retaliated by hurling at them "Penrose" or "Big Steve." But except that one man wore the collar of

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The birth of the new party.

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one boss and the other man the collar of another boss, they were all perfectly free and equal. Personally, had I twice been an ambassador or were I a college president, it would chafe my neck to wear the collar of Barnes of Albany. But possibly neither the ambassador nor the college president sees the collar he wears. Only other people see it. There is another president of another college who refused to wear the collar of a boss. At Chicago the one college president was permitted to make a speech nominating Taft for the presidency, at Baltimore the other college president was nominated for the presidency of the United States. Maybe wearing collars is going out of fashion.

But whether bossed or unbossed, the convention was a fine family party. It had gathered like an "old-home-week" crowd from every part of this country, and each delegate learned much that was new about men of other States and left behind him in Chicago a lot of things it was good to unlearn. He found that no matter from which particular State a delegate came he was much like the man from home, that Massachusetts was not more intelligent than Wisconsin, New York more wicked than California. Each tried his wits against those of other men, and, whether he won or lost, he returned to his home broader and wiser. And to have been one of the one thousand and seventy-eight who came from every part of the Union to nominate a possible chief magistrate will enable each, when he gets back home, to help educate the folks concerning this big, unwieldy country of ours; and whether at the convention the lightning struck him, or only a sergeant-at-arms, for that brief and tumultuous experience he is the better citizen.

This article is concerned only with the Coliseum, or it would be pleasant to try and tell of the life during the week of the convention outside of that building—of the excellence of the hotel arrangements, of the hospitality of the city and her citizens, of the great and beautiful lake front. Than Chicago, no city is so well adapted for the purposes of a convention. She gave the visitors a little stretch of Michigan Avenue from the Blackstone to the Chicago Club, lined with theatres and hotels, and left them to themselves to parade and serenade, to plot and to fight. And when they were overheated with combat, with marching and countermarching, with the drinking of toasts to rival candidates, just across the avenue she calmed them with grass-covered acres, gorgeous sunsets, cooling breezes from the lake, and a theatrical moon that looked down and said, with the sage of Concord, "So warm, my little friend?"

The second of the two conventions began at midnight and lasted but a very few minutes. It was held in a hurry in Orchestra Hall, a beautiful building adapted to symphony concerts, charmingly decorated, discreetly lit. In appearance it differed as widely from the Coliseum as does Madison Square Garden from Maxine Elliott's Theatre. There were other differences, but there were no differences among those present. Every man and woman in the hall had but one idea, one party, one candidate. It was as easy as taking money out of a blind man's hat. Had Roosevelt asked them for the theatrical moon hanging over the lake, they would have yelled "Yes, and after that?"

In that convention that gave birth to the new party, there was nothing in the enthusiasm rehearsed, arranged, or forced. The only force used was outside by the police to prevent those who wanted to be present at the accouchement from trampling each other to death.

To those of us who had rushed from the Coliseum straight to Orchestra Hall, the effect was like stepping from a board meeting of railroad directors, from a post-mortem in a coroner's office on a corpse, into a Zuni snake-dance.

At this late day you do not need to be told of that eventful midnight meeting. You have read of it. On another page you can see it in a picture drawn by Mr. Wallace Morgan. It is a correct picture, as I know, because he drew it against my knee-cap as I was balancing on the backs of two velvet orchestra chairs. As Mr. Morgan himself shouted up to me, "In comparison with that other convention, *this* one is more—more clubby!"

Not only is Mr. Morgan a great artist, but he is a great describer. It was all of that!

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AN ALASKAN CATHEDRAL

By John Warren Harper

Its walls are bound by the ages round,
Its font is an ice-rimm'd sea,
Its nave is the gorge where the ice packs forge,
Its dome is eternity!

The white drifts swirl round its shafts of pearl,
Far up 'long the shining pass,
The sunset's glow o'er its crests of snow
Is its windows of stainèd glass.

Oh! man of sin, wouldst thou enter in,
Wouldst thou kneel at its glittering shrine?
Where the ice-bound trail is the chancel rail
Far above the last, lone pine?

Where the twilight falls on its opal walls,
And the lights of the night are hung,
Where its altar gleams in the starlight beams
And its censer, the moon, is swung?

Where the silence speaks and the snow-clad peaks,
With their glow of splendid stars,
Are the candlesticks, and its crucifix
Is the North lights shimmering bars?

Oh! man of sin, wouldst thou enter in,
Canst thou up to that altar climb?
Where the snows are driven wouldst thou be shriven
Where the moonlit crystals chime?

Oh! its crags are bold and the stars are cold,
Hast thy spirit then no qualms?
When hunger and want like the gray wolf gaunt
At its door shall ask of thee alms?

Far down in its crypt by the ice pack gript,
Are forms that are silent and cold,
And stiff in its bands are the vandal hands
That would rob its coffers of gold.

Oh! man, beware of those altars fair,
Of that "holy of holies" untrod,
Where the ice crags ring and the planets swing,
And the only priest is God.

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LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

II

WITH this second instalment of the selection from Meredith's Letters appear the first that are given from the long and deeply interesting series to his friend John Morley, now Viscount Morley of Blackburn. The friendship, as will be seen, was already of long standing; it continued uninterrupted till Meredith's death. Lord Morley edited the *Fortnightly Review* from 1867 to 1883, the period of these first letters, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* from 1880 to 1883.

[To John Morley.]

MICKLEHAM, *Jan.* 2, 1870.

MY DEAR MORLEY: Very glad to hear from you—I called on Morison. He told me of your passage to Glasgow and lecture on Count d'Orsay, a capital subject for a philosopher. I shall read it in the "Fortnightly."—Some fear struck me that you would not find things well at Lytham.

I should have written to ask leave to review Tennyson's Arthurian Cycles; but I could not summon heart even to get the opening for speaking my mind on it.—I can hardly say I think he deserves well of us; he is a real singer, and he sings this mild fluency to this great length. Malory's Morte Arthur is preferable. Fancy one affecting the great poet and giving himself up (in our days!—he must have lost the key of them) to such dandiacal fluting.—Yet there was stuff here for a poet of genius to animate the figures and make them reflect us, and on us. I read the successive mannered lines with pain—yards of linen—drapery for the delight of ladies who would be in the fashion. —The praises of the book shut me away from my fellows. To be sure, there's the magnificent "Lucretius."

Fred Maxse has been corresponding with Ruskin.—Anon, anon. I am not at liberty to write of the latter's monstrous assumption of wisdom.

Ah! the Hindhead and a Southwester on it in March or April!—Yes! and then to Florence.

Let me hear when you are in London. I shall not be up till about the 11th or 12th. We will dine at the Garrick, an you please. Good luck speed the "Pall Mall."—I rejoice to hear that your head is teeming. Did I tell you that Fred and I went to sit under Bradlaugh one evening? The man is neither to be laughed nor sneered down, nor trampled. He will be a powerful speaker. I did my best to make Greenwood understand that. It was really pleasant to hear those things spoken which the parsonry provoke. Here, at a party where our Willie entertained company of his own age, the hostess feared to see the children standing in a ring because (she said—and she is by way of being independent) the little —— (parson's children—he begets annually—the children die decennially—and he is "chastened" but sees no natural curse—!) the little—— might think it was meant for dancing!

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, *July* 25, 1870.

MY DEAREST M.: . . . I am glad you like the verses. The next batch you will find plunge deeper. Mind, I swore them as to you, and you (though you blinked at the time, as much as to tell me I was intimidating you) consented to take them. —I am in poor mood for writing: an attack of stomach keeps me singular in ideas, and, like the contemplative dervish, with a fixed eye on the centre of my being, whence does not issue song at present.

The war of '70 is direct issue of '66. Just as we abused the Prussians then we howl at the French now, but the tremendous armaments on both sides were meant for this duel, and it mattered very little what was the pretext for the outbreak. Surely it's a case of Arcades Ambo. The

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French felt themselves perpetually menaced by distended Prussia, irritated by her tone, even alarmed by the rumor and dread of projects the existence of which her antecedents might seem to warrant. At any rate it was a fight to come on; and here we have it; and if we are energetic and wise it may be the last of the great fights of Europe. The two foremost States in war and intellect may well be committed to cut the bloody tangle. I feel deeply for the Germans; I quite understand the ardor of the French. I think their cause, from their point of view, thoroughly good, and not likely to succeed. Armies can't do it: they can't check the tide of a great nation. As to the Emperor, he appears to have thought the season for a trial of the new breech-loader field-pieces and Mitrailleuse had come, just as Bismarck could not afford to delay in trying his needle-gun on the Austrians. The Emperor had note of warning that his routed Prussians were also busy perfecting mysterious instruments. Poor devilry! All devilry is poor in the contemplation. But it is still the chief engine of history. You and I are forced into our channels by it. Friend, in the woods, you and I may challenge the world to match us in happiness. Out of them I feel myself pulled back a century or so.—And into a splash of shuddering matter.

By the way, you must remember that the Emperor did not make the grief against Prussia. It came to his hand. It was deep in the French heart. I turn to the "Book of Orm" and find a refrain—

> "Grow, Seed, blossom, Brain,
> Deepen, deepen, into pain."

Title of piece "The Devil's Mystics." There!

Again—

> "God feared the thing He fashioned
> And fled into a cloud!"

Public of Britain! Here he is—your poet!

> "Since that day, with cloudy face,
> Of His own handiwork afraid,
> God from His Heavenly hiding-place
> Peered at the thing He made."

Aha! If He made Bismarck and Napoleon according to the view of the Stock Exchange, the British Spinster, Clericus and Press (siding for once with their betters), then no wonder!—I would not mind our language if it came from an unselfish people: but a people notoriously craving peace for comfort's sake, and commerce's —they do but scold, they provoke contempt.—I regret bitterly that I am not out on a post of observation. I may still go for a month.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *Oct.* 25, 1870.

MY DEAR ARTHUR: . . . I am not very rich at present, but I don't want you to be without pocket-money and minor comforts. —See that you have warm clothing for the winter—all that is really needful I gladly pay for. I leave it to your good sense to take measures to avoid chills, and to take daily reasonable exercise, and not to walk to excess. Your gastric attack last year will serve for a warning. Don't ever sit in clothes you have sweated in: the trouble of going upstairs and "grooming" yourself saves trouble, and worse, in the end. Fellows who contract illnesses are usually guilty (I don't say always) of indolence—carelessness is only one form of indolence. —You will note that I lay stress on the physical condition. I do so for the reason that it is the index to the moral condition in young men. It is ten to one that a healthy lad is of good general worth. If not physically healthy he will not be of much value. The day comes when we are put to the test, and it is for this day we should prepare with cheerful heart. Don't imagine me to be lecturing you. I have favorable reports of you, and I merely repeat simple words of advice that it will be well for you to keep in mind.—Tell Professor Zeller, with my compliments, that if there is a fund for the wounded soldiers in Stuttgart, I shall be glad if he will put my name down for the subscription of £1, which he can charge to the next account. I cannot afford more just now. The French peasantry around Sedan claim everything of us that we can give. They are barely held up in life by the bread we are able to furnish; and a third of France will be demanding succor in the winter.

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Horrible to think of!—But do not let compassion or personal sympathy make your judgment swerve. This war is chargeable upon France, and the Emperor is the Knave of the pack. Two generations of Frenchmen have been reared on the traditions of Napoleonism, and these meant the infliction of wrongs and outrages on other nations for the glory and increase of their own. They elected a Napoleon for chief because of his name, and in spite of his known character. It is said, the French peasantry did not want war; that their ignorance offended in electing this man; but who can deny that it was the Napoleonic prestige which gave him his first step to the throne by overwhelming votes? This man was the expression of their ignorance, or folly, or vanity; he appealed to the Napoleonism in them, and had a prompt response. A more ignoble spectacle than the recriminations of Emperor and people upon one another as to the origin of the war, after defeat, history does not show. The Germans, on the contrary, reap the reward of a persistently honorable career in civic virtue. Consider what the meaning of civic virtue may be. It comprises a multitude of other virtues. As to German boasting, why the English also are great boasters. See the best in those about you. I say this, and I admire and respect the Germans, and God knows my heart bleeds for the French. But my aim, and I trust it will be yours, is never to take counsel of my sensations, but of my intelligence. I let the former have free play, but deny them the right to bring me to a decision. You are younger, have a harder task in doing that; you have indeed a task in discerning the difference between what your senses suggest and what your mind. However, try not to be let into some degree of injustice to your host, the German people, out of pity for France.—We had a capital time at Eastbourne, good bathing, Willie paddling up to his knees in salt water half the day. Now we have the autumnal gales and Box Hill looking on the last colors of the year. I saw your Grandpapa Meredith on my way to Captain Maxse's; he had been unwell, but was better; he asked after you and so did Mrs. M. They were anxious as to your situation in the territory of war. Captain Maxse is out and out French; Mr. Morison intensely German; Mr. Morley and I do our utmost to preserve an even balance. There is talk of an armistice, but Paris must fall before the French will seriously treat for peace. Count Bismarck gives audience to-day to that deleterious little Frenchman Thiers, who has been poisoning his countrymen for half a century, and now runs from Court to Court, from minister to minister, to get help to undo his own direct work. Count Bismarck will be amused, for he has a keen appreciation of comedy. Philosophers would laugh aloud at the exhibition of the author of the "Consulate and the Empire" in the camp at Versailles. Modern France has been nourished on this lying book.—Here in Mickleham we are naturally anxious about the Nonancourt* people. The latest telegrams say that the Germans are moving on Dreux—no great distance from the colony. You can fancy how sad the Old House looks now the good old man has gone.†—God bless you, my dear boy. If you have anything to narrate of the war, the wounded, the prisoners, etc., it might be useful to me. Train your eyes to observe, and while they are at that work keep the action of your mind in abeyance. Young eyes can observe shrewdly, but the opinions of young men are not quite so important.—I am your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To —— ——.]

BOX HILL, *March* 23, 1871.

MY DEAR ——: I will answer as plainly as you have written. I cannot but be shocked and grieved to think of the effect my manner of speaking has had in clashing with your "opinions, ideas, and likings." But that this should prompt you to tell me that it makes my society seem baneful to you; and that only with me do you suffer the consciousness that you fail to get new strength, and that your complaint of me is not captious because I am the only friend who has ever caused you to complain—these are accusations which point in one direction, that is, to the end of our intimacy. You consent to say that upon the

*At Nonancourt, in Normandy, on the Avre, Mrs. Meredith's three brothers lived and owned wool-spinning mills—close neighbors of the Waddington family, owning cotton mills on the same river.

†The death of Mr. Justin Vulliamy, his wife's father.

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larger matters we are one. I have thought so, and have considered the minor differences too small to dwell on, the possible expression of them by one or the other of us too mean a subject for the preciousness of friendship in our short life to brood on. For I am sensitive, and I likewise have thought myself here and there roughly used by you. But I pardoned the offending minute when the hour had struck, and never thought of identifying the offence with my friend. I chose to blame myself, as the safer way of closing a slight wound. It seems that I have been roughening you for six months. When I last came over to you I was bright with the happiness of being with you, and I remember I denounced (as I supposed I might do to a friend) a poem that struck me as worthless. I spoke like a man coming off a country-road fasting. It may be too often my manner. I might well think my friend would not let it live with him, and that he knew my mind better than to allow a sense of variance to spring from such differences in open talk. Possibly a nature that I am proud to know never ceases in its growth, is passing now through some delicate stage which finds me importunate; or you feel that you have outstripped me, and are tempted to rank me with the vulgar. I can bring a thousand excuses for a letter that I have read often to assure myself it is among the things which are, but arrive only at the conclusion I have named. We will see one another as little as we can for two or three years, and by and by may come together again naturally. And if not, you will know I am glad of the old time, am always proud of you, always heart in heart with you on all the great issues of our life, and in all that concerns your health and fortunes. I suffer too much to-day to desire that any explanation should restore us to our past footing. Almost I am tempted to hope that I am quite valueless to you, for as I am not a man to send such a letter as you have just written to me, without deeply weighing every word in it and probable signification of its burden to the reader, or without weighing my feelings well against my friend's, so I am not the man to receive one without determining to abandon a position that has exposed me to be wounded. What you have permitted yourself to write and I to quote from you, cuts friendship to the ground. That I should be the only one of your friends ever to have done you harm, is not a nice distinction to reflect on. But I think I have said enough. I have answered you plainly and fully, and as to a sane man master of the meaning of his words and meaning exactly what they commonly convey.—I am ever yours faithfully and warmly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, SURREY, ENGLAND, *April* 25, 1872.

MY DEAR ARTHUR: . . . What you say of our religion is what thoughtful men feel: and that you at the same time can recognize its moral value, is matter of rejoicing to me. The Christian teaching is sound and good: the ecclesiastical dogma is an instance of the poverty of humanity's mind hitherto, and has often in its hideous fangs and claws shown whence we draw our descent.—Don't think that the obscenities mentioned in the Bible do harm to children. The Bible is outspoken upon facts, and rightly. It is because the world is pruriently and stupidly shamefaced that it cannot come in contact with the Bible without convulsions. I agree with the Frommen that the book should be read out, for Society is a wanton hypocrite, and I would accommodate her in nothing: though for the principle of Society I hold that men should be ready to lay down their lives. Belief in the religion has done and does this good to the young; it floats them through the perilous sensual period when the animal appetites most need control and transmutation. If you have not the belief, set yourself to love virtue by understanding that it is your best guide both as to what is due to others and what is for your positive personal good. If your mind honestly rejects it, you must call on your mind to supply its place from your own resources. Otherwise you will have only half done your work, and that is always mischievous. Pray attend to my words on this subject. You know how Socrates loved Truth. Virtue and Truth are one. Look for the truth in everything and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your

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sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that he leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks.—Your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Frederick Greenwood, to whom the next letter is addressed, was an author and journalist; originator and publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When Yates Thompson purchased this and turned it into a Liberal organ, Greenwood and other members of the staff formed the *St. James's Gazette*. It was Frederick Greenwood who first suggested to Disraeli that purchase of the Suez Canal shares which made England master of that gate to the East. He subsequently edited the *Antijacobin*.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *March* 12, 1874.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: I should like to review "Spain and the Spaniards" of Azamar Batuk; and also "Yu-pe-la's Lute" by Mrs. Webster, if I see stuff in it. Will you leave them out for me? I want work. My poor "Beauchamp" is not thought good for the market by George Smith, who is (as he always is) very kind about it.—Your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 22, 1874.

MY DEAR MORLEY: I thank you very much for stepping over the obstruction for our mutual convenience in the matter of "Beauchamp." Greenwood and Maxse told me that the work pleased you. I need scarcely assure you that I look upon your appreciation of my labor as a good reward of it. I write for you and men like you. Consequently when the greater paymaster failed me, I hoped the work might be accepted where it would be more suitably accommodated, feeling quite certain that you would allow nothing to stand in the way of your estimation of it on its merits. Your reluctance to undertake the burden of so lengthy a production, I cannot but think reasonable, and I gladly meet your kind proposal that I should cut it short as much as I can, without endangering the arteries. I will get the MS. from George Smith immediately, and do my utmost upon it. It strikes me that the parts to lop will be the letters, a portion of the Visit to Normandy, the heavier of the electioneering passages, introductory paragraphs to chapters, and dialogues passim that may be considered not vital to the central idea. That, which may be stated to be the personal abnegation coming, in spite of errors here and there (and as it were in spite of the man himself), of a noble devotion to politics from the roots up, I think I can retain uninjured—possibly improved by the exclusion of a host of my own reflections. At any rate they can be reprinted subsequently. Chapman will buy the book for the 3 vol. issue. It rests with me that this should be brought about. I will take the liberty to let you know to what amount, and when, the task of excision has been performed.

My little ones, I am glad to say, are well, and so is my wife, whom I join in sending her compliments and regards to Mrs. Morley.

Let me add that I await the continuation of the essay on Compromise with some impatience.—I am your obliged and faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, *July* 1, 1875.

MY DEAR MORLEY: . . . I have looked I forgot to tell you, at Tennyson's "Queen Mary," and I had great pleasure of my reading. I saw no trace of power, but the stateliness, the fine tone, the high tone, of some passages, hit me hard. Curiously too, in him, the prose is crisp, salient, excellent. The Songs, if we had not Shakespeare's to show what are not literary forcings to catch a theme to point a comparison, would do. As it is, "Milking the cow" smells of milking the brain. Mary's "Low-low" is an instance of public consciousness — before Victoria's people. —

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But the work seems to me to be good, and how glad I am to have it of him!—Your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Mr. John Dennis tells how, sitting in the Garrick Club in the early hours of the morning, Meredith told him he had composed an address to Carlyle on his eightieth birthday. This he wrote down and gave to Mr. Dennis.

TO CARLYLE.

GARRICK CLUB.

This eightieth year of thine sits crowned in light
To lift our England from her fleshly mire:
Two generations view thee as a fire
Whence they have drawn what burns in them most bright:
For thou hast bared the roots of life with sight
Piercing; in language stronger than the lyre:
And thou hast shown the way must man aspire
Is through the old sweat and anguish Adamite,
As at the first. Unsweet might seem his fate.
Sole with a spade between the stars of earth!—
Giving much labor for his little mirth,
And soldier-service till he fail to strike:
But such thine was, and thine to contemplate
Shall quicken young ambition for the like.

GEORGE M.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 16, 1879.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: I have had but the song of a frog for a correspondent since your letter reached me, and my note is Batrachian still. A hint of suppressed Influenza seems to have been the cause; my customary specific of hard exercise, with which I generally sweat out all attacks, has this time failed. I do nothing but read, and that flimsily.—We have all been grieved to hear of your illness. Mariette says, "Il a mangé trop de pickles!" I fear it may be from overwork. Take my advice, defer ambition, and let all go easy with you until you count forty:—then lash out from full stores. You are sure to keep imagination fresh, and will lose nothing by not goading it.

My "Egoist" has been out of my hands for a couple of months, but Kegan Paul does not wish to publish it before October. I don't think you will like it: I doubt if those who care for my work will take to it at all. And for this reason, after doing my best with it, I am in no hurry to see it appear. It is a Comedy, with only half of me in it, unlikely therefore to take either the public or my friends. This is true truth, but I warned you that I am cursed with a croak.—I am about one quarter through "The Amazing Marriage," which I promise you, you shall like better.

Paul cannot yet let me have a copy of the "Donkey in the Cevennes," of which I am very hopeful.

We fully expect you and look for you to come to us in May. Please bring good weather. Let me hear that you progress and can put one leg forward. Then we can calculate that the other will follow, and we will count the days till we have you. Our plans are, to fill the cottage with friends during May, June, and part of July; after which we go to Dauphiné for some weeks, home about the end of September. . . . My wife condoles with you, greets you, and will be glad to welcome you, of this from me be well assured. I beg you to present my compliments to your father and mother.—Yours very cordially,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

GOLDRILL HOUSE, PATTERDALE, WESTMORELAND, *July* 28, 1879.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: I am here with the Editor of the "Fortnightly," battling with rain and mists, and stiff from a recent stiffish path up and down crags of a sufficient slope for brooks and kids. Now and then we have a spot of sun. He would smile, but he must cry, and he has got a tragic handkerchief, and with horrid iteration of stage action he resumes it when we are expecting him to give us a countenance. There is a nymph whose death he caused by giving too much.—I am not so far from you, my host says. It is his intention to write to you shortly apropos of work in his imperial contemplation. I have ventured to assure him that there will be no man better for it. He and I have been wonderfully pleased with the Cevennes excursion and the Donkey. I prize Modestine above the cause. The night in the Pine Forest is memorable. I should have written of it in the fresh burst of my satisfaction, but knew not where to aim to hit you.—The

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diplomatic Kegan has dealt me a stroke. Without a word to me, he sold the right of issue of the "Egoist" to the "Glasgow Herald," and allowed them to be guilty of a perversion of my title. I wrote to him in my incredulous astonishment. He replied to me, excusing himself with cool incompetency. He will have to learn (he is but young at it) that these things may be done once—not more.

I fancy I shall leave Morley for Box [Hill] on Tuesday, hardly later, except perchance on the tempting of a fine day. Give my compliments with addition of warmth to them to your Mother and Father. Henley wrote for my Essay on Comedy. I have directed my wife to post it to him.

Adieu. Keep strong work in view, for you are of the few who can accomplish it. Let me hear of you when the mood is on you, and encourage the mood to come.—Your friendliest

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *June* 16, 1880.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: We have all had great rejoicing over news coming direct from you, "drawn from the Springs." Mariette, Will, my wife and I congratulate you on your temerity. We all want to know when it is that we are to see you. Bear that in mind, and let us hear of you when you turn your face east to the Island again. We had rumors of you: first from Walter Pollock, who came down to Leatherhead to lecture on Dumas the Elder: then from Leslie Stephen, on his visit to us at the head of six of the famous corps of the Sunday Tramps: but these rumors were vague, though they blew note of a Wife and had thunder in them. Let me tell you that our household roars at the absence of any communication from her lord concerning the lady. Has he married Enigma—to tell of whom is [to] split the head? Is she American?—Californian?—Scottish washed in Pacific brine?

The Sunday Tramps visiting us were L. S. for leader or Pied Piper, Morison, Fredk. Pollock, Croom Robertson, Edgeworth and another. Will and I shouldered a sack of cold sausages, 'Polinaris and Hock, and met them at old Dorking Station. Thence away to Leith Hill, where, in splendid sunlight, we consumed the soul of the sack, talked spiritedly (you may have been mentioned among the brilliant subjects), rolled and smoked. Then down the piny clefts of the hill by Friday Street into the sloping meadows each side the Tillingbourne leaping through Evelyn's Wooton, along under Ranmore to our cottage and dinner. To this day the walk has a bubbling memory: L. S. in a recent number of the "Pall Mall" has described it in the philosophic manner.—By the way, you have heard that Morley has the "Pall Mall"? Greenwood is off to the "St James's Gazette," after a snap with George Smith, who has a son-in-law that is Gladstonite. Hence Gladstone's victory at the elections precipitated the fall of Greenwood, the foe of Gladstone. But the fall of very mighty heroes is to rise. Greenwood towers in his new paper: the poor "Pall Mall" drags on melancholily, as it were with bowels out, for Greenwood marched the whole of the "Pall Mall" staff away to his drumming, and Morley has to be abroad recruiting.

Last year I was down with Morley at Ullswater. We talked of you and he wrote to you in your hills near Edina, but had no answer. He wanted to engage you to do some work for the "Fortnightly"—had it in his mind to propose Travels in the Vosges or Hartz, I think. Leaving Westmoreland I took my family to France, where it was discovered that Will had Whooping Cough; an illumination to me, for in the Spring I had been seized with an incomprehensible attack, Mariette as well, all the symptoms the same as Will's. I used to cough at night until the works threatened a strike, and I was frightfully overthrown by it. I was partly under the shadow of it when you last saw me. I left my family in Normandy and crossed Touraine and the centre of France to Clermont Ferrand, by rail through the Chaulat, a bit of your Cevennes country, to Nîmes, on to Marseilles and Bordighera, back to Dauphiné. After a couple of weeks in the Norman home we returned to our cot. Here I have been working ever since. The children are well. I have an idea of sending Will to

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Westminster School for the term after Christmas. I fancy I have more to say, but there's no space. We have heard on all sides great praise of your Cevennes tour. The article on Thoreau is good reading.

Let me hear from you again.

I am, with my heartiest salute to Mrs. Robert Louis, your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Both dogs, Islai and Jacobi, in sound condition.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 19, 1881.

MY DEAR ARTHUR: I have been struck to the heart by hearing ill news of your health from Lionel Robinson. He was here yesterday, and told me of your having had to consult a physician in London about spitting of blood. Let me know of your present condition immediately, and of how you feel affected, and what you think to be the cause of it. . . . Our cottage can now supply a bedroom, and this is at your disposal for as long as you please. When I was informed of your wishing to throw up your situation at Lille that you might embrace the profession of Literature, I was alarmed. My own mischance in that walk I thought a sufficient warning. But if you come to me I will work with you in my chalet (you will find it a very quiet and pretty study), and we will occupy your leisure to some good purpose. I am allowed the reputation of a tolerable guide in writing and style, and I can certainly help you to produce clear English. You shall share the chalet with me. Here you will be saving instead of wasting money, at all events. It will in no way be time lost. After all, with some ability, and a small independence just to keep away the wolf, and a not devouring ambition, Literature is the craft one may most honorably love. I do not say to you, try it. I should say the reverse to any one. But assuming you to be under the obligation to rest, you might place yourself in my hands here with advantage; and leading a quiet life in good air, you would soon, I trust, feel strength return and discern the bent of your powers. Anything is preferable to that perilous alternation of cold market and hot café at Lille. I had no idea of what you were undergoing, or I would have written to you before. . . . —Believe me, ever at heart, your affectionate father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur G. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 23, 1881.

. . . We have been long estranged, my dear boy, and I awake from it with a shock that wrings me. The elder should be the first to break through such divisions, for he knows best the tenure and the nature of life. But our last parting gave me the idea that you did not care for me; and further, I am so driven by work that I do not contend with misapprehension of me, or with disregard, but have the habit of taking it from all alike, as a cab-horse takes the whip. Part of me has become torpid. The quality of my work does not degenerate; I can say no more. Only in my branch of the profession of letters the better the work the worse the pay, and also it seems, the lower the esteem in which one is held for it. . . . Your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Admiral Maxse.]

BOX HILL, *March* 19, 1882.

MY DEAR FRED: The news of the Governor is not so good as I had hoped, but often the changes are surprising, and health seems given from the hand, after a painful dragging on for weeks. I suppose things to be well with Olive. Your pen-sketches of scenery and the picture forwarded to Mariette give me a breath of the Riviera. But here also we have had Midsummer in March. Day upon day a cloudless heaven, strong sun-heat, flowers profuse, leaves bursting—a return of the bell' età d'oro. At present I count five months of predominating S.W. wind. I have known winters as mild, but never followed by so soft a Spring.—(Interrupted by the call of a cleric, an amiable and a Liberal, who informed me in the course of the conversation that he had recently been entertaining a "pure agnostic." In reply I informed him that I should find it hard to hit on a friend of mine who was not a pure agnostic. He took it mildly.)—Morison was here on Saturday, did not sleep here,

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as he has to finish his Macaulay for the Series.* He spoke of you, strongly appreciating you. He gave me a bad bit of news of Frederic Harrison's brother—thrown from his horse in the park and now lying in St. George's Hospital, paralyzed all but two fingers: case apparently hopeless, and meanwhile his little girl has died of diphtheria.

Nothing advances in the House of Commons. I am of opinion that Gladstone, whatever the outlook for the party, should go to the country at once. I should, in that event, not be astonished at an increase of the Liberal majority. The feeling of disgust at the ignoble action of the Conservatives against Bradlaugh and in badgering Gladstone is as general as it can be with so torpid a people.—My wife, Mariette and I were in town with friends the first week in March. Saw Mrs. Langtry in a play not possible with any public but the English. They swallowed it with relish: "Ours." The realism is such that in a hut on the heights before Sebastopol you jam your shoulders against the door to keep out the snow-storm, and yet you receive 3 ladies fresh from England without a spot of mud, snow, or wet on their skirts, and you give them lodging and provision. She is the ideal Shepherdess of the chromolithographs. She has to faint, and she takes three gaunt strides to fall on the ready knees of the dame prepared to receive her. She has to make love, and does it with all her arms and breasts. Very handsome—not a shade of mystery or variableness: the heroine for bold dragoons. —Saw Irving as Romeo. The Love Play ceases to present a sorrowful story, and becomes a pageant with a quaint figure ranting about.

I must come to a close. The doctor interdicts writing. I just manage to do my morning's work. Any little in addition nearly finishes me; for the seat of the malady is the pen. When I returned from London after a holiday I was getting better, and now am once more shaky, though improved by comparison with what I was. Give my love to the Governor and Olive. Mariette is delighted with her picture. A word from Venice would be welcome.—Yours ever affectionately,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

*"English Men of Letters."

Read "Numa Roumestan," if you can lay hand on it. I do not care for the other novels of Daudet, but this is a consummate piece of work.

[To M. André Raffalovich.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May 23*, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR: Your article on Th. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" was prompted, I think, rather by enthusiasm for the lady who stands close and in contrast with him than by an accurate knowledge of his works, nature and teaching. Our people over here have been equally unjust, with less excuse. You speak of vanity, as a charge against him. He has little, though he certainly does not err on the side of modesty:—he knew his powers. The harsh judgment he passed on the greater number of his contemporaries came from a very accurate perception of them, as they were perused by the intense light of the man's personal sincereness. He was one who stood constantly in the presence of those "Eternal verities" of which he speaks. For the shallow men of mere literary aptitude he had perforce contempt. The spirit of the prophet was in him.—Between him and his wife the case is quite simple. She was a woman of peculiar conversational sprightliness, and such a woman longs for society. To him, bearing that fire of sincereness, as I have said, society was unendurable. All coming near him, except those who could bear the trial, were scorched, and he was as much hurt as they by the action rousing the flames in him. Moreover, like all truthful souls, he was an artist in his work. The efforts after verification of matters of fact, and to present things distinctly in language, were incessant; they cost him his health, swallowed up his leisure. Such a man could hardly be an agreeable husband for a woman of the liveliest vivacity. But that is not a reason for your passing condemnation on him. Study well his writings. I knew them both. She did me the honor to read my books, and make him listen to extracts, and he was good enough to repeat that "the writer thereof was no fool"—high praise from him. They snapped at one another, and yet the basis of affection was mutually firm. She admired, he respected, and each knew the other to be

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honest. Only she needed for her mate one who was more a citizen of the world, and a woman of the placid disposition of Milton's Eve, framed by her master to be an honest laborer's cook and house-keeper, with a nervous system resembling a dumpling, would have been enough for him.—He was the greatest of the Britons of his time—and after the British fashion of not coming near perfection; Titanic, not Olympian: a heaver of rocks, not a shaper. But if he did no perfect work, he had lightning's power to strike out marvellous pictures and reach to the inmost of men with a phrase.

We have had Mr. Louis Stevenson in our Valley, staying with his wife and father and mother at the inn. He dined with me several evenings, and talked of you. We speculated on the impression produced by his costume de Bohème, which he seems to have adopted for good—an innocent eccentricity at any rate.

[To Mrs. George Meredith.]

Box Hill, *Feb.* 15, 1884.

Dearest Marie: Your Forsaken Husband, in looking at the topless tree of our garden, compares himself therewith, though he does not dare name it the Silver Fir, lest you should be set swearing aloud that never did he bear any resemblance to the currency. Your card was welcome. I shall look for a report of the "Flat." "Diana" rather in the Doldrums.

To-day a brisker air, but last night was breathless.—I rejoiced to think that it was favorable for London.

There is a card from Miss M——, saying nothing, but curious as a literal transcript of the gaping of joint eyes and mouth!

Give a cripple's love to Aunt Mary Anne. I am sure you will have remembered me to Mrs. Blackwell.

Enclosed is A. and N. ticket in case of your needing it. I trust with all my heart that you and the blessed Riette will have a right joyful holiday.—Yours with full affection, George M.

[To R. L. Stevenson.]

Box Hill, *March* 24, 1884.

My Dear Stevenson: Nothing so pleasant can come to me as your good word of any of my writings—if I except the news of your reviving strength: and on that head I want more. I heard in the papers of your recovery from an illness unknown to me. Are you now much better? All our household inquires very anxiously: my wife, Mariette and Will, and all send their love to you with warmth. Mine I trust you know of. In the winter I read "Treasure Island," the best of boys' books, and a book to make one a boy again, without critical reserve as to the quality of the composition. The Buccanneers are real bloody rascals, no sham of it.—I wish I could come to you. I have developed a spinal malady and can walk not much more than a mile. On the other hand I can work passably well, and am just finishing at a great pace a two-volume novel, to be called "Diana of the Crossways"—partly modelled upon Mrs. Norton. But this is between ourselves. I have had to endow her with brains and make them evidence to the discerning. I think she lives. She appears by instalments in the *Fortnightly Review*, commencing May or June. I hope to have done with her—have her out of me—in April. Then if I were well enough I think I would fly to the Riviera. I have no such sweet prospect. I am a cripple. All this winter we have had a Riviera temperature: and to me in need of bracing it has been a scourge.—On Sunday the tramps come to us, Leslie Stephen, Fred Pollock, and others not named yet. I should venture to give them hopeful news of you: but pray confirm it. I shall await a letter from you anxiously. Should you be too busy to write instantly—often the case with me—confide the task to Mrs. Louis, to whom I and we all send respectful and amicable greetings. Have you met Edmond Sartoris of Hyères? He is building a house there: a man with steadfast good stuff in him. Adieu, my dearest fellow, and know me always warmly your friend,

George Meredith.

[To Mrs. Leslie Stephen.]

Box Hill, *March* 24, 1884.

Dear Mrs. Leslie: Your wedded philosopher (if such thing there be, and pray pose him with the question) will tell you that facts do not always testify to facts,

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and least of all the concrete for witness of the moral. I am always wishing to come, I have often to decline your charitable invitation. I am now writing daily very hard, and though the work flows to its end in full view, my health at present is of a kind hardly to bear the strain. If I come to London I lose the next morning for work; I am besides but a tottering dummy at the festal board. It would have been a great pleasure to meet Mr. Lowell,* whom I love. But you will have him and be fully blest.

Meanwhile I hope to finish with the delivery of the terrible woman afflicting me (a positive heroine with brains, with real blood, and demanding utterance of the former, tender direction of the latter) by the end of April; and then I will venture to offer myself for an afternoon when I can see the whole family; say, an hour.—Request, I beg, the Captain of Tramps to inform me of his numbers and route on Sunday next: and bid him arrive by half-past five, that the thirsty troop may be refreshed by Russian tea, and not to have to drink tumblers of water at dinner, as I saw them doing on their last visit. I trust the children are well, and am your most faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Mrs. Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *May* 19, 1884.

DEAR MRS. LESLIE: I have by an old engagement to go to Mr. Morison on the 21st, and I doubt of my being released on the day following. If in town I will venture to present myself at your hour of meeting in the middle of the day, for I greatly wish to see, on the chance of hearing, the fair Fiddler.

"Diana of the Crossways" keeps me still on her sad last way to wedlock. I could have killed her merrily, with my compliments to the public; and that was my intention. But the marrying of her, sets me traversing feminine labyrinths, and you know that the why of it never can be accounted for. I shall be free certainly after the first week in June; and then I believe I visit Lady Lawrence at Prince's Gate, when I may hope to see you and your ambiguous lord and the children. —I am, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* James Russell Lowell.

[To W. E. Henley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 24, 1884.

DEAR MR. HENLEY: I will certainly come if I can. Any work of Louis Stevenson's or yours will be sure to interest me. The doubt is owing to the serious illness of my wife.* The crisis is over, but she is lying at a friend's house under the Doctor's hands in town, and I give her all my spare hours, now that I have no longer to be in constant attendance. "Deacon Brodie" has a sound of success in the title. I should like to help the launch and will try.—Believe me, most truly yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Miss Marie Meredith.]

BOX HILL, *July* 7, 1884.

MY OWN DEARIE: I have a telegram from Lady Lawrence, inviting me to go to Prince's Gate, and stay as long as I like, to-morrow. So I go, but cannot stay more than two days. I shall take up your flowers to André—the best we can find, jolly Dandelions, horse Daisies, double Marigolds—things he can wear with pride in Piccadilly. Mama seems going on pretty well. Papa still suffers from the persecution of invitations to dinner, which is becoming intense; mixed with summonses to be a Vice-President of strange Societies. His three bags are in perpetual motion, and we know but the name of home. As for work, it is treated as the whiff of a cigar. No sooner do I take pen in hand than a telegram arrives, Bags are packed, Cole shoulders them, Ampleford nips ticket, and away I fly, after supposing myself settled yesterday. Will left this morning. God bless my dearie. I pray for constant good news of her. Love to the Aunts and cousins, from my dear Girl's Papa, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, *June* 5, 1885.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: I do not reply to reviews of my work, favorable or the

* In June, 1884, Mrs. Meredith underwent a severe operation in London.

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reverse. But the friendliness of your little note in the St. James of yesterday is out of the regions of criticism, and I may notice it to thank you. Innovators in any department have a tough struggle to get to the field through the hedge for a hearing. Mine has lasted about thirty-five years, and still I have only to appear for the bawlers to be in uproar. As I know the world I do not complain. I am sensible not the less of generous voices. We are at issue on politics. You are a man who can rise to pure ether while in the sweat of the fray, and often, though we rarely meet, I grasp your hand. Here I am in the very pits of tragic life. My wife is desperately ill. There is no hope. She has twice passed under the hands of the surgeons, bearing it stoically. All my philosophy is at strain. She has a trained and devoted nurse, now the mainstay of our little home. Happily I can write, and have that refuge—the sole one. Adieu, dear friend.—Your faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To John Morley.]

BOX HILL, *June* 21, 1885.

MY DEAR MORLEY: I am glad thankfully that you wrote at once—for two reasons—one the blackest: that it came in time. She was pleased and comforted, signifying "Write to him." She has today evil symptoms. We know not how long the hunted bit of life will last. When I touched on your proposal to bring your wife, her cheek had a quiver at the offer, but she pointed to her mouth. Speechlessness oppresses her. The malady has now reduced her self-command, she cannot help excessive fretfulness. She bore the two operations with a noble fortitude.

Happily for me, I have learnt to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks, would pull me down too. As it is, I sink at times. I need all my strength to stand the buffets of the harsh facts of existence. I wish it were I to be the traveller instead. I have long been ready for the start, can think prospectingly of the lying in earth. She has no thought but of this light—and would cry to it like a Greek victim under the knife.

For me to see you here would be a great rejoicing.—As I said, I live with you; absence cannot put a soiling finger on the love. That will last.—Do not forget the Admiral. He is as fond of you as I—reveres you; and you are at present more necessary to him. God with you.—Ever your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. Morton Fullerton.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *Nov.* 15, 1886.

DEAR SIR: I have to plead an absence from home in excuse for the delay in my reply to you. Let me assure you that I am sensible of the honor you do me in thinking about my work at all. As for me, I am, I trust, to the full as modest a person as I am bound to be. In origin I am what is called here a nobody, and my pretensions to that rank have always received due encouragement by which, added to a turn of my mind, I am inclined to Democracy, even in Letters, and tend to think of the claims of others when I find myself exalted. This is the advantage I have gained from sharp schooling. Good work is the main object. Mine I know to be faulty. I can only say generally that I have done my best to make it worthy. On the other hand, simple appreciation, without comparisons of me with contemporaries, is welcome to my heart. Some one—is it you?—accuses me of cynicism. Against that I do protest. None of my writings can be said to show a want of faith in humanity, or of sympathy with the weaker, or that I do not read the right meaning of strength. And it is not only women of the flesh, but also women in the soul whom I esteem, believe in, and would aid to development. There has been a confounding of the tone of irony (or satire in despair) with cynicism. I must have overcharged the dose, to have produced such an impression. But enough of myself; I do not willingly take to the theme. Americans appear to have received my work very generously. Since their most noble closing of the Civil War, I have looked to them as the hope of our civilization: and in reading Professor Jebb's account of Sophocles on the Harvard stage, I have seen that they have the

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spirit to excel in classics and belles lettres. Therefore I am justly flattered by their praise, if I win it; their censure, if they deal it to me, I meditate on.

Should you visit England, know that there is, about 23 miles S. W. of London, a small cottage warmly open to you. The country is beautiful; nowhere in England is richer foliage or wilder downs and fresher woodland. My daughter and her governess will entertain you below, I in the chalet, which is my study, on the borders of the wood above. There I work and sleep, living en hermite—though not cynically.—I am your most faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To George Stevenson, of Glasgow, a cousin of R. L. S.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 21, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. STEVENSON: . . . Will you say that my conscience is hollow as a drum when it requires a tap outside to give sound? I reserved the reply to your acceptable offer of your etchings until I had finished correcting proofs of a new volume and gathered matter par le monde to discourse on; for the hermit of the chalet sees little that can make him an amusing correspondent. Work from your hand will give us full pleasure, be sure. . . . Latterly I have been forced to discontinue prose, owing to evil digestion and nerves. Verse does not tax me so heavily. Even letters have to be postponed. I am, believe me, sensible to the kindness of your proposals of your tonic highlands. If I had time! I may yet do so before the yellow season is over.

We Liberals, Radicals, practical Christians, are going through a gloomy time. Politics, even when they have us in thorniest thickets, do not obscure me. I see under the edge of the cloudiest. But it is nevertheless distressing to observe one's countrymen bemuddled by their alarms and selfish temporary interests. On Tuesday night I was a guest of the Eighty Club, was introduced to Gladstone (who favored me with the pleased grimace of the amiable public man in the greeting of an unknown), and heard a speech from him enough to make a cock robin droop his head despondently. We want a young leader. This valiant, prodigiously gifted, in many respects admirable, old man is, I fear me, very much an actor. His oratory has the veteran rhetorician's artifices—to me painfully perceptible when I see him waiting for his effects, timing those to follow. Morley and Asquith are able lieutenants. The captain is nowhere. Were he present, and of a size to be distinguishable, the majority, to judge of them by their temper, would stone him.—At any rate you can say that Scotland leads to light. Haldane, the member for East Lothian, brings down Dillon on a second visit to me next Sunday week. You are an artist. I should like you to see and study Dillon's eyes. They are the most beautiful I have ever beheld in a head—clear, deep wells with honesty at bottom. It must be admitted that he had no theme save the political.

Present my homage to your wife and believe me, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. G. Collings.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 5, 1887.

DEAR SIR: Letters addressed to my Club are not so numerous as to cause my ordering that they shall be forwarded; and thus it is that yours will have come to my hands too late, I fear, for my reply to serve in your discussion. Still you shall have it, the subject being important.—I do not abjure wine, when it is old and of a good vintage. I take it rarely. I think that the notion of drinking any kind of alcohol as a stimulant for intellectual work can have entered the minds of those only who snatch at the former that they may conceive a fictitious execution of the latter. Stimulants may refresh, and may even temporarily comfort, the body after labor of brain; they do not help it—not even in the lighter kinds of labor. They unseat the judgment, pervert vision. Productions cast off by the aid of the use of them, are but flashy trashy stuff—or exhibitions of the prodigious in wildness or grotesque conceit, of the kind which Hoffmann's tales give, for example; he was one of the few at all eminent, who wrote after drinking. Schiller, in a minor degree—not to the advantage of his composition. None of the great French or English.—Yours very truly, GEORGE MEREDITH.

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[To G. P. Baker, now professor at Harvard.]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *July* 22, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR: When at the conclusion of your article on my works, you say that a certain change in public taste, should it come about, will be to some extent due to me, you hand me the flowering wreath I covet. For I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; as to my works, I know them faulty, think them of worth only when they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts. But I have never started on a novel to pursue the theory it developed. The dominant idea in my mind took up the characters and the story midway.

You say that there are few scenes. Is it so throughout? My method has been to prepare my readers for a crucial exhibition of the personæ, and then to give the scene in the fullest of their blood and brain under stress of a fiery situation.

Concerning style, thought is tough, and dealing with thought produces toughness. Or when strong emotion is in tide against the active mind, there is perforce confusion. Have you found that scenes of simple emotion or plain narrative were hard to view? When their author revised for the new edition, his critical judgment approved these passages. Yet you are not to imagine that he holds his opinion combatively against his critics. The verdict is with the observer.

In the Comedies, and here and there where a concentrated presentment is in design, you will find a "pitch" considerably above our common human; and purposely, for only in such a manner could so much be shown. Those high notes and condensings are abandoned when the strong human call is heard—I beg you to understand merely that such was my intention.

Again, when you tell me that Harvard has the works, and that Young Harvard reads them, the news is of a kind to prompt me to fresh productiveness and higher. In England I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts. I read in a critical review of some verses of mine the other day that I was "a harlequin and a performer of antics." I am accustomed to that kind of writing, as our hustings orator is to the dead cat and the brickbat flung in his face —at which he smiles politely; and I too; but after many years of it my mind looks elsewhere. Adieu to you.—Most faithfully yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

(To be continued.)

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Cruising In August

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Verse by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Pictures by W. J. Aylward

WHEN the north-west wind is blowing hard,
And blue and white is the sky,
And the sharp-cut waves are streaked and scarred
Where the darting squalls race by;
When the leeward shrouds are whelmed in green
And the leeward deck's afoam,
And a dancing wake all white is seen
Back toward the shores of home—
Oh, that is the day my heart would choose
For setting sail on an August cruise.

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WHEN the salt south-wester comes in its strength
Till the ripples that marked its way
Grow and grow to the ground-swells' length,
And our faces drip with spray;
When the water is gleaming in burnished belts
Of purple and bronze and blue,
As the hazy veil above us melts
And the burning sun breaks through—
Oh, that is the day I would not lose
From the treasure-days of an August cruise!

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WHEN the sun smiles down on a morning swim
At an anchorage unvexed,
And nobody knows what the weather's whim
Will yield for a harbor next;
When into some port we creep at last,
As the breeze with the daylight ends,
And the stars shine over the fading mast,
And a long, still sleep descends—
Ah, such are the days that the blest ones use
Who quit all else for an August cruise!

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A lake vessel at the Straits of Mackinac.

THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

IN THE WAKE OF THE "GRIFFIN"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM A PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

I

THE preface to this story should begin in France a century and a half before the building of the *Griffin* just above the falls of Niagara. One might go still farther back, but this is as far as one can tangibly trace the ancestry of that vessel which first carried sail upon the waters of the great northern inland seas of the New World. So I begin in the year 1534, and at Saint-Malo, on the coast of France. There many a pilgrim goes to visit the tomb of Chateaubriand, lying out beyond the white ramparts, shut away by the tides for a part of every day from the shore. The Breton peasants, carrying their cauliflower to market, wondered at my greater curiosity to know the birthplace of Jacques Cartier than to see the burial-place of Chateaubriand. But every man born in the Mississippi Valley has far greater reason for gratitude to Cartier than Chateaubriand; for Cartier, unwittingly to be sure, but none the less certainly, showed the way, not to Asia, as he hoped, but to that valley with which Asia had nothing to make compare, rich even beyond Chateaubriand's glowing but not altogether accurate description.

In the town hall of Saint-Malo there are exhibited a few fragments of weathered wood, guarded as relics of that little vessel, *Le Petite Hermine*, which Cartier was obliged to leave in Canada because so many of his men had died there of scurvy and exposure that he had not sufficient crew to man all of his three ships back to

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The monument to Jacques Cartier stands in the grove of trees. Just below in the Saint Charles is the place where it is supposed Cartier moored his vessels.

France. Hail was beating upon the roof of the museum at Saint-Malo when I was examining these bits of wood—the first to taste the fresh inland waters of the north—and so suggestive of Canadian rigors was it that I could but think that it was a specially prepared stage storm. The heroic, dramatic values of that portentous adventure seemed greater in that picturesque setting than when, a few months later, I tried, amid mud and weeds and rushes, to identify the place in the Saint Charles River, back of Quebec, where Cartier had moored this ancestor of the *Griffin*. But it is because we are prone to see only the mud and weeds that I would have this story remembered. I should have no reason to recall this long dead past if it were not to help us to-day of the New-World valleys, north of New England and back of the Alleghanies, to realize not merely what material advantage we owe to French enterprise, but also and especially what glory of heroic adventure lights the background of even the most commonplace and sordid landscapes.

Cartier got no farther, to be sure, than Montreal, but that was a thousand miles inland from the coasts which, but a few years before, had been the dim verges of the world, infested by real griffins and by fiends. He had opened the gates of the north, upon whose great posts of rock should be written that possessing paragraph from Parkman: "Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness, oceans, mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France gave to civilization"—a domain which she can never lose except by her and our forgetting the glorious story of its conquest.

It was exactly a hundred years after Jacques Cartier moored his three little vessels behind the gray "scarped rock" of Quebec that Champlain died beneath that same rock, having laid there the first foundations of Canada. But he was not only the "Father of Canada"—the first great apostle to the savages—he was the prophet of the farther valleys, of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. The remarkable map published in 1632, composed from his own observations and the data brought or sent him by friars, priests, and *coureurs de bois*, whom he had persuaded from cloister and camp and city to the New World, and then despatched still farther west, gives no intimation of that valley; the rivers all run toward the Atlantic. But I suspect, as I hope, that one of his *coureurs de bois*, Nicolet, the son of the Cherbourg courier, who in 1634 had looked over the watershed into the Missis-

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sippi basin, brought to Champlain whose hand was soon paralyzed and no longer able to add a line to his precious map, some news of that valley which his compatriots were to possess and which was to become the heart of another empire.

There is reason, therefore, for remembering with gratitude, in the United States as well as in Canada, this stanch spirit who put upon the map of the world, even with pathetic inaccuracies, the Great Lakes—the water path into the Mississippi Valley, the path for the flight of the *Griffin* and its mighty flock.

The two countries find in France the common ground for this gratitude—in Champlain's birthplace, that most picturesque fortress town of Brouage, surrounded by the salt marshes. Once the sea, I am told, touched its massive walls. There are still to be seen, several feet below the surface, iron rings to which mariners and fishermen moored their boats—they who used to come to Brouage for salt with which to cure their fish, they whose stories of the Newfoundland cod banks stirred in the boy Champlain the desire for discovery beyond their fogs. The boys in the school of Hiers-Brouage, a mile away—in the *mairie* where I went to consult the parish records—seemed to know hardly more of that land which the Brouage boy of three centuries before had lifted out of the fogs by his life-long heroic adventure. Which makes one feel that till all French children know of, and all American children remember, Brouage, the story of France in America needs to be retold. The valley of Canada has not forgotten; but I could not learn that citizens of the other valleys had made pilgrimages to this spot. The church in front of which the monument to Champlain stands, the church in which he was probably baptized, is closed awaiting repairs. The wall of what was by tradition his home has fallen into ruin. And only the well curb is left of the convent where the Recollect friars used to live in peaceful meditation before they followed Champlain, inflamed of his spirit, out among the red savages.

Monument to Champlain in Brouage in front of the church in which he was probably baptized.

If this preface were to speak of the experiences of these friars and priests who came after them, of those who "led the way," as Bancroft said, into every river that was entered and around every cape that was turned, the journey into the valley beyond would be too long delayed. It was of that valley that La Salle, the builder of the *Griffin*, was dreaming in 1668, as he looked across Lake Saint Louis from the shores of his seignory, a few miles above Montreal ("the seigniory of Saint-Sulpice," as he called it—but "of La Chine," as his enemies named it from the rapids which a little way below laughed continually at those who had hoped to find their way through these waters to China). There, in the "most dangerous place in Canada," tutored in the language and ways of the Indians, his thoughts made "alliance with the sun," as Lescarbot would have said, and dwelt on exploration

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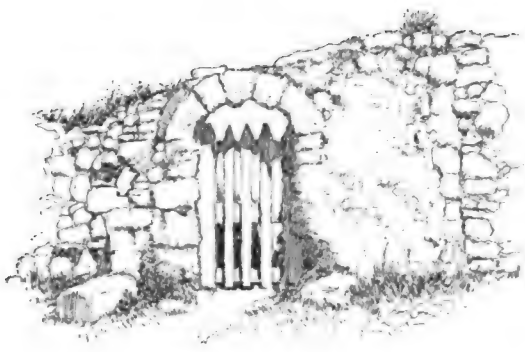

Wall and outer entrance to house in Brouage where, according to local tradition, Champlain was born.

and empire out in that country where a river "must needs flow into the Vermilion Sea." It was of that valley that he dreamed when he was building Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) on his new seignory, a little farther on his way to the West—clearing the forest, building ships for the navigation of Lake Ontario, and establishing a school for the Indians. It was of empire in that valley he dreamed while lodged in a miserable street in Paris waiting through a long winter for a patent that would give him leave to explore and fortify it as a possession of France. And it was, finally, with that patent doubtless upon his body, that he still dreamed as he prepared for the building of a vessel on the Upper Lakes that should in turn carry equipment for a vessel which he hoped would find the way of the waters to the Gulf of Mexico or the Western Sea.

II

THE city of Paris bears the sailing ship upon her shield, though she sits a hundred miles or more from the sea. Whatever the significance of that symbol has been to the inhabitants of that city, it has a peculiar appropriateness, probably never realized before, in the fact that the iron, cordage, and anchors for the first vessel with sails that was to traverse the inland waters of the New World were carried out from Paris to the first shipyard back of the mountains, in the midst of the forest above the mighty falls of Niagara.

Jason, sailing for the Golden Fleece in Colchis and braving the fiery breath of the dragon, had not undertaken a more perilous or a more difficult labor than he who bore from the banks of the Seine the equipment of a vessel in which to bring back to France, as he hoped, the fleece of the plains and the forests. We are now accustomed to call those who crossed the plains of the West and the Rocky Moun-

House in Brouage where Champlain is said to have lived.

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tains for the gold-fields of California, nearly two centuries later, the "Argonautæ," but the first American Argonauts set forth from Paris and built their *Argo* on what is now Lake Erie, on the edge of the Field of the Bulls, near a place now grown into a beautiful city, which bears the very name of the wild bull—the buffalo—and within sound of the roaring of

The walls of Brouage. Sea marshes visible.

the dragon that had frightened away all earlier explorers—so accurately do the details of the story of Jason's adventure become real history.

La Salle gathered his ship-carpenters and his ship furniture in Paris, between his journeys to Rouen (the place of his birth) and elsewhere for the means of purchase. But before the winter had come in Normandy his messengers were out amid snows and naked forests in continuance of that voyage toward the Western Colchis.

In the autumn of 1678 a Franciscan friar, Hennepin, set out alone—the first solitary figure of the expedition, a gray priest—from the gray rock of Quebec, in a birch canoe, carrying with him the "furniture of a portable altar." Along the way up the Saint Lawrence he stopped to minister to the habitants, too few and too poor to support a priest, saying mass, exhorting, and baptizing. Early in November he arrived at the mission at Fort Frontenac, which he had two or three years before helped La Salle to establish in the wilds. Soon La Salle's lieutenants appeared, with most of the men, and while some were despatched in canoes to Lake Michigan to gather the buffalo fleeces against the coming of the ship whose keel had not yet been laid, the rest (La Motte, Hennepin, and sixteen men) embarked for the river by which the upper lakes empty into Lake Ontario and the Saint Lawrence, that is, the Niagara. After a tempestuous voyage up and across the lake they found the mouth of this river whose torrent fury gathered of "four inland oceans" stopped even the canoes. Then, led of the priest, they toiled up the cliffs called the "Three Mountains," because, I suppose, of the three terraces. (Having climbed up the face of the cliff in winter, with a heavy camera for my portable altar, and broken the icicles in order to make my way across a narrow ledge to the top of the precipice, I am able to know what this journey must have meant to those first European travellers.) Once on the upper plateau, they marched through wintry forest and at length, in "solitudes unprofaned as yet by the pettiness of man," beheld the "imperial cataract"; "the thunder of water," as the Indians called it; or, as Hennepin described it, that "vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and most aston-

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ishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel, those of Italy and Switzerland being but sorry patterns." To this priest, Hennepin, we owe the first description and picture of Niagara, probably now more familiar to the world than any other natural feature of this continent. He has somewhat magnified the height of these falls, but they are impressive enough to acquit him of falsification and powerful enough to run virtually all the year 2027, and the entire supply by 2050.)

I take these as I have found them: Boston, $937.50; Philadelphia, $839.25; New York, $699.37; Chicago, $629.43; Cleveland, $559.50; Pittsburgh, $419.62; Buffalo, $184.91; Niagara Falls, $144.17. They intimate a wonderful advantage possessed perhaps beyond any other site in America by the strip of shore on which La Salle's men from the banks of the Seine and

Seminary on the site of the seigniory of Saint-Sulpice.

the manufacturing plants in the United States if they could be gathered within reach. As it is, less than four per cent of the water that overflows from the four upper Great Lakes into the lower lake, once known as Lake Frontenac and now as Ontario, is diverted for utilitarian purposes, and yet it supplies the American and the Canadian almost equally between the two shores over three hundred thousand horse-power. What the conversion of the strength of this Titan, for ages entirely wasted and for a century after Hennepin only a scenic wonder, means or may mean to industry in the future, is intimated in some statistics furnished by a recent writer on the Great Lakes showing the relative cost per month of a certain unit of power in a number of representative American cities. (And they are more significant as one contemplates the diminishing available and accessible supply of coal in the United States, which, according to a reliable estimate, will be exhausted by Hennepin, the priest from Calais, that December night in 1678 encamped, building their bivouac fire amid the snows, a few miles above the falls, and so opening to the view of the world a natural source of power and wealth more valuable than extensive coal-fields or rich mines of gold or silver.

It was but a great water-fall to La Salle and Tonty and Hennepin—an impeding, hostile object. And to the half-mutinous, quarrelsome workmen, French, Flemings, Italians, it was a demon, no doubt, whose very breath froze their beards into icicles. It was, in reality, potentially the most beneficent single incarnate force bounded by any one horizon or sky in that New World —a force developed by the tipping of the continent a little to the eastward after the Upper Lakes had been formed and by the consequent emptying of their waters into the Saint Lawrence instead of the Gulf of Mexico.

The file of burdened men, some thirty in number, toiling slowly over the snowy

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Photograph by a Canadian priest.

Looking across the Saint Lawrence River from the site of the seigniory of Saint-Sulpice.

plains and "through the gloomy forests of spruce and naked oak trees," the priest accompanying with his altar lashed to his back, reached a favorable spot beside calm water five miles above the cataract. (The site is identified as a little way above the mouth of Cayuga Creek, just outside the village of La Salle in the State of New York. There is a stone erected by a local historical society to mark the spot. When I saw the bronze tablet its inscription was almost illegible, covered with ice and the snow that was falling upon it.) There began the felling and hewing of trees that were to touch the farther shores of Michigan. Some of the material brought from Paris had been lost by the wreck of La Salle's smaller vessel on the way up Ontario, but enough must have been saved to give this forty-five-ton vessel full equipment, for in the spring she was launched. The "friar pronounced his blessing on her; the assembled company sang 'Te Deum'; cannon were fired, and French and Indians. . . shouted and yelped in chorus as she glided into Niagara." She carried five cannon and on her prow was carved such a "portentous monster" as doubtless finds double among the grotesques of Notre Dame—a griffin (that is, a beast with the body of a lion and the head, beak, and pinions of a bird), in "honor of the armoreal bearings of Count Frontenac."

French mill at Lachine on the site of seigniory of Saint-Sulpice.

Through spring and half the summer she lay moored beyond reach of the jealous Indians, but near enough so that Hennepin could preach on Sundays from the deck to the men encamped along the bank. When La Salle, who had been obliged by disasters to go back to Fort Frontenac during the building of the ship, again appeared above the falls in midsummer, the *Griffin* was warped up into the placid lake, and on the 7th of August anchor was lifted and the fateful voyage was begun. There was (as when the Greek *Argo*, the "first bold vessel, dared the seas") no Orpheus standing high upon the stern and raising his entrancing strain. Nor did a throng of proud Thessalians or of "transported demi-gods" stand round to cheer them off. The naked Indians, their hands over their mouths in wonderment, or shouting "Otkon, Otkon," alone saw the great boat move out over the waters without oar or paddle or towing-rope. For music, there was only the "Te Deum" again, sung by raw, unpractised voices, such as one might hear among the boatmen of the Seine. It was not such music, at any

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View from a boat approaching Kingston, near the site of Fort Frontenac.

Claire, even, the name you gave to the beautiful strait beyond the "symplagades" of your voyage, in gratitude, and in honor of the day on which you reached it, has become masculine in tribute to an American general. If your later praying to that patron of seamen, Saint Anthony of Padua, had not availed to save you from the peril of the storm and you had gone to death in unsalted water, you could hardly have been more completely forgotten. One has spoken now and then lightly of the vow made by your commander, La Salle, to build a grateful chapel to Saint Anthony, if your lives were spared from the storm, forgetting that so long as the Mississippi runs to the sea there will be a chapel to Saint Anthony (Saint Anthony's Falls), in which gratitude will be continually chanted for the preservation of the ship and its crew to find haven in quiet waters behind Point Saint Ignace.

There, La Salle in scarlet, knelt before

rate, as that of Orpheus, to make plain men grow "heroes at the sound." Doubtless no one felt himself a hero. The only intimation of any consciousness of a high mission comes from Hennepin, who, when the *Griffin*, some days later, was ploughing peacefully through the straits that lead to the Mer Douce ("verdant prairies dotted with groves and bordered with lofty forests" on either side, "herds of deer and flocks of swans and wild turkeys" within sight, and the "bulwarks plentifully hung with game"), wrote: "Those who will one day have the happiness to possess this fertile and pleasant strait will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way." "Very much obliged?" No, Hennepin, of the hundreds of thousands who now pass through or across those straits every year, or of those thousands who possess its shores, not a hundred, I venture to say, remember "those who showed the way!" They have forgotten that "the first European voice that Niagara ever heard was French!" Sainte

View of Niagara River from a ledge on the side of the cliff above Lewiston, N. Y.

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the altar (where Marquette's bones were doubtless by that time gathered by his devoted savage followers), and thence they passed on to an island in Green Bay, the goal of their journey.

From that far port the first cargo carried of sails was sent back to the shore on which the *Griffin's* timbers were hewn out. That it never reached harbor of that actually brought back the golden fleece, and priceless—the fleece of the plains if not of the forests. Day after day its gold is hung against the sky as grain is lifted from the ships into elevators which can store at one time twenty-three million bushels of wheat.

The coasts of the lakes up which the *Griffin* led the oarless way are three thou-

The mouth of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario in the distance.

calm shelter, or of any other, we know, but that loss, once the path was written in the waters, is hardly of consequence, save as it helped further to illustrate the indomitable spirit of La Salle.

III

WHAT good came to Thessaly or Greece of the yellow peltry that Jason brought back is not even kept in myth or fable. The mere adventure was the all. They did not even think of its worth in money. The goat-skin was valueless, except as a proof or token, and the boat *Argo*, though the greatest ship known to the early myths of Greece and though dedicated to Neptune at the end of the voyage, became the pioneer of no such mighty fleet as did the *Griffin*. The list of the Greek ships and commanders in the "Iliad" even offers but a pygmy analogy. And if you were to go to Buffalo to-day, near the site of that first ship-yard, a little farther away from the falls, you would know that the successors of La Salle in new *Griffins* have sand three hundred and eighty-five miles in length (including those of the lower lake "Frontenac," which was also first touched of French keels over four thousand miles). The statistics of the traffic which has grown in the furrow of that wind-drawn plough would be fatiguing if they did not carry to heights of wide and more exhilarating view. We of America have occupied and apportioned the billion acres of French domain among fifty millions of people. Here is an added domain in which no landmarks can beset, but which has been divided among all mankind.

I give a few graphic comparative facts which I have gathered from recent books about the waters over which France first found the way:

Nearly as many people live in States that have ports upon those shores as in all France to-day.

The lakes have a tonnage equal to one-third of the total tonnage of North America.

They have made possible a saving in cost of transportation (and so of produc-

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tion) of several hundred million dollars in a single year.

Six times as much freight passes over these lakes as through the Suez Canal in a year.

Three thousand vessels and twenty-five thousand men are required to move the hundred million tons of freight which every year would fill a train encircling the globe.

The Niagara River and cliffs up which the French climbed bearing equipment for the *Griffin*.

If one were to stand on the shore of that "charming strait" between Erie and Huron, the Detroit River (which Hennepin so covetously describes, wishing to make settlement there, until La Salle reminded him of his "professed passion for exploring a new country"), one would now see a vessel passing one way or the other every twelve minutes, on the average, day and night during the eight months of open navigation.

Nor are they small sailing vessels of a few tons' burden, but great sailless, steam-propelled hulks carrying from five to ten thousand tons.

So it is no fleet of graceful galleons—half-bird, half-lion as the *Griffin* was—that have followed in her wake up what Hennepin called "the vast and unknown seas of which even the savages knew not the end." They have, in the evolution of nautical zoology, lost beak, wings, and feathers, and now, like a shoal of wet lions, tawny and black, their powerful heads and long steel backs just visible above the blue water, they course the western Mediterranean from spring to winter. It is an intruding and perhaps whimsical but fascinating thought that the wings of the griffin have become evolved into the air-ships which first began successfully to fly in America near the shores of the lake on which the *Griffin* itself was hatched. It is not a far-fetched or labored thought which pictures that simple, rough-made galleon—very like the model of the ship on the shield of Paris—as leading two broods across the valley above the falls: one of lions that cannot fly, and one of air-ships that cannot swim—the brood of the sea and the brood of the sky, hatched from one nest at the water's edge.

The ships of the lion brood—some of them are five or six hundred feet in length and carry eleven thousand tons of cargo. I have seen the skeleton of one of these iron-boned beasts, and I have been told that eight hundred thousand rivets go into its creation. Hearing this, one can but hear the deafening clamor caused by La Salle's driving the first nail or bolt in the first boat, Father Hennepin declining the honor because of the "modesty of [his] religious profession."

As to the cargoes that these ships bring

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back, the story is even more marvellous. First in quantity is iron ore, twenty-four million tons in one year, and that from the shores of Superior where Joliet had made search for copper mines, where Father Allouez, in the midst of reports of baptisms and masses, tells of nuggets and rocks of the precious metal, and where has grown up in a few years the "second greatest freight-shipping port on earth"—

Hennepin's drawing of Niagara Falls.

a port that bears the name of that famous French *coureur de bois* (Dulhut), Duluth. Twenty-four millions of tons and there are still a billion and a half in sight on those shores, which have already given to the ships hundreds of millions of their dark treasure.

After the ore, lumber, fifteen hundred million feet in one year, a waning amount from the vanishing forests that once completely encircled these lakes. Alexander Pope, whose "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day" I have quoted, speaks of *Argo* seeing "her kindred trees descend from Pelion to the main"—from the mountain to the sea where Jason's boat was launched. So with the departure of the *Griffin* from the Green Bay island might a prophetic poet have seen her masts beckoning all the kindred trees to the water in which one hundred and sixty billion feet of pine have descended from the forests of Michigan alone—and that is but one of the circling States. And there is this singular fact to be added, that nearly a third of the annual cargo now goes to the Tonawandas, the "greatest lumber towns" in the world, that have grown up almost on the very site of the ship-yard at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, a little way above the falls.

And after the ore and lumber, grain—the fleece of the fields, immensely more valuable than that of the forests, two hundred million bushels in one year, and eleven million barrels of flour, "a fortnight's bread supply for the entire world." And, after ore and lumber and grain, fuel and other bulky necessities of life.

Stone and tablet marking the site of the building of the *Griffin*, near La Salle, N. Y.

The causal relation between the building and journey of the *Griffin* and these statistics cannot of course be established, but what no inspired human prophecy could have divined, or even the wildest dreaming of La Salle have imagined, is as sequential as the history that has been made to trace all New-

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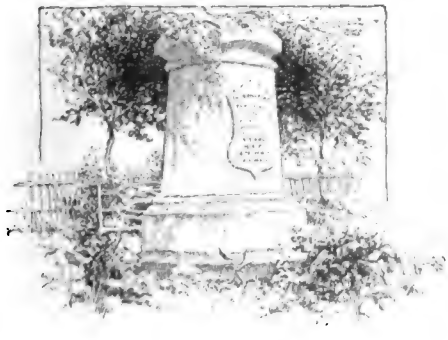
Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman

The launching of the *Griffin*

World development in the wake of the caravels of Columbus. The storms of nature and the jealousies in human breasts thwarted La Salle's immediate ambitions, but what has come into that northern valley has followed closely in the path of his purposes, the path traced by his ship built of the trees of Niagara and furnished by the chandleries of Paris.

Point Saint Ignace, where Marquette had his mission before embarking for the discovery of the Mississippi.

The mystery of the vanishing of this pioneer vessel only enhances the glory of its venture and service—as its loss but gave new foil to the hardihood of La Salle and Tonty. We can imagine the golden-brown skins scattered over the blue waters as the bits of the body of the son of the King of Colchis strewn by Medea to detain the pursuers of the Argonauts. It was the first sacrifice to the valley for the fleece. In the depths of these lakes or on their shores were doubtless buried the bones of these French mariners who first of Europeans trusted themselves to sails and west winds on those uncharted seas. But this is not the all of the tragic story. The *Griffin* carried in her the prophecies of other than lake vessels. She had in her hold on that fateful trip the cordage and iron for the pioneer of the river ships. So when she went down she spoke to the waters that engulfed her the two dreams of her builder and commander: one dream, the navigation of the lakes; and the other, the coursing of the Mississippi to the Gulf.



Monument to Père Marquette, Point Saint Ignace, Michigan.

The Spanish council which decreed long ago that "if it had pleased God that . . . rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to make them such" would be horrified by the sacrilege that has been committed and is being contemplated by the followers of the men of the *Griffin*.

They have made a canal around the falls which Hennepin first saw breathing a cloud of mist over the great abyss—a canal that, supplemented by other canals along the Saint Lawrence River, allows vessels of fourteen feet draught to go from Erie to Montreal and so on to the sea. They have deepened the straits where the *Griffin* had to wait for favorable breezes and soundings to pass from Erie to Huron —the "symplagades" of the New-World voyage. They have made canals on either side of the Sault Ste. Marie—the rapids of the Saint Mary's River, by the side of which the Saint Lusson took formal possession of all that northern empire—canals through which fifty-one million tons pass every year toward the east and south. They have made and deepened harbors all the way around the shores till ships two hundred times the size of the *Griffin* can ride in them.

Yet this is not all. The symbols of La Salle's vision revived in the lakes memories

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of the days when their waters ran through the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf, the very course which La Salle's unborn *Griffin* was to take. When the continent tilted a little to the east, and in the tilting poured the water of the Upper Lakes over the Niagara edge into the Saint Lawrence, that same has called it—between those on the one side who wish to maintain the grandeur of Niagara (much as it was when Hennepin first pictured it), or who for utilitarian reasons do not wish its thunderous volume diminished except for their local uses, or who fear disaster to their har-

The Rapids, Sault Ste. Marie.

tilting stopped the overflow down into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico at the other end of the lakes. But so slight was the tilting that the water still seeps over, in places, when the lakes are high, and sometimes even carries light boats across. Of late engineers have in effect been undoing with levels and scoops and dredges what Nature did in a mighty upheaval. They are practically tipping the basins back the other way, and making currents to run down the old channel toward the Gulf through the valleys of the Des Plaines and the Illinois to the Mississippi.

And so that dream which the dying *Griffin* spoke to the lake, and the lake to the rivers in the time of flood—when intercommunication was possible—is to be realized, except that steam will take the place of winds, and screws of sails.

Meanwhile a great battle of the lakes is waging—a "battle of levels" some one bors and canals all around the lakes, deepened at great expense, if water is led away toward the Mississippi; and on the other side those who think of the health of millions at the western end of the lakes and of the commercial hopes of other millions in the Mississippi Valley waiting for the *Griffins* of the lakes to come with more generous prices for their produce and to bring to their doors what the rest of the world has now to send to them by the more expensive rail.

Some day, engineers intimate, the great upper lake, Superior, will be made a reservoir where enough water will be impounded in wet seasons for a steady and more generous supply during the dry seasons; in which event there will be water enough to keep Niagara in perennial beauty and power, to fill all the present and prospective harbors and canals to their desired depth, to float even larger

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Sault Ste. Marie Canal. "The Soo."

fleets of *Griffins*, and at the same time to make the Mississippi, as the Frenchman who saw it visualized it, and as President Roosevelt expressed it, "a loop of the sea."

This is but the merest intimation of the prophetic service of the water-pioneers. And when the prophecy of those precursors, as interpreted in terms of steam and locks and dams, unknown to them, is fulfilled, it is not beyond thinking that a captain of a sea-going vessel of ten or twenty thousand tons, from Havre or Cherbourg or Marseilles, may some day be calling in deep voice, as last summer in a room on the top floor of a Chicago "skyscraper" I heard a local descendant of the *Griffin* screeching, for the lifting of the bridge that will open the way to the Mississippi, the heart of America.

(To be continued.)

The Chicago River.

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THE TITANIC

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

PARTING

BELOVÈD, you must go—ask not to stay,
You are a mother and your duties call;
And we, who have so long been all in all,
Must put the human side of life away.
For one brief moment let us stand and pray,
Sealed in the thought that whatsoe'er befall
We, who have known the freedom and the thrall
Of a great love, in death shall feel its sway.—
You, who must live, because of his dear need,
You are the one to bear the harder part;—
Nay, do not cling—'tis time to say good-by.
Think of me then but as a spirit freed—
Flesh of my Flesh, and Heart of my own Heart
The love we knew has made me strong to die.

TOGETHER

I CANNOT leave you, ask me not to go,
Love of my youth and all my older years;
We, who have met together smiles or tears,
Feeling that each did but make closer grow
The union of our hearts— Ah! say not so
That Death shall find us separate. All my fears
Are but to lose you. Life itself appears
A trifling thing— But one great truth I know,
When heart to heart has been so closely knit
That Flesh has been one Flesh and Soul one Soul,
Life is not life if they are rent apart—
And death unsevered is more exquisite,
As we, who have known much, shall read the whole
Of Life's great secret on each other's heart!

TO A. W. B.

HERE'S to you, gallant friend,
Gentle and brave!
You, who full fathom deep
Lie 'neath the wave.
You were a soldier still
Up to the last,
Doing your Captain's will
As in the past.

Not from a bullet's flight,
Not under arms,
But in the Ocean's night
Of wild alarms.
Calm in the midst of fears,
Taking command,
Courage! in spite of tears
For Fatherland.

We, who have known you long
Gallant and gay,
First in the dance and song
Pleasure and play,
Knew, too, the valiant soul
That would stand by
(Women and children first!)—
Ready to die!

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

I

TO begin an essay or a speech or a book with an apology is never desirable. When, however, one writes about oneself, or ventures to record one's personal recollections, some explanation seems almost necessary. Yet for what follows I can give no better warrant or excuse than a passage from a very great book which it is to be feared is not as much read now as it ought to be or as it once was: "The life of every man, says our friend, Herr Sauerteig, the life even of the meanest man, it were good to remember, is a poem; perfect in all manner of Aristotelean requisites; with beginning, middle, and end; with perplexities and solutions; with its will-strength (Willenkraft) and warfare against fate, its elegy and battle-singing, courage marred by crime, everywhere the two tragic elements of pity and fear; above all, with supernatural machinery enough, for was not the man *born* out of nonentity, did he not *die* and, miraculously vanishing, return thither?"

I was born in Boston, as I have been credibly informed, on May 12, one pleasant Sunday morning in the year 1850. The house in which this event occurred belonged to my grandfather, Henry Cabot, for whom I was named. It was a square stone house of smooth granite, large, comfortable, facing south and open on all sides. Two short streets called respectively Otis Place and Winthrop Place ran out of Summer Street, and, curving to the left and right, met and formed a horseshoe. At the bottom of the horseshoe stood our house with a small private lane on one side, which was closed by an iron gate. This lane led to our stable and thence turned to the east and meandered in the form of an alley into Federal Street. It was not much used except by the owners and as an access to our stable, but it offered a short cut to the business quarter of the town, and was not overlooked by those who were familiar with the neighborhood and anxious to save time. One morning somebody met Rufus Choate, who lived in Winthrop Place, hurrying down this alley and expressed surprise at meeting him there. "Yes," said Mr. Choate, "ignominious but convenient," and passed on.

Back of the house was a garden, an ample garden, which ran out also beside the house to the street. Here stood a weather-worn statue of a garden nymph, which, with the assistance of a young friend, Sturgis Bigelow, I pushed over one happy day and was thereby involved in an Iliad of woes, not because of the mischief itself, but because I undertook to lay the responsibility on my companion, a mean-spirited effort that aroused my father's just anger, which I greatly dreaded, although he never inflicted the slightest physical punishment upon me. The garden was a sunny and sheltered spot, and behind the nymph of bitter memories stood some fine pear-trees, in which my father took deep interest, and I have still the medals with which their fruit was crowned at various horticultural expositions.

As I recall the old house (it was not really very old, but it was large and solid and spacious, with a fine air of age and permanence) it seems to me as if there was an atmosphere about it and its garden, and about the quiet court in front, and the like solid houses surrounding it, which no longer exists in Boston or in any American city. All that quarter of the town indeed was pervaded by the same atmosphere. Hard by was Summer Street, lined with superb horse-chestnut trees, beneath whose heavy shade the sober well-built houses took on in spring and summer an air of cool remoteness. Further to the east, where Summer and Bedford Streets came together, stood the New South Church, with a broad green in front and trees clustering about it. A little further to the south was Essex Street, which was dignified by great English elms. Two of these elms in front of the house where Wendell Phillips lived lingered on long after

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region. They seemed in their last days of gaunt survival, like a melancholy protest against the destruction of the old town.

It was long before I reasoned out the underlying meaning of all this, long after our old house had been swept out of existence by the new street which was pushed through into the quiet court to make way for the roaring tides of business, which now ebb and flow over the spot without anything resembling a house to be seen anywhere in the neighborhood. The fact was that the year 1850 stood on the edge of a new time, but the old time was still visible from it, still indeed prevailed about it. I do not think that it was in itself a very remarkable year, and it has always seemed to me most noteworthy from the extreme and disagreeable ease with which one's age could be computed from it, but the year 1850 came nevertheless at a memorable period and had memorable companions. I have often said and written that there was a wider difference between the men who fought at Waterloo and those who fought at Gettysburg or Sedan or Mukden than there was between the men of Leonidas and the men of Napoleon. This is merely one way of stating that the application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication made a greater change in human environment than had occurred since the earliest period of recorded history. The break between the old and the new came some time in the thirties, and 1850 was well within the new period. Yet this new period was still very new, hardly more than a dozen years old, and the ideas of the earlier time—the habits, the modes of life, although mortally smitten and fast fading—were still felt, still dominant. The men and women of the elder time with the old feelings and habits were still numerous and for the most part quite unconscious that their world was slipping away from them. Hence the atmosphere of our old stone house, with its lane and its pear-trees and its garden nymph, indeed of Boston itself, was still an eighteenth-century atmosphere, if we accept Sir Walter Besant's statement that the eighteenth century ended in 1837, but at all events it was utterly different from anything to be found to-day.

The year 1850, too, stood well beyond the zenith of the romantic movement, still dominant everywhere, but on the downward hand, the unrest, which was apparent in all directions, and the revolt against the reaction of 1815, was just culminating. Two years before, in 1848, the outbreak had come, and the movement which was to result in the consolidation of the United States and of Germany, in the unification of Italy, the liberation of the slaves, the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and the wide extension of democratic and representative government was resuming its sweeping and victorious march, which had been checked at Waterloo. It was the day of the human-rights statesmen just rising to power, of the men who believed that in political liberty was to be found the cure for every human ill, and that all that was needed for human happiness was to give every man a vote and set him free. Thus, it happened that the year 1850 came at the dawn of a new time, at the birth of new forces now plainly recognized, but the meaning and scope of which are as yet little understood, and the results of which can only be darkly guessed, because the past has but a slim light to throw upon the untried paths ahead. But that which was first apparent to the child born in 1850, as he came to consciousness during the next ten years, was the old world that still surrounded him, for a child, happily for himself, sees only what is near to him—his present seems to have existed always and is haunted with no shadow of change.

In 1850, Boston had a population of 133,000, which by 1860 had risen to 170,000, about one-fourth of the present population of the city proper, if we take the average for the decade. The whole State of Massachusetts had only a million people in 1850, less than one-third of its population to-day, much less even than the population now gathered in Boston and in those suburbs which can be distinguished by no outward sign from the city itself. The tidewaters of the Back Bay still rose and fell to the west of the peninsula, and that large region now filled in and covered with handsome houses had no existence. The best houses in that day were in Summer Street and its neighborhood, then just beginning to yield to the advance of trade, or else were clustered on the slopes of Beacon Hill. Opposite to us in Winthrop Place, for example, were two large stone houses with gardens at the side like our own, one occupied by Joshua

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Blake, my great-grandfather's brother, the other by George Bancroft, the historian, and later by Samuel Cabot. On one side our neighbors were the Hunnewells and on the other the Bowditches. In Winthrop Place lived Rufus Choate, and close by in Summer Street or its immediate vicinity were the houses of Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, of the Grays, Gardners, Frothinghams, Bigelows, Lees, Jacksons, Higginsons, and Cushings. The list might be indefinitely extended, but I have mentioned names enough to show, especially to Bostonians, the character of that quarter of the town now extinct except for purposes of trade and commerce.

Boston itself was still small enough to be satisfying to a boy's desires. It was still possible to grasp and to know and be known by every one in one's own fragment of society. The town still had personality, lineaments that could be recognized, and had not lost its identity in the featureless, characterless masses inseparable from a great city. I do not say that this was an advantage; I merely note it as a fact. Local character may easily be repellent. Many of us prefer not only the interests and pleasures which only very large cities can give, but also the unmarked vagueness which is typical of huge hordes of people as it is of the wastes of ocean. Whatever its merits or defects, Boston in the first decade of the second half of the nineteenth century still had a meaning and a personality, and even a boy could feel it. It may have been narrow, austere, at times even harsh, this personality, but it was there, and it was strong, manly, and aggressive. It would still have been possible to rally the people in 1850, as they were once rallied against the British soldiers on a certain cold March evening with the cry of "Town born, turn out!"

Yet again, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of this condition, Boston still offered for a small boy an opportunity to live contentedly within its limits. We could play in each other's gardens or yards, for generous gardens and large yards still existed, a bequest of the eighteenth century, when there seems to have been more land and more leisure for city gardens than there is to-day. Best of all, we had the Common, where we could disport ourselves as of right. There we played all the games, rising, as we went, on to foot-ball and base-ball. There in winter we coasted on the "Big Hill" and on the long path running from the Park Street corner, very near to the other "Long Path" made memorable by the "Autocrat," but which was less suitable for sleds than for lovers. We skated, of course, on the Frog Pond; and on the Common we also waged Homeric combats with snowballs against the boys from the South Cove and the North End, in which we made gallant fights, but were in the end as a rule outnumbered and driven back. What was more serious, the ever-increasing number of our opponents gradually by sheer weight pushed us, and still more our successors, from the Common hills and the Frog Pond to seek coasting and skating in the country. This was luckily not such a heavy infliction as might be supposed, for between 1850 and 1867, when I went to Harvard, the country was reached as soon as one stepped outside of Boston. One had but to cross the mill-dam to attain to the country, for the towns close to Boston were still small and rural and had not yet become paved portions of the big, absorbing city.

I have spoken first of that which is most important to a well-constituted boy, as I hope that I was—that is, of his opportunities for play and amusement. But what is technically called education began at the same time. I remember distinctly hearing my father say one evening: "That big boy is five years old and cannot read. It is time that he went to school." The statement gave me no pleasure; quite the contrary. My world, I thought, was very well as it was. However, the command had gone forth from the Olympians, and to school I went the following autumn. A friend of my mother, Mrs. Parkman, had formed the idea of getting together the sons of a few of her friends who were about the same age as her own boy and thus making a little school, which she could teach herself. The plan was carried out with great success. The school was small, the boys were picked. Mrs. Parkman took an intense, affectionate, and personal interest in each one of us, the sort of interest that no money could buy, and then she was herself very different from any school-teacher I have ever known or heard of before or since. A descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, of the best New England stock on both sides of the house, she was a well-bred woman in

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the fullest sense, and, what was rarer perhaps in those days, a woman of the world in the best sense. She possessed unusual abilities, real learning, and was widely read. When I was at her school I regarded her with the settled hostility with which I think most vigorous boys regard any one who tries to teach them anything which is not a sport. In later years, after I had graduated from Harvard, married, and settled in Boston, Mrs. Parkman became one of my best and dearest friends. There are few friendships which I look back to with more pleasure. She was one of the cleverest and wisest women, one of the cleverest and wisest persons I ever knew. I delighted to talk with her about everything which was interesting me as a young man. She had both wit and humor, wide knowledge of men and books, and intense beliefs, as well as strong likes and dislikes, but she never meant to be intolerant or unfair. She died prematurely and made a great gap in my friendships, one of the kind that time closes perhaps but never fills.

I suppose that I then learned to read and write, because I have no clear remembrance of a time when I did not possess those two accomplishments. I am certain that I was then taught the rudiments of arithmetic, because such acquisition as I effected was painful, both at the time and in recollection. Anything relating to figures or mathematics I regarded with a settled hate, both then and afterward. I also remember that I began the study of French, which I liked, and I think I recall it chiefly because the teacher, Dr. Arnaux, tall, thin, grave, dark, and solemnly polite, presented a figure the like of which I had never seen before upon my little Boston horizon. These were some of the things I learned or which were thrust into me, but of education in its true sense I got nothing except a single sentence from Mrs. Parkman: "Use your mind. I do not care what you answer if you only use your mind." At the time her words seemed to me only the outcry of a very natural irritation, a distinctly hostile utterance, but in some way the phrase stuck in my memory, and in years long after I came to think that to know how to use one's mind comprises pretty nearly the whole of education. There is, however, one memory connected with this first school, although very far removed from any idea of tasks and lessons, which I must record. Mrs. (Fanny) Kemble at that time lived much in Massachusetts, where she was warmly admired and had many friends, especially among the women of my mother's age. One of her closest and most intimate friends was Mrs. Parkman, and I remember Mrs. Kemble's coming to the school and reading to us. I had forgotten where this occurred, but my old friend, Henry Parkman, has reminded me that it was at Mr. Ticknor's house. She read that noblest of old ballads, "Chevy Chase," which I recall, and no doubt other things the recollection of which has perished. How she looked I cannot now picture to myself, for the earlier image is blotted out by a much later one obtained when I heard her read in public on several occasions and when she was an elderly woman. What I retain of that earliest time is the memory of her deep melodious voice and a sense which lingers with me still that she was an awe-inspiring personage at whom I gazed in round-eyed wonder.

But Boston and winter—although I loved the heavy snow-storms and the coasting and skating—Boston and winter and school and what passed for education were not the lesser but the worser part of life. Life in its full sense was united indissolubly with the summer and the sea. I had something of the sea in Boston, for my father was a China merchant, and, after the fashion of the merchants of those days, had his office in the granite block which stretched down to the end of Commercial Wharf. My father's counting-room was at the very end in the last division of the block, and from the windows I could look out on the ships lying alongside the wharf. They were beautiful vessels, American clipper ships in the days when our ships of that type were famous throughout the world for speed and stanchness. I wandered about over them, making friends with the captains, the seamen, and the ship-keepers, and taking a most absorbing interest in everything connected with them. They brought me from China admirable firecrackers and strange fireworks which I could not make go at all. From them, too, came bronzes and porcelains and pictures and carved ivories which I was wont to look at wonderingly, and ginger and sweetmeats and lychee-nuts (then almost unknown here), of which I used to partake with keen delight. For the teas

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and silks which filled the holds I cared nothing, but the history and adventures of the ships interested me greatly. I was indifferent to those which my father had bought and which rejoiced in such names as the *Alfred Hill* and *Sarah H. Snow*, but I cared enormously for those which he had built and named himself. There was the *Argonaut*, his "luckiest" ship, in which he told me I had an interest or share. I still have a stiff picture of her painted by a Chinese artist in the Western manner, and a very beautiful ship she must have been. Then there were two named for the heroes of one of my father's best-loved books, the *Don Quixote* and the *Sancho Panza*. Then there were others, crack ships in their day, whose names appealed to my imagination—the *Kremlin*, the *Storm King*, the *Cossack*, and the *Magnet*. But over all was the mystery and the fascination of the sea, and those who have been born by it and have fallen under its spell are never happy when long parted from the ocean and the ships. Longfellow, who had in high degree the art of putting into pleasant, refined verse what many people thought and could not express, has given once for all in words what many a New England boy, born by the sea, has felt, and having once felt, has never forgotten:

> "I remember the black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea."

Such I know was my feeling, and I can see the ships now and the look of the wharf and the men as I gazed at them from the window of the counting-room or wandered about the decks. I can see, too, the ship-yard at Medford, long since departed, and Mr. Lapham, the ship-builder, and the vessels on the stocks. It was one of the most exciting joys of my life to drive out to Medford with my father and stroll about the ship-yard while he inspected the ship in process of construction. I am far from decrying steel and iron, but for mere grace and beauty the old clipper ship from the day she spread her wings and set out under full sail can never be approached by anything made of metal with smoking chimneys and military masts.

I have drifted with the ships far away from the summer of my boyhood, but the mention of my drives with my father to Medford brings me naturally back to them, because in the spring it was his habit to drive down on Sunday, the only day he had free from business, to see our little place at Nahant and overlook the gardens there, in which he took a great interest. There were no Sunday trains in those days and electric cars were still in a remote future, so that the only way was to drive. Our vehicle was a large buggy. We changed horses at Lynn, leaving our own horse there to be fed, and went on to Nahant with a horse from the livery-stable. At Nahant we lunched, bringing our luncheon with us, examined the work on the place, and wandered about by the edge of the sea and among the closed houses, which only took off their shutters and opened their eyes when summer came. The empty, shut-up houses gave an air of remoteness and solitude to the little peninsula much more tangible than if it had been merely uninhabited. To a small boy the whole expedition had a taste of adventure which was very satisfying. The part, however, which I liked best was the drive. My father was the best of companions. He had that somewhat rare gift of being perfect company to a child. He was the kindest and most generous of men. I never remember a harsh word from him except on one or two occasions, when he spoke to me sternly because he thought I was not telling the truth or was exhibiting either physical or moral timidity. He was a man of great courage, entirely fearless, and was said to have had a high temper, but although I realized his courage I never knew that he had a temper until one night, when, as we were going to the theatre, at a dark place on the Common, two men pushed into us; there were words, I saw something glitter in one man's hand, and then he was knocked down in the snow by my father, who merely said as we passed on, "I think that man had a knife." My confidence in my father was so absolute that at the moment the whole thing seemed a matter of course. As I look back upon it now it does not seem quite so simple. There had been a storm and the weather was just clearing. I can see the shine of the distant gas-light on the new-fallen snow, the sudden collision of the two men with my father, then one of them on his back in the white drift with something glittering in his

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hand. Then we were walking quietly along and I have no recollection of either fright or excitement. My faith in my father was too great to admit either emotion. Perhaps I shall be pardoned if I say a few words now about him, for he filled a dominant place in my earliest years. He was open-handed and generous in the highest degree to the poor, to all who were connected with him, to any one whom he could help. When the war came he was unable to go, for he was not only too old, which he would not admit, but he had injured his knee in a fall from his horse, could not walk freely and rode with difficulty. But he was an intensely loyal man and gave to the support of the war in every way. It was the habit to subscribe money to equip regiments. John C. Ropes, afterward an eminent lawyer and the distinguished military historian, raised a great deal of money for this purpose. He told me that my father always gave, and on one occasion when there was some especial need my father handed him a check signed in blank and told him to fill it up as he pleased. Mr. Ropes said it was the only blank signed check ever given to him. My father enjoyed above all things the power of giving. He was overwhelmed, overburdened with business cares which broke him down and caused his premature death. My mother begged him to retire, as he had an ample fortune for those days, but his reply was: "If I retire and live on a fixed income I shall not be able to give as I do now, and I want to be able to give without stopping to think about it."

But it was not his generosity, although he was continually giving to me, that made those Sunday drives so fascinating. It was his companionship. My father talked freely to me and we held long conversations. He talked to me about his ships, and about the place at Nahant, and about his cotton-mill, and about politics, and above all, he used to repeat poetry to me, not only nonsense jingles, or the simple rhymes of the school-room, or the verses of Cowper and Mrs. Hemans, of Campbell and Southey, but he would recite to me long passages from Scott and from his two favorite poets, Shakespeare and Pope, a queer combination. I cannot remember the time when I did not know the "Universal Prayer," or when I could not repeat "The stag at eve had drunk his fill," and

> "Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
> To low Ambition and the pride of kings."

My idea of what the last poem meant was as vague as my knowledge of Bolingbroke, but the swing and ring of the verses greatly caught my fancy. It was in this way that I acquired an affection for Pope's rolling and balanced lines, which was found quite odd when I grew up, because Queen Anne's poet had long been out of fashion. My father was fond of books and liked to talk of them to me, young as I was, and my earliest reading took, of course, the line of my father's fancies. He was very fond of Cervantes, and I early became familiar with our illustrated copy of "Don Quixote," pored over the pictures and read all that I could understand. He was a lover of Scott, and in my tenth year I read all the Waverley Novels through from beginning to end. I have repeated the performance more than once since, but the joy of that first reading can never be felt again. The pleasure of living in that other world filled with adventure and with fascinating people was beyond description. I understand that Scott is now no longer read and that the young and wise regard him as a poor creature. If this be true the loss is the world's and the present generation's, and

> "Out of the day and night
> A joy has taken flight."

In the same way I was led to an early admiration of Macaulay and to a far earlier reading of Hawthorne, Dickens, and "Robinson Crusoe." I am inclined to think, as I set down the names of these books, which I turned to because my father talked about them, that his tastes were conservative, that he was not appealed to by the romantic or transcendental movement going on about him, and that, apart from Shakespeare, his particular adoration, he was very eighteenth century in his tastes. I am confirmed in this by the fact that among his books, and he had many, there was a particularly handsome and very complete set of Horace Walpole, for whom he seems to have had a peculiar affection. I am afraid that what I have just written will give the impression that I must have had the most precocious literary tastes, which was not at all the case.

These books I have mentioned I was led to read in part at least by hearing my father talk of them, and Scott was purely voluntary reading on my part. But I also devoured eagerly all the children's books of the time, especially fairy tales, for which I had an inexhaustible appetite. I also read all the works of Jacob Abbott, as well as Sandford and Merton, one of the most preposterous books ever written, but which had an undoubted charm which I find it hard to explain. I was familiar with the poems of Jane Taylor, and accepted as perfectly natural the ferocious punishments therein meted out to youthful transgressors. The extremely humorous side of those poems, quite unintended by the authoress, has been, I may add, a source of real pleasure to me all my life, as I have been able to recall those jingling verses better than many more valuable things. I also read all Miss Edgeworth's writings — "Parents' Assistant," "Frank," "Harry and Lucy," and "Rosamond and the Purple Jar." At that time the intolerable didacticism of the stories did not bore me, nor did I have the satisfaction of appreciating the brutal immorality of such persons as Rosamond's mother in her treatment of her luckless and deceived offspring.

But I have spent a long time in getting to Nahant and my summers there. I have drifted away on the sea of literature as I did before on the clipper ships. Neither perhaps is so very distant, for Nahant has been much connected with literature, and from her bold headlands she has watched "the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill" from the days of the long, low boats of the Vikings to the huge steamships throbbing and smoking as they come up out of the ocean or start forth to Europe. A bold, rock-bound peninsula of singular beauty thrust out into the sea between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, the home from the early part of the seventeenth century of a few fishermen and farmers, Nahant at the beginning of the nineteenth century began to draw people from Boston, who sought for life out of doors, by its fine sea air and by the chance for fishing and shooting. In the early twenties gentlemen from Boston built a stone hotel on the extreme point of the peninsula. Cottages followed, built here and there on the bold cliffs and headlands, and the place was fairly launched as a summer resort. It became well known, sharing with Newport the distinction of being one of the first and most famous of New England watering-places. Willis, and later Curtis, described it in prose and Whittier pictured its beauties in verse. Prescott and Longfellow and Agassiz made their homes at Nahant in summer, and Motley and Sumner came there every year. Then Mr. Paran Stevens, forerunner of the promoters and combiners of a later day, cast his eyes upon it and determined that he could make it a great watering-place like Newport, a destiny for which Nahant was too small and altogether unsuited. But this experiment was in full tide when my earliest memory begins. The picturesque stone hotel had given way to a huge wooden barrack containing hundreds of rooms, ugly, tasteless, with no quality but size. A telegraph line was run to Lynn, "hops," bands, and balls were of frequent occurrence, and various attractions were furnished, including Blondin, whom I remember wheeling a man over a tight-rope stretched high across one of the coves which indented the shore. There was a brief period of gayety and success, the hotel was full, and fashion seemed to justify the anticipation of Mr. Stevens. Its fame indeed even travelled across the ocean. On September 7, 1858, Henry Greville writes in his diary: "An amusing letter from Fanny Kemble, dated Nahant, U. S. (a favorite sea-bathing place near Boston), received to-day, says: 'How you would open your eyes and stop your ears if you were here! This enormous house is filled with American women, one prettier than the other, who look like fairies, dress like duchesses or *femmes entretenues*, behave like housemaids and scream like peacocks.'" The glimpse through English eyes is not flattering, but it is vivid and interesting, perhaps not without value even now.

So far as my own knowledge is concerned I remember only dimly that the Olympians of the family used to go to the hotel for various entertainments, that there was music, and that I was taken there once to see Signor Blitz (why Signor?) and his trained canaries. The only other recollection connected with the hotel in its brief hour of splendor is of the first diplomatist I ever saw. I have seen many since those days, some most interesting men, but as a rule I have found them, especially when they were what is called

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Lord Napier, minister from England to the United States in 1857, was very distinctly of the former class. He brought letters to my father, and he and Lady Napier dined often at our house and drove with my mother. A boy of seven notes not at all the appearance of persons so old as to be friends of his parents, but I have been told since that she was charming and handsome. An old photograph which lies before me, despite its imperfections, certainly justifies the latter adjective. There were also two Napier boys, who made a far stronger impression upon my mind than did their parents. I remember playing and fraternizing with them very cheerfully, although I had a wholly vague, but none the less deep-rooted, hostility to England. This feeling was traditional and in the air, but I am sure that I derived mine from my father. He had been in England several times when a young man. I have his passport, issued to him by Governor White, of Louisiana, the father of my friend, the present chief-justice of the United States. My father then lived in Louisiana, where he was engaged in business, but the governor of a State as a source for passports curiously illustrates the alteration in the power and position of the States since the early thirties. He had enjoyed his visits to England, where he was very kindly welcomed by his uncle and cousins, and I never heard him speak harshly of any one whom he met. Nevertheless, he resented deeply the attitude and policy of England toward this country, as well as the contemptuous abuse heaped up on us by her writers, and this resentment became more intense when England's feeling toward us was revealed by her conduct at the beginning of the Civil War. But although my opinions were strong and sound as to Great Britain, I played cheerfully and contentedly with the sons of the minister and found them excellent companions.

The passing glamour of the big hotel, however, was only an incident in the earlier summers that I remember. It was Nahant itself that I cared for. Many, many years afterward Senator Hoar said of me and to me in a speech at Clark University, that I had suffered from one great misfortune—I had not been brought up in the country. I told him after the speech-making was over that I had one great compensation in being brought up by the sea, and he which he had forgotten. The love of the sea which a child acquires who has been reared at its very edge deepens through life, and nothing can ever replace it. I played upon the beaches and on the rocky cliffs; I loved the sea smiling and beautiful in the midsummer heats, and I loved it even more in the great gales of the autumn, when the huge seas broke over the cliffs and ledges, filling me with interest and excitement as I watched them by the hour together.

Nahant not only meant the sea and summer and out-of-door life, but there was no school there, and, instead of lessons, I learned to swim and in time to row and sail a boat, accomplishments really worth having and one of the rare portions of my education which have been of use and pleasure to me my whole life through. There was, too, a certain enchantment about the place—the mystery and magic of the sea, I suppose—and such dreams and imaginings as I had were all connected with Nahant and not with Boston. It is said that Robert Louis Stevenson once declaring that "every child hunted for buried treasure," Henry James replied "that he never had," to which Stevenson made the obvious answer: "Then you have never been a child." I was not at all imaginative, but I constructed an elaborate romance of treasure hidden at Nahant. Little as I knew it then I was in a region peculiarly adapted for such dreams. Captain Kidd and other pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but especially Captain Kidd, are popularly believed to have buried treasure all along the New England coast. As a matter of fact, they probably concealed some of their plunder at various points, for little deposits have been found here and there. The belief, however, was magnificent and wide-spread, even if the treasure was small, scattered, and uncertain. Not far from where I lived, although I never heard of it until much later, at a place called Dungeon Rock, in the Saugus Woods, a worthy family, under the direction of mediums and spirits, slowly and painfully, with hammer and chisel, drove a tunnel into the solid rock in search of a cave where an Indian princess, an Indian chief, and sundry pirates had been imprisoned with all their treasures by a landslide or earthquake, of which geology, differing with the spirits, gave no indication.

The work of these poor people afterward became an attraction to sightseers, and they earned a living by the fees they received for exhibiting the work of their wasted lives.

I also got a glimpse of the Captain Kidd belief many years later. One summer in the eighties a good-looking elderly man came to me and asked permission to dig on my place at Nahant, near East Point, just by the edge of the cliff. He said that the spirits had told him precisely where the treasure was buried in large pots packed in a great chest. Mindful of my own early visions I gave him the required permission, but after his excavation had reached such a size that it began to threaten serious damage I told him to stop and sent him away. He went obediently, but came back at night secretly and dug more and deeper, enlarging the hole to the serious distress of my gardener, but naturally finding nothing. He was a fine-looking, sturdy man who had worked all his life as a bridge-builder and contractor, and his hard-earned savings were all being absorbed by crafty mediums who were encouraging him in his search for buried treasure.

I have wandered far from my own early imaginings, which were as innocent of any knowledge of Kidd and eleventh-century buccaneers as they were of spiritual manifestations and designing mediums. Mine was simply the boy's dream of buried treasure. I made up my mind that on the side of one of the cliffs near the house where I then lived there was a cave which had been closed up by the fall of a rock suggested by a long crack and a projecting shelf. I fixed the place in my memory by slipping there one day when I was pounding the rock, and as I fell I brought my teeth sharply together, biting clean through my tongue, an incident as real as my cave was imaginary and a good deal more painful. But although I made no impression on the hard surface of the rock, I pictured the cave and fitted it up and filled it with treasure in my own mind, greatly to my own satisfaction. I became finally so pleased with my invention that I confided an account of it to my companion and contemporary, Sturgis Bigelow. He was so interested that I gave him to understand that I had seen all these wonders, and I produced an old and rusty shot-gun which I had found in the garret as something which I had brought from the cave. He was duly impressed, so much so indeed that he told his father and then informed me that his father said that there was no such cave and that the gun had probably belonged to my grandfather. What defence I made I do not remember, but this unpleasant scepticism not only impaired my reputation for truth but wrecked my own belief, and I do not recall that I sought further to develop my cave, which was a loss I have never ceased to deplore. My only other attempt to carry out my dreams of buried treasure had an equally unfortunate ending. Russell Sullivan and I and one or two other boys put some of our hard-gotten quarters and half dollars in a small box and buried it deeply in a sand bank which ran along the edge of the marshes where Arlington Street now is. Then from time to time we would go secretly and mysteriously and dig up the box and examine it. The pleasure of this performance is almost as hard to explain as that of Stevenson's "Lantern Bearers," but I can testify that it was quite as real and quite as exciting. One sad day, however, we found that our box had been broken open and rifled. Sullivan and I, quite unjustly I think, suspected one of our fellow treasure-hiders and treated him with marked coolness. I am inclined to believe that some more practical treasure-seeker from the "South Cove" had observed our movements and had profited accordingly. But in any event this melancholy experience terminated my effort to acquire or to pretend to acquire buried treasure.

These memories of my first ten years all melt together. I cannot pick them apart and date them as some more fortunate writers of reminiscences seem able to do. I can only give them in mass as they arise before me out of the dead years. But some of the figures of that time stand forth very clearly before my mental vision, both those who made my little world and those whom I afterward knew to be of great importance in the larger world of men and whom I still distinguish salient and defined despite the uncertain and fluctuating lights of one's earlier memories.

I have already spoken of my father who was so much to me as companion and friend. Next in the household was my grandfather, Henry Cabot, for whom I was named. He was over seventy when I first recall him clearly, a tall, erect, very fine-

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or feebleness. He went to his club (the old Temple Club) and down town every day, although he had no business, having long since retired from the bar, and he was a great theatre-goer. When not at the theatre he was always at home in the evenings and used to sit up very late, reading, as I was told. He certainly got up late in the morning and I seldom saw him without a book. It seemed to me as if he knew everybody and that everybody knew him. His friends were constantly coming to see him. I thought at the time that they were all of his age, which I regarded as enormous. I learned later that some of them were young men, the fact being that he was a very agreeable and charming man who attracted both young and old. He had, as I look back on it, most perfect manners. He left the reputation of an excellent talker, but of that I could not judge. He was always very kind to me, but I looked up to him with awe, for he impressed me with an air of distinction which I could not have defined then, but which I fully realize now. I do not know why I had a feeling of awe, for he was always most gentle in his manner, and as he had a way, if I asked him for money, of pulling out a handful of change and letting me take my choice among the coins I felt a peculiar affection for a method of giving quite unexampled in my experience. I used to try his patience, I fear, by getting him to tell me how he hid under the sideboard and watched Washington at breakfast with his father when the President stopped at my great-grandfather's house in Beverly, on his journey through New England in 1789.

Many years afterward there came to me in a curious way a written reminder of this little incident which had strangely enough escaped destruction. When I wrote my memoir of George Cabot in 1876 I went carefully through the Washington papers in the State Department and took copies of all the correspondence between Washington and Mr. Cabot. I did not find anything relating to the Beverly visit, nor indeed was there any reason why I should have found anything. Some fifteen years later my friend, William Endicott, then in the Department of Justice, was directed to examine all the papers in the archives relating to the acquisition of the District of Washington in order to settle some question which had arisen in regard to the title to the Potomac flats. There was an immense mass of papers, including many letters from Washington, all official and all relating to the establishment of the Federal city. Yet in this unlikely company Mr. Endicott found my great-grandfather's letter inviting Washington to stop at his house in Beverly. Washington preserved everything, but how this little note from a friend had strayed into such a collection has never been explained. I will give it here because it is connected with my story and because it seems to me to have the pleasant grace of the elder day when Horace Walpole was writing letters and Gibbon was telling the story of the Roman Empire.

BEVERLY,
October 24, 1789.

SIR: The public papers having announced "that the President of the United States is on his way to Portsmouth in New Hampshire," it immediately occurred to me that your route would be through *this village*, and that you might find it convenient to stop here and take a little rest: should this prove to be the case, permit me, Sir, to hope for your acceptance of such accomodation and refreshment as can be furnished in my humble dwelling, where two or three beds would be at your disposal.

I am fully aware that by indulging this hope I expose myself to the imputation of vanity as well as ambition and therefore should hardly dare to have my conduct tried by the cool maxims of the head alone, but would rather refer it to the dictates of my heart, which, in the most affecting concerns of life, I believe to be a sure guide to what is right.

I have the honor, Sir, to be with sentiments of the most profound respect

your devoted and most obedient servant

GEORGE CABOT

The President of the United States

I have always liked since to think, as I have recalled this trifling anecdote, that I have known and talked with some one who had seen Washington. But this was the only incident of the past I ever extracted from my grandfather. I used to importune him to tell me stories of the distant time

when he was a boy and especially all about his father. I remember well his kindly refusal and his then adding: "My boy, we do not talk about family in this country. It is enough for you to know that your grandfather was an honest man." It is a regret to me now that I never could get more from him, for he had seen much of the world and had known many interesting people. He entered Harvard in the class of 1800, but became involved in one of the absurd outbreaks common in those days and known as college rebellions, and did not graduate. He was at Cambridge long enough, however, to be a member of the Porcellian Club, and I remember how glad I was to find his name on the list when I became a member of the club myself, more than seventy years later. Washington Allston was in the same class, and my grandfather kept up his friendship with him always.

Mr. Cabot was also a life-long friend of Daniel Webster, personally as well as politically. They were both fond of gun and rod, and I have a long letter from Webster telling my grandfather about a day's fishing and describing the trout he had caught. My grandfather had Webster's signature appended to some other bits of paper less valuable than this delightful letter, which I think worth giving for the glimpse that it affords of the sport of many years ago:

SANDWICH, *June* 4,
Saturday mor'g
6 o'clock

DEAR SIR: I send you eight or nine brook trout, which I took yesterday, in that chief of all brooks, Mashpee. I made a long day of it, and with good success, for me. John was with me, full of good advice, but did not fish—nor carry a rod.

I took 26 trouts, all weighing . .	17 lb 12 oz.
The largest (you have him) weighed at Crokers	2 " 4 "
The 5 largest	3 " 5 "
The eight largest	11 " 8 "

I got these by following your advice; that is, *by careful & thorough* fishing of the difficult places, which others do not fish. The brook is fished, nearly every day. I entered it, not so high up as we sometime do, between 7 & 8 o'clock, & at 12 was hardly more than half way down to the meeting-house path. You see I did not hurry. The day did not hold out to fish the whole brook properly. The largest trout I took at 3 P. M. (you see I am precise) below the meeting-house, under a bush on the right bank, two or three rods below the large *beeches*. It is singular, that in the whole day, I did not take two trouts out of the same hole. I found both ends, or parts of the Brook about equally productive. Small fish not plenty, in either. So many hooks get everything which is not hid away in the manner large trouts take care of themselves. I hooked one, which I suppose to be larger than any which I took, as he broke my line, by fair pulling, after I had pulled him out of his den, & was playing him in fair open water.

Of what I send you, I pray you keep what you wish yourself, send three to Mr. Ticknor, & three to Dr. Warren; or two of the larger ones, to each will perhaps be enough—& if there be any left, there is Mr. Callender & Mr. Blake, & Mr. Davis, either of them not "averse to fish." Pray let Mr. Davis *see* them—especially the large one—As he promised to come, & fell back, I desire to excite his regrets. I hope you will have the large one on your own table.

The day was fine—not another hook in the Brook. John steady as a judge—and everything else exactly right. I never, on the whole, had so agreeable a day's fishing tho' the result, in pound or numbers, is not great;—nor ever expect such another.

Please preserve this letter; but rehearse not these particulars to the uninitiated.

I think the Limerick *not* the best hook. Whether it pricks too soon, or for what other reason, I found or thought I found the fish more likely to let go his hold, from this, than from the old fashioned hook.

Yrs.

D. WEBSTER.

H. CABOT, *Esq.*

Among the people who came constantly to the house I well remember Charles Sumner. He was the friend of my grandfather and of my father, too. When respectable Boston shut its doors upon him on account of his course upon slavery our house and that of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, as Mr. Adams himself told me, were the only ones still kept open to him. He came frequently to dinner when he was at home and passed several weeks with us always at Nahant, a habit which he maintained until his death.

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But in those first ten years he is only a figure in memory—tall, solemn, impressive, and looked at by me with distant awe. He is vivid to me in that period upon only one occasion, and then he stands out on the background of memory very sharply indeed. It was not long after Preston Brooks's attack upon him in the Senate chamber, of which I knew nothing at the time. My memory is merely that one afternoon my father took me to the State House to the point which was then the corner of Mount Vernon and Beacon Streets. He lifted me up and placed me on the coping of the terrace wall so that I could look over the heads of those about us. Thence I saw a crowd stretching far away and filling the streets in every direction. Presently an open carriage drove up with some gentlemen seated in it and stopped near the spot where I was placed. Then a tall man, who I knew was Mr. Sumner, stood up in the carriage and at the sight of him a shout rose from that crowd the like of which I have never heard since, and I have heard, in the course of my life, many crowds, and some mobs, cheer and yell. Then memory drops the curtain and I remember no more. In after years I spoke of this recollection many times, both to my family and to others, but nobody seemed to recall the incident and I began to think that it was all a trick of memory, which is so fond of tricks. At last Mr. Pierce's biography appeared, and there at the proper point appeared an account of the scene which I remembered. Years afterward I found among my mother's papers a copy of the *Boston Atlas* for Tuesday, November 4, 1856. In that veracious chronicle I read that Mr. Sumner had passed the previous Sunday at the house of Mr. Lawrence in Brookline. The next day he drove to the Roxbury line, where he was received by the mayor and Mr. Quincy. There the procession was formed and marched to the State House. Then the reporter continues: "The scene at the State House was beyond description. The area in front, the long range of steps leading to the capitol, the capitol itself, the streets in the vicinity, the houses, even to the roofs, were packed with human beings. The assembled thousands greeted him with long-continued cheering." Of what followed, according to the newspaper, such as a speech by the governor and the like suitable performances, I remember nothing. But I can still see the tall figure standing up in the carriage; I can still hear the shout of the crowd, and I know now why that cheering, as the *Atlas* called it, branded itself on my young memory. It was the note of fierceness in it, of deep-seated anger, the cry for vengeance of a people who had been insulted, outraged, and wronged. It would have been well for the South if that scene and sound had made the same impression upon the Southern people which it made upon the boy of six, although I fear that they would have understood it as little as I did. Yet it might conceivably have caused them to think, a useful exercise in which they did not much indulge in those bitter days.

Some time afterward—it must have been in 1859 or 1860, because the scene was not in Winthrop Place but in our new house on Beacon Street—Mr. Sumner, who had been in Europe, came, as was his habit, to dine with us. In the middle of the dinner he arose from his chair and stretched himself upon the sofa because the pain in his back was so severe that he could not sit up longer without resting himself. He never fully recovered, I think, from the effects of the assault, for the spine was more or less affected.

Thus it came about that my first impressions of politics were tragic, and I imbibed in this way an intense hatred of slavery, which I connected with Southerners and Democrats. The details were misty and the reasoning vague, but the sentiment was vigorous and the general result fairly accurate.

Another figure that I recall in the Winthrop Place days was Rufus Choate, sometime Whig Senator from Massachusetts, always a great lawyer and advocate, a speaker of remarkable originality and compelling eloquence, a real scholar and a man of exceptional brilliancy and charm. He lived near us in Winthrop Place, and one evening in early summer, when my bedtime was drawing on, the maid said to me as we sat by the window: "There is Mr. Choate." I looked and saw a tall man with black hair and dark, deep-set eyes stroll slowly by, his hat pushed back and his coat-sleeves drawn up as if for coolness. That is all, and as it stands it is not a very interesting contribution to our knowledge of Mr. Choate, and yet that his figure should be vivid to me across all these years, that a

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single glimpse of him should have left such a lasting picture on a child's mind, shows, I think, what striking qualities the man must have had, so impalpable and yet so powerful that, piercing the vesture of decay, they fastened themselves indelibly upon the memory of a little boy. I do not remember ever seeing Mr. Choate again, and this one vision of him must have been shortly before his death, as he died prematurely in 1859. It is rather odd that I do not recall him on other occasions, for my father greatly admired Mr. Choate and we all knew the family well. A cousin of mine much older than I married one of Mr. Choate's daughters, and in after years, through which their friendship has been one of my best possessions, I have seen in her and in her sister, Mrs. Bell, the charm, the cleverness, the brilliancy, and the unending humor for which Mr. Choate was famous.

Mr. Choate's power with juries was universally known in his lifetime, but this side of a great lawyer's career is unfortunately evanescent, like the glories of great actors, which of necessity rest only upon tradition and upon what was written about them by their contemporaries. I was, of course, born too late to have seen Mr. Choate before a jury or to have heard him speak in public, but his reputation was still all-pervading at the bar when I studied law, and from the lawyers of that day and from his memoirs I have come to the conclusion, after comparison with the accounts of other great lawyers, that he ranks with Erskine and men of that class, and that he has never been surpassed before a jury except by Webster in the single speech at the White murder trial. Mr. Choate left behind him not only this great reputation, but also countless anecdotes of his wit and humor and picturesque habit of speech. These, for the most part, have been published, but there are one or two of the many I have heard which I think are not in print and are certainly not well known.

There was a story famous in its day of Mr. Choate cross-examining a man who had turned State's evidence against his companions, who were charged with murder on the high seas and whom Mr. Choate was defending. This man was the most important witness for the government, and Mr. Choate drew out of him the story of how the murder was planned and then asked: "How did they induce you to join?" "Why," said the witness, "they told me that we should be all right because, even if we were caught, there was a man in Boston named Choate who would get us off if we were found with the money in our boots." There was a roar of laughter in the court-room, and at this point the story always stopped. An eye-witness told me that Mr. Choate waited perfectly undisturbed until the laugh had subsided, then proceeded, and working on the reply just made, broke the witness down and greatly impaired the weight of his testimony. In fact, I believe that he secured the acquittal of his client.

In after years I never met, or heard of or from, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the eminent historian of the Constitution, who was always very civil to me, without Mr. Choate's remark about him forcing itself upon my mind: "There are some men whom we hate for cause and some peremptorily. I hate George Ticknor Curtis in both ways. I never want to see him again—except from a window and in a procession."

Another story which was always a favorite of mine, because the touch was so light, was that relating to a client in a great patent suit. After the junior counsel had thoroughly prepared the case he took the client, who wished to state his case to Mr. Choate personally, to see the senior counsel. The client began: "Of course, Mr. Choate, you understand the principle of the Jacquard loom?" "Certainly," said Mr. Choate, who had never heard of the loom before in his life; "of course, of course. But assume for the moment that I do not understand the principle of the Jacquard loom and expound it to me as a preliminary."

There is one more story, and it shall be the last, which I am sure has never been printed and which I heard in a curious way. When I was in Congress, General Butler, whom I had fought for years politically and whom I had never met, came one morning into the House. I happened to be passing near where he was standing and Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, stopped me and introduced me to him. After a few words General Butler asked us to come over to his house, which was near the Capitol and is now the office of the Coast Survey, and lunch with him. We had a very pleasant luncheon, but the one thing in the conver-

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sation which I remember was this story of Choate. It was apropos of a certain claimant who just then had a bill before Congress to pay him for some improvement in rifles which he had made at the time of the war. "He was always inventing things," said General Butler. "When he was a young man he invented some baking machinery and set up a factory equipped with it in New Hampshire. The invention wasn't worth a damn, and the concern failed, and, of course [I liked General Butler's 'of course' at this point], it burned down. The insurance companies refused to pay, and the claimant retained Mr. Choate and me to sue them. I took charge of the case, but the claimant insisted on seeing Mr. Choate, and so one day I took him to Mr. Choate's office and the claimant told his story. When he had gone I said to Mr. Choate: 'What a liar our client is.' Mr. Choate said, looking at me with his melancholy eyes: 'I would not say that, Mr. Butler; call him an inventor rather.'"

I have again wandered far from my early days, but Mr. Choate is always a temptation whenever one speaks or writes of him, and his early death prevented my ever knowing him after I had grown up.

With Mr. Motley (the historian) the case is different. He stands out very distinctly among my earliest memories, and I came to know him very well in later years. He and Mrs. Motley were intimate friends of my grandfather and of my father and mother. I used to call them "uncle" and "aunt," although there was no relationship, and when they were not in Europe they, with their daughters, used to pass several weeks with us every summer at Nahant. Mrs. Motley was a very handsome woman, strong in her affections and her dislikes, enthusiastic, earnest, and full of charm and fascination. I know that she charmed a small boy who became very fond of her, and years only served to confirm the boy's opinion. Mr. Motley I used to look at in those days with round eyes and loved to hear him talk, although naturally I did not understand very well all that he said; but he was so handsome, so spirited, with such an exciting and inspiring manner, that he compelled the vagrant attention even of a boy to whom the "Dutch Republic" and the "Beggars of the Sea" then first appeared above the mental horizon.

Mr. Longfellow lived at Nahant and I saw him from earliest boyhood, but for some reason not explicable now he did not become real to me, although I knew many of his poems, until much later. On the other hand, Mr. Agassiz is one of my earliest and strongest remembrances. This was the case partly, I suppose, because Mrs. Agassiz was an intimate friend of my mother, partly because my sister went to M. Agassiz's school in Cambridge, but chiefly, I think, because whenever a strange fish was caught off our shores my father always said that he was going to show it to Mr. Agassiz, who would know all about it. This struck me as an evidence of surprising wisdom, as indeed it was, although I did not know that it implied that the question was to be asked of the greatest living authority on fishes, past or present. Moreover, Mr. Agassiz was a man who impressed a boy just as he did every one who came in contact with him. His fluent English with the marked French accent, quite strange to a child; the atmosphere of strength, both physical and mental, which seemed to pervade him; the large, genial, kindly presence, the sense of power; all alike were at once imposing and reassuring, leaving a mark on the young memory not to be effaced.

I cannot recall the time when Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician and a professor at Cambridge, was not at once familiar and impressive to me. Mrs. Peirce was a cousin of my mother and the "Professor" was constantly at our house. His successful criticism of Leverrier's computations of the variations of Uranus and his discovery of the fluidity of Saturn's rings had already made him famous and laid the foundation of that international reputation to which the long list of honors conferred upon him by foreign societies, as duly set forth in the Harvard catalogue, bears imposing witness. Of all this I knew nothing then, and the names of his mathematical achievements are all that I have learned since. But he made a profound impression on my imagination. I heard him spoken of always with admiration, and I gathered that he was a man of vast and mysterious knowledge, not understood by most people, which was true enough, but the effect on my mind was to make me regard him as a species of necromancer or magician. His ap-

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black hair very long, after the fashion of his youth. He had a noble leonine head and dark, deep-set eyes. His voice had a peculiar quality without any metallic or ringing note, but as if slightly veiled, and very attractive for some reason which I have never clearly defined. Altogether he had a fascination which even a child felt, and all the more because he was full of humor, with an abounding love of nonsense, one of the best of human possessions in this vale of tears. I know that I was always delighted to see him, because he was so gentle, so kind, so full of jokes with me and "so funny." As time went on I came as a man to know him well and to value him more justly, but the love of the child, and the sense of fascination which the child felt, only grew with the years.

Among the companions of my uncle, George Cabot, at the Latin School, was John Fitzpatrick, who became greatly attached to my uncle and kept up his friendship with our family after the latter's early death. Fitzpatrick rose to be Bishop of Boston, which was far from being then the Irish and Catholic city it has since become. He was known to every one as "Bishop John," and was a most excellent man, very popular and greatly beloved. He came a great deal to our house, especially in summer, for there was no Roman Catholic Church at Nahant then, and he or Father, afterward Bishop, Healey used to celebrate an early mass in our church, of which my father was warden and treasurer. Bishop "John" was not only very kind to me but the best of companions, genial, affectionate, and sympathetic. He had a great regard for my father, who used to help him very liberally with his poor people and was especially generous to the orphan asylum, for whose head, Sister Ann Alexis, he had deep admiration.

. Yet another whom I remember well at that time was Dr. Henry Bigelow, the father of my friend, Sturgis Bigelow. He belonged, in common with my own parents and all those of my friends generally, to what Mr. Kenneth Grahame has so happily called the "Olympians," the grown-up persons who wield a despotic, unquestioned, and unreasoning authority over the destinies of small boys. But I distinguished him as different from the others, not merely with admiration, but because of the personal impression he made upon me. He was an ardent sportsman and his house was full of dogs and guns and firearms of all descriptions, which were, of course, irresistibly alluring to any properly constituted boy. But there was something about the man himself which makes him stand out in the past as I try to revive the boyish recollections. I think it was mainly his extraordinary clearness of statement, the feeling of finality in all he said, qualities which always give a sense of power and mastery. I knew of course that he was a doctor. I did not know that he was the greatest surgeon of the day in our country. Still less did I know, what many, many years after I was to learn, that by his introduction of the system of reducing dislocations of the hip by manipulation and by his revolution, then in the distant future, in the operation of lithotrity he was to relieve an incalculable amount of human suffering. I say that I came to know these facts, but they are not generally known even by the people who have profited by them. The great physicians and surgeons, who by their discoveries and their self-sacrifice have done more than all others to mitigate the physical miseries of humanity, are less recognized and remembered, I have often thought, than any other benefactors of the race. Their names may have an unpleasant association with a disease or an operation, but they themselves pass out of sight, although the lives they led and the work they did, and their observation of human nature, are more interesting than those of many of the men about whom volumes have been written. In Dr. Bigelow, whom I knew well and saw constantly until his death in 1890, there was also a remarkable dexterity and lucidity of mind, as well as a capacity for rapid and brilliant generalization, which as a boy I always felt while listening to him and which as a man I could define and appreciate.

Such were the men, seen by me now in the backward look, who impressed me in those early years as in some undefined way more interesting than the rest, and who were to my mind in their effect upon me or in what I heard of greater importance than others. Yet this serious sense of their importance, although strongly felt, did not put

them at all in the class of those who were heroes to me at that moment. It merely set them apart. My heroes then were at once nearer and better understood, more familiar and more admired.

The event in which I think I felt the most passionate interest at that time was the great fight between Heenan and Sayers. The manner in which the English crowd broke the ropes, when Heenan had finally got Sayers in chancery and in another minute would have broken his neck or won the fight, filled me with an anger which I still think just, but at which I now smile and wonder. It seemed to me that no greater injustice had ever been committed than this act of violence, which led to the declaration that it was a drawn fight. It was my first experience of what is called fair play in England, and I do not think that I ever wholly recovered from it, although I have seen so many instances of it since that I have come to appreciate what it means. From this vivid recollection of the famous battle it may be gathered what sort of persons appeared really heroic to me when I was a small boy. They were men whose feats were chiefly physical, great prize-fighters, athletes, riders, hunters, and adventurers by sea and land, of whom I read, and their more humble exemplars in the stable, by the river, or on the playing-field, with whom I loved to associate and whom I watched admiringly from a distance.

(To be continued.)

THE EARLY DIVE

By Alice Blaine Damrosch

A BLEAK, flat space of autumn lake,
The red rim of the autumn shore
Ghost-lighted by the pallid rays
Of autumn sun thin veiled in haze,
That slowly seeks to clamber o'er
The heavens, now but half awake.

I fear the quiet, magic art,
I hate the waters lying there
So dark, so icy cold, and still,
I have not strength, I have not will
To hurl my body in the air,
And then down, down into its heart.

One moment long my feet I press
Upon the gritty rock in dread.
Below, the waters call—repel—
I long to leap, I cannot tell
What keeps me, high above my head
My arms outstretched are motionless.

Now of a sudden all my fears
Drop from me, and I leap on high,
Far from the rock, far into space,
The cold air rushes past my face,
The waters cleave to let me by,
The bubbles gurgle in my ears.

I'm up again, the waters sing,
I beat them, buffet them, in play,
My blood has changed to glowing wine,
The world laughs and the world is mine,
God has granted one more day,
I own that day, and I am king!

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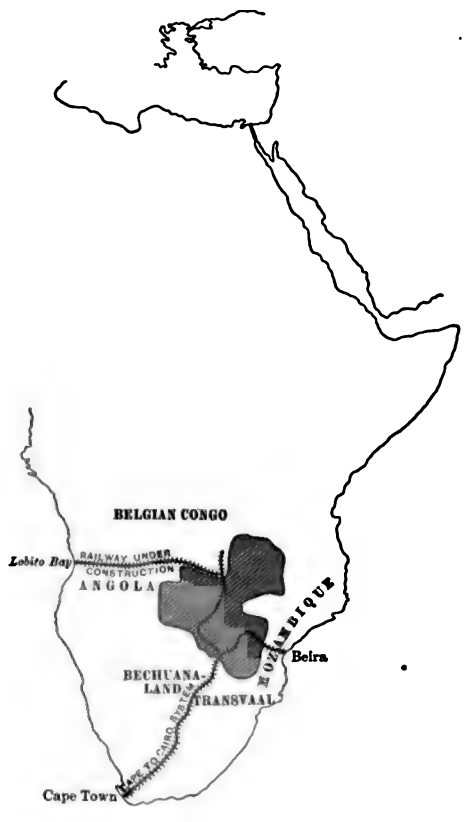
THE LAST FRONTIER

By E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN the penniless younger son of the English society play is jilted by the luxury-loving heroine, he invariably packs his portmanteau and betakes himself to Rhodesia to make his fortune. Fifty years ago he sought the golden fleece in California; thirty years ago he took passage by P. & O. boat for the Australian diggings; ten years ago he helped to swell the mad rush to the Yukon; to-day his journey's end is the newest of the great, new nations—Rhodesia. He returns in the fourth act, broad-hatted, bronzed, and boisterous, to announce that he is the owner of a ten-thousand-acre farm, or a diamond field, or a gold mine, or all of them, and that he has come home to find a girl to share his farm-house on the Rhodesian veldt, where good cooking is more essential in a wife than good clothes and a good complexion.



Sketch map showing Rhodesia and its railway systems.

Now, beyond having a vague idea that Rhodesia is a frontier country somewhere at the back of beyond, there is only about one in every fifty of the audience who has any definite notion where or what it really is. Picture, then, if you can, a territory about the size of all the Atlantic States, from Florida to Maine, put together, with the dry, dusty, sunny climate of Southern California and the fertile, rolling, well-watered and well-wooded surface of Indiana; picture such a country dropped down in the heart of equatorial Africa—that is Rhodesia. It lies a little above and to the right of that speckled yellow patch on the map of Africa which was labelled in our school geographies the Kalahari Desert. Bearing the name of the great empire-builder is the whole of that region which is bounded on the north by the Congo and the sleeping sickness, on the east by Mozambique and the blackwater fever, on the west by Angola and the cocoa atrocities, and on the south by the Transvaal and the discontented Dutch. It is watered by the Limpopo, which forms its southernmost boundary; by the Zambezi, which separates Southern Rhodesia from the north-east and north-west provinces; and by the innumerable streams which unite to form the Congo.

When the railway which English concessionaires are now pushing inland from the coast of Angola to the Zambezi is completed, the front door to Rhodesia will be Lobito Bay, thus bringing Bulawayo within

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The disembarking passenger is put into a cylindrical, elongated basket when landing at Beira.

sixteen days of Trafalgar Square by boat and rail. At present, however, the country must be entered through the cellar, which means Cape Town and a railway journey of fourteen hundred miles; or by the side door at Beira, a fever-stricken Portuguese town on the East Coast, which is fortunate in being but a night's journey by rail from the Rhodesian frontier and is, in consequence, the gateway through which British jams, American harvesters, and German jackknives are opening up inner Africa to foreign exploitation.

The Rhodesia-bound traveller who escapes landing at Beira in a basket is fortunate, for it has a poorly sheltered harbor and neither dock, jetty, nor wharf, so that in the monsoon months, when the great combers come roaring in from the Indian Ocean mountain-high, there is about as much chance of getting the steam tender alongside the rolling liner as there is of getting a frightened horse alongside a panting automobile. If a dangerous sea is running, the disembarking passenger is put into a cylindrical, elongated basket, a sort of enlarged edition of those used for soiled towels in the lavatories of hotels; a wheezing donkey-engine swings it up and outward and, if the man at the lever calculates the roll of the ship correctly, drops it with a thud on the deck of the tender plunging off-side.

Built on a stretch of sun-baked sand, between a miasmal jungle and the sea, Beira is the hottest and unhealthiest place in all East Africa. "It is one of the places that the Lord has overlooked," remarked a sallow-faced resident, as he took his hourly dose of quinine. Even the paid-to-be-enthusiastic author of the steamship company's glowing booklet hesitates at depicting this fever-stricken, sun-scorched, sand-suffocated capital of Mozambique, contenting himself with the noncommittal statement that "it is indescribable; it is just

Scene in Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia.

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Beira." The town has but three attractions: a broad-verandaed hotel where they charge you forty cents for a lemonade with no ice in it; a golf course, laid out by a newly arrived Englishman, who died of sunstroke the first day he played on it; and a trolley system which makes every resident the terminus of the railway, and from which, in answer to my anxious queries, I was assured that a train departed twice weekly for Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia. I used to sit on the veranda of the hotel and stare across the stretch of burning sand at that wretched station as longingly as

Typical Rhodesian scenery. View in the Inyanga Mountains, Southern Rhodesia.

the owner of his own street car. The heat in Beira being too great to permit of walking —a shaded thermometer not infrequently climbs to one hundred and twenty degrees; the streets being too deep in sand for the use of vehicles; and the tsetse fly killing off horses in a few days, those European traders and officials who are condemned to dwell in Beira get about in "trolleys" of their own. These two-seated, hooded conveyances, which are a sort of cross between a hand-car, a baby-carriage, and the wheeled chairs on the Board Walk at Atlantic City, are pushed by half-naked and perspiring natives over a track which extends from one end of the town to the other and with sidings into every man's front yard. It struck me, however, that the most interesting thing in Beira was the corrugated-iron shanty and the stretch of wooden platfrom which marks the small boy stares at the red numeral on the calendar which indicates the Fourth of July.

A temperature of one hundred and eighteen degrees in my compartment of the sleeping-car; miasma rising in cloud wreaths from the jungle; a station platform, alive with slovenly Portuguese soldiers with faces as yellow as their uniforms, helmeted, gaunt-cheeked traders and officials and cotton-clad Swahilis comprised my last recollection of Beira and the terrible East Coast. The next morning I awoke in my compartment shivering, not from fever, but from cold. Gone, as though in a bad dream, were the glaring sands, the steaming jungle, and the sallow, fever-racked men. Instead, my car window framed a picture of rolling, grass-covered uplands, dotted here and there with herds

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of grazing cattle and substantial, white-washed farm-houses, while back of all was the gray-blue of distant mountains. As I looked at the transformed landscape incredulously, the train halted at a way-station swarming with broad-hatted, flannel-shirted, sun-tanned men with clean-cut Anglo-Saxon faces. A row of saddle-horses were tied to the station fence while their owners stamped up and down the platform impatiently, awaiting the sorting of the infrequent mail from home; a democrat wagon and a clumsy Cape cart were drawn up in the roadway; and at a house close by a woman in a sunbonnet was feeding chickens. "Where are we?" I inquired of the guard, as he passed through the train. "We're just into Rhodesia now, sir," said he, touching his cap. "This is Umtali, in Mashonaland." (Now, if I had asked that same question of a brakeman on one of our own railways, he would probably have answered, with the independence of his kind: "Can't you read the sign on the station for yourself?") "Surely there must be some mistake," I said to myself. "This cannot be Central Africa, for where are the impenetrable jungles through which Livingstone cut his way, the savage animals which Du Chaillu shot, and the naked savages with whom Stanley alternately battled and bartered? This is not Africa; this is our own West, with its men in corduroy and sombreros and its women in gingham, with its open, rolling prairies and its air like dry champagne." Indeed, throughout my stay in Rhodesia I could not rid myself of the impression that I was back in the American West of thirty years ago, before the pioneer, the prospector, and the cow-puncher had retreated before the advance of the railway, the harvester, and the motor-car.

The story of the taking and making of Rhodesia forms one of the most picturesque and thrilling chapters in the history of England's colonial expansion. About the time that the nineteenth century had reached its turning point, a strange tale, passing by word of mouth from native kraal to native kraal, came at last to the ears of a Scotch worker in the mission field of Bechuanaland. It was a tale of a water-fall somewhere in the jungles of the distant north; a water-fall so mighty, declared the natives, that the spray from it looked like a storm cloud on the horizon and the thunder of its waters could be heard four days' trek away. So the missionary, wearied with the tedium of proselyting amid a peaceful people and restless with the curiosity of the born explorer, set out on a long and lonely march to the northward, through a country which no white man's eyes had ever seen. It took him three years to reach the falls for which he started, but when at last he stood upon the brink of the canyon and looked down upon the waters of the Zambezi as they hurtled over four hundred feet of sheerest cliff, he was so awed by their majesty and their beauty that he named them after Victoria, the young English queen. Before he left the missionary-explorer carved his name on the trunk of a near-by tree, where it can be seen to-day; the name is David Livingstone.

For a quarter of a century the regions adjacent to the Zambezi were disturbed only by migratory bands of natives and marauding animals. Then Stanley came with his mile-long caravan of porters, halting long enough to explore and map the region, on his historic march from coast to coast. In the middle '80s a bulky, thickset, shabbily clad prospector, trekking through the country with a single wagon, found that for which he was seeking—gold. Likewise he saw that its verdure-clad prairies would support many cattle and that its virgin soil was adapted for many kinds of crops; that it was, in short, a white man's country. Unarmed and unaccompanied, he penetrated to the kraal of Lobenguela, the chief of the warlike Matabele, who occupied the region, and induced him to sign a treaty placing his country under British protection. The price paid him was five hundred dollars a month and a thousand antiquated rifles; cheap enough, surely, for a territory three times the size of Texas and as rich in natural resources as California. A year later the British South Africa Company, a corporation capitalized at thirty million dollars, under a charter granted by the Imperial Government, began the work of exploiting the concession; naming it, properly enough, after Cecil John Rhodes, the lone prospector who, with the vision of a prophet, had foreseen its possibilities, and by whose unaided efforts it had been obtained. Such was the first step in Rhodes's policy of British expansion northward; a policy so successful that in his own lifetime he saw

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Victoria Falls.

When he looked down upon the waters of the Zambezi . . . he was so awed by their majesty . . . that he named them after Victoria, the young English queen.—Page 328.

the frontiers of British Africa pushed from the Orange River to the Nile.

To hand over a colonial possession, its inhabitants and its resources, to be administered and exploited by a private corporation, sounds like a strange proceeding to American ears. Imagine turning the Philippines over to the Standard Oil Company and giving that corporation permission to appoint its own officials, make its own laws, assess its own taxes, and maintain its own military force in those islands. That, roughly speaking, was about what England did when she turned Rhodesia over to the chartered company. It should be remembered, however, that, beginning when the European nations were entering upon an era of economic exploration of hitherto vir-

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gin territories, these chartered companies have played a large part in the history of colonization in general and in the upbuilding of the British Empire in particular, though in the great majority of cases it was trade, not empire, at which they aimed. Warned, however, by the fashion in which the East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company abused their power, the British Government keeps a jealous eye on the activities of the Rhodesian concessionaires, their charter, while conferring broad trading privileges and great administrative powers, differing from earlier instruments in neither delegating sovereignty nor granting an exclusive monopoly.

"Groote Schur," the home of Cecil Rhodes, near Cape Town, now the residence of General Botha, Prime Minister of South Africa.

The Rhodesia protectorate is the result of the consolidation of four great native kingdoms: Mashonaland in the south-east, Matabeleland in the south-west, Barotseland in the north-west, and in the north-east a portion of the now separately administered protectorate of Nyassaland. Practically the whole country is an elevated veldt, or plateau, ranging from three thousand five hundred to five thousand feet above sea-level; studded with granite kopjes which in the south attain to the dignity of a mountain chain; well watered by tributaries of the Congo, the Zambezi, and the Limpopo; and covered with a luxuriant vegetation. Like California, *Southern* Rhodesia has a unique and hospitable climate, free from the dangerous heats of an African summer or from cold winds in winter. Though the climate of nearly all of Southern Rhodesia is suitable for Europeans, much of the trans-Zambezi provinces, especially along the river valleys and in the low-lying, swampy regions near the great equatorial lakes, reeks with malaria, while in certain other areas, now carefully delimited and guarded by governmental regulation, the tsetse fly commits terrible ravages among cattle and horses and the sleeping sickness among men. The climate as a whole, however, is characterized by a rather remarkable equability of temperature, especially when it is remembered that Rhodesia ex-

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Bulawayo, showing Main Street and the statue of Cecil Rhodes in the middle distance.

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tends from the borders of the temperate zone to within a few degrees of the equator. At Salisbury, the capital, for example, the mean July temperature is 57.5° and for January 70.5°, the extremes for the year ranging from 34° to 93°. It is a significant fact, however, that the glowing prospectuses of the chartered company touch but lightly on the climatic conditions which prevail north of the Zambezi, a region from which, it struck me, the European settler who does not possess a system that is proof against every form of tropical fever, a head that is proof against sunstroke, and a mind which is proof against that ofttimes fatal form of homesickness which the army surgeons call nostalgia, is much more likely to go home in a coffin than in a cabin de luxe.

Barotse native police and white officer, Northern Rhodesia.

In mines of gold, of silver, of coal, and of diamonds Rhodesia is very rich; agriculturally it is very fertile, for in addition to the native crops of rice, tobacco, cotton, and india-rubber, the fruits, vegetables, and cereals of Europe and America are profitably grown. The great fields of maize, or "mealies," as all South Africans call it, through which my train frequently passed, constantly reminded me of scenes in our own "corn belt"; but in the watch-towers which rise from every corn-field, atop of which an armed Kaffir sits day and night to protect the crops from the raids of wild pigs and baboons, Rhodesia has a feature which she is welcome to consider exclusively her own.

Though Rhodesia is distinctly a frontier country, with many of a frontier's defects, her towns—Salisbury, Bulawayo, Umtali, and the rest—are not frontier towns as we knew them in Butte, Cheyenne, Deadwood, and Carson City. There are saloons, of course, but they are not of the "gin palace" variety, nor did it strike me that intoxication was particularly common; certainly nothing like what it used to be during the gold-rush days in Alaska, or in the cattle-towns of our own West. This may be due to the fantastic prices charged for liquor—a whiskey-and-soda costs sixty cents—and

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In the heart of the jungle, North-eastern Rhodesia, near the Congo border.
This is the sort of country through which portions of the Cape-to-Cairo railway will pass.

then again it may be due to the fact that most of the settlers have brought their families with them, so that, instead of spending their evenings leaning over green tables or polished bars, they devote them to cricket, gardening, or a six-weeks-old English paper. Though nearly every one goes armed, the streets of the Rhodesian towns are as peaceable as Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, on a Sunday morning. Indeed, the commandant of police in Bulawayo assured me that he had had only one shooting affray during his term of office. In Rhodesia, should a man draw his gun as the easiest means of settling a quarrel, his companions, instead of responding by drawing theirs, would probably call a constable and have him bound over to keep the peace. Even the rights of the natives are rigidly safeguarded by law, an American settler in Umtali complaining to me most bitterly that "it's more dangerous for a white man to kick a nigger down here than it is for him to kill one in the States." Now all this was rather disappointing for one who, like myself, was on the lookout for the local color and picturesqueness and whoop-her-up-boys excitement which one naturally associates with life on a frontier; but I might have expected just what I found, for wherever the flag of England flies, whether over the gold-miners of the Yukon, the ivory-traders of Uganda,

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Victoria Falls.

or the settlers of Rhodesia, there will be found the deep-seated respect of the Englishman for English order and English law.

In my opinion the country club, more than any other single factor, has contributed most to the making, socially and morally, of Rhodesia. Though the American West is dotted with just such towns as Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo, and Umtali, with the same limitations, pitfalls, and possibilities, the men's centre of interest, after the day's work is over, is the saloon, the dance-hall, or the barber-shop with a pool-room in the rear. They do things differently in Central Africa. In every Rhodesian town large enough to support one—and the same is true of all Britain's colonial possessions—I found that a "sports club" had been established in the edge of the town. Often it was nothing but a ramshackle shed or cottage that had been given a coat of paint and had a veranda added, but files of the English newspapers and illustrated weeklies were to be found inside, while from the tea-tables on the veranda one overlooked half-a-dozen tennis courts, a cricket ground, and a foot-ball field. It is here that the settlers—men, women, and children—congregate toward evening, to discuss the crop prospects, the local taxes, the latest gold discoveries, and, above all else, the news contained in the weekly mail from home. Why have not our own progressive prairie towns some simple social system like this? It was in speaking of this very thing that the mayor of Salisbury —himself an American—remarked: "In the little, every-day things which make for successful colonization of a new country, you fellows in the States are twenty years behind us."

Living is expensive in Rhodesia, the prices of necessaries usually being high and of luxuries ofttimes fantastic. To counterbalance this, however, wages are extraordinarily high. It is useless to attempt to quote wages, for the farther up-country a man gets the higher pay he can command; so I will content myself with the bare statement that for the skilled workman, be he carpenter, blacksmith, mason, or wheelwright, larger wages are to be earned than in any part of the world that I know. The same is true of the man who has had practical experience in agriculture or stock-

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Victoria Falls in the dry season.

raising, there being a steady demand for men conversant with dairying, cattle-breeding, and irrigation. Let me drive home and copper rivet the fact, however, that in Rhodesia, as in nearly all new countries where there is a considerable native population to draw upon, there is no place for the unskilled laborer.

For the man with resource and a little capital there are many roads to wealth in British Africa. I know of one, formerly a laundry employee in Chicago, who landed in Rhodesia with limited capital but unlimited confidence. Recognizing that the country had arrived at that stage of civilization where the people were tired of wearing flannel shirts, but could not afford to have white ones ruined by Kaffir washermen, he started a chain of sanitary, up-to-date laundries, and is to-day one of the wealthy men of the colony. If you ever had to pay one of his laundry bills you would understand why. Another American, starting business as a hotel-keeper in Salisbury, soon perceived that the people were ripe for some form of amusement other than that provided by the cricket-fields and saloons; so he built a string of cinematograph and vaudeville theatres combined, and to-day, on the very spot where Lobenguela's medicine-men performed their bloody rites a dozen years ago, you can hear the whirr of the moving-picture machine and see on the canvas screen a military review at Aldershot or a bathing scene at Asbury Park. Still another American whom I met has increased the thickness of his wallet by supplying prospectors and settlers with sectional houses which are easily portable and can be erected in an hour. Taking the circular, conical-roofed hut of the Matabele as his model, he evolved an affair of corrugated iron which combines simplicity, portability, and practicability with a low price, so that to-day, as you travel through Rhodesia, you will see these American-made imitations of Kaffir huts dotting the veldt.

Though Rhodesia has a black population of one million six hundred thousand, as against twenty thousand whites, there has thus far been no such thing as race troubles or a color question, due in large measure, no doubt, to the firm and just supervision

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exercised by the British resident commissioners. Arms, ammunition, and liquor excepted, natives and Europeans are under the same conditions. Land has been set apart for tribal settlements, the mineral rights being reserved to the company, but, if the native occupation is disturbed, new lands must immediately be assigned, all disputes being ultimately referable to the British high commissioner. Those natives living near the towns are segregated in settlements of their own, a native under no circumstances being permitted to remain within the town limits after nightfall, or to enter them in the daytime without a pass signed by the commandant of police. Though possessing many of the temperamental characteristics of the American negro, and in particular his aversion for manual work, the Rhodesian native is, on the whole, honest and trustworthy, a well-disciplined and efficient force of native constabulary having been recruited from the warlike Barotse and Matabele.

Zambezi River Bridge at Victoria Falls, the highest railway bridge in the world.

Highways of steel bisect Rhodesia in both directions. From Plumtree, on the borders

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The gorge below the Victoria Falls.
The railway bridge crosses at the far end.

of Bechuanaland, the Rhodesian section of the great Cape-to-Cairo system stretches straight across the country to Bwana M'kubwa, on the Congo frontier, while another line, the Rhodesia, Mashonaland and Beira, links up, as its name indicates, the transcontinental system with the East Coast. Though the much-advertised Zambezi Express is scarcely the "veritable train de luxe" which the railway folders call it, it is a comfortable enough train nevertheless, with electric-lighted dining and sleeping cars, the latter being fitted, as befits a dusty country, with baths. The dining-car tariff is on a sliding scale, the farther upcountry you travel the higher the prices ascend. Between Cape Town and Mafeking the charges for meals seemed to me exceedingly reasonable (fifty cents for breakfast, sixty cents for luncheon, and seventy-five cents for dinner); between Mafeking and Bulawayo they are only moderate; between Bulawayo and the Zambezi they are high; and north of the Zambezi—when you can get any food at all—the charges for it are exorbitant. When the section to Lake Tanganyika is completed, which will probably be during the coming year, only a millionaire can afford to enter the dining-car. It speaks volumes for the development of the country through which the railway passes, however, that one can get into a sleeping-car in Cape Town and get out of it again, six days later, on the navigable headwaters of the Congo, covering the distance of nearly two thousand five hundred miles at a total cost of eighty dollars—and most of it through a country which has been opened to the white man scarcely a dozen years.

Just as every visitor to the United States heads straight for Niagara, so every visitor to South Africa purchases forthwith a ticket to the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, the mighty cataract in the heart of Rhodesia which is the greatest natural wonder in the Dark Continent and, perhaps, in the world. The natives call the falls *Mosi-oa-tunya*, which means "Thundering Smoke," and you appreciate the name's significance when your train halts at daybreak at a wayside station, sixty miles away, and you see above

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the tree-tops a cloud of smoky vapor and hear a low humming like a million sewing-machines. It is so utterly impossible for the eye, the mind, and the imagination to grasp the size, grandeur, and beauty of the Victoria Falls that it is futile to attempt to describe them. If you can picture an unbroken sheet of water forty city blocks in width, or as long as from the Grand Central Station, in New York, to Union Square, hurtling over a precipice twice as high as the Flatiron Building, you will have the best idea that I can give you of what the Victoria Falls are like. They are unique in that the level of the land above the falls is the same as that below, the entire breadth of the second greatest river in Africa falling precipitately into a deep and narrow chasm, from which the only outlet is an opening in the rock less than one hundred yards wide. From the Boiling Pot, as this seething caldron of waters is called, the contents of the Zambezi rush with unbridled fury through a deep and narrow gorge of basaltic cliffs, which, nowhere inferior to the rapids at Niagara, extends with many zigzag windings for more than forty miles. My first glimpse of the falls was in the early morning, and the lovely, reeking splendor of the thing, as the great, placid river, all unconscious of its fate, comes suddenly to the precipice's brink and plunges in one mighty torrent into the obscurity of the cavern below; the crush as of unceasing thunder, the rolling clouds of spray, the trembling earth, the sombre rain-forest on the opposite bank, and a rainbow stealing over all, made a picture which will hang on the walls of my memory as long as I live.

The Outer Lands are almost all exploited; the work of the pioneer and the frontiersman is nearly finished, and in another decade or so we will see their like no more. Rhodesia is the last of the great, new countries open to colonization under Anglo-Saxon ideals of government and climatically suitable for the propagation of the Anglo-Saxon race. Though the handful of hardy settlers who have already made it their home speak with the burr of the shires instead of the drawl of the plains; though they wear corded riding-breeches instead of leather "chaps"; and stuff Cavendish into their pipes instead of rolling

From a photograph copyrighted by The Burlington Studio.

Cattle on Bradley's Farm, Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia.

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Haymaking scene on a settler's farm in La Magundi District, Southern Rhodesia.

their cigarettes from Bull Durham, they and the passing plainsmen of our own West are, when all is said and done, brothers under their skins.

With the completion of the Cape-to-Cairo trunk line and its subsidiary systems to either coast, with the exploitation of the mineral deposits which constitute so much of Rhodesia's wealth, and with the harnessing of the great falls and the utilization of the limitless power which will be obtainable from them, this virgin territory in the heart of Africa bids fair to be to the home and fortune seekers of to-morrow what the American West was to those of yesterday, and what North-western Canada is to those of to-day. A few years more and it will be a developed and prosperous nation. To-day it is the last of the world's frontiers, where the hardy and adventurous of our race are still fighting the battles and solving the problems of civilization.

SONG

By Sara Teasdale

Oh there are eyes that he can see,
  And hands to make his hands rejoice,
But to my lover I must be
  Only a voice.

Oh there are breasts to bear his head,
  And lips whereon his lips can lie.
But I must be till I am dead
  Only a cry.

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Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

The Business Centre.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

XVII

THERE was little about Jason and his school career that John Burnham had not heard from his friend St. Hilda, for she kept sending at intervals reports of him, so that Burnham knew how doggedly the lad had worked in school and out; what a leader he was among his fellows, and how, that he might keep out of the feud, he had never gone to his grandfather's even during vacations, except for a day or two, but had hired himself out to some mountain-farmer and had toiled like a slave, always within St. Hilda's reach. She had won Jason's shy heart from the start, so that he had told her frankly about his father's death, the coming of the rock-pecker, the sale of his home, the flight of his mother and Steve Hawn, his shooting at Babe Honeycutt, and his own flight after them, but at the brink of one confession he always balked. Never could St. Hilda learn just why he had given up the manly prerogatives of pistol, whiskey-jug, and a deadly purpose of revenge, to accept in their place, if need be, the despised duties of women-folks, but his grim and ready willingness for the exchange appealed to St. Hilda so strongly that she had always saved him as much of these duties as she could.

The truth was that the school-master had slyly made a diplomatic use of their mutual interest in Jason that was masterly. There had been little communication between them since the long-ago days when she had given him her final decision and gone on her mission to the mountains, until Jason had come to be an important link between them. Gradually, after that, she had slowly come to count on the school-master's sympathy and understanding, and more than once she had written not only for his advice but for his help as well. And wisely, through it all, Burnham had never sounded the personal note, and smilingly he had noted the passing of all suspicion on her part, the birth of her belief that he was cured of his love for her and would bother her no more, and now, in her last letter announcing Jason's coming to the blue-grass, there was a distinct personal atmosphere that almost made him chuckle. St. Hilda even wondered whether he might not care, during some vacation, to come down and see with his own eyes the really remarkable work he knew she was doing down there. And when he wrote during the summer that he had been called to the suddenly vacated chair of geology in the college Jason had been prepared for, her delight thrilled him, though he had to wonder how much of it might be due to the fact that her protégé would thus be near him for help and counsel.

His face was almost aglow when he drove out the gate that morning on his way to the duties of his first day. The neighborhood children were already on their way to school, but they were mostly the children of tobacco tenants, and when he passed the school-house he saw a young woman on the porch—two facts that were significant. The neighborhood church was going, the neighborhood school was going, the man-teacher was gone—and he himself was perhaps the last of the line that started in coonskin caps and moccasins. The gentleman farmers who had made the land distinct and distinguished were renting their acres to tobacco tenants on shares and were moving to town to get back their negro servants and to provide their children with proper schooling. And those children of the gentle people, it seemed, were growing more and more indifferent to education and culture and less and less marked by the gentle manners that were their birthright. And when he thought of the toll-gate war, the threat-

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ened political violence almost at hand, and the tobacco troubles which he knew must some day come, he wondered with a sick heart if a general decadence was not going on in the land for which he would have given his life in peace as readily as in war. In the mountains, according to St. Hilda, the people had awakened from a sleep of a hundred years. Lawlessness was on the decrease, the feud was disappearing, railroads were coming in, the hills were beginning to give up the wealth of their timber, iron, and coal. County schools were increasing, and the pathetic eagerness of mountain children to learn and the pathetic hardships they endured to get to school and to stay there, made her heart bleed and his ache to help them. And in his own land, what a contrast! Three years before the wedge of free silver had split the State in twain. Into this breach had sprung that new man with the new political method that threatened disaster to the commonwealth. To his supporters he was the enemy of corporations, the friend of widows and orphans, the champion of the poor—this man; to his enemies he was the most malign figure that had ever thrust head above the horizon of Kentucky politics: and so John Burnham regarded him. To both he was the autocrat, cold, exacting, imperious, and his election bill would make him as completely master of the commonwealth as Diaz in Mexico or Menelik in Abyssinia. The dazed people awoke and fought, but the autocrat passed his bill. It was incredible, but could he enforce it? No one knew, but the midsummer convention for the nomination of governor came and with these candidates he entered it, the last in public preference. But he carried that convention at the pistol's point, came out the democratic nominee, and now stood smilingly ready to face the most terrible political storm that had ever broken over Kentucky. The election was less than two months away, the State was seething as though on the trembling crisis of a civil war, and the division that John Burnham expected between friend and friend, brother and brother, and father and son had come. The mountains were on fire and there might even be an invasion from those black hills led by the spirit of the Picts and Scots of old, and aided and abetted by the head, hand, and tongue of the best element of the blue-grass. The people of the blue-grass had known little and cared less about these shadowy hillsmen, but it looked to John Burnham as though they might soon be forced to know and care more than would be good for the peace of the State and its threatened good name.

A rattle-trap buggy was crawling up a hill ahead of him, and when he passed it Steve Hawn was flopping the reins, and by him was Mavis with a radiant face and sparkling eyes.

"Where's Jason?" John Burnham called, and the girl's face grew quickly serious.

"Gone on, afoot," laughed Steve loudly. "He started 'bout crack o' day."

The school-master smiled. On the slope of the next hill, two carriages, each drawn by a spanking pair of trotters, swept by him. From one he got a courteous salute from Colonel Pendleton and a happy shout from Gray, and from the other a radiant greeting from Marjorie and her mother. Again John Burnham smiled thoughtfully. For him the hope of the blue-grass was in the joyous pair ahead of him, the hope of the mountains was in the girl behind and the sturdy youth streaking across the dawn-wet fields, and in the four the hope of his State; and his smile was pleased and hopeful.

Soon to his left were visible the gray lines of the old Transylvania University where Jefferson Davis had gone to college while Abraham Lincoln was splitting rails and studying by candle-light a hundred miles away, and its campus was dotted with swiftly moving figures of boys and girls on their way to the majestic portico on the hill. The streets were filled with eager young faces, and he drove on through them to the red-brick walls of the State University, on the other side of the town, where his labors were to begin. And when, half an hour later, he turned into the campus afoot, he found himself looking among the boys who thronged the walk, the yard, and the entrances of the study halls for the face of Jason Hawn.

Tremblingly the boy had climbed down from the fence after Marjorie galloped by him the day before, had crossed the pike slowly, dropped dully at the foot of an oak

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"Follow that street, and hurry up or you'll get a whippin'."

"Thar now," thought Jason, and started into a trot up the hill, and the officer, seeing the boy's suddenly anxious face, called to him to take it easy, but Jason, finding the pavements rather uneven, took to the middle of the street, and without looking back sped on. It was a long run, but Jason never stopped until he saw a man standing at the door of a long, low, brick building with the word "Tobacco" painted in huge letters above its closed doors, and he ran across the street to him.

"Whar's the college?"

The man pointed across the street to an entrance between two gray stone pillars with pyramidal tops, and Jason trotted back, and trotted on through them, and up the smooth curve of the road. Not a soul was in sight, and on the empty steps of the first building he came to Jason dropped, panting.

XVIII

THE campus was thick with grass and full of trees, and there were buildings of red brick everywhere, and all were deserted. He began to feel that the constable had made game of him, and he was indignant. Nobody in the mountains would treat a stranger that way; but he had reached his goal, and, no matter, when "school took up" he was there.

Still, he couldn't help rising restlessly once, and then with a deep breath he patiently sat down again and waited, looking eagerly around meanwhile. The trees about him were low and young—they looked like maples—and multitudinous little gray birds were flitting and chattering around him, and these he did not know, for the English sparrow had not yet captured the mountains. Above the closed doors of the long brick building opposite the stone-guarded gateway he could see the word "Tobacco" printed in huge letters, and farther away he could see another similar sign, and somehow he began wondering why Steve Hawn had talked so much about the troubles that were coming over tobacco, and seemed to care so little about the election troubles that had put the whole State on the wire edge of quivering suspense. Half an hour passed and Jason was getting restless again, when he saw an old negro shuffling down the stone walk with a bucket in one hand, a mop in the other, and trailing one leg like a bird with a broken wing.

"Good mornin', son."

"Do you know whar John Burnham is?"

"Whut's dat—whut's dat?"

"I'm a-lookin' fer John Burnham."

"Look hyeh, chile, is you referrin' to Perfesser Burnham?"

"I reckon that's him."

"Well, if you is, you better axe fer him jes' that-a-way—Per*fesser*—*Per*fesser Burnham. Well, *Perfesser* Burnham won't sanctify dis hall wid his presence fer quite a long while—quite a long while. May I inquire, son, if yo' purpose is to attend dis place o' learnin'?"

"I come to go to college."

"Yassuh, yassuh," said the old negro, and with no insolence whatever he guffawed loudly.

"Well, suh, looks lak you come a long way, an' you sutinly got hyeh on time—you sho did. Well, son, you jes' set hyeh as long as you please an' walk aroun' an' come back an' den ef you set hyeh long enough agin, you'se a-gwine to see Perfesser Burnham come right up dese steps."

So Jason took the old man's advice, and strolled around the grounds. A big pond caught his eye, and he walked along its grassy bank and under the big willows that fringed it. He pulled himself to the top of a high board fence at the upper end of it, peered over at a broad, smooth athletic-field, and he wondered what the two poles that stood at each end with a cross-bar between them could be, and why that tall fence ran all around it. He stared at the big chimney of the power-house, as tall as the trunk of a poplar in a "deadening" at home, and covered with vines to the top, and he wondered what on earth that could be. He looked over the gate at the president's house. Through the windows of one building he saw hanging rings and all sorts of strange paraphernalia, and he wondered about them, and, peering through one ground-floor window, he saw three beds piled one on top of the other, each separated from the other by the length of its legs. It would take a step-ladder to get into the top bed—good Lord,

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did people sleep that way in this college? Suppose the top boy rolled out? And every building was covered with vines, and it was funny that vines grew on houses, and why in the world didn't folks cut 'em off? It was all wonder—nothing but wonder—and he got tired of wondering and went back to his steps and sat patiently down again. It was not long now before windows began to bang up and down in the dormitory near him. Cries and whistles began to emanate from the rooms, and now and then a head would protrude, and its eyes never failed, it seemed, to catch and linger on the lonely, still figure clinging to the steps. Soon there was the rush of feet downstairs, and a crowd of boys emerged and started briskly for breakfast. Girls began to appear—short-skirted, with and without hats, with hair up and hair down—more girls than he had ever seen before—tall and short, fat and thin, and brunette and blonde. Students began to stroll through the campus gates, and now and then a buggy or a carriage would enter and whisk past him to deposit its occupants in front of the building opposite from where he sat. What was going on over there? He wanted to go over and see, for school might be taking up over there, and, from being too early, he might be too late after all; but he might miss John Burnham, and if he himself were late, why lots of the boys and girls he yet saw about him would be late too, and surely if they knew, which they must, they would not let that happen. So, all eyes, he sat on, taking in everything, like the lens of a camera. Some of the boys wore caps, or little white hats with the crown pushed in all around, and, though it wasn't muddy and didn't look as though it were going to rain, each one of them had his "britches" turned up, and that puzzled the mountain boy sorely, but no matter why they did it, he wouldn't have to turn his up, for they didn't come to the tops of his shoes. Swiftly he gathered how different he himself was, particularly in clothes, from all of them. Nowhere did he see a boy who matched himself, as so lonely and set apart, but with a shake of his head he tossed off his inner plea for sympathetic companionship, and the little uneasiness creeping over him—proudly. There was a little commotion now in the crowd nearest him, all heads turned one way, and Jason saw approaching an old gentleman on crutches, a man with a thin face that was all pure intellect and abnormally keen; that, centuries old in thought, had yet the unquenchable soul-fire of youth. He stopped, lifted his hat in response to the cheers that greeted him, and for a single instant over that thin face played, like the winking eye of summer lightning, the subtle humor that the world over is always playing hide and seek in the heart of the Scot. A moment, and Jason halted a passing boy with his eye.

"Who's that ole feller?" he blurted.

The lad looked shocked, for he could not know that Jason meant not a particle of disrespect.

"That 'ole feller,'" he mimicked indignantly and with scathing sarcasm, "is the president of this university;" and he hurried on while Jason miserably shrivelled closer to the steps. After that he spoke to nobody, and nobody spoke to him, and he lifted his eyes only to the gateway through which he longed for John Burnham to come. But the smile of the old president haunted him. There sat a man on heights no more to be scaled by him than Heaven, and yet that puzzling smile for the blissful ignorance in the young, of how gladly the old would give up their crowns in exchange for the swift young feet on the threshold—no wonder the boy could not understand. Through that gate dashed presently a pair of proud, high-headed black horses—"star-gazers," as the Kentuckians call them—with a rhythmic beat of high-lifted feet, and the boy's eyes narrowed as the carriage behind them swept by him, for in it were Colonel Pendleton and Gray, with eager face and flashing eyes. There was a welcoming shout when Gray leaped out, and a crowd of students rushed toward him and surrounded him. One of them took off his hat, lifted both hands above his head, and then they all barked out a series of barbaric yells with a long shout of Gray's full name at the end, while the blue-grass lad stood among them, flushed and embarrassed but not at all displeased. Again Jason's brow knitted with wonder, for he could not know what a young god in that sternly democratic college Gray Pendleton, aristocrat though he was, had made

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himself, and he shrank deeper still into his loneliness and turned wistful eyes again to the gate. Somebody had halted in front of him, and he looked up to see the same lad of whom he had just asked a question.

"And that *young* feller," said the boy in the same mimicking tone, "is another president—of the sophomore class and the captain of the foot-ball team."

Lightning-like and belligerent, Jason sprang to his feet. "Air you pokin' fun at *me?*" he asked thickly and clenching his fists.

Genuinely amazed, the other lad stared at him a moment, smiled, and held out his hand.

"I reckon I was, but you're all right. Shake!"

And within Jason, won by the frank eyes and winning smile, the tumult died quickly, and he shook—gravely.

"My name's Burns—Jack Burns."

"Mine's Hawn—Jason Hawn."

The other turned away with a wave of his hand.

"See you again."

"Shore," said Jason, and then his breast heaved and his heart seemed to stop quite still. Another pair of proud horses shot between the stone pillars, and in the carriage behind them was Marjorie. The boy dropped to his seat, dropped his chin in both hands as though to keep his face hidden, but as the sound of her coming loudened he simply could not help lifting his head. Erect, happy, smiling, the girl was looking straight past him, and he felt like one of the yellow grains of dust about her horses' feet. And then within him a high, shrill little yell rose above the laughter and vocal hum going on around him—there was John Burnham coming up the walk, the school-master, John Burnham—and Jason sprang to meet him. Immediately Burnham's searching eyes fell upon him, and he stopped—smiling, measuring, surprised. Could this keen-faced, keen-eyed, sinewy, tall lad be the faithful little chap who had trudged sturdily at his heels so many days in the mountains?

"Well, well, well," he said, "why, I wouldn't have known you. You got here in time, didn't you?"

"I have been waitin' fer you," said Jason. "Miss Hilda told me to come straight to you."

"That's right—how is she?"

"She ain't well—she works too hard."

The school-master shook his head with grave concern.

"I know. You've been lucky, Jason. She is the best woman on earth."

"I'd lay right down here an' die fer her right now," said the lad soberly. So would John Burnham, and he loved the lad for saying that.

"She said you was the best man on earth—but I knowed that," the lad went on simply; "an' she told me to tell you to make me keep out o' fights and study hard and behave."

John laughed.

"All right, Jason," he said with a smile. "Have you matriculated yet?"

Jason was not to be caught napping. His eyes gave out the quick light of humor, but his face was serious.

"I been so busy waitin' fer you that I reckon I must 'a' forgot that."

Again the school-master laughed.

"Come along."

Through the thick crowd that gave way respectfully to the new professor, Jason followed across the road to the building opposite, and up the steps into a room where he told his name and his age, and the name of his father and mother, and pulled from his pocket a little roll of dirty bills. There was a fee of five dollars for "janitor." Jason did not know what a janitor was, but John Burnham nodded when he looked up inquiringly and Jason asked no question. There was another fee for "breakage," and that was all, but the latter item was too much for Jason.

"S'pose I don't break nothin'," he asked shrewdly, "do I git that back?"

Register and professor laughed.

"You get it back."

Then they went down again.

"That's a mighty big word fer such little doin's," the boy said soberly, and the school-master smiled.

"You'll find just that all through college now, Jason, but don't wait to find out what the big word means."

"I won't," said Jason, "next time."

Many eyes now looked on the lad curiously when he followed John Burnham back through the crowd to the steps where the new professor paused.

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"I passed Mavis on the road. I wonder if she has come."

"I don't know," said Jason, and a curious something in his tone made John Burnham look at him quickly—but he said nothing.

"Oh, well," he said presently, "she knows what to do."

A few minutes later the two were alone in the new professor's recitation-room.

"Have you seen Marjorie and Gray?"

The lad hesitated.

"I seed—I saw 'em when they come in."

"Gray finishes my course this year. He's going to be a civil engineer."

"So'm I," said Jason; and the quick shortness of his tone again made John Burnham look keenly at him.

"You know a good deal about geology already—are you going to take my course too?"

"I want to know just what to do with that land o' mine. I ain't forgot what you told me—to go away and git an education—and when I come back what that land 'ud be worth."

"Yes, but——"

The lad's face had paled and his mouth had set.

"I'm goin' to git it back."

Behind them the door had opened, and Gray's spirited, smiling face was thrust in.

"Good morning, Professor," he cried, and then, seeing Jason, he came swiftly in with his hand outstretched.

"Why, how are you, Jason? Mavis told me yesterday you were here. I've been looking for you. Glad to see you."

Watching both, John Burnham saw the look of surprise in Gray's face when the mountain boy's whole frame stiffened into the rigidity of steel, saw the haughty uplifting of the blue-grass boy's chin, as he wheeled to go, and like Gray, he, too, thought Jason had never forgotten the old feud between them. For a moment he was tempted to caution Jason about the folly of it all, but as suddenly he changed his mind. Outside a bugle blew.

"Go on down, Jason," he said instead, "and follow the crowd—that's chapel—prayer-meeting," he explained.

At the foot of the stairs the boy mingled with the youthful stream pouring through the wide doors of the chapel hall. He turned to the left and was met by the smiling eyes of his new acquaintance, Burns, who waved him good-humoredly away:

"This is the sophomore corner—I reckon you belong in there."

And toward the centre Jason went among the green, the countrified, the uneasy, and the unkempt. The other half of the hall was banked with the faces of young girls—fresh as flowers and everywhere were youth and eagerness, eagerness and youth. The members of the faculty were climbing the steps to a platform and ranging themselves about the old gentleman with the crutches. John Burnham entered, and the vault above rocked with the same barbaric yells that Jason had heard given Gray Pendleton, for Burnham had been a mighty foot-ball player in his college days. The old president rose, and the tumult sank to reverential silence while a silver tongue sent its beautiful diction on high in a prayer for the bodies, the minds, and the souls of the whole buoyant throng in the race for which they were about to be let loose. And that was just what the tense uplifted faces suggested to John Burnham—he felt in them the spirit of the thoroughbred at the post, the young hound straining at the leash, the falcon unhooded for flight, when, at the president's nod, he rose to his feet to speak to the host the welcome of the faculty within these college walls and the welcome of the blue-grass to the strangers from the confines of the State—particularly to those who had journeyed from their mountain homes. "These young people from the hills," he said, "for their own encouragement and for all patience in their own struggle, must always remember, and the young men and women of the blue-grass, for tolerance and a better understanding, must never forget, in what darkness and for how long their sturdy kinspeople had lived, how they were just wakening from a sleep into which, not of their own fault, they had lapsed but little after the Revolution; how eagerly they had strained their eyes for the first glimmer from the outside world that had come to them, and how earnestly now they were fighting toward the light. So isolated, so primitive were they only a short while ago that neighbor would go to neighbor asking 'Lend us fire,' and now they were but ask-

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ing of the outer world,'Lend us fire.' And he hoped that the young men and women from those dark fastnesses who had come there to light their torches would keep them burning, and take them back home still sacredly aflame, so that in the hills the old question with its new meaning could never again be asked in vain."

Jason's eyes had never wavered from the speaker's face, nor had Gray's, but, while John Burnham purposely avoided the eyes of both, he noted here and there the sudden squaring of shoulders, and the face of a mountain boy or girl lift quickly and with open-mouthed interest remain fixed; and far back he saw Mavis, wide-eyed and deep in some new-born dream, and he thought he saw Marjorie turn at the end to look at the mountain girl as though to smile understanding and sympathy. A mental tumult still held Jason when the crowd about him rose to go, and he kept his seat. John Burnham had been talking about Mavis and him, and maybe about Marjorie and Gray, and he had a vague desire to see the school-master again. Moreover, a doubt, at once welcome and disturbing to him, had coursed through his brain. If secret meetings in lanes and by-ways were going on between Mavis and Gray, Gray would hardly have been so frank in saying he had seen Mavis the previous afternoon, for Gray must know that Jason knew there had been no meeting at Steve Hawn's house. Perhaps Gray had overtaken her in the lane quite by accident, and the boy was bothered and felt rather foolish and ashamed when, seeing John Burnham still busy on the platform, he rose to leave.

On the steps more confusion awaited him. A group of girls was standing to one side of them, and he turned hurriedly the other way. Light footsteps followed him, and a voice called:

"Oh, Jason!"

His blood rushed, and he turned dizzily, for he knew it was Marjorie. In her frank eyes was a merry smile instead of the tear that had fixed them in his memory, but the clasp of her hand was the same.

"Why, I didn't know you yesterday—did I? No wonder. Why, I wouldn't have known you now if I hadn't been looking for you. Mavis told me you'd come. Dear me, what a *big* man you are. Professor Burnham told me all about you, and I've been so proud. Why, I came near writing to you several times. I'm expecting you to lead your class here, and"—she took in with frank admiration his height and the breadth of his shoulders—"Gray will want you, maybe, for the football team."

The crowd of girls near by were boring him into the very ground with their eyes. His feet and his hands had grown to enormous proportions and seemed suddenly to belong to somebody else. He felt like an ant in a grain-hopper, or as though he were deep under water in a long dive and must in a moment actually gasp for breath. And, remembering St. Hilda, he did manage to get his hat off, but he was speechless. Marjorie paused, the smile did not leave her eyes, but it turned serious, and she lowered her voice a little.

"Did you keep your promise, Jason?"

Then the boy found himself, and as he had said before, that winter dusk, he said now soberly:

"I give you my hand."

And, as before, taking him literally, Marjorie again stretched out her hand.

"I'm so glad."

Once more the bugle sent its mellow summons through the air.

"And you are coming to our house some Saturday night to go coon-hunting—good-by."

Jason turned weakly away, and all the rest of the day he felt dazed. He did not want to see Mavis or Gray or Marjorie again, or even John Burnham. So he started back home afoot, and all the way he kept to the fields through fear that some one of them might overtake him on the road, for he wanted to be alone. And those fields looked more friendly now than they had looked at dawn, and his heart grew lighter with every step. Now and then a rabbit leaped from the grass before him, or a squirrel whisked up the rattling bark of a hickory tree. A sparrow trilled from the swaying top of a purple ironweed, and from grass, and fence-rail, and awing, meadow larks were fluting everywhere, but the song of no wood-thrush reached his waiting ear. Over and over again his brain reviewed every incident of the day, only to end each time with Marjorie's voice, her smile with its new

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quality of mischief, and the touch of her hand. She had not forgotten—that was the thrill of it all—and she had even asked if he had kept his promise to her. And at that thought his soul darkened, for the day would come when he must ask to be absolved of one part of that promise, and on that day he must be up and on his dead father's business. And he wondered what, when he told her, she would say. It was curious, but the sense of the crime involved was naught, as was the possible effect of it on his college career—it was only what that girl would say. But the day might still be long off, and he had so schooled himself to throwing aside the old deep, sinister purpose that he threw it off now and gave himself up to the bubbling relief that had come to him. That meeting in the lane must have been chance, John Burnham was kind, and Marjorie had not forgotten. He was not alone in the world, nor was he even lonely, for everywhere that day he had found a hand stretched out to help him.

Mavis was sitting on the porch when he walked through the gate, and the moment she saw his face a glad light shone in her own, for it was the old Jason coming back to her:

"Mavie," he said huskily, "I reckon I'm the biggest fool this side o' hell, whar I reckon I ought to be."

Mavis asked no question, made no answer. She merely looked steadily at him for a moment, and then, brushing quickly at her eyes, she rose and turned into the house. The sun gave way to darkness, but it kept on shining in Jason's heart, and when at bedtime he stood again on the porch, his gratitude went up to the very stars. He heard Mavis behind him, but he did not turn, for all he had to say he had said, and the break in his reserve was over.

"I'm glad you come back, Jasie," was all she said, shyly, for she understood, and then she added the little phrase that is not often used in the mountain world:

"Good-night."

From St. Hilda, Jason, too, had learned that phrase, and he spoke it with a gruffness that made the girl smile:

"Good-night, Mavie."

(To be continued.)

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

VI.—THE LOCKED ROOM

IT was no great coincidence that we should have been speaking of Edgar Nettleton that night. Uvo Delavoye was full of him just then, and I had the man on my mind for other reasons. Besides, I had to talk to Uvo about something, since he was down with a quinsy caught from the perfect sanitation in advertised vogue on the Estate, and could hardly open his own mouth. And perhaps I had to talk to somebody about the unpleasant duty hanging over me in connection with this fellow Nettleton, who had taken his house about the same time as Colonel Cheffins and his gang, had made up to Delavoye over that affair, and was himself almost as undesirable a tenant from my point of view.

"I know he's a friend of yours, and I haven't come to curse him to your face," I had been saying. "But if you would just tell Nettleton, when you see him again, that we're in dead earnest this time you might be doing both him and us a service. I sent him a third notice yesterday; if he doesn't pay up within the week, my orders are to distrain without further notice. Muskett's furious about the whole thing. He blames me for ever having truck with such a fellow in the first instance. But when a man has been science beak in a public school—and *such* a school

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—it sounds good enough for Witching Hill, doesn't it? Who would have thought he'd had the sack? Public-school masters don't often get it."

"They've got to do something pretty desperate first, I fancy," whispered Uvo, with a gleam in his sunken eyes. He had not denied the fact. I felt encouraged to elaborate my grievance against Edgar Nettleton.

"Then there was his banker's reference! That was all right; yet we had trouble to get our very first rent, more trouble over the second, and this time there's going to be a devil of a row. I shouldn't wonder if Nettleton had a bill of sale over every stick. I know he's owing all the tradesmen. He may be a very clever chap, and all that, but I can't help saying that he strikes me as a bit of a wrong 'un, Uvo."

Of course I had not started with the intention of saying anything like as much. But the brunt of the unpleasantness was falling on my shoulders; and the fellow had made friends with my friend, whose shoes he was not fit to black. Uvo, moreover, was still according me a patient, interesting hearing, as he lay like a bright-eyed log in his bed at the top of No. 7. Altogether, it was not in my allowance of human nature to lose such an opportunity of showing him his new friend in his true colors.

"He *is* clever," whispered Uvo, as though that was the bond between them. "He knows something about everything, and he's a wonderful carpenter and mechanic. You must really see the burglar-trap that he concocted after the scare. If another Cheffins paid him a visit, he'd put his foot in it with a vengeance."

"It would be six of one and very nearly half a dozen of the other," said I with hardihood. "Set a Nettleton to catch a Cheffins, as you might say, Uvo!"

But he only smiled, as though he would not have hesitated to say it in fun. "Of course you're only joking, Gilly, but I could quite understand it if you weren't. There's no vice in old Nettleton, let alone crime; but there's a chuckle-headed irresponsibility that might almost let him in for either before he knew it. He never does seem to know what he's doing, and I'm sure he never worries about anything he's once done. If he did, he'd have gone further afield from the scene of his downfall, or else taken rooms in town instead of a red elephant of a house that he evidently can't afford. But as a tenant I quite agree that he is hopeless."

"If only he hadn't come here!" I grumbled. "What on earth can have brought him to Witching Hill, of all places?"

Uvo's eyes were dancing in the light of the reading gas-lamp, with the smelly tube, which had been connected up with his bedroom bracket.

"Of course," he whispered, "you wouldn't admit for a moment that it might be the call of the soil, and all there's in it, Gilly?"

"No, I wouldn't; but I'll tell you one thing!" I exclaimed, as it struck me for the first time: "the man you describe is not the man to trust with all those morbid superstitions of yours. I know he enters into them, because you told me he did, and I know how much you wanted to find some one who would. But so much the worse for you both, if he's the kind you say he is! An idle man, too, and apparently alone in the world! I don't envy you if Nettleton really does come under the influence of your old man of the soil, and plays down to him!"

"My dear Gilly, this is a great concession," whispered Uvo, on his elbow with surprise.

"I don't mean it for one," said I sturdily. "I only mean the influence of your own conception of your old man and his powers. I disbelieve in him and them as much as ever, but I don't disbelieve in your ability to make both exist in some weaker mind than your own. And where they do catch on, remember, those wild ideas of yours may always get the upper hand. It isn't everybody who can think the things you do, Uvo, and never look like doing 'em!"

"I don't agree with you a bit, Gilly. I never believe those blithering blighters who attribute their crimes to the bad example of some criminal hero of the magazines or of the stage. Villain-worship doesn't carry you to that length unless you're a bit of a villain in the first instance."

"But suppose you are?" I cried, almost before I saw the point that I was

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making. "Suppose you have as few scruples, principles, 'pangs and fears'—call them what you like—as this fellow Nettleton. Suppose you're full of fire of sorts, but also as irresponsible and chuckle-headed as you yourself say he is. Well, then, *I* say, it's taking responsibility for two to go pumping your theories into as sensitive an engine as all that!"

Uvo clapped his thin hands softly as there came a knock at the door. "Well, he's a practical man, Gilly, I must admit, so let's leave it at that. Come in! What is it, Jane?"

"The servant from Mr. Nettleton's, sir, wants to see Mr. Gillon," said the maid.

I began by explaining why this scarcely comes into the category of Witching Hill coincidences. Yet it was rather startling at the time, and Uvo Delavoye looked as though his evil ancestor had materialized at the foot of the bed.

"All right, Jane! Mr. Gillon will be down directly."

It was the first time his voice had risen to more than a whisper, and it shook. The maid seemed to catch some echo of an alarm already communicated to herself, and faintly sounded in her own announcement.

"Sarah seems very anxious to see you, sir," she ventured, turning to me, and then withdrew in some embarrassment.

I rose to follow her. Sarah was almost as great a character as her master, and I for one liked her the better of the two. She was a simple, faithful, incompetent old body, who once told me that she had known Mr. Nettleton, man and boy, most of his life, but without betraying a page of his past. She had come with him to Witching Hill Road as cook-general. There had been a succession of auxiliary servants who had never in any instance outstayed their month. The last of them had left precipitately, threatening a summons, to the scandal of the neighbors; but beyond that fact the matter had been hushed up, and even I only knew that Sarah was now practically single-handed through her coming to me about a charwoman. I thought I ought to see her at once, but Uvo detained me with an almost piteous face.

"Do wait a moment! Of course it's probably nothing at all; but you've given me an idea that certainly never crossed my mind before. I won't say you've put the fear of God on me, Gilly, but you have put me in rather a funk about old Nettleton! He is a rum 'un, I must admit it. If he should have done anything that could possibly be traced to . . . all that . . . I'll never open my mouth about it again."

"Oh, bless your life, it's only more servant troubles!" I reassured him. "I shouldn't wonder if old Sarah herself finds him more than she can stick. They do say he assaulted that last girl, and that she could hardly limp into her cab!"

Uvo rolled his head on the pillow.

"It wasn't an assault, Gilly. I know what happened to her. But I must know what's happened to old Sarah, or to Nettleton himself. Will you promise to come back and tell me?"

"Certainly."

"Then off you go, my dear fellow, and I'll hang on to my soul till you get back. You may have to go along with her, if he's been doing anything very mad. Take my key, and tell them downstairs that you've got it."

Sarah was waiting for me on the front-door mat, but she refused to make any communication before we left the house. She really was what she herself would have described as an elderly party, though it is doubtful whether even Sarah would have considered the epithet appropriate to her years. She certainly wore a rather jaunty bonnet on her walks abroad. It had a garish plume that nodded violently with her funny old head, and simply danced with mystery as she signified the utter impossibility of speech within reach of other ears.

"I'm very sorry to trouble you, sir, very," said the old lady, as she trotted beside me up Mulcaster Park. "But I never did know such a thing to 'appen before, and I don't like it, sir, not at all I don't, I'm sure!"

"But what has happened, Sarah?"

As a witness Sarah would not have been a success; she believed in beginning her story very far back, in following it into every by-way and blind alley of immaterial fact, in reporting every scrap of dialogue that she could remember or improvise, and in eschewing the oblique ora-

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tion as an unworthy economy of time and breath. If interrupted, she would invariably answer a question that had not been asked, and on getting up to any real point she would shy at it like a fractious old steed. It was then impossible to spur her on, and we had to retrace much ground at her pleasure. The *ipsissima verba* of this innocent creature are therefore frankly unprintable. But toward the top of Mulcaster Park I did make out that a number of pointless speeches, delivered by Mr. Nettleton at his lunch, had culminated in the announcement that he was going to the theatre that night.

"The theatre!" I cried. "I thought Mr. Nettleton never even went uptown?"

I had gathered that from Delavoye, and Sarah confirmed it with much embroidery. I was also told his reasons for making such a sudden exception, and as given by Sarah they were certainly not convincing.

"Then he's in the theatre now, or ought to be?" I suggested; for it was then just after nine o'clock.

"Ah, that's where it is, sir!" said Sarah, weightily. "He *ought* to be, as you say, sir. But he's locked his lib'ry, and there's a light under the door, and I can't get no answer, not though I knock, knock, knock, till I'm tired of knocking!"

I now ascertained that Sarah also had been given money to make a night of it, in her case at the Village Hall, where one of the church entertainments was going on. Sarah made mention of every item on the programme, as far as she had heard it out. But then it seemed she had become anxious about her kitchen fire, which she had been ordered to keep up for elaborate reasons connected with the master's bath. There had been no fire in the lib'ry that day; it was late in February, but exceptionally mild for the time of year. She knew her master sometimes left his lib'ry locked, since that what happened the last house-parlor-maid, and serve people right for going where they had no business. She could not say that he had left it locked on this occasion; she only knew it was so now, and a light under the door, though he had gone away in broad daylight.

This room, in which Nettleton certainly kept his books, but also his carpenter's bench, test-tubes and retorts, and a rack of stoppered bottles, was the one at the back leading into the garden. It was meant for the drawing-room in this particular type of house, was of considerable size but only divided from the kitchen by a jerry-built wall. Sarah could not say that she had heard a sound in the lib'ry—though she often did hear master, as she was setting there of a evening—since he went away without his tea. Of course she had not noticed the light under the door till after dark; not, in fact, till she came back from her entertainment. No; she had not thought of going into the room to draw the curtains. The less she went in there, without orders, the better, Sarah always thought. And yet, when she trotted in front of me through her kitchen and scullery, and so round to the French windows of the sealed chamber, we found them closely shuttered, as they must have been left early in the afternoon, unless Nettleton had returned from his theatre and locked himself in.

It was with rather too vivid a recollection of the finding of Abercromby Royle, in a corresponding room in Mulcaster Park, that I went up to my office for an assortment of keys.

"Now, Sarah, you stand sentinel at the gate," I said on my return. "If Mr. Nettleton should come back while I'm busy, keep him in conversation while I slip out through your kitchen. I don't much like my job, Sarah, but neither do I think for a moment that there's anything wrong."

Yet there was a really bright layer of light under the door in which I now tried key after key, while the old body relieved me of her presence in order to keep a rather unwilling eye up the road.

At last a key fitted, turned, and the door was open for me to enter if I dared; and never shall I forget the scene that presented itself when I did.

The room was unoccupied. That was one thing. Neither the quick nor the dead lay in wait for me this time. A mere glance explored every corner; the scanty furniture was that of a joiner's shop and a laboratory in one, and all the library to be seen was a couple of standing bookcases, not nearly full. But my eyes

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were rooted in horror to the floor. It also was bare, in the sense that there was no carpet, though a rug or two had been roughly folded and piled on the bench. In their place, from skirting-board to skirting-board, the floor was ankle-deep in shavings. And among the shavings, like so many light-houses in a yellow sea, burnt four or five fat ecclesiastical candles. They were not in candlesticks; at first I thought that they were mounted merely in their own grease. But Nettleton had run no such risk of one toppling before its time. Their innocent little flames were within an inch or so of the shavings—one was nearer still—but before I could probe the simple secret of the vile device, there was a rustle at my elbow, and there stood Sarah with her nodding plume.

"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed in a scandalized whisper. "Trying to set fire to the 'ouse—oh, fie!"

The grotesque inadequacy of these comments, taken in conjunction with her comparative composure, made me suspect for one wild moment that Sarah herself was an accomplice in the horrible design. She grasped it at a glance, much quicker than I had done, and it seemed to shock her very much less. I snatched up one of the candles—they were only pinned in place with black-headed toilet pins—and I lit the gas with it before stalking through the shavings and setting a careful foot upon the rest in turn.

When I had extinguished the last of them, I turned to find my innocent old suspect snivelling on the threshold, and nodding her gay plume more emphatically than ever.

"'Ow awful!" she ejaculated in hushed tones. "Madness, I call it. Setting fire to a nice 'ouse like this! But there, he's been getting queer for a long time. I've often said so—to myself, you know, sir—I wouldn't say it to nobody else. That burgular business was the beginning of it."

"Well, Sarah," I said, "he's got so queer that we must think what's to be done, and think quickly, and do it double-quick! But I shall be obliged if you'll stick to your excellent rule of not talking to outsiders. We've had scenes enough at Witching Hill, without this getting about."

"Oh! I sha'n't say a word, sir," said Sarah, solemnly. "Even pore Mr. Nettleton, he shall never know from *me* how I found him out!"

I could hardly believe my ears. "Good God, woman! Do you dream of spending another night under this maniac's roof?"

"Why, of course I do, sir," cried old Sarah, bridling. "Who's to look after him, if I go away and leave him, I should like to know? The very idea!"

"I'll see that he's looked after," said I, grimly, and I went and bolted the front door, lest he should return before I had decided on my tactics.

In the few seconds that my back was turned, Sarah seemed to have acquired yet another new, and equally novel, point of view. I found the old heroine almost gloating over her master's dreadful handiwork.

"Well, there, I never did see anything so artful! Him at his theatre, to come home and look on at the fire, and me at my concert, safe and sound as if I was at church. Oh, he'd see to that, sir; he wouldn't've done it if he 'adn't've arranged to put me out of 'arm's way. That's Mr. Nettleton, every inch. Not that I say it was a right thing to do, sir, even with the 'ouse empty as it is. But what can you expect when a pore gentleman goes out of 'is 'ead? There's not many would care what 'appened to nobody else! But the artfulness of 'im: in another minute the whole 'ouse might've been blazing like a bonfire! Well, there, you do 'ear of such things, and now we know 'ow they 'appen."

To this extraordinary tune, with many such variations, I was meanwhile making up my mind. The first necessity was to place the intrepid old fool really out of harm's way, and the next was to save the house if possible, but also and at all costs the good name of the Witching Hill Estate. We had had one suicide, and it had not been hushed up quite as successfully as some of us flattered ourselves at the time; one case of gross intemperance, most scandalous while it lasted, and one gang of burglars actually established on the Estate. People were beginning to talk about us as it was; a case of attempted arson, even if the incendiary were proved a criminal lunatic, might

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be the end of us as a flourishing concern. It is true that I had no stake in the company whose servant I was, but one does not follow the dullest avocation for three years without taking a certain interest of another kind. At any rate I intended the secret of this locked room to remain as much a secret as I could keep it, and this gave me an immediate leverage over Sarah. Unless she took herself off before her master returned, I assured her I would have him sent, not to an asylum, but to the felon's cell, which I described as the proper place for him. I was not so sure in my own mind that I meant him to go to one or the other. But this was the bargain that I proposed to Sarah.

It came out that she had friends, in the shape of a laboring brother and his wife and family, whom I strongly suspected of having migrated on purpose to keep in touch with Sarah's kitchen, no further away than the almost adjoining Village. I succeeded in packing the old thing off in that direction, after making her lock her door at the top of the house. Previously I had removed the marks of my boot from the extinguished candles, and had left the locked room locked once more and in total darkness. Sarah and I quitted the house together before ten o'clock.

"I'll see that your master doesn't do himself any damage to-night," were my last words to her. "He'll think the candles have been blown out by a draught under the door—which really wouldn't catch them till they burnt quite low—and he'll think you're asleep in your bed at the top of the house. You've left everything as though you were; and that alone, as you yourself have pointed out, is enough to guarantee his not trying it on again to-night. You see, the fire was timed to break out before you left your entertainment, as it would have done if you'd seen the programme through. Tell your people that Mr. Nettleton's away for the night, and you've gone and locked yourself out by mistake. Above all, don't come back, unless you want to give the whole show away; he'd know at once that you'd discovered everything, and even your life wouldn't be safe for another minute. Unless you promise, Sarah, I'll just wait for him myself—with a policeman!"

My reasoning was cogent enough for that simple mind; on the other hand, the word of such an obviously faithful soul was better than the bond of most; and altogether it was with considerable satisfaction that I heard old Sarah trot off into the night, and then myself ran every yard of the way back to the Delavoyes' house.

Up to this point, as I still think, I had done better than many might have done in my place. But for my promise to Uvo, and the fact that he was even then lying waiting for me to redeem it, I would not have rushed to a sick man with my tale. Yet I must say that I was thankful I had no other choice, as matters stood. And I will even own that I had formed no definite plans beyond the point at which Uvo was to have heard all, and to give me the benefit of his sound judgment in any definite dilemma.

To my astonishment he took the whole thing in an absolutely different way from any that I had anticipated. He took it terribly to heart. I had entirely forgotten the gist of our conversation before I left him; he had been thinking of nothing else. The thing that I had expected to thrill him to the marrow, that would have done nothing else at any other time, simply harrowed him after what I seemed to have said three-quarters of an hour before. Whatever I had said was overlaid in my mind, for the moment, by all that I had since seen and heard. But Uvo Delavoye seemed to remember every syllable.

"You said you wouldn't envy me," he cried, huskily, "if poor old Nettleton fell under the influence in his turn. You spoke as if it was *my* influence; it isn't, but it may be that I'm the sort of medium for its transmission! Sole agent, eh, Gilly? My God, that's an awful thought, but you gave it me just now and I sha'n't get shot of it in a hurry! None of these beastly things happened before *I* came here—I, the legitimate son of this infernal soil! I'm the lightning-conductor, I'm the middleman every time!"

"My dear Uvo, we've no time for all that," I said. He had started up in bed, painfully excited and distressed, and I began to fear that I might have my work cut out to keep him there. "We agreed

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to differ about this long ago," I reminded him.

"It's only another way of putting what you said just now," he answered. "You said you did believe in my power of infecting another fellow with my ideas; you spoke of my responsibility if the other fellow put them into practice; and now he's done this hideous thing, had done it even when we were talking!"

"He hasn't done it yet, and I mean to know the reason if he ever does," said I, perhaps with rather more confidence than I really felt. I went on to outline my various notions of preventions. Uvo found no comfort in any of them.

"You can't trust him alone there for the night, after this, Gilly! He'll pull it off, Sarah or no Sarah, if you do. And if you send him either to prison or an asylum—but *you* won't send him! That's just it, Gilly. He'll have been sent by me!"

It was a case of the devil quoting scripture, but I was obliged to tell Uvo, as though I had found it out for myself, that criminals and criminal lunatics were not made that way. Villain-worshippers did not go to such lengths unless they had the seeds of madness or of crime already in them. Uvo could not repudiate his own thesis, but he said that if that were so he had watered those seeds in a way that made him the worst of the two. There was no arguing with him, no taking his part against this ruthless self-criticism. He owned that in Nettleton he had found a sympathetic listener at last, that he had poured the whole virus of his ideas into those willing ears, and now here was the result. He threatened to get up and dress, and to stagger into the breach with me or instead of me. No need to recount our contest on that point. I prevailed by undertaking to do any mortal thing he liked, as long as he lay where he was with that quinsy.

"Then save the fellow somehow, Gilly," he cried, "only don't you go near him tonight! He obviously isn't safe; take the other risk instead. Since the old soul's out of the house, let him set fire to it if he likes. It's a lesser evil than his murdering you on the spot. Then we must get him quietly examined, without letting him know that we know anything at all; and if a private attendant's all he wants, I swear I'm his man. It's about the least I can do for him, and it would give me a job in life at last!"

I did not smile at my dear old lad. I gave him the assurance his generosity required, and I meant to carry it out, subject to a plan of my own for watching Nettleton's house all night. But all my proposals suffered a proverbial fate within ten minutes, when I was about to pass the still dark house, and was suddenly confronted by Nettleton himself, leaning over the gate as though in wait for me.

And here I feel an almost apologetic sense of the inadequacy of Nettleton's personality to the part that he was playing that night; for there was nothing terrifying about him, nothing sinister or grotesque. The outward man was flabbily restless and ineffective, marked out from the herd by no stronger features than a goatee beard and the light, quick, instantaneously responsive eye of an uncannily intelligent child. And no more than a child did I fear him; man to man, I could have twisted his arm out of its socket, or felled him like an ox with one blow from mine. So I thought to myself, the very moment I stopped to speak to him; and perhaps, by so thinking, recognized some subtler quality, and confessed a subtle fear.

"I was looking for my old servant," said Nettleton, after a civil greeting. "She's not come in yet."

"Oh! hasn't she?" I answered, and I liked the ring of my own voice even less than his.

"Anyhow I can't make her hear, and the old fool's left her door locked," said Nettleton.

"That's a bad plan," said I, not to score a silly point, but simply because I had to say something with conviction. It was a mistake. Nettleton peered at me by the light from the nearest lamp-post.

"Have you seen anything of her?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yes!" I answered, in obedience to the same necessity of temperament.

"Well?" he cried.

"Well, she seemed nervous about something, and I believe she's gone to her own people for the night."

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We stood without speaking for nearly a minute. A soft step came marching round the asphalt curve, throwing a bright beam now upon its indigo surface, and now over the fussy fronts of the red houses, as a child plays with a bit of looking-glass in the sun. "Good-night, officer," said Nettleton as the step and the light passed on. And I caught myself thinking what an improvement the asphalt was in Witching Hill Road, and how we did want it in Mulcaster Park.

"We can't talk out here, and I wish to explain about this wretched rent," said Nettleton. "Come in—or are you nervous too?"

I gave the gate a push, and he had to lead the way. I should not have been so anxious to see a real child in front of me. But Nettleton turned his back with an absence of hesitation that reassured me as to his own suspicions; and indeed none were to be gleaned from his unthoughtful countenance when he had lit up his hall without waiting for me to shut the front door. At that I did shut it, and accepted his invitation to smoke a pipe in his den; for I thought I could see exactly how it was.

Nettleton, having found his candles out and his servant flown, having even guessed that I knew something and perhaps suspected more, was about to show me my mistake by taking me into the very room where the conflagration had been laid for lighting. Of course I should see no signs of it, and would presently depart at peace with a tenant whose worst crime was his unpunctuality over the rent. Nothing could suit me better. It would show that the house really was safe for the night, while it would give time for due consideration, and for any amount of conferences with Uvo Delavoye.

So I congratulated myself as I followed Nettleton into the room that had been locked; of course it was unlocked now that he was at home, but it was still in perfect darkness as I myself had left it. The shavings rustled about our ankles; but no doubt he would think there was nothing suspicious about the shavings in themselves. Yet there was one difference, perceptible at once and in the dark. There was a smell that I thought might have been there before, but unnoticed by Sarah and me in our excitement. It was a strong smell, however, and it reminded me of toy steamers and of picnic teas.

"One moment, and I'll light the gas. We're getting in each other's way," said Nettleton. I moved instinctively, in obedience to a light touch on the arm, and I heard him fumbling in the dark behind me. Then I let out the yell of a lifetime. I am not ashamed of it to this day. I had received a lifetime's dose of agony and amazement.

My right foot had gone through the floor, gone into the jaws of some frightful monster that bit it to the bone above the ankle!

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Nettleton, but not from the part of the room where I had heard him fumbling, neither had he yet struck a light.

"You know, you blackguard!" I roared, with a few worse words than that. "I'll sort you for this, you see if I don't! Strike a light and let me loose this instant! It's taking my foot off, I tell you!"

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed, striking a match at once. "Why, if you haven't got into my best burglar-trap!"

He stood regarding me from a safe distance, with a sly pale smile, and the wax vesta held on high. I dropped my eyes to my tortured leg: a couple of boards had opened downward on hinges, and I could see the rusty teeth of an ancient man-trap embedded in my trousers, and my trousers already darkening as though with ink, where the pierced cloth pressed into quivering flesh and bone.

"It's the very same thing that happened to that last maid of mine," continued Nettleton. "I shouldn't wonder if you'd never seen a trap like that before. There aren't so many of 'em, even in museums. I picked this one up in Wardour Street; but it was my own idea to set it like that, and I went and quite forgot I'd left it ready for the night!"

That was the most obvious lie. He had set the thing somehow when he had pretended to be going to light the gas. But I did not tell him so. I did not open my mouth—in speech. I heard him out in a dumb horror; for he had stooped, and was lighting the candles one by one.

They were all where they had always been, except one that I must have kicked

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over on entering. Nettleton looked at that candle wistfully, and then at me, with a maniacally sly shake of the head; for it lay within my reach, but out of his; and it lay in a pool, beneath glistening shavings, for the whole room was swimming in the stuff that stank.

The lighting of the candles—in my brain as well as on the floor—had one interesting effect. It stopped my excruciating pain for several moments. We stood looking at each other across the little low lights, like Gullivers towering over Liliputian lamp-posts; that is, he stood, well out of arm's-length, while I leant with all my weight on one bent knee. Suddenly he gleamed and slapped his thigh.

"Why, I do believe you thought I was going to set fire to the house!" he cried.

"I knew you were."

"No—but now?"

"Yes—now—I see it in your damned face!"

"Really, Mr. Gillon!" exclaimed Nettleton, with a shake of his cracked head, "I hadn't thought of such a thing; but I am in a difficulty. The gas is on your side of the room, just out of your reach. So is the control of the very unpleasant arrangement that's got you by the heel. Is it the ankle? Oh! I'm sorry; but it's no use your looking round. I only meant the trap-door control; the trap itself has to be taken out before you can set it again, and it's a job even with the proper lever. After what's happened and the language you've been using, Mr. Gillon, I'm afraid I don't care to trust myself within reach of your very powerful arms, either to light the gas or to meddle with my little monster."

"See here," I said through the teeth that I had set against my pain. "You're as mad as a hatter; that's the only excuse for you——"

"Thank you!" he snapped in. "Then it won't be the worse for me if I *do* give you a taste of hell before your death and cremation!"

"I'm sorry for you," I went on, partly because I did not know that the insane call for more tact than the sane, and partly because I was far from sure which this man was, but had resolved in any case to appeal with all my might to his self-interest. "I'm sorry for anybody who loses his wits, but sorriest for those who get them back again and have to pay for what they did when they weren't themselves. You go mad and commit a murder, but you're dead sane when they hang you! That seems to me about the toughest luck a man could have, but it looks very like being your own."

"Which of these four candles do you back to win?" inquired Nettleton, looking at them and not at me. "I put my money on the one nearest you, and I back this one here for a place!"

"Two people know all about this, I may tell you," said I with more effect. Nettleton looked up. "Uvo Delavoye's one, and your old Sarah's the other!"

"That be blowed for a yarn!" he answered, after a singularly lucid interval, if he was not lucid all the time. "I think I see you walking into a trap like this if you knew it was here!"

"It's the truth!" I blustered, feeling to my horror that the truth had not rung true.

"All right! Then you deserve all you get for coming into another man's house——"

"When your servant came for me, and when we found out together that you were trying to burn it down?"

I was doing my best to reason with him now, but he was my master, sane or crazy. His cleverness was diabolical. He took the new point out of my mouth. "Yes—for going away and standing by to see me do it!" he cried. "But that's not the only crow I've got to pluck with you, young fellow, and the other jacks-in-office behind you. Must pay your dirty extortionate rent, must I? Very last absolutely final application, was it? Going to put a man in possession, are you? Very nice—very good! You're in possession yourself, my lad, and I wish you joy of your job!"

He made for the door, hugging the wall with unnecessary caution, leaving a bookcase tottering as an emblem of his respect. But at the door he recovered both his courage and his humor.

"I always meant to give him a warm reception," he cried—"and you're going to get one!"

He opened the door—made me a grotesque salute—and it was all that I could

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do to keep a horrified face till he was gone. Never had I thought him mad enough to leave me before he was obliged. Yet the front door closed softly in its turn; now I was alone in the house, and could have clapped my hands with joy. I plunged them into my pockets instead, took out the small shot of my possessions, and fired them at the candles, even to my watch. But my hand had shaken. I was balanced on one leg and suffering torments from the other. The four flames burnt undimmed. Then I stripped to the waist, made four bundles of coat and waistcoat, shirt and vest. It was impossible to miss with these. As I flung the fourth, darkness descended like a kiss from heaven—and a loud laugh broke through the door.

Nettleton came creeping in along the wall, lit the candles one by one, and said he was indebted to me for doing exactly what he had thought I would, and throwing away my own last means of meddling with his arrangements.

I went mad myself. I turned for an appreciable time into the madder man of the two; the railing and the raving were all on my side. They are not the least horrible thing that I remember. But I got through that stage, thank God! I like to think that one always must if there is time. There was time, and to spare, in my case. And there were those four calm candles waiting for me to behave myself, burning away as though they had never been out, one almost down to the shavings now, all four in their last half-inch, yet without another flicker between them of irresolution or remorse, true ecclesiastical candles to the end!

I had spat at them till my mouth was like an ash-pit; but there they burnt, corpse candles for the living who was worse than dead, mocking me with their four charmed flames. But mockery was nothing to me now. Nettleton had killed the nerve that mockery touches. When I shouted he gave me leave to go on till I was black in the face; nobody would hear me through the front of the house, and perhaps I remembered the heavy shutters he had made for the French windows at the time of the burglar scare. He went round to see if he could hear me through them, and he came back rubbing his hands. But now I took no more notice of his taunts. The last and cruelest was at the very flecks of blood on floor and shavings, flung far as froth in my demented efforts to tear either my foot from the trap or myself limb from limb. . . . And I had only sworn at him in my terrible preoccupation.

"No, that's where *you're* going, old cock," he had answered. "And by the way, Gillon, when you get there I wish you'd ask for your friend Delavoye's old man of the soil! Tell him his mantle's descended on good shoulders, will you? Tell him he's not the only pebble on the shores of Styx!"

That gave me something else to think about toward the end; but I had no longer any doubt about the man's inveterate insanity. His pale eyes had rolled and lightened with unstable fires. There had been something inconsecutive even in his taunts. Consistent only in keeping out of my way, he had explained himself once when I was trying to picture the wrath to come upon him, in the felon's dock, in the condemned cell, on the drop itself. It was only fools who looked forward or back, said Edgar Nettleton.

And I, who have done a little of both all my life, like most ordinary mortals, as I look back to the hour which I had every reason to recognize as my last on earth, the one redeeming memory is that of the complete calm which did ultimately oust my undignified despair. It may have been in answer to the prayers I uttered in the end instead of curses; that is more than man can say. I only know that I was not merely calm at the last, but immensely interested in what Nettleton would have called the winning candle. It burnt down to the last thin disk of grease, shining like a worn florin in that jungle of shavings that seemed to lean upon the flame and yet did not catch. Then the wick fell over, the last quarter-inch of it, and I thought that candle had done its worst. Head and heart almost burst with hope. No! the agony was not to be prolonged to the next candle, or the next but one. The very end of the first wick had done the business in falling over. I had forgotten that strong smell and the pools now drying on the floor.

It began in a thin blue spoonful of flame, that scooped up the worn grease

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coin, grew into a saucerful of violet edged with orange, and in ten or twenty seconds had the whole jungle of shavings in a blaze. But it was a violet blaze. It was not like ordinary fire. It was more like the thin blue waves that washed over the rocks of white asbestos in so many of our tenants' grates. And like a wave it passed over the surface of the floor, without eating into the wood.

There were no hangings in the room. The incendiary had relied entirely on his wood-work, and within a minute the floor was a sea of violet flames with red crests. There was one island. I had stooped after Nettleton left me for the last time, and swept the shavings clear of me on all sides, garnering as many as possible into the hole in the floor where the trap had been set, and drying the floor within reach as well as I could with the bare hand. There was this island, perhaps the size of a hearth-rug; and I cannot say that I was ever any hotter than I should have been on such a rug before a roaring fire.

But this fire did not roar, though it surged over the rest of the floor in its blue billows and its red-hot crests, flowing under the carpenter's bench as the sea flows under a pier. And the floor was not on fire; the fire was on the floor; and it was dying down! It was dying down before my starting eyes. Where the violet wave receded, it left little more mark than the waves of the sea leave on the sands. It was only the fiery crests that lingered, and crackled, and turned black . . . and my senses left me before I saw the reason, or more than the first blinding ray of hope!

It was not Uvo Delavoye, and it was not Sarah, who was standing over me when I awoke to the physical agony on which that of the mind had acted latterly as a perfect anodyne. It was the Delavoyes' doctor. Uvo had sent for him in the middle of the night, telling his poor people he felt much worse—having indeed a higher temperature—but being in reality only unbearably anxious about Nettleton and me. He wanted to know what Nettleton was doing. He wanted to be sure that I was safe in my bed. If his sister had not been nursing him, he would have made a third madman by crawling out to satisfy himself; as it was, he had sent for the doctor and told him all. And the doctor had not only come himself, but had knocked up his partner on the way, as they were both tenants on the Estate.

They might have been utter strangers to me that night, and for a little time after. Nor was it in accordance with their orders that I got to know things as soon as I did. That was where Uvo Delavoye did come in, and with him his mother's new cook, Sarah, in the bonnet with the nodding plume, just as she had been to see her pore old master.

"It's a beautiful mad-'ouse," said Sarah, with a moist twinkle in her funny old eye. "I only hope he won't want to burn it down!"

"*I* only hope you're keeping his effort to yourselves," said I. "It'll do the Estate no good, if it gets out, after all the other things that have been happening on it."

"Trust us and the doctors!" said Uvo. "We're all in the same boat, Gilly, and your old Muskett's the only other soul who knows. By the way"—his glance had deepened—"both they and Sarah think it must have been coming on for a long time."

"I'm quite sure it 'as," said Sarah, earnestly. "I never did 'ear such things as Mr. Nettleton used to say to me, or to hisself, it didn't seem to matter who it was. But of course it wasn't for me to go about repeating them."

I saw Uvo's mouth twitching, for some reason, and I changed the subject to the miraculous preservation of the house in Witching Hill Road. The doctors had assured me that the very floor, which my own eyes had beheld a sea of blazing spirit, was scarcely so much as charred. And Uvo Delavoye confirmed the statement.

"It wasn't such a deep sea as you thought, Gilly. But it was the spirit that saved the show, and that's just where our poor friend overshot the mark. Spirit burns itself, not the thing you put it on. It's like the brandy and the Christmas pudding. Those shavings would have been far more dangerous by themselves, but drenched in methylated spirit they burnt like a wick, which of course hardly burns at all."

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"*My* methylated!" Sarah chimed in. "He must have found it when he was looking for me all over in my kitchens, pore gentleman, and me at my brother's all the time! I'd just took a gallon from Draytons' Stores, because you get it ever so much cheaper by the gallon, Mr. Hugo. I must remember to tell your ma."

A SEEKER IN THE NIGHT

Florence Earle Coates

I LIFT my eyes, but I cannot see:
I stretch my arms and I cry to Thee—
And still the darkness covers me.

Where art Thou? In the chill obscure
I wander lonely, and endure
A yearning only Thou canst cure.

Once, once, indeed, in every face
I seemed thy lineaments to trace,
And looked in all to find thy grace:

I thought the thrush—sweet worshipper!—
From the minaret of the balsam-fir
Hymned forth thy praise, my soul to stir;

I thought the early roses came
To lisp in fragrant breaths thy name,
And teach my heart to do the same;

I thought the stars thy candles, Lord!
I thought the skylark as he soared
Rose to thy throne, and Thee adored.

But now a labyrinth I wind,
And needing more thy hand to find,
Grope darkling, Lord—for I am blind!

Ah, bridge for me the shadowy vast,
That I may find Thee, at the last!—
Then draw me close, and hold me fast!

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THE WEDDING-RING

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

BEFORE Toinette Girard made up her mind to marry Prosper Leclère,—you remember the man at Abbéville who had such a brave heart that he was not willing to fight with an old friend,—before Toinette perceived and understood how brave Prosper was, it seemed as if she were very much in doubt whether she did not love some one else more than she loved him, whether he and she really were made for each other, whether, in short, she cared for him enough to give herself entirely to him.

But after they had been married six weeks there was no doubt left in her mind. He was the one man in the world for her. He satisfied her to the core—although by this time she knew most of his faults. It was not so much that she loved him in spite of them, but she simply could not imagine him changed in any way without losing a part of him, and that idea was both intolerable and incredible to her. Just as he was, she clung to him and became one with him.

I know it seems ridiculous to describe a love like that, and it is certainly impossible to explain it. It is not common, nor regular, nor altogether justifiable by precept and authority. Reason is against it; and the doctors of the church have always spoken severely of the indulgence of any human affection that verges on idolatry. But the fact remains that there are a few women in the world who are capable of such a passion. Capable? No, that is not the word. They are created for it. They cannot help it. It is not a virtue, it is simply a quality. Their whole being depends upon their love. They hang upon it, as a wreath hangs from a nail in the wall. If it breaks they are broken. If it holds they are happy. Other things interest them and amuse them, of course, but there is only one thing that really counts—to love and to be loved.

Toinette was a woman of that rare race. To the outward view she was just a pretty French Canadian girl with an oval face, brown hair, and eyes like a very dark topaz. Her hands were small, but rather red and rough. Her voice was rich and vibrant, like the middle notes of a 'cello, but she spoke a dialect that was as rustic as a cabbage. Her science was limited to enough arithmetic to enable her to keep accounts, her art to the gift of singing a very lovely contralto by ear, and her notions of history bordered on the miraculous. She was obstinate, superstitious, and at times quick-tempered. But she had a positive genius for loving. That raised her into the first rank, and enabled her to bestow as much happiness on Prosper as if she had been a queen.

It was a grief to them, of course, that they had no children. But this grief did

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not destroy, nor even diminish, their felicity in each other; it was like the soft shadow of a cloud passing over a landscape—the sun was still shining and the world was fair. They were too happy to be discontented. And their fortunes were thriving, too, so that they were kept pretty hard at work—which, next to love, is the best antidote for unhappiness.

After the death of the old *bonhomme* Girard, the store fell to Prosper; and his good luck—or his cleverness, or his habit of always being ready for things, call it what you will—stuck by him. Business flourished in the *Bon Marché* of Abbéville. Toinette helped it by her gay manners and her skill in selling. It did people good to buy of her: she made them feel that she was particularly glad that they were getting just what they needed. A pipe of the special shape which Pierre affected,—a calico dress-pattern of the shade most becoming to Angélique,—a brand of baking-powder which would make the batter rise up like mountains,—*v'là, voisine, c'est b'en bon!* Everything that she sold had a charm with it. Consequently trade was humming, and the little wooden house beside the store was *b'en trimée.*

The only drawback to the happiness of the Leclères was the fact that business required Prosper to go away for a fortnight twice a year to replenish his stock of goods. He went to Quebec or to Montréal, for he had a great many kinds of things to get, and he wanted good things and good bargains, and he did not trust the commercial travellers.

"Who pays those men," he said, "to run around everywhere, with big watch-chains? You and me! But why? I can buy better myself—because I understand what Abbéville wants—and I can buy cheaper."

The times of his absence were heavy and slow to Toinette. The hours were doped out of the day as reluctantly as black molasses dribbles from a jug. Only a professional instinct kept her up to her work in the store. She jollied the customers, looked after the accounts, made good sales, and even coquetted enough with the commercial travellers to send them away without ill-will for the establishment which refused to buy from them.

"A little *badinage* does no harm," she said, "it keeps people from getting angry because they can't do any more business."

But in the house she was dull and absent-minded. She went about as if she had lost something. She sat in her rocking-chair, with her hands in her lap, as if she were waiting for something. The yellow light of the lamp shone upon her face and hurt her eyes. A tear fell upon her knitting. The old *tante* Bergeron, who came in to keep house for her while she was busy with the store, diagnosed her malady and was displeased with it.

"You are love-sick," said she. "That is bad. Especially for a married woman. It is wrong to love any of God's creatures too much. Trouble will come of it—*voyons voir.*"

"But, aunty," answered Toinette, "Prosper is not justany of God's creatures. He is mine. How could I love him too much? Besides, I don't do it. It does itself. How can I help it?"

"It is a malady," sighed the old woman, shaking her head. "It is a malady of youth, my child. There is danger in it—and for Prosper too! You make an idol of a man and you spoil him. You upset his mind. Men are like that. You will bring trouble upon your man, if you don't take care. God will send you a warning—perhaps a countersign of death."

"What is that," cried Toinette, her heart shaking within her breast, "what do you mean with your countersign of death?"

The old woman nodded her head mysteriously and leaned forward, putting her gnarled hand on Toinette's round knee and peering with her faded eyes into the girl's wild-flower face.

"It is the word," said she, "that death speaks before he crosses the threshold. He gives a sign—sometimes one thing, and sometimes another—before he comes in. Our folk in Brittany have understood about that for a long time. My grandmother has told me. It always comes to one who has gone too far, to one who is like you. You must be careful. You must go to mass every day and pray that your malady may be restrained."

So Toinette, having tasted of the strange chalice of fear, went to the church early every morning while Prosper was away and prayed that she might not love him so

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Drawn by Charles S. Chapman.

It did people good to buy of her.—Page 362.

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much as to make God jealous. The absurdity of such a prayer never occurred to her. She made it with childish simplicity. Probably it did no harm. For when Prosper came home she loved him more than ever. Then she went to high mass every Sunday morning with him and prayed for other things.

After four years there came a day when Prosper must go away for a longer absence. There was an affair connected with the Department of Forests and Fisheries, which could only be arranged at Ottawa. Thither he must go to see the lawyers, and there he must stay perhaps a month, perhaps two.

You can imagine that Toinette was desolate. The draught of fear that *tante* Bergeron had given her grew more potent and bitter in her simple heart. And the strange thing was that, although she was ignorant of it, there was apparently something true in the warning which the old woman had given. For jealousy—that vine with flying seeds and strangling creepers—had taken root in the heart of Prosper Leclère.

Yes, I know it is contrary to all the rules and to all the proverbs, but so it happened. It is not true that the strongest love is the most jealous. It is the lesser love, the love which receives more than it gives, that lies open to the floating germs of mistrust and suspicion. And so it was Prosper who began to have doubts whether Toinette thought of him as much when he was away as when he was with her; whether her gladness when he came home was not something that she put on to fool him and humor him; whether her *badinage* with the commercial travellers (and especially with that good-looking Irishman, Flaherty from Montreal, of whom the village gossips had much to say) might not be more serious than it looked; whether—ah, well, you know, when a man begins to follow fool thoughts like that they carry him pretty far astray in the wilderness.

Prosper was a good fellow with a touch of the prig in him. He was a Catholic

She fell on her knees beside her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.—Page 366.

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"But that is a bad sign—the worst of all."—Page 368.

with a Puritan temperament and a Gallic imagination. The idolatry of Toinette had, as a matter of fact, spoiled him a little; it was so much that he weakly questioned the reality of it, as if it were too good to be true. All the time he was in Ottawa and on the journey those fool thoughts hobbled around him and misled him and made him unhappy.

Meantime Toinette was toiling through the time of separation, with a laugh for the store, and a sigh for the lonely house, and a prayer for the church. Tired as she was at night, she did not sleep well, and her dreams were troubled by aunty Bergeron's warning against loving too much.

In the cold drab dawn of a March morning it seemed to her as if the church bell had just stopped ringing as she awaked from a dream of Prosper. She put on her clothes quickly and hurried out. The road was deserted. In the snowy fields the little fir-trees stood out as black as ink. Against the sky rose the gray-stone church like a fortress of refuge.

But as she entered the door, instead of

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five or six well-known neighbors kneeling in the half-darkness, she saw that the church was filled with a strange, thick, blinding radiance like a mist of light. Everything was blurred and confused in that luminous fog. There was not a face to be seen. Yet she felt the presence of a vast congregation all around her. There were movements in the mist. The rustling of silks, the breath of rich and strange perfumes, the shuffling of hob-nailed shoes, the smell of the sea and of the forest, came to her from every side. There were voices of men and women, young and old, rough and delicate, hoarse and sweet, all murmuring the same prayer in many tongues. She could not hear it clearly, but the sound of their murmurs and sighs was like the whisper of the fir-wood when the wind walks through it.

She was bewildered and frightened. Part of going to church means having people that you know near you. Her heart fluttered with a vague terror, and she sank into the first seat by the door.

She could not see the face of the priest at the altar. His voice was unfamiliar. The tinkle of the bell sounded from an infinite distance. The sound of footsteps came down the aisle. It must be some one carrying the plate for the offering. As he advanced slowly she could hear the clink of the coins dropping into it. Mechanically she put her hand in her pocket and drew out the little piece of silver and the four coppers that by chance were there.

When the man came near she saw that he was dressed in a white robe with a hood over his face. The plate was full of golden coins. She held out her poor little offering. The man in the cowl shook his head and drew back the plate.

Tante Bergeron clumped sullenly away, muttering, "A mistress without a wedding-ring! . . . There's a big misery in that."—Page 368.

"It is for the souls of the dead," he whispered, "the dead whom we have loved too much. Nothing but gold is good enough for this offering."

"But this is all I have," she stammered.

"There is a ring on your hand," he answered in a voice which pierced her heart.

Shivering dumbly like a dog, palsied with pain, yet compelled by an instinct which she dared not resist, she drew her wedding-ring from her finger and dropped it into the plate.

As it fell there was a clang as if a great bell had tolled; and she rose and ran from the church, never stopping until she reached her own room and fell on her knees beside her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

The first thing that roused her was the clatter of the dishes in the kitchen. The yellow light of morning filled the room. She wondered to find herself fully dressed and kneeling by the bed instead of sleeping in it. It was late, she had missed the hour of mass. Her glance fell upon her

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Drawn by Charles S. Chapman.

The door opened, Prosper stood before her.—Page 369.

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left hand, lying stretched out upon the bed. The third finger was bare.

All the scene in the church rushed over her like a drive of logs in the river when the jam breaks. She felt as helpless as a little child in a canoe before the downward sweeping flood. She did not wish to cry out, to struggle—only to crouch down, and cover her eyes, and wait. Whatever was coming would come.

Then the force of youth and hope and love rose within her and she leaped to her feet. "Bah!" she said to herself, "I am a baby. It was only a dream—the curé has told us not to be afraid of them—I snap my fingers at that old Bergeron with her stupid countersigns—*je m'en fricasse!* But, my ring—my ring? I have dropped it, that's all, while I was groping around the room in my sleep. After a while I will look for it and find it."

She washed her face and smoothed her hair and walked into the kitchen. Breakfast was ready and the old woman was grumbling because it had been kept waiting.

"You are lazy," she said; "a love-sick woman is good for nothing. Your eyes are red. You look bad. You have seen something. A countersign!"

She peered at the girl curiously, the wrinkles on her yellow face deepening like the cracks in drying clay, and her thin lips working as if they mumbled a delicious morsel—a foretaste of the terrible.

"Let me alone with your silly talk," cried Toinette gayly. "I am hungry. Besides, I have a headache. You must take care of the store this morning. I will stay here. Prosper will come home to-day."

"*Frivolante*," said the old woman, with her sharp eyes fixed on the girl's left hand, "why do you think that? Where is your wedding-ring?"

"I dropped it," replied Toinette, drawing back her hand quickly and letting it fall under the table-cloth; "it must be somewhere in my room."

"She dropped it," repeated the old woman, with wagging head, "*tiens!* what a pity! The ring that not even death should take from her finger—she dropped it! But that is a bad sign,—the worst of all,—a countersign of——"

"Will you go? Old babbler," cried Toinette, springing up in anger, "I tell you to go to the store. I am mistress in this house."

Tante Bergeron clumped sullenly away, muttering, "A mistress without a wedding-ring! Oh, là-là, là-là! There's a big misery in that."

Toinette rolled up her sleeves and washed the dishes. She tried to sing a little at her work, because she knew that Prosper liked it, but the notes seemed to stick in her throat. She wiped her eyes with the hem of her apron, and went upstairs, bare-armed, to search for her ring.

She looked and felt in every corner of the room, took up the rag-carpet rugs and shook them, moved every chair and the big chest of drawers and the wash-stand, pulled the covers and the pillows and the mattress off the bed and threw them on the floor. When she had finished the room looked as if the big north-west wind had passed through it.

Then Toinette sat down on the bed, rubbing the little white mark on her finger where the ring had been, and staring through the window at the church as if she were hypnotized. All sorts of dark and cloudy thoughts were trooping around her. Perhaps Prosper had met with an accident, or he was sick; or perhaps the suspicions and unjust reproaches with which he had sometimes wounded her lately had grown into his mind, so that he was angry with her and did not want to see her. Perhaps some one had been telling lies to him, and made him mad, and there was a fight, and a knife—she could see him lying on the floor of a tavern, in a little red puddle, with white face and staring eyes, cold and reproachful. Would he never come back, come home?

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In front of the store sleigh-bells jingled. It was probably some customer. No, she knew in her heart it was her husband!

But she could not go to him—he must come to her, here, away from that hateful old woman. A step sounded in the hall, the door opened, Prosper stood before her. She ran to him and threw her arms around him. But he did not answer her kiss. His voice was as cold as his hands.

"Well," he said, "I come back sooner than you expected, eh? A little surprise —like a story-book."

She could not speak, her heart was beating in her throat, her arms dropped at her side.

"You are fond of your bed," he went on, "you rise late, and your room,—it looks like mad. Perhaps you had company. A party?—or a fracas?"

Her cheeks flamed, her eyes filled with tears, her mouth quivered, but no words came.

"Well," he continued, "you don't say much, but you look well. I suppose you had a good time while I was gone. Why have you taken off your wedding-ring? When a woman does that, she——"

Her face went very white, her eyes burned, she spoke with her deepest, slowest note.

"Stop, Prosper, you are unjust, something has made you crazy, some one has told you lies. You are insulting me, you are hurting me,—but I,—well, I am the one that loves you always. So I will tell you what has happened. Sit down there on the bed and be quiet. You have a right to know it all,—and I have the right to tell you."

Then she stood before him, with her right hand covering the white mark on the ring-finger, and told him the strange story of the mass for the dead who had been too much loved. He listened with changing eyes, now full of doubt, now full of wonder and awe.

"You tell it well," he said, "and I have heard of such things before. But did this really happen to you? Is it true?"

"As God lives it is true," she answered. "I was afraid I had loved you too much. I was afraid you might be dead. That was why I gave my wedding-ring—for your soul. Look, I will swear it to you on the crucifix."

She went to the wall behind the bed where the crucifix was hanging. She lifted her hand to take it down.

There, on the little shelf at the feet of the wounded figure, she saw her wedding-ring.

Her hands trembled as she put it on her finger. Her knees trembled as she went back to Prosper and sat beside him. Her voice trembled as she said, "Here it is,—*He* has given it back to us."

A river of shame swept over him. It seemed as if chains fell from his heart. He drew her to him. He felt her bare arms around his neck. Her head fell back, her eyes closed, her lips parted, her breath came soft and quick. He waited a moment before he dared to kiss her.

"My dove," he whispered, "the sin was not that you loved too much, but that I loved too little."

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THE FAMILY AND THE PANAMA CANAL

By Mary Gay Humphreys

CONSULTING the feelings this would be a rhapsody. But recalling one's scepticism over the rhapsody of others suggests confining one's statements to obvious facts.

In all this wide, wide world the most orderly community is that of the Panama Canal Zone. Here is the least crime; here are the fewest misdemeanors, the least exercise of the functions of the courts, the most industrious, the fewest idlers, absolutely no poor, equally conspicuous the absence of the rich.

With its steam-shovels working like sentient beings; its locomotives rushing about like screaming busybodies; its cement buckets skimming over the earth and riding the air to perform their varied tasks; with the long dirt trains weaving and turning on their tortuous tracks like pythons; still the most persistent impression is of beauty, orderliness, and propriety.

The greatest public work the world has ever seen is carried on not only with unremitting diligence, enthusiasm, and honesty, but with elegance, a high standard of living, and a *morale* to which the oldest and most opulent cities have never attained. These are the words of truth and soberness. The problems of the engineer are greater than man has ever before encountered but in kind. The cubic yards of dirt and cement transcend experience, but only in bulk. It is the organization that is without precedent in the whole history of public works—it is this that is the eighth wonder of the world. In this organization there is no detail so minute not to have received attention, from the most puzzling problems in engineering to the American youth's love of ice-cream nothing seems to have been left unconsidered. This elaboration of detail has doubtless been gradual; but to the visitor coming upon its completeness to-day, the impression is staggering, and not unmixed with envy.

Whether it is the unconscious working out of the genius of our own people, or a keenness of perception on the part of the supreme powers, it was determined as early as 1904 that to build the Panama Canal the workers must be not only healthy but happy; that to be either or both they must be surrounded by normal family life; that married men must be able to bring their wives and children, and that in doing this these must not be deprived of the privileges they enjoy at home. Thus, for the first time in the history of great undertakings, the important place of wives, mothers, and children was recognized, and on this is largely based that organization which is the astonishment and admiration of every visitor to the Canal Zone, and of which we at home know so little. As a corollary it may be observed that young married couples swarm. Looking over a recent report one learned that while the demand for bachelor quarters was one hundred and ninety-two, that for married quarters was over five hundred. A glimpse into the rooms of some of the bachelors—such is the technical term on the Canal Zone for the unmarried men—showed them comfortable, well furnished, and with club pennants, photographs, and sofa pillows much like those of college boys. Notwithstanding, there seems to be a premium on marriage, possibly due to the commissariat, and only the scarcity of marriage quarters checks an epidemic that would otherwise sweep the isthmus from Colon to Panama. That so considerate a government does not provide more married quarters is presumably due to the fact that everything tends toward the disbandment of the canal force, for all eyes are now looking toward the completion of the work.

There are four types of dwelling-houses on the Canal Zone, and these are assigned, military fashion, according to rank. The high dignitaries and heads of bureaus have their own houses. Those of lesser rank live in two-family houses; that is to say,

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each floor being a separate apartment. After these are the four-family houses, each apartment being cut into two. In every case, the great and small, the type is the same. The houses are of wood, painted gray with white trimmings, surrounded by galleries above and below which are screened with copper-wire netting and raised several feet from the ground, allowing for the free circulation of air beneath. The luxuriant growths of the tropics have draped these houses with bourgainvillas and other vines, the flaming hibiscus and the snowy ginger flower frame them in, and thus kept with that neatness the military exacts, these charming groups of houses, like beads on a string, follow the line of the great ditch.

These houses are furnished by the government with grass rugs prettily bordered, white iron bedsteads with their accompanying bureaus and tables, wicker chairs, stoves, and kitchen furniture. Each apartment has its shower bath and the most important houses porcelain baths. All this, including fuel and electric light, is furnished free. There is still another style of house which we have received from the French. This is a low one-storied house, and much coveted, since it is designed for only one family. It has been remarked that in no quarter of the world have four families been known to dwell under one roof in perfect amity. Regarding so nearly one another's belongings and privileges there are apt to be heart-burnings and jealousies.

It was profitable as well as agreeable to talk with the rank and file during chance encounters at the stations and in the quartermaster's brake, which generously hauls one up the steep slopes. These ladies were the wives of locomotive engineers and those who commanded steam-shovels. My good fortune was to listen to their appreciation, and this indicated different points of view held by others.

"I've no patience with some of these women standing in their husbands' light by complainin' and complainin'. They want to go back home, and try to make their husbands dissatisfied. I tell 'em you jus' wait until you have to pay your own rent, an' buy your own fuel an' gas that you get here for nuthin'. Jus' wait until ye have to buy blankets an' wool underwear, an' winter clothes, an' shoes an' mittens for the children; you jus' wait an' then you'll look back an' see how well off you are here. Why, these men get from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars a month. We're savin' to buy a farm when we get back. Catch me complainin' to my old man. So long." And she waved me a smiling adieu.

In the early days the student-lamp was deemed the best and safest illumination; but gradually the electric light was installed. The relative importance, however, was not understood. One of the historic disturbances brought to head-quarters was the complaint that the wife of a one-thousand-two-hundred-dollar man had two student-lamps, while she, the wife of a one-thousand-four-hundred-dollar man, had only electric light. But as a source of trouble the ice-box is to the Canal Zone what the clothes-line is to the city tenement. The lady upstairs forgets to empty the pan beneath, which overflows and leaks through on to the lady below. Hence ructions and complaints. Some of these get into the courts, but many are settled by Colonel Goethals at his Sunday mornings. These are an institution. Thither every one who has a grievance of any sort may come and tell it to him, whom a shrewd observer calls an example of Carlyle's Benevolent Despot authority in its most ideal form. What the colonel says "goes," and no one has estimated what he has saved his country in the matter of courts.

Colonel Goethals is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who is never seen in uniform, notwithstanding through his mail he is frequently addressed by his West Indian subjects as "Lord High Mightiness," "Royal Highness," and kindred high-sounding titles. Even man and wife disputes are brought to him to settle. A Jamaica negro came to him on one of these occasions and asked the colonel to compel his wife, who was with him, to give him her money. The colonel listened to his tale, and even the English of a Jamaica negro is worth hearing. The colonel asked but one question; this to the wife:

"Did you earn the money?"

She had earned the money; this the man admitted.

"Then the money is hers."

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The negro persisted. He was a British subject, and by British law he had a right to his wife's earnings.

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'll deport you both and you can settle it in the Jamaica courts. On the Canal Zone the money belongs to your wife." They were not deported.

Housekeeping on the Canal Zone presents unusual features. The commissary at Colon can only be compared to our finest city groceries, if these also had attachments for shoes, hats, trunks, clothes of all sorts—including evening dresses, which may be supposed to represent the taste of the administration—and fancy work. There are two entrances with the usual legends above—"Gold Employees" and "Silver Employees." I never saw the silver end when it was not crowded with the West Indian women buying supplies. One may easily hazard that Uncle Sam gets back in this manner a large part of what he pays out in wages. There are two peculiarities that distinguish commerce with the commissary. One is that no money passes. Employees only are privileged to buy, and these purchase books and pay with coupons. Outsiders in this manner, and in the interest of the Colon merchants, are barred. The second distinction is that the commissary offers but one grade, and that is the best. The prices are in almost every instance less than prices at home, as one may see in the published lists of the *Canal Record*. But there is another side to the situation.

"My table costs me just about what it does at home," said the president of the Cristobal Woman's Club. "The commissary has no 'seconds.' If I want to make an apple-pie I must buy the best quality of canned apples, when the less handsome would serve as well. I must use the best sugar and the best butter in cooking. Also, if I want a glass of jelly, I must buy it. At home I would make it, as I would my pickles. So if I keep up the same standard of living, notwithstanding the cheaper prices, it costs me just about the same as at home."

The government in its paternal aspect feeds about sixty-five thousand people a day. It "runs" fourteen government hotels and various kitchens for its different grades of employees; and for its visitors the luxurious Hotel Tivoli at Ancon, with a panorama of the beautiful Bay of Panama always before its eyes. At a government hotel one may eat at one end in shirt sleeves; at the other end a coat is obligatory. At the kitchens one holds out a pan, and may take it home or eat in the open. All these are managed for a modest profit. The great cold-storage plant is at Cristobal. Saturated with the torrid sun, one wanders through its ice-encrusted rooms as through Jack Frost's caverns, and shivers while wrapped in the heaviest of great-coats considerately kept for the curious. The contents come down in cold-storage ships, are unloaded into cold-storage cars, unloaded into the cold storage-plant, and thence distributed in cold-storage cars along the line. One could drive nails with the chickens and break stones with chunks of blue-fish.

It is needless to go into the statistics of food supply. It is the attention to economy in details and the regard for the welfare of the community that are impressive. At first the butter was brought down in pound rolls. Now it is shipped in tubs and weighed and stamped in pound rolls; because in doing this it can be sold for three cents a pound cheaper. The milk is now brought in cans and here bottled for the same reason, the cans being thoroughly sterilized before they are sent back. In a darkened cell, like two malefactors, two men spend their days before powerful electric lights testing eggs. The government discharges thirty-six thousand eggs daily, and the integrity of each one of these is assured before it leaves. The zeal with which this speck of the United States is guarded in the matter of pure food is almost humorous in the light of our pitiful struggles at home; and again the mind recurs to the advantage of Carlyle's Benevolent Despot over an elective administration and a congress given to debate.

The staff of the ice-cream plant is as active as the men in command of the steam-shovels. It requires two hundred and fifty gallons of ice-cream daily to satisfy the cries of our sweets-loving youth, while a hundred thousand pounds of ice are made and consumed in one way or another. Pies, even this competent government was obliged to give over, because they looked so disreputable after shipment,

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for on the Canal Zone appearances are regarded. The colossal bakery, however, makes all the bread and cake consumed, swallowing up nearly a hundred barrels of flour each day. I asked the young man managing it if he was a baker.

"Mercy, no. At home I was a bank clerk."

Uncle Sam washes the clothes. At Cristobal is the government laundry. This is organized, as everything else, on a Titanic scale and with the most modern equipment. Here everything from overalls to what is known as lingerie is impartially considered. Clothes delivered Tuesday will be sent home on Thurdsay. Scores of West Indian women are here employed in ironing, as they are at the bakery weighing out and packing coffee and spices.

The servant question on the Canal Zone is of that burning importance it assumes elsewhere. This is complicated by the fact that many families are here able to "keep a girl" who were not accustomed to enjoy one at home. Some of the higher dignitaries have brought their household staffs from home. But for the most part the organ of domestic service is the West Indian negro. When one mentions the Jamaican, mistresses smile at one another as at some joke current, and relate the latest. The houseman is asked about the weather.

"I think, ma'am, that rain may be momentarily expected." Or remonstrated with as to cobwebs replies, "I will remove them with the utmost diligence." He loves to take his pen in hand. A complaint addressed to the secretary of the commission begins, "Honored Sir, Good Morning," and after four pages concludes with "Honored Sir, Good Evening." He is proud of his nationality. "I am a British object, sir"—his ordinary protest when confronted by the requirements of the United States—is a phrase current. His sense of dignity, his high-flown language, and problematic speech furnish unlimited topics of conversation. His speech has perhaps been acquired from a Yorkshireman, a Scotchman, or a Cockney, and this he carefully uses to his superiors. Among themselves speech is a patois which might have come down from their ancestral Guinea. The housewives of the Canal Zone have acquired a certain connoisseurship. One will say:

"I find the Jamaican servants dull. They never learn. I have to tell them the same thing over and over. I prefer the Barbadoes. Their minds are more alert."

"I like those I get from Martinique," says another. "They have the quickness of the French, and are so willing. You can't say that of the Jamaican."

Others will discriminate in favor of Antigua. Except in a few instances there do not seem to be any negroes from the Southern States.

Having imported the wives and children of the employees to the isthmus, and having provided them with attractive homes and material comforts, the administration set about making them happy and contented. Nothing is more eloquent of our sturdy determination to build the Panama Canal and on schedule time. Coming from widely separated parts of the country, and out of widely varying conditions, these women arrived friendless and unknown. They were lonely; they missed chatting from door-steps and neighbors "running in"; for when one's government does the baking and washing, how can there be any borrowing of flour or clothes-pins? They were consequently unhappy and discontented. Some even prevailed on their husbands to throw up their profitable engagements and go home. Nothing seemed to daunt the Canal Commission. The government in response engaged an experienced organizer of women's clubs, Miss Boswell, and sent her to Panama to get these women together. This is, perhaps, the first time that reading papers on art and Shakespeare's heroines has borne any relation to carrying out successfully intricate problems in engineering. This is the latest thing in public works.

Women's clubs were organized from Cristobal to Ancon and appropriately federated, with Mrs. Goethals for president and Mrs. Gorgas as vice-president. The democracy of women's clubs touched its height. If a woman could not read papers, at least she could listen to them; and if many of these ladies held their hands over their mouths to conceal their yawns, at least there was acquaintance-

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ship and afternoon tea. The Woman's Club at Gorgona entertained the Woman's Club at Corazal; Culebra and Cristobal listened to one another's papers and exchanged comments. Out of the conditions of life on the Canal Zone there arose mutual interests and matters of common welfare that were carried forward in this new spirit of comity. There were the negro children to be looked after, school gardens to be started, covers for litters to shield the sick from the sun. There might be afternoons with Grieg, and something of the World's Great Cathedrals; but there were also lectures on the disposal of garbage and the art of nursing from experts; for the Canal Zone abounds in experts—it is a picked class that inhabits this strip of earth.

In time natural cohesion and mutual attraction made much of this club work unnecessary. The women formed alliances with those most congenial, and listening to papers was frequently given up for euchre clubs and five hundred. This showed that the important work was accomplished. Only five of the fourteen clubs are now active. I was privileged to attend a meeting of the Cristobal Woman's Club held in the reading-room of the Y. M. C. A., and met the wives of the judges, doctors, and engineers, who were its members. Here, after listening to a paper on "Home Life in the Philippines," these exiles gathered around the teacups after the hospitable manner of home. Some of these women were brides; others had been on the Canal Zone since the earliest days, but the grit to stand by until the end of the great enterprise and get all there is to get out of the alien life to which they are committed characterized them all. The enthusiasm of the stranger could not be galvanized out of familiarity with the daily routine; but they knew their parts and they were doing them as faithfully as any employees on the zone.

Directly opposite the club-house was the Cristobal Public School. The afternoon session was at hand when as if the heavens were opened there came up a sudden tropical shower. Hatless, bare-legged, the children came strolling through the downpour; even those with waterproofs, carrying them on their arms and dripping like retrievers, went in to their lessons.

"We think nothing of rain," said one of the club mothers. "The children play out-of-doors sun or rain, and thrive like the vegetation."

Every one agrees that young children grow and strengthen like weeds on the Canal Zone. "Nothing like it for children," said a father. "We took our baby from New York to Denver and then South in search of health, but without avail. Here in ten months it has grown robust."

But no beguilement or public spirit will persuade American women to go where there are neither churches nor schools. The school she places first, for her children are considered before herself. The public schools of the Canal Zone are as thoroughly organized as those at home, even to preparatory work and examinations for college.

The school-houses conform to the prevailing type in being surrounded by screened galleries and made attractive by vines and shrubs; but the outer frame is not carried up to the ceilings, and through this wide opening sweeps the perfumed air from without. A feature of the trains on the Panama road is the bevies of young girls going to the high-schools, which, unlike the primary and grammar schools, are confined to certain towns. These young girls in their pretty summer gowns and bare heads have the perennial charms of youth, and it was observed that the ribbon bows on the backs of their heads were as large as if they had been at home. At the station they climbed into the quartermaster's brake, which whisked them up to school. A comfortable Irish matron told me that it was her duty to look after them and chaperon them during the noon hour.

The church also is planted and thrives with its choir meetings, its prayer meetings, its altar guilds, Sunday-school picnics, church bazaars; even the Foreign Missionary meetings punctuate the month. The Sunshine Society works for blind babies leagues away, and the Little Workers stitch at petticoats and baby aprons for the destitute across the sea. It is touching to see how tenaciously these exiles keep their grip on all the habits and customs of home. In explanation one of the zealous said: "You see we have no poor, sick, or destitute here to work

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for." This seems the most staggering truth of all.

Six club-houses were built and the Y. M. C. A. asked to take charge of them. It is difficult to conceive what the Canal Zone would be without these centres of hospitality, amusement, and attractiveness; for these are among the most imposing of the houses on the Canal Zone. Here are billiard halls, gymnasium, reading-room, library, and posted on the bulletin board, among notices of concerts, lectures, and debates, notices of approaching balls, for dancing is among the enlarged duties of the Y. M. C. A., whose contests in bowling, basket-ball, and duck-pins, whatever these may be, are as much a part of public record as the daily results of ditch-digging.

Here the vagrant travellers are made welcome and permitted to partake of sandwiches, baked beans, ice-cream, and soft drinks, and to lounge in the luxurious depths of easy-chairs with the latest magazines. Each club-house has its piano and its phonograph. At Gatun four times within the hour I listened to "The Girl from the Saskatchewan," set going by different pink and blue shirted youths who, after cranking up, sank back listening blissfully with half-closed eyes and dreamily keeping in touch with Broadway. Amusement is part of the routine of digging the Panama Canal. In the early days the administration imported a group of singing girls who gave concerts all along the line. Now concerts, moving pictures, and dances are matters of course, and the Isthmian Brass Band has its regular Sunday-night engagements. This band is made up out of clerks, boiler-makers, and various other trades doing their eight hours daily. I heard them one ravishing Sunday night at the Hotel Tivoli. The moon, which there has the curious habit of rising in the Pacific Ocean, amid high rolling clouds, was tracing its sparkling path across the Bay of Panama. From the screened galleries a company gathered from the four quarters of the globe—for the isthmus is the tramping ground of the nations—listened to a programme ranging from Sousa to Schumann discoursed from the vine-clad band-stand without. It was a bewitching scene, and its deeper meaning touched the heart with love and pride. Surely if we at home could realize the beauty and decorousness which accompany the doing of a work we believe to be imperishable, and for the good of the whole world, the matter of profit and tolls, of national rivalries, and commercial advantage would take their place among minor considerations in view of the great example.

Here has sprung up every sort of organization that exists at home with the addition of a purely isthmian order mysteriously known as the Kangaroos, of whose doings one hears much. It is these having such female attachments as the Eastern Star and Daughters of Rebecca that have done so much to get wives and daughters into congenial circles and render superfluous the work of the women's clubs. Nor should be forgotten the Boy Scouts, who explore and camp out under the Southern Cross as they do under the Great Bear.

After watching a party of German travellers partake of *Kaffee* and *Kuchen* at the Gatun Club House, whither I had found refreshment and now sought repose, I was attracted by the insouciance of a young girl who sat down at the piano, where she played vigorously, while disdaining that team work with her hands so conspicuously observed among the steam-shovels and cement buckets. Weary at last of her efforts, she flung herself into a chair and looked accessible, as she proved to be.

"You bet we've seen changes. Father is a locomotive engineer, and we come down here in 1904. Gee! The mosquitoes and the mud! We lived in tents, and had tent dining-rooms. Now we live fine. No, I ain't never been back. Father takes his vacation in Cuba or Porto Rico or Costa Rica. There it's cool. The colonel won't let anybody loaf round here in vacation. You've got to git or stay on your job. And you can't go where you might get sick either. You can't go to South America. Father says it's his chance to see things. When we do go home we're going to have a farm—that is, if we don't settle here—and raise chickens. That's what mother and me are doing now over on the island."

"You are a young girl. How do you amuse yourself?"

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"Oh, I go to balls. Why, I've been to a ball at the Hotel Tivoli. Mother and I belong to the Alfaretta Lodge of the Daughters of Pocahontas and father's a Mason and a Kangaroo, and we get asked to their doings. The Kangaroos get the biggest turnout on the zone."

While we were thus pleasantly engaged, it was impossible not to notice her teeth gleaming with gold. It was not the first time I had noticed the dentistry of the isthmus. Never was there such a dazzling display of gold, gums, and ivory as among the canal workers. This was explained by the fact that the benevolent administration looks after the teeth as a condition of health. Nobody has time for the toothache.

The young girl, continuing our conversation, explained her presence on the mainland.

"You see I've got an appointment at the hospital at two o'clock. Oh, they know me. I've been operated on for appendicitis and for rupture. Now I'm going to get X-rayed to find out what makes these pimples on my face."

Before this excess of surgical luxuries one felt very modest indeed. Colonel Mason, the director of the Ancon Hospital, had already remarked on the opportunity for surgery as one of the perquisites most appreciated.

"They even bring their friends down for operation," he laughed.

Of the sanitation of the Canal Zone, on which the success of the undertaking is based, it is needless to comment, since the reputation of Colonel Gorgas marches beside that of Colonel Goethals. Of the hospitals we know less. Make the "hospital attractive," was one of his first orders, since it was essential to get the sick under the immediate supervision of the authorities. The problem now one might think would be to induce the patients to leave. The hospital at Colon looks over the Caribbean Sea, whose waves play beneath. Perched on the hill in the rear of the Hotel Tivoli, approached through an avenue of royal palms and overlooking a tropical landscape with the foot-hills of the Cordilleras in the distance, is the group of buildings that make the Ancon Hospital. In this French initiative has been carried out and elaborated. One wonders if with our practical ideas we would have conceived a system of such beauty and elegance. These buildings are composed and set in a landscape filled with tropical plants, labelled, and kept as if in a botanical garden. The gray buildings with their white lines and screened galleries conform to the type which distinguishes the Canal Zone, and the gravity of their color under the brilliant skies and brilliant foliage sinks into agreeable relief.

If the æsthetic side of the Ancon Hospital we owe to the French, its practical administration is all our own. This is controlled by Lieutenant-Colonel Mason, who has under him a staff of civilian doctors and nurses. This hospital takes charge of from two thousand to three thousand patients daily as they are drafted off from the hospital camps along the line. These are in charge of the different medical districts, and if the doctor in charge permits a mosquito to present his bill he has something to explain. Personally, I saw one fly on the back of a coachman in Panama, and was bitten by a stealthy mosquito one night at the Gatun station. This immunity from insect life makes visitors querulous. It is touching to hear them complain. "Why can't we have this at home?" On the Canal Zone it is obtained at the cost of two millions yearly. The mosquito is not exterminated; he is kept down. The black patrol with his squirt gun and pack is one of the features of the scene. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

"We have practically no typhoid here, and no case of yellow fever since 1905," said Colonel Mason. "Our most common disease is malarial fever, for we cannot prevent the negro from going to live in the jungle where he encounters the mosquito."

The excess of West Indians inevitably furnishes the greater number of the patients. The color-line is a diplomatic question here as elsewhere. "Gold and silver employees" is the euphemism current. This is misunderstood at home as relating to values, and believed to refer to the silver question. By no means. The canal is on a gold basis. These terms pertain to delicate sensibilities and indicate the color-line. At the hospital this is observed; but in a country where the

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varying shades of race and nationality confound the wisest the difficulties are increased.

"I gave up," said one of the commission, "when I saw a coal-black baby with Chinese features."

"This is my plan," said Colonel Mason. "On certain days the patients are allowed visitors. When the color of the patient is problematic, and this is usually in the case of women, I ask if she wants her husband to visit her. If she does, and he proves to be a negro, she goes into the colored ward. If she prefers to be considered white, she waives his visits and goes into the white ward."

As we strolled through the beautiful grounds, Colonel Mason called attention to his chicken and squab ranch and to his young banana plantation, that these delicacies might be furnished at less cost. In one building nurses were rolling surgical gauze bandages that had been used, washed, and resterilized. "We've cut down the cost just one-half," he exulted.

All my life I have heard of the wasteful methods of the government as compared with private enterprise. In the Philippines one became somewhat sceptical, observing the sense of responsibility soldiers developed toward battered tin plate and cups. I have seen a man's temperature go up because his mess kit could not be found, knowing that tears would not replace them except for cause. On the Canal Zone one is met by small economies on a large scale such as even careful housewives rarely practise. In that interesting periodical the *Canal Record* one reads an order from Colonel Goethals that the corners of coal cars be scrupulously scraped out, wastefulness not being tolerated. On every side, even to minutes and half minutes, one saw this regard for the greatest service at the least expense. Economy is frequently squalid; this is perhaps the reason we are disinclined to practise it. But economy which goes alongside with beauty and decorousness shares in their charms.

On the fertile slopes was a herd of a hundred cows whose part is to furnish milk to the hospital. These were also assisting in some experiments in cross-breeding by Colonel Mason in order to combine the giving of the most milk with the greatest ability to thrive under tropical conditions, which the average cow declines to do. In the same manner the imported chickens were being persuaded to keep company with the native fowls in order to withstand the climate and keep up their average of fresh eggs. Thus one thing leads to another and multiplies the varied interests one encounters aside from the great work.

Since the hospitals have in their keeping the health also of Panama and Colon, the charity cases number sixty-six thousand a year. Looking over a hospital report I counted patients from seventy different nationalities who have enjoyed the ministrations of our revered uncle. Beyond the attractive homes of the nurses and doctors, with all the accompaniments of easy living and entertainment, is the area, bounded by a high wire fence, set apart for the insane. Here were only three or four Americans. The negroes furnish the largest number. With almost all these it was the result of superexcitation, being simply unable to keep up the pace which life on the Canal Zone exacts. In the last analysis, whatever unpopularity we may undergo with our isthmian neighbors may be traced to the same cause. The matter of clean streets in Panama and Colon, both of which cities look as newly scrubbed as the faces of unwilling schoolboys, and of public order which our trim mounted police oversees, will always be regarded as an imposition until public order and clean streets have become a habit. Thus it will be seen that quite aside from the digging and the building of the Panama Canal a larger and equally important work is going on that is bound permanently to influence our isthmian neighbors. Even the negro who is bound to keep the space beneath his house swept if not garnished, to keep up a certain standard of living, to observe the laws of health and of propriety, will doubtless carry these habits to the isles of the sea where he belongs.

It is a piece of our good fortune that through various vicissitudes the building of the Panama Canal was transferred to the army. That the morale of the army is higher than that of business; that the building of the canal is being accomplished with economy and without graft,

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we must all recognize. This may not have been beyond the power of others. But only a man accustomed to command could have filled the place of Colonel Goethals as he has filled it. Only men accustomed to have had in their care the material welfare of others could have evolved this organization so intricate, so complete in all its parts, and these so successfully welded together. Contrasting the ugliness of railroad settlements, the grime of factory and forge, of furnace and mine, with the beauty, the orderliness, and the decency of the little villages that are the centres of the great work, one realizes that only out of the army could have come so astonishing and so humane an illustration of the Art of Doing.

THE POINT OF VIEW

MANY years ago an eminent Englishman remarked to an American friend that the Military Academy at West Point seemed to him the most uncharacteristic thing which he had seen in the United States. The length and thoroughness of the course might indeed be surprising to any one who knows how short a period of preparation is considered sufficient to obtain a commission in his Britannic Majesty's service, where the fledgling officer has frequently to be coached by his sergeants in the minutiæ of the day's duties. But what chiefly impressed our English friend was the fact that in free and easy America it should ever have occurred to any one to maintain a discipline so rigid.

Sword and Ploughshare

For our own part, we accept the discipline as a necessary part of the training of a soldier and are rather proud of our well-drilled military and naval cadets, even though some of us may deprecate not only war, but fitness for war. Comparatively few of us, however, realize how many supplementary schools the army maintains and the extent to which these technical schools are educating men in the handicrafts of peace. Some two thousand men graduate from them each year, of whom about ten per cent are officers. A very large proportion of the enlisted men—perhaps three-fourths—go out as soon as possible into civil life. Many of them enlist and willingly accept the military duties of a soldier simply for the sake of this training, purchasing their discharge as soon as they graduate; although in any case the period of enlistment is so short that they are soon free to go. It may seem at first sight that the government is thus defrauded of the service which it has a right to expect, but, on the whole, the benefit to the country is probably greater than if the men remained in the army, and the government may well content itself with the effective residue left to it and with the reflection that it has performed a patriotic service.

When the army undertakes the business of teaching it does its work with admirable efficiency; and a strict military discipline is of great advantage. For its students cannot get away and cannot shirk. Your soldier, be he officer or enlisted man, must obey orders. He must be steady at his job. Yet even with the advantage of discipline the schools did not make much headway until they had succeeded in getting together a group of enthusiastic officer instructors. The enthusiasm has been passed on from one set of officers and men to their successors and is a permanent and important factor in the success of the schools.

These by-products of the army are very interesting. Take, for instance, the Mounted Service School, which graduates about two hundred men annually. Its department of farriery alone enables a graduate to command a hundred dollars a month in civil life. For the methods are advanced and no such instruction is to be obtained outside of the army school. Whereas ordinarily a blacksmith may learn his trade in two years, here he gets a much better training in six months, and that with far less torture of defenceless beasts. For he

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practises on a wax foot and learns to make and manipulate a leaden horseshoe before he is allowed to work on the horse. Not for him the injurious practice of clapping a red-hot shoe on the hoof and letting it burn its way to a good fit. Yet with all his nicety of preparation and fitting he works far more expeditiously than your ordinary blacksmith. Where the latter takes an hour for the job, he accomplishes it in twenty minutes. He also has a course in veterinary science and finds in the horse's infirmary all the most modern appliances.

As for the riding in the Mounted Service School, it is the last word in the practical education of a horseman. The training is severe, involving many casualties, but it results in finished horsemanship. These officers and men of the cavalry and field artillery ride with marvellous daring, skill, and grace. Nor should we quite forget the equal enthusiasm of the horses—those horses, so well set up by their training, so different in bearing from the work-a-day civilian horse. Who can fail to remember the beautiful and frolicsome mare who, for pure joy, always took an extra jump between hurdles?

We have two Schools of Cooks and Bakers turning out each year about five hundred men. Very good cooks and bakers they are, equally well versed in in-door and out-door cooking. They get both theoretical and practical education, with much scientific knowledge of food values. Incidentally the school supplies all bread, cakes, pies, etc., to the garrison and mans the mess kitchens. A special point is the training of mess sergeants who order the supplies and keep the accounts of the mess, arranging each day's bill of fare with due regard to variety and nourishing quality. With a skilful mess sergeant the fare is excellent on a daily expenditure of twenty-two cents per capita. If occasionally the sergeant can bring it down to a trifle less than the allowance the surplus goes into the company fund, from which comes the money for gala occasions. The Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners set before the enlisted men, with their oyster soup, their turkeys, cranberry sauce, and vegetables, and their innumerable pies, cakes, and other sweets, would win the approval of the Pilgrim mothers. It would be refreshing to a jaded housewife to see the lively interest taken by both student officers and enlisted men in this branch of domestic science. A graduate of these schools also commands a hundred dollars a month in civil life.

The coast artillery has its schools where men are made into competent electricians and electrical engineers, who can get their seventy-five to a hundred dollars a month as soon as they leave. The output of these schools is about five hundred men annually.

From the handicrafts we advance toward the arts. In our sixty bands we train musicians and qualify them to be wage-earners. Over eight hundred of them are made each year into competent band-players. These, too, find themselves very well off when they get their discharge. Their best paid job is the training of other musicians, but many of them are in demand to supply music for moving-picture shows. Wherever they go they are fitted to command good salaries.

The Schools of Fire and Marksmanship are of course to be classed as strictly military institutions, but the training which they give in accuracy of eye and effective rapidity of thought is an asset in any kind of occupation and any manner of life.

It may be said that, after all, our two thousand graduates are but as a drop in the ocean. I should prefer to liken them to the lump of leaven. For, thanks to the thoroughness of their training, each man takes with him into civil life not only his own increased productiveness, but a high standard of efficiency which is bound to have some little effect on his surroundings. Since your competent blacksmith or cook is not going to put up with incompetent assistants he trains other blacksmiths and cooks. And there are, of course, other ways, more intangible but no less important, in which a man of this stamp benefits his community. It is not in vain that he has submitted to a period of strict discipline. He is able to see the value of regular habits, cleanliness and order, devotion to duty, and respect for authority, and he is likely to do his share in impressing this value on others. And finally, when he has served under the flag, will not his sense of patriotism be thereby quickened, making of him a better citizen? It truly seems that we may be indebted to our army for more than a material defence against our enemies.

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ONE of the things as to which Greyson and I are fully agreed is the value and importance of an air in man or woman. In these days of many disintegrations we are of one mind in considering the look and manner of personal distinction as one of the last things left for the æsthetic sense to take satisfaction in. But where we diverge is that Greyson finds it difficult to admit that having things—just merely having concrete, tangible things in plenty—may give such a look and manner. He will not agree that sheer materialities, if only they be in sufficient numbers and of adequate opulence, may bestow something of the poise, simplicity, directness, which is of the essence of the *grand air*. Yet I have been pointing out to him recently that he might profitably observe, in this connection, the appearance in public places of some of the plutocratic personages of the great Middle West. Greyson, of course, is familiar with certain facts. He knows that importers of the most rarefied Continental ideas in jewelry, furniture, and clothes, that dealers in rare "museum-piece" rugs, that purveyors of all the sensuously exquisite appurtenances of a luxurious material existence, send their wares in a continuous stream to this Middle West. But having met certain rather resonant beings from those parts he clings to the notion that there can be no rapport between the beautiful and artistic objects bought there and those that buy them. Still, he is prepared with no denial when I put it to him that people who appear to have come straight out of the novels of Phillips or Robert Herrick—people who may have culture and antecedents, but are frankly disdainful of "going in" for either (in the way, at least, known and practised in the East)—often have, with all their casualness, distinctly a "look." See them in the throng of any cosmopolitan gathering, at the races in Paris, at restaurants in London during the season, at a Newport tennis tournament, at a great foot-ball game, and they are noticeable; though for none of the reasons that hitherto have been supposed to make people noticeable. Theirs is not the elegance of the old world, but a large, easy, balanced mien, an implication of power and assurance, that speaks of the new.

As to Having an "Air"

"I do own," says Greyson, "that such personages 'stand up' at moments which reduce less distinct personalities to insignificance. The rich Western American has much, usually, of the unruffled self-confidence of one who has always known and seen abundance. He has lived at a time and place in which poverty has probably come nearer to being non-existent than ever before in the history of the world. He has seen money come easily to every one; and he and his have travelled everywhere. Even people in the small towns, people who live in modest frame houses with little gardens around them, go every winter to Florida or California and every summer to Europe. The home-keeping side of their lives may be as democratic as you will, but they see, do, buy, and know the best. Yet some little old Southern lady in darned laces, in a bare house, with one or two slip-shod negroes to wait upon her, may be more than a match for them in manner; and some family of middle-aged, carefully speaking Bostonians, with excellent, self-conscious clothes, and traditions of wealth alike and of queer small economies, may make them seem very new and 'unaccustomed.'"

"But can they make them seem as 'unaccustomed' as once they might?" I interrupt. "No, and there's the crux. This is the day of things; and he who is a conqueror among things, and glories in them frankly, instead of making a feint (which is never genuine) of despising them, has many of the advantages of the grander manner easily on his side. Let us confess it. The tide is rising, and——"

But Greyson is unconvinced. In the end he hedges in so far as to acknowledge that possessions *indirectly* count in giving men an air; but indirectly only, since they have importance for that purpose to the extent that the individual is independent of them, and not further. In this view one's rich Westerners, impressive, in such a "different" way, among the impressive personages of the London restaurants, derive their look of power—held in a rather loose, undressed fashion, to be sure—from the fact that most of them could turn, from one day to another, to pioneer work in overalls, and not perhaps so very much mind. Which is, in another aspect, really the case of the little old Southern lady, reduced to quite the bare necessities, but rising above such estate through remembered familiarity with another, and taking both conditions, in the last analysis, with an equal spirit.

And doubtless, when one thinks of it, this view of Greyson's is the right view.

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·THE FIELD OF ART·

The Waal near Oostendam.
From the dry-point etching by Alexander Schilling.

AMERICAN PAINTER-ETCHING: A REVIVAL

THE exhibitions of the New York Etching Club, founded in 1877, for a number of years formed an interesting pendant to the annual show of the American Water Color Society. The best work of this period illustrated in a creditable—and in numerous cases a very noteworthy—manner the variety of effect possible to the etching process employed with sympathetic understanding of its peculiar nature. But there came the time when painter-etching languished.

In recent years, the appeal of the medium has again been heeded, and artists of the younger generation have been enlisted in the service of this fascinating art. Etchings again constitute an interesting addition to the yearly water-color exhibitions, and "one-man shows" of American work are seen in museums and print-shops. In its most conspicuous and satisfactory manifestation the artistic outcome of this activity evidences an understanding of the significance of the art in its resources and limitations. That is, the nature of the medium is respected and is adapted to each individuality, a necessity in the practice of any art. And, what is quite as important, not a few of these etchers really have something to say.

The present revival is not only more than a passing fad, but it has in it certain elements which make it a hopeful sign, a possible factor of some moment in the future development of American art.

The frequent occurrence of American subjects is a gratifying feature. That beauty and interest can be found in our every-day surroundings is an old truth that has to be emphasized again in every generation. This is

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brought out anew by our younger etchers; for example by Charles Henry White, who has set before us, with discriminating accent, the picturesque qualities of street and alley, of tenement and stately residence, of water-front and factory district in New York, Boston, New Orleans, Pittsburg, and other American cities.

The Storm, Church of St. Vincent de Paul.
From the etching by Addison T. Millar.

Henry Winslow, B. J. Olssen-Nordfeldt, A. T. Millar, H. H. Osgood, J. C. Vondrous, Washburn, H. A. Webster, and J. André Smith are others who have found attraction in the metropolis and other cities, giving us individual impressions of every-day scenes often either without our vision or seen by us unseeing.

The architecturally picturesque qualities of our urban surroundings have been presented with particular frequency and emphasis by two who were already identified with the earlier movement for original etching—Pennell, who has in recent years again exercised his mastery in the delineation of scenes in his homeland, of the tall buildings of New York and the industrial establishments of Pittsburg, and C. F. W. Mielatz.

Mielatz, who has long been pre-eminently the etcher of New York city scenes, is to-day not only in the maturity of his powers, but is striking out into new fields, both in method and in choice of subject. Fertile in resources, with the experimentative spirit of a Buhot or a Guérard, he finds new possibilities of effect, as in his recent delightful views at Lakewood. His strong interest in technical processes is shared to some extent by artists who have made judicious use of certain aids to etching. So the suave quality of soft ground etching is utilized by A. T. Millar, and by George Senseney in his color prints, while Vaughan Trowbridge employed aquatint as a vehicle for color, and Ozias Dodge combines sun-printing and the etching bath to produce plates with a lithograph-like softness of grain.

Among the few who have devoted themselves to figure work is Otto J. Schneider, who has portrayed some of our notabilities in letters and in political life (Lincoln, Emerson, Mark Twain) with a style in which swing and easy mastery of line have been used not for parade of technical ability but in directness of characterization. His portrait of his friend Nordfeldt, the etcher, is an interesting example of free and vigorous handling. In contrast to these are his distinguished female portraits, with a suggestion of Helleu, but individual nevertheless, and with a note of elegance echoed in portraits by A. G. Learned, such as that of John W. Alexander.

Different in style, slightly reminiscent of the period of John Leech, are John Sloan's grimly humorous, but not malicious, pictures of New York life, somewhat akin to W. J. Glackens's in sketchy method and choice of subject. His "Fun, One Cent," "The Woman's Page,"

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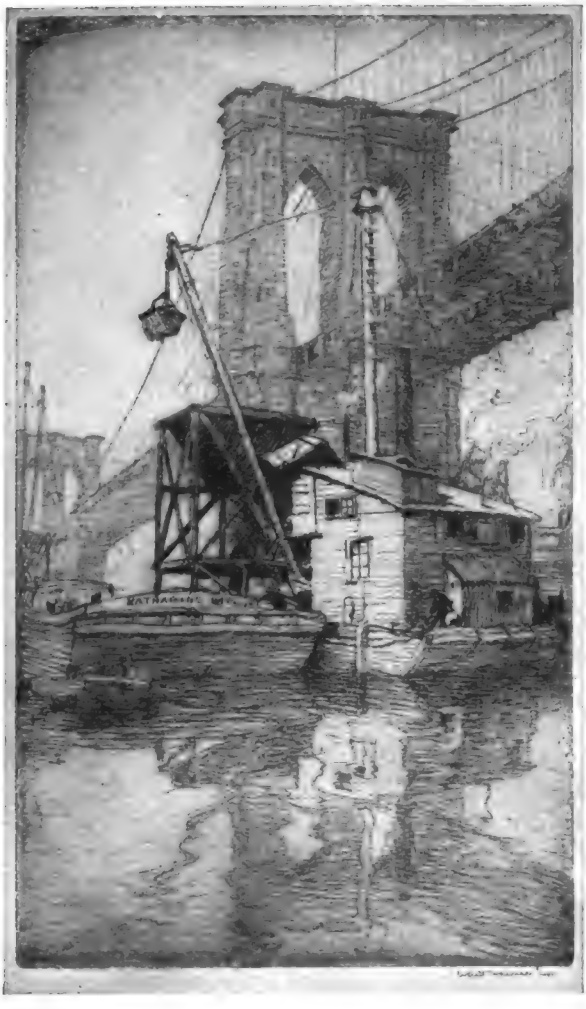
"Fifth Avenue Critics," "Connoisseurs at a Print Exhibit," and similar scenes point their moral with a frank acceptance of the illustrator's function to illustrate. This last is a quality none too common in these days when

marized by his power of grasping and suggesting the prevailing spirit of time and place and people.

Some of the names here mentioned are, like Pennell's, associated more particularly with



Under the Brooklyn Bridge.
From the etching by Everett Warner.

slick drawings of swagger men and smart women do duty as illustrations with a wearisome sameness and irrelevancy.

So we are reminded again that subjects are at our door, that art with us, too, can be of the soil, a reflection of American life and aims and traditions and progress, clarified, if you will, by the idealizing and selecting vision of the artist, seen through his temperament, sum-

foreign subjects. Our younger etchers have seen with their own eyes and thus rendered for us Paris (once glorified by Meryon) and other parts of France, that apparently inexhaustible storehouse of attractive subjects. They have recorded on copper their sense of the picturesque qualities of Italy, the charm of the cities with their buildings enshrining the associations of generations and centuries—Venice (city of

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beauties approved by Whistler), Florence, Perugia. The influence of the strange, mad French genius and of our distinguished countryman abroad is potent in much of this activity, but it is shown mainly in an infusion of the spirit of those masters into disciples proclaiming the everlasting principles of beauty in their own words.

Herman A. Webster, for instance, delighting in out-of-the-way quarters of old French towns, with sun-baked walls and mysterious shadows in dark corners, has felt the compelling, stern attraction of Meryon, yet he goes his own way. In some of his plates, the definite sureness of his touch is linked with a certain severity, while in others there is a richness which in some original drawings becomes a lusciousness that makes one regret that he has not tried the lithographic crayon. This feeling of independent expression similarly characterizes the plates of Donald Shaw MacLaughlan—whose personal interpretation of locality is well defined by Wedmore as neither eccentric nor commonplace—Everett L. Warner, Albert C. Worcester, and George C. Aid, who managed five times to contrast the cool arches of the Pont Neuf in Paris and the houses beyond exposed to the quivering sunlight of a hot summer day, with difference of aspect and vision in each case. In the plates of Lester G. Hornby, light yet precise records of life and surroundings in various corners of Paris, neither buildings nor humanity predominate, but all is seen and shown as an assemblage of necessary parts of a scene of life and movement and sunshine and rich shadows. Everything has its place and you cannot well characterize any individual plate as architectural or picturesque or genre, because all those elements are there in proper subordination.

A like assertion of individuality in varied manner may be traced in the etchers of Italian scenery, G. W. Chandler, Cadwallader Washburn, and Ernest D. Roth. The last named's careful adherence to detailed fact and the use of the line to render tones, while in contrast to the suggestive summariness now in vogue, give a noteworthy personal impression of local spirit.

In the case of Washburn, the few Venetian scenes formed the starting point for a series of etching trips which took him to Japan, Cuba, and Mexico. The architectural subjects in the last-named country, done with synthetic and direct sureness, and always showing the buildings as modified by local climatic and atmospheric conditions, perhaps mark his highest achievement at present, with the possible exception of his studies of Mexican peons. These last, like his capital head of a Buddhist priest, are delightfully characterized and of an effective richness in shadow accent. This artist has furthermore expressed the charm of pure landscape etching, strangely rare, for the rest, in this present revival, apart from the work of Schilling, André Smith, and Millar. In his "Norlands Series" he has pictured meadow, woods, and streams of Maine with sympathetic understanding of the beauty of the simple, ordinary home country.

Many different notes in the range of possibilities have been sounded by those whose names have been mentioned. And more might be added—Augustus Koopman, A. A. Lewis, Ernest Haskell, John Marin, R. F. Williams, Maud Hunt Squire, Charles K. Gleason, Thomas W. Stevens, and Mrs. Bertha E. Jaques, and others of the recently founded Chicago Society of Etchers, or George E. Burr, Helen Hyde, and others whose efforts in the cause bridge the space to the Pacific coast.

Widely differing individualities thus seek and find expression in this art of such extended possibilities, of such infinite suppleness, yet of so intimate a character. There is no violent novelty in the various personal phases of this movement, no obstreperous shriek, no blatant blare of revolt. Individuality finds due and full expression, but finds it in an orderly use of the vehicle through which it is conveyed. That is a significant factor in this revival—the spirit which finds technical expression for a realization of the possibilities of the medium in combination with a given personality. For the medium, be it brush and canvas, chisel and stone, graver and wood-block, or needle and copper-plate, has its potentialities and its limits, both of which must be clearly understood to produce the best results. Respect for the medium does not imply hampering of individuality, but simply its orderly expression. In other words, submission to the necessities imposed by the tool is no more a curb on genius than is the grammar of a language. Genius will mould the method to its manner and its needs, and without doing violence to it. It is the very diversity in this language of needle and acid which increases the attractiveness of this phase of American art.

This renewed interest in etching, therefore, with its implied opportunity for refreshing the painter's observation, means an infusion of healthy spirit into our art life.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

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Drawn by Clinton Oakley.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.
EXCAVATING AND ERECTING GOING ON SIMULTANEOUSLY.
A VIEW FROM THE WEST SIDE.

—"The Terminal—The Gate of the City."

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

III

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, at the time of the following letter, had recently published his "Book of Verses" containing the well-known series "In Hospital"—impressions of the old Edinburgh Infirmary, where, when he was a patient, Stevenson visited him and their friendship began. Stevenson, writing his papers for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE at Saranac earlier in this year (1888), had quoted one poem from the book in full at the end of his "Christmas Sermon." At the moment of this letter Stevenson was on his way across the United States to sail from San Francisco in the yacht *Casco* for his Pacific voyage.

[To W. E. Henley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 1, 1888.

DEAR MR. HENLEY: The rude realism of your verses "In Hospital" has braced me. And with this breath of the darkness of life you give a note—

"Out of the night that covers me"—

which has a manful ring to clear and lift us, whatever the oppression that may have been caused. No realism frightens me. At its worst, I take it as a correction of the flimsy, to which our literature has a constant tendency to recur. Even the lowest appears to me more instructive than Byronics.—But when, out of hospital, you cry out in ecstasy of the "smell of the mud in the nostrils," you strike profoundly—beyond the critical senses.

I thank you for the volume. It has the tone of a voice in the ear—as near to life as that. You have not aimed at higher. Do so in your next effort. Meanwhile the present is a distinct achievement, beyond the powers of most.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I hear of our dear Stevenson's grasp of better health very gladly and hopefully.

[To Mrs. Edith Clarke.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Feb.* 8, 1889.

MY DEAR EDITH: Please read and meditate on this before you speak of it to Arthur. I want you to use your influence in getting him to accept this little sum in part payment of his voyage. Tell him it will be the one pleasure left to me when I think of his going. It may not help much—and yet there is the chance. As I sat chattering yesterday afternoon and noticed how frail he looked, I was pained with apprehension. He may find on the voyage to and fro, that a rather broader margin for expenses will spare some financial reckoning and add to necessary comforts. Tell him that I now receive money from America—and there is promise of increase. And I live so simply that without additions to income I could well afford myself this one pleasure. He will not deny it if he thinks. I apply to you for an aid that must needs be powerful with him; I am sure you are rational; you have been sister and mother to him, you will induce him not to reject from his father what may prove serviceable. As for money—how poor a thing it is! I never put a value on it even in extreme poverty. He has an honorable pride relating to it; touch his

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heart, that he may not let his pride oppose my happiness—as far as I may have it from such a source as money.

I hope to see him again if possible. Beg him to keep from writing long letters on board; but simply to read and doze. I shall hope to have just a notification from time to time of his health and good heart in the excursion.—He will use prudence when he lands, as to over exertion and acceptance of invitations. For if the voyage should do him the service one hopes from it, there is the temptation.—Your faithful

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Arthur Meredith's health was now broken and a voyage to Australia in prospect. A proud, reserved nature stood in the way of his making many friendships. He had a small income of his own and never accepted help even from his father.

[To Mrs. Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *June* 13, 1889.

DEAR MRS. LESLIE: I hope I have done right—I can scarcely doubt it. Leslie has a double, and I have had it proclaimed that the Mrs. L. Stephen in agitation against the suffrage for women, is the wife of the False Leslie. For it would be to accuse you of the fatuousness of a Liberal Unionist, to charge the true Mrs. Leslie with this irrational obstructiveness.

The case with women resembles that of the Irish. We have played fast and loose with them, until now they are encouraged to demand what they know not how to use, but have a just right to claim. If the avenues of our professions had been thrown open to them, they might have learnt the business of the world, to be competent to help in governing. But these were closed, women were commanded to continue their reliance upon their poor attractions. Consequently, as with the Irish, they push to grasp the baguette which gives authority. And they will get it; and it will be a horrible time. But better that than present sights.

Let me add, that if you are the true Mrs Leslie of the signature, it is a compliment to your husband more touching than credibly sincere, after his behavior in the bog of Irish politics. This I have likewise caused to be reported. "Enough for me that my Leslie should vote, should think." Beautiful posture of the Britannic wife! But the world is a moving one that will pass her by.

I send this chiefly with the hope that you will be induced to forward Leslie (the true) to me for a rest of three or four days. Here he could lie on our lawn, stroll over the woods, and always have the stimulant of opposition so good for the Stephen race,—which your tenderness (if one has to trust what is rumored) withholds from him. Put it to him seriously to come to me and hear political and social wisdom.—Your devoted.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 1, 1890.

DEAREST GREENWOOD: My heart to you! warm wishes that you may always have scope for your powers. As to me, there seems a chance in America, where perhaps I may come to my end—not among our good English, to whom I am odious and nauseous (I quote them). Yesterday I was at Browning's funeral. I thought in the Abbey of what Juvenal walking with Umbritius says of the old fountain, "Quanto prestantius esset numen acquae etc.," but I applied it to the grave. Sweeter the green grass turf than Abbey pavements. But the noble poet was deeply with his fellows, and it may be appropriate that he should lie among them, in hearing of the roar. And how truly could he answer—What matter where!

I never thought of looking at the book at the Club. I will write to friends. If there seems a doubt of Barrie's election, I will journey. But oh my work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood. Would it be out of rule and blushless for me to write to the Committee? * The election of Barrie honors the Club.—Yours ever,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Mrs. Edith Clarke.]

BOX HILL, *Sept.* 5, 1890.

MY DEAR EDITH: Will is urgent to keep me away, as the long standing in-

* Election committee of the Garrick Club.

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jures me, and I am at the moment oppressed. But I shall come if I feel better to-morrow. Woking is a place where I could wish to lie. Lady Caroline Maxse is there and Fitzhardinge her son, and perhaps the admiral will choose it. The where is, however, a small matter. Spirit lives. I am relieved by your report of Arthur's * end. To him it was, one has to say in the grief of things, a release. He has been, at least, rich above most in the two most devoted of friends, his sister and her husband. Until my breath goes I shall bless you both.—As to the terms of the Will, they are fully in accord with what I should have proposed. Will and Riette have seen your letter and warmly think the same. They will each have as much money as young ones need to have—under our present barbaric system. Know that if you do not see me to-morrow, there is physical obstacle. Believe me, that my heart is always with you both and with your little ones.—Affectionately ever,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Miss Marie Meredith.]

BOX HILL, *July* 10, 1891.

She scarce has a word for Papa,
To tell how she carolled and sported O!
So, with just, How d'ye do and Ta-ta,
She runs from her pen to be courted O!

To write were a foolish endeavor,
But, to show that her humor is still in her,
And flourishing fatter than ever,
She sends him the
Bill of her Milliner.

[To J. M. Barrie.†]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 3, 1891.

DEAR BARRIE: Our thanks are warm for "The Little Minister." And how I envy you!—not the deserved success of the book, but your pleasure in writing it. The conjuration of Babbie must have been an hour of enchantment. She carries us—criticism can't grow at her heels. Thrums, too, is as hot alive as ever.—I hope I may see you soon.

I am comforted in seeing that work like yours is warmly greeted by press and public.—Very faithfully,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* In the spring of 1890 Arthur Meredith returned to England and died at the home of his sister at Woking.

† Meredith had discerned the genius of J. M. Barrie from the first and they early became friends.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, *Jan.* 8, 1892.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: I thought it needless when I sent the verses to say that such tiny things were a gift, honored by your acceptance. Do not, if you print me in future, pay me. We are not on the same sides in politics, but at heart we are one. I never can help wishing well to an undertaking headed by you.

Is, then, the Anti-J. in a swim of success? This check insists on blowing a fine brass note, and I like it better than the money, although you pummel my poor lot of worthies and won't see things visible to me. But you do love England, where again we join. The crash with Maupassant comes from avenging Nature—heredity helping. A moderated youth would have given him life. In reality, for a man of his powers, he produced little. And already he had begun to work upon himself. I regret. He was one of the few living whom I read with satisfaction in the handling of his matter.—Ever yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Frederick Greenwood.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Feb.* 23, 1892.

MY DEAR GREENWOOD: My daughter packs and sends you "Tess" to-day. The work is open to criticism, but excellent and very interesting. All of the Dairy Farm held me fast. But from the moment of the meeting again of Tess and Alec, I grew cold, and should say that there is a depression of power, up to the end, save for the short scene on the plain of Stonehenge. If the author's minute method had been sustained, we should have had a finer book. It is marred by the sudden hurry to round the story. And Tess, out of the arms of Alec, into (I suppose) those of the lily necked Clare, and on to the Black Flag waving over her poor body, is a smudge in vapor—she at one time so real to me.

I have heard of your illness, with the later, better report. All goes well now, I trust. And ah! the Anti-Jacobin! You are the prince of Editors, too good for you to have a party backing you. But take the title, and stand paperless. It is writ-

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ten that an Editor who shows esteem for literature shall have to drop his mouthpiece and of his honesty be stricken dumb.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Sidney Lysaght.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 12, 1893.

DEAR MR. LYSAGHT: . . . Just home from Losely, near G. F. Watts, to whom I have been sitting for a portrait—which, I am told, is good. But why a grizzled head is wanted for posterity to see, is the riddle to me. I dare not hint it, or I shall hear the retort that I am thinking . . . Once and in truth there was a presentable phiz, when no one cared for it.

Pray, come as soon as you can.—Ever yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Arthur Wing Pinero.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 4, 1893.

MY DEAR (I hope for the last time "Mr.") PINERO: The enclosed to help grace your Chairman's ample seat at the Fund Dinner.* None do we find so generous in charity as actors, unless it be ladies of the town—as I have heard.

Therefore your Fund commands that we be emulous of the same.—I have to go to Watts, near Guildford, to give last sittings for a portrait, on the date you mention. Success to you! will be my cry when the great night comes.† Excellent title to set one threading a Dramatist's maze. It must hit.—I am too busy finishing (just in the middle) a work, to go anywhere to dinner. You won't think it disrespect to a Rising Young Profession.

Please don't forget, that you and Arthur Blunt are due here to dine on a Sunday in ulterior June. As to this point, a word from you will give me repose in anticipation of pleasure.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To H. Gordon Clarke.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 2, 1894.

DEAR MR. GORDON CLARKE: I would hurry to tell you in person how your kind remembrance of me touches the hermit's heart. I am under an engagement with Scribner's Magazine to deliver a novel * in the Spring, and have to go the round of a well-horse daily. My greetings to you and all of a family I hold dear.—Yours very sincerely, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Alphonse Daudet.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *janvier* 19, 1897.

ILLUSTRE ET TRÈS CHER AMI: Vous ne savez pas, j'espère, ce que c'est que le dégoût de la plume? J'en suis horriblement affligé depuis mon retour à la chaumière. Et par malchance ma fille ne peut me servir au fait de lettres, comme d'ordinaire. Vous me pardonnez. Mon chirurgien (la main la plus habile en Angleterre) a fait de son mieux.† On m'a donné du chloroforme—c'est-à-dire que la Sainte Nymphe Nirvana s'est emparée de moi et m'a déposé aux pieds de son Dieu, et là je n'ai senti ni pensé—donc je n'étais pas. Et encore je suis, et je me réjouis de l'être en recevant votre lettre.

A Madame Daudet mes hommages les plus sincères, et je vous prie de faire souvenir Mlle. Edmée de l'ami de ses parens. C'était plaisir de voir Lucien et le plus Léonin des Léons léoninanti, dans sa pleine santé.

Toujours à vous du cœur,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To A. Sidgwick.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 18, 1899.

DEAR SIR: It is understood that your communication is confidential. I could accept most gratefully an honor,‡ of which the proposal to confer it is distinction enough. But I am troubled in having to state that my physical condition (rather crippled legs)would compel me to beg the being excused from attendance. I fancy this would be a breach of your rules, and I cannot imagine the humble novelist to have a claim for exemption under any plea.

Let me thank you for your offer of hospitality. I feel the disappointment.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* The Royal General Theatrical Fund.
† The first night of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

* "The Amazing Marriage."
† An operation had been undergone by Meredith at a nursing home in London.
‡ The offer of an honorary degree by the University of Oxford.

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[To A. Sidgwick.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 28, 1899.

DEAR SIR: I beg to express to your Council that I shall always be deeply sensible of the honor conferred on me by the proposal for the high dignity of the degree, together with my regrets that my infirmity debars me from receiving it. But the titular honor and the bruiting of it I value less than your Council's good will, which gives me some sensation of pride in such work as I have done.

I shall miss, too, the pleasant half-evening with you to discuss the course of things current and foregone. Are you of good hope, as I am? The atmosphere of Universities is rather overcharged with the calm Past, and has to be resisted.—I am, very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To G. M. Trevelyan.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 17, 1900.

DEAR MR. TREVELYAN: Your letter was one to be answered. You will have known that it could not have failed in giving pleasure to the man whose works had chanced to please you. Il y a le rapport. I should have written but for a partly disabled hand—and since my son and daughter took to marriage I am without amanuensis.—When I hear that I have been of some use to young men in aiding them to see the real life and guide their steps in it, I am content to think that I have lived. So you have refreshed me; for it is just the doubt of this which now and then harasses men of my age in their retrospect.

If you are at any time near Box Hill and will do me favor to call on me, you shall be told of my politics and general views. I am rather beaten to the ground at present by the slain, wounded and sick of my friends under the brand of South Africa, in a war that a forethoughtful or even commonly prudent policy might have steered us clear of. We will leave the subject for discussion. I have been tempted to write on it, but am wiser in leaving it to the Journalists, who will say pleasanter things to our countrymen, and not see faults on both sides.—Very truly yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Mrs. Duff.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *July* 1, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. DUFF: The loss * to me is past all count. For I see him, hear him, have him sitting in the chair beside me, as on the day before he left for S. Africa, promising to come here early on his return—and now I look at the hill that leads to Dunley, where is hollowness, a light gone out. But still it cannot be quite death for a man so good and true as he.—The unsuffering part of him lives with those who knew him. Nobility was his characteristic, and always where that is required in life, I shall have him present—I feel deeply for Violet—indeed for all related to him. . . . I remember the many times and the words, when he spoke of his sister B. God bless and comfort you. Be sure that nothing good is ever lost. Remember, too, that your brother's friend is yours. GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING.

. . . bow apart from viol is sheer naught, whereas viol is always potential music:—and she may add, if she is in the mood to whip him, "for another perhaps to play on me more cunningly." And, à propos, a writer of mark was here last week, and we laughed at recent maunderings in Reviews on Style. He and I gave definitions. Getting serious for a moment, I proposed: "A noble manner in an easy manner." He bowed to it. What inspired me but this instrument I play on now! For surely the sentence depicts her. So be reconciled to it.—You have asked concerning character: you have been reading Biographies. We cannot come to the right judgment in Biography unless we are grounded in History. It is knowledge of the world for the knowing of men. Question the character, whether he worked, in humanity's mixed motives, for great ends, on the whole: or whether he inclined to be merely adroit, a juggler for his purposes. Many of the famous are only clever interpreters of the popular wishes. Real greatness must be based

* Written, on hearing of the death of Admiral Maxse, to his sister, Mrs. Duff.

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on morality. These platitudes are worth keeping in mind. Mind while reading severely may be indulgent, unless baseness is shown. There is a philosophy of life for it to embrace—and that means the reverse of cynicism, to be tolerant of our human constitution. We have to know that we know ourselves. Those who tell us we do not know, cannot have meditated on the word Conscience. In truth, so well do we know ourselves, that there is a general resolve to know some one else instead. We set up an ideal of the cherished object; we try our friends and the world by the standard we have raised within, supported by pride, obscured by the passions. But if we determine to know ourselves, we see that it has been open to us all along, that in fact we did but would not know, from having such an adoration of the ideal creature erected and painted by us. It follows, that having come to this knowledge, we have the greater charity with our fellows—especially with the poor fellow the most exposed to our inspection. For this reason, I preach for the mind's acceptance of Reality in all its forms; for so we come to benevolence and to a cheerful resignation; there is no other road to wisdom. If I have any, it is all yours.—I could run on to you lastingly; but you would be scrupulous to read and would be wearied. This is not an enlivening letter. I might in conversing amuse a little. You will perceive that I am zealous to set you in a clear way on certain subjects, and you will know why. I am with all my heart, your most faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, 1901.

. . . Your tentative opinion as to the suffrage for woman must run counter to ideas pillared around you. Tories, it is true, have recently conceived a notion that enfranchised women would support their cause, as the clerics do—and the host of women are imparsoned. Well, I would run the risk, prepared for my mauvais quart d'heure. After some taste of active life, their minds would enlarge—that is all we want: their hearts are generally sound. —What German lyrics win your praises, to the reminding you of the many-sounding sea? Surely it must be the sonorous tongue at the drum of the ear that subdues you. "In Aachen in seiner Kaiserstadt," we could not render effective in English, and it might come out of a trumpet. But it is ordinary prose. I know Goethe and Schiller, Heine, Geibel, Freiligrath, Lenau, and as to majesty, not much more than the trumpets do I find in them. Are you thinking of George Herwegh, or of the bards of the Befreiungskrieg? They were spirited, but Campbell's battle pieces surpass them. They are deficient in great images—the majestic to the mind:—as in the opening of a Choral Ode from the Trachinian of Sophocles (Roman letters): —To the Sungod

"Ou aróla nòx enargoména
Tiktei kateunásoi te phlogesomenai."

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 19, 1902.

It must be a strain of Norman or Northumbrian or Anglo-Saxon blood in Ulrica's veins, or the mixture of them, which will not let her be friendly with Diana. Strong imagination is required in the Teuton stock for a tolerance of the Celt. Goethe would have appreciated her. Women of distinction have been heard to say that they lived in her more than with their living fellows. Read again the scene of Diana and Dacier when she comes to him from the holding of Emma Dunstane's hand under the surgeon's knife. Courage of the highest is needed for a trial like that. She was capable of uttermost devotion to an object. She was uncertain when it was presented as an abstract idea. She was astray in the shock of pressing material claims, easily bewildered when plucked at by the sleeve. She was brave to flout the world by running with Dacier, but she hated intrigue. Frigidly censorious Teutons will often consent to intrigue, that they may preserve their position in the world, and assist in condemning the exposed. Diana wanted (without the wish for) a sturdy mate in her passage through life. She found him after shipwreck, and when she would have preferred some one like to herself, erratic that she was, unbalanced, in comparison with the steady Anglo-Saxon woman not yet found out.

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For is not the solid ground firmer than the foot upon it? Honor to the Anglo-Saxon!—at least until exposure comes. I give my sympathy to the stumbling human instrument of a possible progression. Have you read the letters of Lady Sarah Lennox? The history is instructive, you will know it. The wife of an ardent fox-hunter, she quits him for an amorous lord, and after a year retires to a penitential solitude, out of which she is drawn at last by a worthy man, to become the mother of the three Napiers. I follow her and am with her throughout; Ulrica the same, I am sure. By and by the world will smile on women who cut their own way out of a bad early marriage, or it will correct the present rough marriage system. No young woman knows what she gives her hand to; she will never be wiser until boys and girls are brought up and educated together. Let me add, until English girls have wiser mothers. Such donkeys are those dames in all our classes! It is true that the upper need not to give so much instruction where knowledge is in the atmosphere. A propos of Lady Sarah's story, an old Cornish lady told me of one ending differently. A hunting Squire of her neighborhood had a very handsome wife, whom he valued less than the fox's tail. One of the Vivians eyed her, admired, condoled, desired, and carried her off. Some days after, she was taken with compunction or compassion, and about midnight the forsaken squire sitting in his library heard three knocks at the window. "That's Bess," he said, and let her in. She was for weeping and protesting repentance (here Ulrica sneers) but he kissed her, taking the blame on himself, rightly, and the house was quiet. Old Lady Vivian, like many old ladies, had outgrown her notions of masculine sentiment in these matters; she said to my friend: "What are the man's family making such a fuss about! My son only had her a fortnight!" Even young women have but a confused idea of the masculine sentiment of complete possession, down to absorption (Ulrica straightens in antagonism), and how it is to pursue them anticipatorily and retrospectively. I have tried in my time to enlighten them and humanize their males. The case of the unmarried young woman having to enlighten the suitor she loves concerning antecedents, and bravely doing it, I have treated in a ballad. But there are men who would behave more handsomely than this fellow did. Except in early youth, the confession is needless, the one question being: Does he love the woman. If he does, he has her nature and enough of her character in his grasp, and takes her for what she is, untroubled by facts. I am not speaking of the very young man. But see the Egoist. "He takes her for what she is": that is, for her soul's worth, as a Lady Sarah, who has weathered some early gales and issued the stronger, to be mother of heroes. Those early gales, bred by nature within, as well as assailing from without, are common to all save the frigid or the tepid, and the austere in principle may resist, the motherly protected and the secluded escape them. The happy accident of the absence of opportunity has helped to the rescue of many eminent virgins at critical moments. There are forms of courage; Diana's was not of the steady and aye ready order, hers was elastic, uncertain in response except when facing extreme visible peril, of the call of devotion to a friend or to a lover. The courage elastic can be stretched to any length; but also it contracts, it may wear the appearance of craven, may be so now and again. The woman who must have a lover is of this kind. Has Ulrica sympathy to bestow on her? In the matter of love my benevolent Ulrica is indisposed to speak her mind, she is double dumb. She has known—must—something of it. That she will ever know, may be doubted, what a lady spinster of sixty, questioned by me, pronounced to be her predilection in poetry, bawling over shoulder "Passion." Much liking, warm liking, even wildish, but not passion. Hence, it may be, her coldness to the woman capable of it. So good-by to Diana. She is one of the women dear to me, and I have tried to expound her to another much dearer. How comes it? I can only say that on the day of my friend's burial she sat beside me and he gave me to her. Primrose Day. The association of primroses and Disraeli and the origin of the League (between Borthwick-Glenesk and Drummond Wolff) could have risen solely among people so grotesque as the English. But Dizzy's

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wit has the wonderful quality of being picturesque. A man related to me that he was in the House one night when the Parliamentary bore Chisholm Austen had been on his legs half an eternity, and he met Dizzy coming down the gangway, and said: "You turn your back on your supporter?" Dizzy replied: "I've had enough of that Saracen's Head creaking in the wind." Saracens' Heads used to be common as Inn-signs, and many a traveller must have heard them creaking through the long night hours. Could any illustration better describe the bore? I have not seen this printed and it should be.

I wish I were about in the world to give you communications more petillantes. You should be in London now, and will hear and see and will excuse my staleness. I trust that your father's health has improved. Mine drags on as usual. No coup de foudre of late. I have had the vision of you shining salt in the sea-breeze and inspiring a gray Triton with the passion to enfold and bear you to his domain.

I have been reading some French novels, impishly slimy. A book to be recommended, I shall finish next week. It is on Tiberius,* whose character I have long thought was falsified by Tacitus. Please let me send it. I fear you think I rain books on you, and I want you to read History.

My Lady has Diana's brows,
Diana's deer-like step is hers;
A goddess she by every sign,
Then wherefore is she not divine?
She has no ears for lovers' vows,
For lovers' vows she has no ears.

Not to be outdone in the formalities, I beg to subscribe myself, with the utmost sincerity, yours affectionately,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 11, 1902.

MY DEAR LESLIE: We two have looked at the world and through men, and to us the word consolation is but a common scribble, for there is none under a deep affliction that can come from without, not from the dearest of friends. What I most wish for you I know you to have, fortitude to meet a crisis, and its greater task, to endure. We have come to the time of life when the landscape surrounding "haec data poena diu siventibus," the tombstones of our beloved and the narrowing of our powers, throws a not unpleasant beam on the black gateway, as we take it to be in the earlier days. And those young ones, whom Nature smites with the loss of us, she will soon bring into her activities, if they are the healthy creatures we wish them to be. I find nothing to regret in the going, at my age, and only a laughing snarl when I look about on the deprivations, which make the going easy. So I see things in your mind as well. If you can come in perfect certainty that the journey will be harmless, prescribe diet (soups and light puddings, I suppose), and don't kick when I say my fly shall be sent for you.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Autumn* 1902.

. . . Some young men of the Universities show signs of life. G. M. Trevelyan writes for my stated approval of a new Review that will speak boldly upon England's needs and deficiencies, and be patriotic, as he implies, by taking a wider embrace than common patriotism. We have to think beyond the purse and the hearth if we would have them secure. Of course I wrote the words he wanted. The lucky fellow is off by way of Tyrol to the Carpathians, and takes, he says, the Duel in the Pass, in "Vittoria," en route. How I could pray to show you the scenes of Vittoria's wanderings with Angelo Guidascarpi over the sub-Alpine heights from Brescia to Bormio, and away to Meran in the Adige valley. I was there when though liking the Austrians, I burned for Italy. I fancy I did justice to both sides. The young poet Laurence Binyon has written to me for permission to make use of the story of the Guidascarpi for a drama he has been commissioned to compose for Mrs. Patrick Campbell: prose, a harder task in English than in French. Few Englishmen can write a resonant prose dialogue that is not blatant; and when avoiding those alarms, they drop to flabbiness. It is merely to say that Style is rarely achieved here. Your literary hero,

* "Tiberius the Tyrant," by J. C. Tarver.

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lecturing on Style, may have a different opinion. The prose in Shakespeare and in Congreve is perfect. They have always the right accent on their terminations. Apart from Drama, Swift is a great exemplar; Bolingbroke, and in his mild teatable way, Addison, follow. Johnson and Macaulay wielded bludgeons; they had not the strength that can be supple. Gibbon could take a long stride with the leg of a dancing-master; he could not take a short one. Matthew Arnold was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonized for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the sconce of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding. However, although I consider it unlikely that I am in accord with your lecturer, I will own that I am beside the mark in addressing you upon a thing he will have handled more effectively. I dread the presentation of any of my works on the stage. Here is another American actress applying for permission to dramatize "Diana." I must let her know that Ulrica dislikes the character. Ulrica, she will say, is very English. Yet Ulrica says of herself, that she has imagination. Then she ought to be able to enter the breast of a passionate woman, a wife widowed, in love, much needing to be on her guard against the man, ready to fly with him, hating to intrigue; and while she totter in this juncture, assailed by monetary needs, vain of her touch on political secrets subject in a crisis to a swoon of the mind—mark that, O imaginative lady! for there are women and noble women, who stand unpractised and alone in the world, liable to these attacks, driven for the moment back on their instincts: cannot Ulrica compassionately, if not sisterly, realize the position? No, I see her affecting meditation upon it with the bosom of a rock under her balancing air, or say a person called on by his Lord to be just toward one who has impugned his creed. "She behaved basely." But she was physically and mentally unaware of the importance of the secret. "She ceases to interest me from that instant, and in the comparison of her deeds, her consideration for her virtue sickens me." Better if that had broken down, by the accident of things, and obviated the other; but be charitable and accept the good in her—"I can't." Even so the parson with the infidel. I had intended writing a lecture this time on one of the deep themes of Life, that might help to rational views. It shall come. You are not to be bothered about replying. Evidently you find it a burdensome duty. Just now with your Coronation robings and arrangements, it would task you; the reading of letters as well, till the panting fortnight after England's greatest event has gone by. I have to trust you will bear the fatigue of the day.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 2, 1902.

MY DEAREST LESLIE: There is a report that you will be in the hands of Treves this week. You could not be in safer, and I am sure of your courage. But if some one of the family will send me word of your state I shall be thankful. You know how much my heart is with you. We both know enough of the accidents and the tenure of life to be able to bear a cheerful front to whatever may befall us. I remember making my good man laugh weapon in hand the moment before he went to work. Think of your Alps and Surrey hills, and of me with arms outstretched to greet you—as I trust they will be on a day having you in sight.—Ever your most loving,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Sully with perspiring brow digging for the source of Laughter is provocative of his theme.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Dec.* 30, 1902.

DEAREST LESLIE: . . . Morley dined with me the other day, and was in grand condition: close at the end of his Gladstone. One of the books to read, at all events. Gladstone divides me. Half of him I respect deeply, and the other half seems not worthy of satire. We may anticipate that Morley will hold his balance.

I shall not look for answers to letters. One of the girls or Gerald or Mrs. Leo

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Maxse will keep me informed. Riette calls for news of you on Wednesday or Thursday. She hardly hopes to be allowed to see you. I would I had only the chance of knocking at the door.—Yours with all my heart,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[Leslie Stephen to George Meredith.]

22 HYDE PARK GATE, S. W.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I must make the effort to write to you once more with my own hand. I cannot trust to anybody else to say how much I value your friendship, and I must send you a message, perhaps it may be my last, of my satisfaction and pride in thinking of your affection for me. Your last bunch of violets is deliciously scenting my prisonhouse.—Always your L. STEPHEN.

[To Leslie Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Feb.* 14, 1904.

MY DEAREST LESLIE: Your letter gave me one of the few remaining pleasures that I can have. I rejoice in your courage and energy. Of the latter I have nothing left. Since last September I have not held a pen, except perforce to sign my name. It seems that I was near the end—"within view," my London doctor said. A meddlesome fellow thought himself professionally bound to practise an injection on my arm, and the heart was roused to resume its labors. So here I am, of no use to any one—even unable to take the chance of seeing you. I have been at Givons with Mariette for four months and more, and return to Box Hill in March. Vanessa's reports of you have kept me in touch with the house. We who have loved the motion of legs and the sweep of the winds, we come to this. But for myself, I will own that it is the Natural order. There is no irony in Nature. God bless and sustain you, my friend.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Miss Vanessa Stephen.]

BOX HILL, *Feb.* 23, 1904.

MY DEAREST VANESSA: Heaven has blest us by making the end painless. It was inevitable, I knew, and I had the shock of my grief when I was told of the malady. One of the most beloved of my friends has gone from sight, and though I feel that he remains with me and has his lasting place in our literature, this day's news darkens my mind. Last Autumn I was near to going. The loss of my friend spurs the wish that I had preceded him. He was the one man in my knowledge worthy of being mated with your mother. I could not say more of any man's nobility. If it were possible for me to move I should be among you to-morrow. May you be sustained. My prayers are with you all.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Oct.* 11, 1904.

MY DEAREST FRIEND: Again it is "Farewell to you," and after so many years the love and the trust are the same. I see the misty river, the bespattered wharf, the tug and the Looming steamer about to bear away a treasured life into the unknown. May the return be as before. There is no reason why not, but apprehensions are always active at such a time. Roosevelt may have much within him. He is largely on the outside, so that there does not seem a world to study within. He and Porfirio Diaz have my chief admiration as rulers of men—States. You will see Mr. John Hay and appreciate him as one of the noble Americans. I met him once at Maxse's table, and remember with regret that I talked more than he did. I hope that now I am not so led away by the fiery moment.—It will be a great experience for you to walk over America instead of under it. All blessings of earth be with you, and a safe coming back to him who loves you, and would give up a good part of his time for breathing to see you here safe. My thoughts and feelings will be the same as your wife's. GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Hugh W. Strong.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 1905.

DEAR SIR: Since I began to reflect I have been oppressed by the injustice done to women, the constraint put upon their natural aptitudes and their faculties, generally much to the degradation of the

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race. I have not studied them more closely than I have men, but with more affection, a deeper interest in their enfranchisement and development, being assured that women of the independent mind are needed for any sensible degree of progress. They will so educate their daughters, that these will not be instructed at the start to think themselves naturally inferior to men, because less muscular, and need not have recourse to particular arts, feline chiefly, to make their way in the world. I have no special choice among the women of my books. Perhaps I gave more color to "Diana of the Crossways" and "Clara Middleton" of the "Egoist," and this on account of their position.—Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *March* 24, 1905.

GOOD FRIEND: When the communication came I had vision of an enormous misty mountain that had been in some odd way benevolent to me, and I was mystified until I detected the presence of an active mouse, assuring of a living agency in the strange matter—anything but a ridiculous birth. For evidently it had fretted at the ear of the Premier and caused A. B. to cast eye on a small a. b., long a workman in letters. Was I not right? I wished for no distinction. A title would have sunk me. But I could not be churlish in this case.* Besides, I am to be ranked with and near you.—Yours at heart, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To his granddaughter, Joan Sturgis.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 15, 1905.

MY BLESSED JOAN: Tell Dorothy to remind you to tell Mary to tell your Mummy to tell your Daddy to tell Jack that Sandie won't hear of his having a second Master, and says he comes to Box Hill only because he likes a change, but a Sunday's bunny hunt with his real master is one of his great joys, though he can make himself happy enough here during the week. He rather complains of being made too much of here, and says he prefers not to be treated as one of the family and talked to about events of the day when his mind is on his bunnies and his ball. He has no wish to be called a Learned Dog and held up in the newspapers.

And tell Dorothy to remind you to tell your Daddy that I have just finished Parkman's book on The Conspiracy of Pontiac—after keeping it for more than a year—and that I want the second volume, which narrates the end of the siege of Detroit. Mummy will bring it.—Your loving GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Edmund Gosse.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *July* 2, 1905.

DEAR MR. GOSSE: Your letter was among the pleasantest ones, and said the most to me. For you are that rare thing in our country, a critic—and the something more which is needed for the office,—or else we have a Gifford or a Jeffrey.

Hardy was here some days back. I am always glad to see him, and have regrets at his going; for the double reason, that I like him, and am afflicted by his twilight view of life. He questioned me as to "The Dynasts." I spoke (needlessly) in favor of his continuing it now that it had a commencement. It was useless to say, as I think, that he would have made it more effective in Prose, where he is more at home than in verse, though here and there he produces good stuff. Of much of Browning I could say the same.

Pray give me a chance of conversing with you some day after August.—Faithfully yours, GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Emile Legouis.*]

BOX HILL, DORKING,
ENGLAND, *July* 30, 1905.

DEAR SIR: The Review containing your article on my novel "The Egoist" has not come to me, and I regret it, for I hold strongly to the value of French criticism, whether in praise or blame. The latter is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vanitous person; and the eulogy confers green laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes or dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism of taste. I have seen many

* The offer of the Order of Merit.

* Of the University of Paris.

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reviews, not one criticism of my books in prose or verse. The name and date of the Review would enable me to get it through Hachette of London. I am staying for some weeks by the sea, at Aldeburgh, Suffolk.—Very truly yours.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Dr. H. Anders.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 5, 1906.

MY DEAR SIR: The fractured leg has been attended with complications incident to one in his seventy-eighth year, and I pray you to let this be my excuse for the delay in replying to your very pleasant letter with the gift of the Shakespeare Book. I might have called my married daughter to serve as amanuensis, but there is a coldness in dictated letters, and I held myself in reserve until I could take pen in hand, trusting to your indulgence. What superior power of patient investigation and conjectural acuteness is it that enables your countrymen to throw new light upon the work they undertake, although many laborers have gone before them. This you have done in the case of Shakespeare, and we are indebted to you for it. I remember reading in my youth Otto Jahn's Memoir of the great Philologer Hermann and his indefatigable devotion to work, with a sigh of regret that he who had his rivals at home, had so few if any among us. As for me, you ask of my readings of the formative kind. They were first the Arabian Nights, then Gibbon, Niebuhr, Walter Scott; then Molière, then the noble Goethe, the most enduring. All the poets, English, Weimar and Suabia and Austrian.—I have the honor to be, your much obliged,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Forgive my ignorance of your titles in addressing you.

[To G. M. Trevelyan.]

May 20, 1906.

DEAR MR. TREVELYAN: I am glad of the trouncing occasionally bestowed on me in your book,* for it serves to counterbalance a degree of praise hardly digestible by reviewers. I fear most that which you will be indisposed to consider—the chances of a success as a reward for your pains. As to the exposition of my meaning, it is made clearly and has my approval. I could contest one or two objections. Where is the author who could not? The reviewers, if the book should be noticed, are likely to maintain a hereditary opposition to my mind and work, or else they will disappoint my ready enjoyment of them. Let us hope that the Princess Mary * will have a brother presented to her whom she will be maternal with in the earlier days, that he may become an Arnold-Trevelyan. The cause of my not seeing her is too good for me to regret it. But come when the mood is on you.—Most truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith."

[To Lady Ulrica Duncombe.]

BOX HILL, DORKING *July* 16, 1906.

MY DEAR LADY ULRICA: . . . Never attempt to dissociate your ideas from the real of life. It weakens the soul; and besides it cannot be done—and again it is a cowardly temporary escape into delusion, clouding the mind; through which is our only chance of seeing God, the God so much obscured by the Churchmen supplicating the Divinity's interposition. Look for the causes of evil; they are always to be found, and easily to the resolved seeker, both in our personal and the public history.—Be sure that the Spiritual God is accessible at all moments to the Soul desiring him, and would live in us, if we would keep the breast clean. Only we cannot ask him to strike between us and his Laws. The petition, with the failure of it in absence of a reply, is a main source of general disbelief. You are not one who plays at life, so you will submit to the homily. . . .

[To Dr. H. Anders.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Nov.* 9, 1906.

DEAR SIR: My reply to you will not give you complete satisfaction, I may fear. For I have not made any estimate of the value of my books in prose. I see many faults in all of them, and though I have not striven for perfection, as that would

* Mary, daughter of G. M. and Mrs. Trevelyan.

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have cramped my hand in writing, something nearer to it would have pleased me. "The Egoist" comes nearer than the other books to the proper degree of roundness and finish. In "Diana of the Crossways" my critics own that a breathing woman is produced, and I felt that she was in me as I wrote. "Rhoda Fleming" is liked by some, not much by me. "Richard Feverel" was earnestly conceived, and is in some points worthy of thought." Beauchamp's Career" does not probe so deeply, but is better work on the surface.—I have treated my books of prose as the mother bird her fledgelings.—(I like well your illuminating notes on Shakespeare, and feel my debt for your gift.—Know me most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. M. Meredith.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Nov.* 23, 1906.

DEAR WILL: I knew Whistler and never had a dissension with him, though many bouts between us were frequent. When I went to live in the country we rarely met. He came down to me once. He was a lively companion, never going out of his way to take offence, but with the springs in him prompt for the challenge. His tales of his student life in Paris, and of one Ernest, with whom he set forth on a holiday journey on next to nothing in their purse, were impayable.

The death of Thoby Stephen has much clouded me.—Your loving

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 20, 1907.

MY DEAREST MORLEY: Attributable to your talk with President Roosevelt, or to Bryan, I have a letter from the great man, cordial, touching my 80 years in February, and mentioning the poems he likes. I must reply, and the superscription of the letter addressing him bothers me. You may be able to help. I shrink from an appearance of ignorance as to the formalities. Cela donne trop l'air d'être hors du monde—one of the weaknesses of the civilized.—All the welcomes await you here, cellar, table, open arms, as ever. But the uncertain weather has held me from entreaties. And now comes Parliament. Decide as early as you can, avoiding nights of frost.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. John Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Sept.* 7, 1907.

MY DEAREST MORLEY: There could be no anticipation of your coming to see me after the close of your heavy work, and with the "Unrest" on your mind to be thrown off partly or wholly for a time by mountain air and scene. Nor did I expect to hear. I rejoice to think of you as on the heights and share your nostril sniffs of that pure wine of life given us in the upper air—Nature's aristocratic region. For she insists on aristocracy, as we shall gladly own when we get it of the right kind. Of myself is little to be said. Now and then I write some little verses, and the thing done, confess it to be only another form of idleness. Or to vary my growls when I am out on the road with Picnic,* I hire a motor and have a spin of a hundred miles, a way of ensuring appetite and prolonged sleep. Your Secretary of State for War and he for Foreign Affairs dined here some days before the break-up. I had a cheering report of you from them. Oh that I were footing the sweet herbs with you now! I have lived all my time in imagination and do still, fully enough, but in this case there's an unsatisfied yearning. Come to me if possible when you return. Shall be eager for the note, near the end of the month. And give my love to the Mountain Maid now in her home.—Ever with the whole heart, yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To W. Clark Russell.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Jan.* 24, 1908.

DEAR SIR: A kind word to me in my ripe age from a brother of the Pen, whose descriptions of blue water scenes have often given me pleasure, is very welcome. Quantity in production certainly we have, but I notice here and there good stuff, and promise among some of the younger men. Besides, you know the seventh wave. There must be a gathering of the waters

* The donkey which drew his bath-chair.

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before a big surge is thrown on shore. And my observation tells me that the minor work of the present day is altogether superior to that of the mid-Victorian time—and before V. The hour is usually unjust to its own.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Sir Francis Burnand.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Feb.* 10, 1908.

MY DEAR FRANK: It is hard that one should strike the solemn peal of 80, and not be able to caper with the legs though the mind and heart are elastically harlequin. However, good things come at this big age, and among them your reminder that the old days are not forgotten by you. As to the calculation of the years, I think it is pretty correct. And would either of us have thought when walking the Esher roads, that we should look back with mortal eyes over such a stretch of time—and you a burnished Knight, and I receiving Deputations.—And there is Hyndman wielding the Socialist baton, to ravishing discords! What will be uppermost 80 years hence? Upon that I muse. Certainly not we two. Meanwhile I trust that you will continue to take breath heartily up to the final one.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To the Rt. Hon. Viscount Morley.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *May* 4, 1908.

DEAREST MORLEY: When I heard of the Coronet, or rather saw it in the political heavens, poised above your head, my feelings at first must have resembled your own.

After some turmoil, I decided that it was good for you and the country. It saves you from the heckling of the ignoramus in the Commons, and more, you will not have to raise your voice for an address to constituents. The state of your throat has caused me anxiety. As for the Rose of Petterdale, her Coronet has been too long withheld. She won it on the Westmoreland-Cumberland hills and fells. I shall rejoice to see you both wearing it bridally.

So then Saturday will be a merry day for me. Distinctions are a small matter to seniors whose heads have been among the stars, but it is as well, pour savourer bien la chose, to imagine us for a moment juveniles and seeing the Pleiades descend on a head——? Tell me your hourly train that my fly may meet you.—Love to the Viscountess. Heartily,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To C. E. Hecht, The Rational Food Reform Association.]

June 19, 1908.

DEAR SIR: I am unworthy to be among you, for I drink wine and I smoke. How preach to sinners when one is guilty of these vices and unrepentant? Eating of meat has never been to my taste. But an English cook who can make vegetables of good savor will not come to a country cottage even on liberal wages. So I have in some degree to conform to the national habit: excess in which accounts for numerous maladies, to say nothing of captious tempers. Therefore I wish well to your crusade, though unfit to join in it. —Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To C. E. Hecht.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June* 25, 1908.

DEAR SIR: You can enroll me, seeing that you accept my disqualification. The excess of flesh-eating ministers to the Doctors as much as drink. I have never cared for it.—Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Holman Hunt.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *Dec.* 17, 1908.

DEAR HOLMAN HUNT: Your gallantry in going to Burlington House * had been mentioned to me, and I envied you—not as being one of the audience, but for proving legs and hearing. At the same time I remember sadly that you are now sharing Milton's woe, most grievous for a painter. That you bear the affliction with fortitude, I can believe. It is nevertheless a cutting away from the world. This is the state of age for us. You touch me deeply in your kind letter. Probably your wife reads this, and I beg

* This refers to the Milton celebrations.

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her to accept my respects and regards. As to us two, we will say that the Gods may rob us of everything except the heart to endure.—Ever warmly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Wilfrid Meynell.]

BOX HILL, *Feb.* 3, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. MEYNELL: The love of all the Meynells, let all the Meynells know, is precious to me. And the book of the Poems * was very welcome, though a thought of the poet's broken life gives pain. What he might further have done hangs at the closing page. Your part in his history should help to comfort you. What we have of him is mainly due to the Meynell family.

Our Portia, I may suppose to be now in Italy, and Italy seems to me her natural home. For me, I drag on, counting more years and not knowing why. I have to lean on an arm when I would walk, and I am humiliated by requiring at times a repetition of sentences. This is my state of old age. But my religion of life is always to be cheerful. Though I see little of my friends, I live with them.—Ever to be counted yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Herr Eugen Frey.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, ENGLAND, *Feb.* 19, 1909.

DEAR SIR: You are fully at liberty to quote from my works as the occasion may require, and I have to thank you for your trouble in doing so. As to the Library Edition of the Poems, I have to say that I was careless about it, as the English, unlike the Americans, have not accepted me in the form of a poet. I had to pay for the publication of my books of verse. Indeed, the run of the novels started from American appreciation.—I have directed my publishers to send you the book of my "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History." They will need to be read twice—and that is much against them in this country.—Believe me to be yours most truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

* Francis Thompson, "Selected Poems."

[To Thomas Hardy.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *March* 2, 1909.

DEAR MR. HARDY: The French Review herewith comes to my address and is, as you see by the superscription, intended for you. I am reminded that you are among the kind souls who thought of me on my 80th, and have not been thanked for their testimony of it. The book * was welcome all the more as being a sign that this big work was off your mind. How it may have been received I cannot say, but any book on so large a scale has to suffer the fate of Panorama, and must be visited again and again for a just impression of it to be taken. I saw that somewhere in your neighborhood it was represented in action. That is the way to bring it more rapidly home to the mind. But the speaker of Josephine's last words would have to be a choice one.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[To Theodore Watts-Dunton.]

BOX HILL, DORKING, *April* 13, 1909.

MY DEAR THEODORE: The blow was heavy on me.† I had such confidence in his powers of recovery. The end has come! That brain of the vivid illumination is extinct. I can hardly realize it when I revolve the many times when at the starting of an idea the whole town was instantly ablaze with electric light. Song was his natural voice. He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield.—But if I feel the loss of him as part of our life torn away, how keenly must the stroke fall on you—and at a time of prostration from illness! Happily you have a wife for support and consolation. That helps to comfort me in my dire distress of mind on behalf of your stricken household, which I see beneath the shadow.—I will hire a motor and be with you when I know that you are in better health, and we can talk. My respects to your wife.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

This was George Meredith's last letter.

* "The Dynasts."
† The death of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

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On Sunday night, the sixteenth of May, 1909, he was taken ill, and on the Tuesday following, at the hour of dawn, he passed away, conscious almost to the end. Dr. Hearnden, to whom he already owed recovery from a dangerous collapse, devotedly attended him: his son and daughter and his faithful nurse Bessie Nicholls were with him to the end. All that was mortal of George Meredith was laid to rest, as he had desired, beside his wife's grave at Dorking.

THE LEAVES GIVE THANKS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ALL the cheerful little leaves
  Were lying mute and slain,
Their tender summer faces
  Marred with age and pain.
Through the thread-bare forest
  Strode the wind and rain.

I wept because the sky was gray,
  Because the leaves were dead,
Because the winter came so fast,
  And summer's sweet was sped;
And because I too was mortal—
  "All flesh is grass," I said.

But while I was lamenting
  The woods began to sing,
The voice of all dead leaves came up
  As when they sang in Spring;
"Praise God," they sang, "for Winter
  And stormy harvesting:

"Praise God, who uses old things
  To serve the new things' need
And turns us into earth again
  That next year's roots may feed;
Roots but for us and our decay
  Would shrivel in the seed.

"To the thousand thousand summers
  Our summer has been thrust,
But the snow is very gentle
  Above its rags and rust.
Lie down, lie down, oh, brothers,
  With the thousand summers' dust."

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Pennsylvania Station, New York. Thirty-third Street carriage driveway, looking east.

THE TERMINAL—THE GATE OF THE CITY

BY W. SYMMES RICHARDSON

IN this article a terminal is considered as not necessarily the end of a line, but as the distributing-point in any city of the first magnitude, and in this sense stations in such cities as Dresden and Cologne, Germany; Milan and Turin, Italy; Lyons, France; the proposed station at Cleveland, Ohio, and even the station at Albany, New York, are quite as effectively terminals from the passengers' point of view as any of those stations which form the ends of lines proper, as at Frankfort, Germany; Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, the Grand Central Station in New York, and the stations in Chicago, Boston, etc. In fact, with the constant increase in the development of connecting lines, many stations which now have the stub-terminal plan are being changed into ones with facilities for handling through traffic, and it will undoubtedly be only a question of years before such stations as those in Boston, Broad Street, Philadelphia; Saint Paul, Minnesota; the Soo-Milwaukee station in Minneapolis, and many others, will be rearranged upon through traffic lines.

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Pennsylvania Station, New York. The main waiting-room, the largest room of the kind in the world.

Where the terminal proper or end-of-the-line conditions prevail in the very largest cities of all, as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York, and Chicago, demands for the rapid interchange of traffic are developing connecting lines, both on the surface, overhead, and underground, thus bringing all the traffic of a great city into a ring, or endless chain. London has long had this arrangement in a crude form through its Metropolitan Line, so that it is possible for a passenger living in the suburbs to the south to buy tickets and label all luggage and to travel through on suburban trains to outside junction points on the trunk lines to the north, east, and west. In Paris this has been developed, but to a lesser extent, in the ring of tracks outside the city, which permits the transfer of railway carriages and passengers from the north and from England to the lines to the south. In fact, tracks permitting such movements of railway cars exist in all our large cities, but in the United States the development has been practically limited to freight rather than to passenger traffic. Even in New York the growth of traffic demands is already suggesting the joining together of several terminals rather than any further increase in present individual developments, and it seems as though the union station would, in a certain sense, before long cease to exist.

In Europe the development of railway passenger travel has been in proportion

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to the social developments of the country, and consequently comparatively slow as is inevitable in communities the life of which has been forming for centuries. Accordingly, the types of stations which have been developed have in many cases followed the lines of least resistance, and we find, for instance, in London, England, that the terminal stations are aggregations of many small units rather than a large single development. Such stations as Paddington, Euston, Saint Pancras, Liverpool Street, and Charing Cross are in reality each a collection of several little stations operating more or less independently. The relative cheapness of labor

Pennsylvania Station, New York. Another view of the main waiting-room, 315 feet long, 108 feet wide, 150 feet high.

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in Europe has also given strength to this tendency, and, similarly, we find that a great many of the English trains are merely the aggregations of several little trains, with baggage vans, restaurant cars, etc., directly adjacent to the passenger coaches. This system results in great freedom and facility of individual movement, a passenger arriving at a London terminal finding his luggage on the platform almost adjacent, and, if coming from the Continent, customs examination service, cabs, express, etc., only a few steps away. Here in America, where the development of a new land has been very rapid, and operations frequently the result of individual minds in control of large interests, the result has inevitably been the opposite, until as an extreme contrast to what might be called the London village group stations we arrive at such large units as the Union Station at Saint Louis, with its thirty-two parallel stub tracks, and the South Station in Boston, with twenty-eight, with ticket-offices, parcel-rooms, baggage-checking rooms, telegraph offices, etc., so widely separated from each other that a large amount of time is consumed and a great deal of distance traversed by an individual passenger before embarking on or arriving from a journey.

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The columns on the Seventh Avenue front.

Even in our through trains this tendency toward centralization of operating management has been carried so far that it is not unusual for a passenger to be obliged to pass through ten or twelve Pullman sleeping-cars before reaching a dining-car, and where the number of passengers requires more than one dining-car in a single train, these cars are frequently attached together in one place rather than distributed at convenient points. The instances cited are, of course, extremes, and between lies every possible variation and gradation of operating efficiency and convenience. The ideal station will probably never be true to any one type, but like everything else in life which is effective, will result from a carefully balanced compromise of interests.

The chief lesson which we can learn from Europe in the operation of our great terminals lies in the constant effort to separate traffic along its logical lines, even at an increased expense of operation, as against the tendency in this country to mass all of the people together; for instance, those who are checking their luggage at one moment, quite irrespective of their destination, while at another moment the same set of people bound for different sections are again brought together for the purchase of tickets, etc. Contrast this with the ease with which a passenger can leave Charing Cross, London, for the Continent on a crowded Saturday afternoon. Arriving perhaps less than ten minutes before the time of the departure of the Continental

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Pennsylvania Station, New York. General view, showing the east and north fronts, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-third Street.

Express, with a cab full of luggage, the system of porterage permits of that which is intended for the luggage van to be placed on one truck and that for the railway carriage on another. The truck for registered luggage will be wheeled over a weighing platform almost directly in front of the ticket-office, weight ascertained, charges paid, and tickets bought while the small luggage for the carriages proceeds on its way to the platform. There is no duplication of movement, no time lost, and the great crowd moves on without friction, unhindered, like a steady stream. The amount which is thus accomplished in a limited time, apparently without effort and without consciousness except to the acute observer, is really marvellous. Consider our Grand Central Station, for instance, on a hot afternoon in August—the hurry, the confusion, the tensely drawn faces, the imprecations, the

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The track platforms on a level with the floors of the cars.

failure of luggage to reach its train, and, even in the case of those who are foresighted and plan hours or days in advance, the absolute impersonal nature of the transaction by which luggage and passengers are so widely separated, that it is only by a miracle of management that they usually come together at the appointed time and place.

It might be of interest here to give some comparative figures of the approximate average distance required to be walked by a passenger taking a train in several of the large stations in this country. In such a station as the South Station, in Boston, it is necessary for a person purchasing a ticket and checking baggage to walk approximately 1,100 feet from the main entrance before entering an express train, and in the Grand Central Station, in New York, about the same distance; in the new Chicago and Northwestern Station, in Chicago, about 940 feet plus a 20-foot stair climb; in the Union Station at Washington about 1,200 feet, and in the Pennsylvania Station at New York from 480 to 950 feet, according to the entrance used.

Passing now from general considerations, let us see how some of these operating theories are accomplished. In Europe the division into many classes is an assistance in the avoidance of confusion, which in this country can only exist in a modified form through the Pullman, or parlor-car traffic. The great general distinction, however, which applies to practically all the prominent stations of Europe is the separation of the incoming and outgoing traffic, the "Arrivée" and "Départ" of France. This is apparently regarded as essential where traffic conditions permit, and is seldom departed from, and the saving in confusion is enormous. I have been told, although I have never verified the fact, that the suburban traffic out of Paris through Saint Lazare Station is one of the largest in the world, yet to the casual observer the departure side of the station gives frequently an impression of almost emptiness.

In this station the separation of traffic is perhaps carried further than anywhere else, in that the arrival platforms lead not only to different, but to comparatively disconnected city streets from those of departure. Most of the other Paris stations are arranged on the same plan. Like all good things, however, such a system can

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Pennsylvania Station, New York. A general view of the concourse and track platforms. Three levels are visible in this picture: the train level, the concourse from which passengers descend to trains, and the middle level reached by passengers leaving trains.

be overdone, and the writer distinctly remembers arriving in Brussels, Belgium, from Holland one evening and (desiring almost immediately to continue his journey toward France by a train leaving on an adjacent platform) being obliged to leave the station on the arrival side, pass completely around the building through the streets with much heavy luggage, reenter on the departure side, and finally reach a train only a few feet away from the one which he had just left. In America this separation of arrival and departure traffic has until recently not been attempted, and the conditions of our train operations make it exceedingly difficult if not frequently altogether impracticable. In Europe the terminal track plans and platform areas, as well as station plans, are usually so ample that it is possible for the railway management definitely to arrange its train schedule for the arrival and departure of trains from special platforms throughout the day. In America, the rapid increase in traffic and number of trains, together with the high price of land and congestion in our cities, has made definite prearrangement of the movement of trains exceedingly difficult, and, with the improvements in terminal signal towers and electric switchboards, the arrival and departure of trains is frequently automatically arranged at the last moment, a train being sent to any track which happens to be clear at that particular time.

The Pennsylvania Station, in New York City, is, so far as the writer knows, the first instance in America of any serious attempt at such a division of traffic, and there not, as in Europe, to different *sides* of the station, but to different *levels*. In this station, where all the tracks are below grade, stairways from different levels lead to each individual platform and the separation is arranged by means of these different stairways.

The modern terminal divides itself naturally into three classes of stations:

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Orléans Station, Paris, as seen from the Seine.

(1) That in which all of the tracks come to an end or stub.

(2) That in which all of the tracks are through tracks, but in which the importance of the city requires practically terminal operation in the arrival and departure of trains.

(3) Those stations in which the tracks are partly stub and partly through.

These again subdivide themselves into three classes:

(*a*) Those in which the tracks are at grade.

(*b*) Those in which the tracks are elevated.

(*c*) Those in which the tracks are depressed.

Typical stub stations are the Broad Street Station at Philadelphia, the Gare de Lyon at Paris, and the stations at Frankfort, Germany, and Rome, Italy. Typical through stations exist in Milan and Turin, Italy; Lyons, France; Cologne, Germany; Providence, Rhode Island; Cleveland, Ohio; New Haven, Connecticut; Waterbury, Connecticut, and at Albany, New York.

One of the best types of combination station is in Dresden, Germany, where the through tracks are elevated, and in Washington, D. C., where the through tracks are depressed and carried under the city through a tunnel. The Pennsylvania Station at Pittsburgh is also of this type.

Of terminal stations with depressed tracks, some stub and some through, the Orléans Station, in Paris, was the first noteworthy example. It was fol-

Saint Pancras Station, London.

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Orléans Station, Paris, showing depressed tracks and track platforms on a level with the floors of the cars.

lowed some years later by the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, which, with the completion of the New York Connecting Railway, will be operated as a through station from New England points to the South, and which depends for its effectiveness of operation and train capacity on its through facilities by which all terminal trains, as far as passenger traffic is concerned, are carried under the East River through to Long Island to extensive yards for switching, cleaning, etc.

The relation of a terminal station to the street plan of a large city is also of great importance, not only from the practical, but also from the æsthetic point of view. In Europe, the terminal stations have been placed with due reference to the principal thoroughfares, thus insuring ease of access, and the station buildings themselves have almost always been regarded as of semi-public importance, and attractively placed, facing large squares and surrounded by important streets and boulevards. Much money is spent on the exterior design of these buildings, which have been regarded as monumental gateways of approach quite as much as points of distribution of traffic. It is only in very recent years that this idea has taken hold in America, many of our stations being located in out-of-the-way back streets, and more with reference to convenient freight terminal facilities than for easy access for passengers. Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, has been until recently the most noteworthy instance in this country of the attempt of a large

Eastern Station, Paris, at the end of the Boulevard Strasbourg.

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The New Leipzig Station—To be opened in 1913.

railroad to bring its passengers into the important part of a city. This development is perhaps all the more striking because of the fact that Philadelphia is geographically a through point rather than a terminal, and the logical place for a station is at West Philadelphia.

In spite of the frequently heard modern cry that a building should exclusively express its uses, and that in consequence a station should typify the movement of large crowds and the power of steam and motion, many of the finest stations in the world to-day stand more for the expression of the majesty of a great city and a welcoming portal where at last one has come to rest, in pleasant surroundings, after a tedious journey. One of the most charming railway stations in existence, in a small way, is that in Genoa, Italy, the façade of which is hardly more than a triumphal archway and portico on the beautiful little Piazza Acquaverde.

Dresden Station.

In Milan, Rome, Frankfort, Dresden, Paris—in fact, almost everywhere in continental Europe—the stations are pleasingly located and designed. In Paris the introduction of electricity and depressed tracks and smokeless tunnels has made possible the beautiful Gare d'Or-

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léans, situated on a quay of the Seine, directly opposite the historic Louvre—in some respects the best railway entrance to any city yet achieved. Here in America attempts are being made, and the new station at Providence, Rhode Island, is worthy of mention, in spite of its many defects, as representing the recognition and birth of an idea, although greatly marred by the absolute neglect of any beauty of expression in the ingenious and otherwise effective trolley track arrangement adjacent and by the incongruity of the magnificent marble Capitol on its hill frowning upon the smoky freight-yards beneath.

In Waterbury, Connecticut, a similar movement is in progress, the new station there facing a considerable area of condemned land which is to be parked; and the new Grand Central Station, in New York, will owe its interest more to its relation to the adjacent streets and buildings than to the excellence of its individual plan.

In Omaha, Nebraska, the Burlington

The New Leipzig Station. Main waiting-room and ticket-offices.

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Frankfort Station, Germany.

Any building which is successfully designed and worthy of note should express as far as possible, and in an attractive and beautiful manner, its use in its external appearance, and, architecturally, an ideal station would be a building of monumental and beautiful character, forming a suitable gateway to a large city, and at the same time suggesting the idea of transportation and traffic. In the Pennsylvania Station, in New York City, the problem involved, as in the Orléans Station, in Paris, was unusual, for the tracks in both cases were situated far below the street (in the case of the Pennsylvania Station, over fifty feet), and it was, therefore, not possible to adopt any of the types of station buildings familiar in modern architecture. The exposed train-shed, with its large, semicircular ends of glass, has become during the last century a form recognized by the layman as a railway type, and such features at the ends of the avenues of our modern cities suggest a great terminal even to a stranger when seen for the first time. Of such a character are the Gare de l'Est, the Gare Montparnasse, and the Gare du Nord, in

Railway has built a small terminal with a classical colonnaded portico, suggestive of a noble gate, but also unfortunately marred, as in Providence, by the purely utilitarian character of the adjacent track, street, and viaduct arrangement.

In Dayton, Ohio, the Union Station has a court-yard and portico which is worthy of mention, and in Cleveland, Ohio, there is a general plan for city development which is perhaps the most comprehensive and successful of any yet attempted in America, and if carried out along the lines contemplated will provide a station which will be worthy of any city.

As has already been stated, the Orléans Station, in Paris, and the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, are to-day the latest expressions in the terminal transit problem, practically all other terminal stations being relatively simple in arrangement and obvious in design. A more detailed description of these types is therefore appropriate, and the Pennsylvania Station is selected in this article as including all of the characteristic features of the Orléans Station and others besides.

Frankfort Station. The waiting-room.

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Paris, the stations at Frankfort and Dresden, and, in fact, most of the principal stations of continental Europe, as well as the splendid train-shed of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Jersey City, New Jersey.

While the track conditions above referred to made the problem one of especial difficulty from the point of view of securing an adequate architectural expression, from the stand-point of railway operation may possibly be somewhat over-ornate for the average Anglo-Saxon taste, when seen from across the Seine, and particularly at night, it is not only singularly appropriate and expressive of its use, but gives an impression of real beauty which it is a pleasure to remember. In the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, the areas involved were considerably greater and the tracks were so far below the level of the street that any external expression was regarded

Frankfort Station. The train-shed.

the plan is ideal, as the station becomes practically a monumental bridge over the tracks, with entrances and exits on the main axes and on all four sides of the building at both street and subway levels. In this respect the building is unique among the railway stations of the world, affording the maximum amount of entrance and exit facilities possible.

The Orléans Station, in Paris, is not a very large station, and with the tracks only a slight distance below the level of the street, the great row of arches of the concourse filled with glass, together with the glass ends of the main roof, are unusually successful in their expression of architectural design; and while the building as peculiarly difficult of attainment, if not altogether impracticable, and, moreover, the conditions of the plan required that main entrances of the magnitude of streets should lead from all points of the exterior to a central distributing-point or waiting-room. A simple, direct arch effect, as in the Orléans Station, in Paris, was obviously impossible, and, instead, a colonnade of many porticos was created around the entire exterior. The walls of the central area were made as high as possible to form a background to the external colonnades, and were treated with large, semicircular openings to give as distinctive a railway expression as was possible considering the limitations of

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Lyons Station, Paris.

the problem. The style of architecture for a building of such importance and magnitude was carefully considered, and for inspiration the great buildings of ancient Rome were studied, and in particular such buildings as the baths of Caracalla, of Titus, and of Diocletian, and the Basilica of Constantine, which are the greatest examples in architectural history of large, roofed-in areas adapted to assemblages of people. Moreover, the conditions of modern American life, in which undertakings of great magnitude and scale are carried through, involving interests in all parts of the world, are more nearly akin to the life of the Roman Empire than that of any other known civilization. It seemed, therefore, fitting and appropriate in every way that the type of architecture adopted should be a development from Roman models, and while the building is of necessity, on account of the requirements of its uses, different from any building known to have been previously built, its inspiration can be directly traced to the great buildings of the Roman Empire.

A distinctive feature of this station is the inclined driveways by which passengers are carried under cover to the level directly above the tracks. These driveways are of considerable height and as wide as ordinary city streets, the entrances being through great porticos between the columns of which the carriages pass in the same way as in the Brandenburg Gate, in Berlin, through which a great part of the traffic enters that city.

In the modern terminal are to be found practically all the attendant conveniences of travel, not only the familiar ticket-offices, baggage-rooms, telephone and telegraph offices, news-stands, restaurant, and barber shop, but shops in which can be purchased drugs, books, and many of the other necessities of life. In the Pennsylvania Station, in New York City, the main foot entrance is in the centre of the Seventh Avenue front, opposite Thirty-second

Genoa Station, Italy. The façade and Piazza Acquaverde.

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Street, and consists of an arcade of shops somewhat similar in scale and idea to the famous arcades in Milan and Naples, Italy, where can be purchased practically everything from a box of candy to a Persian rug. This arcade is also interesting as being one of the means by which the public is unconsciously led to the lower levels with as few steps as practicable, for here not only the floor slopes, but the tage in a station with tracks below grade, as practically eight feet of vertical stairs (four up and four down) are thereby eliminated and the rapid handling of large crowds is greatly facilitated.

In each new station the attendant conveniences of the modern terminal continue to multiply, and the Northwestern Station, in Chicago, is equipped not only with private baths and dressing-rooms

Genoa Station. General view.

walls and cornices as well, there not being a right angle in the entire structure. The general waiting-room of this great station is worthy of mention, it being probably the largest and most monumental single room in the world to-day. It is 315 feet in length, 108 feet wide, and 150 feet high, comparable in dimensions to the nave of Saint Peter's Cathedral, in Rome, and about 15 feet wider. In this station there has also been adopted, for the first time by any trunk line in this country, a high platform level with the floor of the cars. This platform is frequent in continental Europe and practically universal in England, and it is of particular advan- open for the use of passengers by the payment of a nominal fee, but with a full suite of hospital rooms as well, with nurses and attendants and physicians and surgeons in ready call. This is a particularly useful and attractive feature in such a city as Chicago, where there is much through travel and transfer of passengers from one station to another, frequently with waits of many hours between trains; and it is thus possible for an invalid arriving, for instance, in the early afternoon from New York and leaving for California in the evening to be well cared for without the discomfort and annoyance of going to a hospital or hotel.

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It is in America that the luxury of modern travel has made the greatest advances, and it has been merely the outcome of our hurried national growth that the development of individual conveniences has dominated the larger questions; but with the expansion of this country to a world power, with international relations of magnitude has come a similar expansion in our internal relations and a demand for logical development along the broadest lines, with collectivism and not individualism as the dominant key-note. The widespread interest and general study in city planning is but one of the many instances of this advanced point of view, and in our latest modern terminals we see only the beginnings of a movement by which all communities of a continent will not only be developed to their highest perfection, but will be linked together in the most effective and comprehensive manner possible.

Union Station, Washington, D. C., larger than any other building in Washington except the Capitol.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN TERMINAL

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE railway terminal is the gate-way of the modern city. No walls now make the people enter and depart through certain portals. But the compulsion of modern conditions of living and transportation is as effective as was that of ancient walls. Constantly there come and go through some gate-way terminals armies of peace exceeding in a day most of the great armies of war, equalling in a week the inhabitants of great metropolises, rivalling in a year the population of great nations. No other structures serve the convenience of such numbers. Rising to the needs of these multitudes, the engineers and architects of American railways are dotting the country with terminals surpassing in size, in cost, in the comforts they afford, in monumental beauty, any others in the world.

Viewed casually, these great gate-ways may seem to mean no more than other large structures. Considered with penetrating and reflecting eye, they are seen

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try. The old Grand Central Station in New York is gone and a new one is rising. New stations are planned for Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis. A new one has just been opened at Baltimore. The present Union Station in Kansas City will soon disappear, followed by the Dearborn and Park Row stations in Chicago, the Union Station in Saint Paul, and numerous other old terminals. They served their purpose in their day. But their day is almost done.

Other tendencies that have been working would have made the older and cruder terminals give place to newer and finer. But the tendency that is exercising the most influence is the growth of cities. Twenty years ago there were only twenty-six cities in the United States with a population of a hundred thousand souls; to-day there are fifty. Twenty years ago the united population of the cities now the twenty largest in the United States was eight millions; to-day it is sixteen millions. Two decades ago only three cities had over five hundred thousand people; now eight have. Three decades ago only one had more than one million, now there is one city with a million and a half, one with two and a quarter millions, and one with five millions. Modern transportation enables people to work in the heart of New York, Boston, or Chicago and have their homes miles away, and around the cities there have clustered many suburbs with large aggregate populations. Because of the centripetal and centrifugal forces of business and of pleasure that the growth of these great centres has set in motion, there daily pour into and out of their business districts, their suburbs and the surrounding territory, hundreds of thousands of people. Many of those from the residence districts, most of those from the suburbs, all from other cities, and from the towns and farms, pass through the large terminals.

The new North Western terminal handles fifty-one thousand people a day, the equivalent in forty-four days of the whole population of Chicago. Over sixty-six thousand use daily the New York Central's Grand Central terminal in New York, at which rate every inhabitant of

Union Station, Washington, D. C. The waiting-room.

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Burlington Route Station, Omaha, Nebraska.

the metropolis would pass through it in seventy-five days. About eighty thousand daily use the Pennsylvania's Broad Street station in Philadelphia, the equivalent in nineteen days of the city's whole population. The number using every day the New York, New Haven and Hartford's South Station in Boston is over one hundred thousand. At that rate the entire population of Boston would pass through it in a week, the whole dense population of New England in two months, and more than one-third of all the people of the United States in a year. Greater even than this, perhaps, is the number handled by the Southern Pacific at its unique Oakland Pier terminal at San Francisco. To deal with the traffic at the North Western terminal requires three hundred and fifteen trains a day; to handle that at the Grand Central terminal, four hundred and thirteen a day; to handle that at the Broad Street station, five hundred and forty-three a day. To handle the traffic at the Boston South Station requires seven hundred and seventy-nine trains every twenty-four hours—an average of more than one every two minutes. During the busiest hour—from five to six o'clock P. M.—eighty-three trains enter and leave the South Station, or one every forty-three seconds. There leave and enter the Oakland Pier terminal of the Southern Pacific about one thousand two hundred trains a day, or not far from one every minute. The only terminal in the world with a business exceeding that of the largest in this country is the Gare Saint Lazare at Paris, where there are said to be handled forty-five million persons a year, or one hundred and twenty-three thousand a day.

Some terminals, such as the South Station at Boston, the Broad Street and the Philadelphia and Reading stations at Philadelphia, the North Western station at Chicago, and the Oakland Pier terminal of the Southern Pacific, have a business in which suburban traffic greatly preponderates. That of others, such as the union terminals at Saint Louis, Washington, Chicago, Kansas City, Saint Paul, Denver, is almost exclusively through business. The Illinois Central at Chicago handles its suburban business, amounting to about fifty thousand people a day, at three down-town stations located at intervals on the frontage of Lake Michigan, while it and its tenant lines deal with their through business at the Park Row station. Both the suburban and the through classes of traffic have been grow-

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The new station at Waterbury, Connecticut.

ing, throughout the country, at a rate defying the prescience of the most far-seeing, and defeating the prevision of the most resourceful railway managements.

Ten years ago when the New York Central rebuilt the Grand Central terminal, used by its lines and the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the increased facilities were expected to be enough for a quarter century. The old Grand Central Station already is gone. The traffic of the Pennsylvania's Broad Street station, at Philadelphia doubles in less than twenty years, and it may soon be given over entirely to suburban business. This has been about the rate of increase at other terminals handling a large suburban traffic. One of the greatest of almost exclusively through terminals is the Union Station at Saint Louis. It is owned by fifteen, and used by twenty-two, railroads—more than use any other terminal in the world; and daily there enter and leave it over three hundred through trains moving toward more different points of the compass than those using any seventeen years ago, after an outlay very large for that time, deemed adequate to the needs of an indefinite period, it was necessary, in less than eight years, to spend a million dollars on sweeping changes to enable it to cope with the traffic of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. During the fair it handled as many as two hundred thousand people in a day. But, while with its massive granite head house it is still a notable type of modern terminal, it is becoming crowded, chiefly because of want of sufficient yard room for coach storage. The real estate for the yards was bought long ago; but the city has withheld the ordinances necessary to its use.

As fast as these increases in the traffic of large terminals have come, they are proceeding even more rapidly, and may go on yet more rapidly hereafter. The railways, in their new terminals, are trying to anticipate remote future demands, and are building them with more capacity than any terminals ever before possessed. The new North Western terminal at Chicago could handle five times as many people as now use it, or a quarter of a million a day; the capacities of the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad terminals in New York are yet larger; either of the three could, in a year, accommo-

The portico of the Union Station, Dayton, Ohio.

South Station, Boston.

er and leave this station, and over one hu

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CHANNEL ISLANDS

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date the entire existing population of the United States.

Such impressive figures give some idea of the size and complexity of the engineering, architectural, operating, and financial problem the modern terminal presents. But it remains an inadequate idea until we consider some of the many conditions that must be dealt with in determining the terminal's location, capacity, design, and methods of operation; and these are matters about which most of us never bother our busy heads.

Union Station, Baltimore.

Few of us have ever thought, for example, after, while hurrying to a train, we have blessed the convenience, or imprecated the inconvenience, of a station's location, of what had to be considered in deciding where it should be put. The choosing of the site for a terminal is a harder task than the choosing of the site for any other kind of a structure. For a terminal is more than a building. Most of us, when we speak of a terminal, mean the station building and perhaps, also, the train shed. But there must be also many approach tracks for the trains to enter on, to stand on while waiting, and to leave on. There must be a big interlocking plant to direct and control train movements. There must be yards for storing and cleaning coaches and for making up trains. There must be commissaries for stocking dining and buffet cars, and providing Pullmans with clean linen. There must be a round-house for making light repairs to locomotives, cleaning them, and getting them ready for their runs. There must be a power-house to furnish light and power for all the terminal machinery and buildings. There must be places for handling quantities of mail and express; usually at a large terminal there is a big post-office substation. In the Pennsylvania's New York terminal there are sixty-four buildings given solely to terminal uses. The station building, however handsome and imposing, contains but the dressing-rooms and wings of the theatre. The real stage for the drama of the terminal is out under the train shed and in the yards; and the real stage manager is not the brisk station-master in his neat uniform, but the train director in his shirt sleeves away out in the interlocking plant at the throat of the yard, ordering the never-ending manipulations of his many levers. The area

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covered by the buildings, the interlocking plant, the yards of a modern terminal is from thirteen to thirty-five acres, and the new Grand Central terminal covers eighty acres, the biggest area occupied by any terminal in the world.

To find, in the congested part of a large city, in or near its business district, such an area suitable for any purpose would be hard; to buy it, very costly. The purpose of the terminal aggravates the problem. It must be readily accessible by operating tracks; and the topography of a city may make almost inaccessible by tracks a location otherwise most suitable for a terminal. Where a terminal may best be put also depends on the nature of its traffic. If this be chiefly suburban the terminal must be situated in or near the down-town business district; commuters object to paying more than one fare between business and home. If it handles through traffic almost exclusively, its patrons, laden with luggage, will come in street-cars or taxicabs, anyway, and it will do little harm if it is situated farther out. The railway station is becoming recognized as a public edifice, and, therefore, in some places its location is much influenced by the desire to give it a suitable place in city plans.

Its relation to intramural transportation is of moment. A station accessible from all parts of a city by street-car lines will best serve the public convenience; and if there be more than one terminal, a railway using a station thus accessible will have an advantage over those using others less favorably situated. In the city of London there are many terminals, some in the heart of the business district, some distant from it. But most of them are connected with each other and with various parts of the business and residence districts by the underground railway system encircling large portions of the city; and some of the trunk lines run trains over the tracks of this system. A number of the roads use several different terminals. In Paris and Berlin, the two great railway centres of the continent, arrangements more or less similar exist. Unfortunately, in the United States good relations between street-car systems and railway terminals are exceptional. Two of the best and most advantageously located terminals in the United States for the kind of business they chiefly handle—preponderately suburban—are those of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Philadelphia & Reading in Philadelphia. Both are located in the down-town business

Providence, R. I., New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway Station

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Chicago and North Western Railway Station, Chicago.
Four hundred and fifty-five buildings were razed to make room for this terminal.

district; and both are readily accessible by intramural transportation lines; but unfortunately the very excellence of their location has the drawback that it gives little opportunity for expansion to care for a large and fast-growing business.

In topography, as in many ways, New York is unique among American cities. Bounded by the Harlem River, by a great harbor and by the North and East Rivers, streams broad, deep and really arms of the sea, Manhattan Island long was considered almost inaccessible by railway except by bridge over the Harlem. Over this stream the only railways for long entering the island—the New York Central and its tenant, the New York, New Haven and Hartford—reached the only terminal for long on the island, the Grand Central, on Forty-second Street.

The first Manhattan terminal was opened in 1832 at Centre Street, near the present City Hall, by the New York and Harlem road, now leased to the New York Central. Trains were run by steam as far south as Fourteenth Street and pulled from there by horses. A new station was opened in 1857 where Madison Square Garden now stands. Fourteen years later the original Grand Central Station was opened on Forty-second Street. Between 1898 and 1900 it was enlarged; but it was soon inadequate; the discomfort and danger of running trains through the Park Avenue tunnel grew intolerable; and plans for rebuilding the terminal and electrifying south of the Harlem were well advanced when, in 1903, a State law required electrification and authorized the city to arrange for the use by the railway of the subsurface of streets near the station. All the subsequent extensive and expensive reconstruction operations, including electrification, the rearrangement, enlargement and rebuilding of yards and station, the erection of a large group of buildings on the right of way that are not to be used for transportation purposes, are really a single gigantic terminal improvement.

The new terminal will occupy the site of the old. There was no need for change. In the midst of the hotel district, verging on the theatre and shopping district,

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but a step from Fifth Avenue, only a few blocks from Broadway, accessible from all parts of the city by subway and surface lines, the Grand Central terminal, for both suburban and through traffic, is one of the best located terminals in the world. While the old site will be used, striking, indeed, will be the transformation. Nowhere else are the wonders workable by railway electrification so exhibited. More space was needed. To get it the engineers within nine years removed one hundred and forty buildings and fifteen miles of pipes and sewers. But it was not necessary, as formerly, to keep open over trains a space to permit the escape of smoke, and the tracks and yards of the new terminal, roofed with steel and concrete, will be in a subway, over which will rise two large hotels, an opera house, several office buildings, clubs, and apartment houses. Down through them will run a broad, new avenue. Buildings on Park Avenue will be limited to six stories; others may rise to twenty stories; but along all will run a uniform cornice line, below which the same material will be used, thus creating a harmonious group. The busy activities of the new terminal will be, in effect, carried on in the basements of sky-scrapers. Unique among all the terminal developments of the world, this great improvement of the New York Central will cost one hundred and fifty million dollars; and yet the rentals from the buildings that are to be erected to utilize the air space over its tracks are expected to offset the heavy increase in fixed charges involved.

Chicago and North Western Railway Station, Chicago.
The vestibule.

In 1896 the railways reaching the west bank of the Hudson River, opposite New York City, brought to their terminals there destined for New York City ninety-four million people. In 1906 the number had increased to one hundred and forty million people. And not one of them could the trains take into New York City. All had to transfer and be ferried across to New York, which took twelve to twenty minutes when the weather was good and twice as long when it was bad, and even then only landed the passenger on the margin of the city. The possession by the New York Central lines of an admirably located terminal in the heart of Manhattan Island made their great rival, the Pennsylvania system, look with ever more and more longing eyes in that direction. The project of bridging the Hudson had long been mooted, but the railways ending on the Jersey shore could not be got to act together, and a franchise for a bridge for only one would not be given. Tunnelling also had been suggested, but Samuel Rea expressed the view of engineers when he said in his book, "The Railways Terminating in London," published in 1888: "The underlying strata of the North River will not permit the construction of a tunnel on admissible gradients for heavy traffic and for fast trains, which, of course, would be essential requisites." But the Pennsylvania acquired the Long Island Railroad. Brooklyn, the terminus of the Long Island, was a city of one and a half million souls that had never been tapped by a

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Chicago and North Western Railway Station. The main waiting-room.

trunk line. Annually there crossed the East River between Manhattan Island and Long Island three hundred millions of persons, not including pedestrians. The extension of the Long Island Railroad from the East and of the Pennsylvania Railroad from the West into Manhattan would enable the Pennsylvania to land its passengers in New York, would enable the Long Island to share in the enormous traffic across the East River, and would also give the Pennsylvania a short and direct connection with the railways running up into densely populated New England. The Pennsylvania at last in 1902 decided single-handedly to plant a great electrified passenger terminal in the very heart of the up-town hotel, theatre, and shopping district of Manhattan. The impossibility of the engineers and engineering of yesterday is their achievement of to-day; it was also decided to secure entrances to the terminal for both the Pennsylvania and the Long Island by tunnelling under the North and East Rivers; and the man who, as vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was placed in charge of the entire work and executed it, was that same Samuel Rea who had soberly written that tunnelling under the North River was not practicable! The Pennsylvania extension into New York ranks among the great engineering feats of all time. It is the greatest ever done to get a suitable location for a passenger terminal.

While the Pennsylvania has forced a way for its lines under two rivers, carried tunnels down as deep as ninety-seven feet below high-water-mark, and spent one hundred and fifteen million dollars to overcome the geographical disadvantage of having its terminal in Jersey City, the intramural transportation system of New York City has to the present denied it much of the benefit it expected from this great work of terminal relocation. The railway was justified in expecting the city immediately to build a subway to the main entrance of its new station on Seventh Avenue. This has not been done. It is still a considerable walk to the station from any elevated, surface, or subway line. But the Seventh Avenue

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Chicago and North Western Railway Station. Lobby and ticket offices.

subway now appears assured. The subway station will be connected with the terminal on the underground levels, which will enable passengers arriving at the terminal to go up or down town without going up to the street level. This will make the use of the terminal convenient for both through and suburban passengers, and will doubtless cause a heavy increase in its business. This last year amounted to ten million passengers handled by one hundred and twenty thousand trains, or three hundred and thirty a day, while it has a capacity of one thousand two hundred trains a day.

As the architecture of the Union Terminal at Washington was designed to harmonize with that of the public buildings in the national capital, so its location was chosen mainly to fit it into a plan for the city's beautification. A commission of distinguished architects, including Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmstead, Augustus Saint Gaudens, and Charles F. Mc Kim, was employed by the government to visit European cities, make a complete study of the District of Columbia and of the papers of Major L'Enfant, the French engineer who made the first plans of the city of Washington for President Washington, and then recommend a policy for city improvement. They reported that L'Enfant's original layout should be followed. To do this the Pennsylvania Railroad would have to abandon its station and tracks across the Mall. "The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, A. J. Cassatt," said Senator Benton McMillan on the floor of the United States Senate, "looked at the matter from the stand-point of an American citizen, saying that he appreciated the fact that if Congress intended to make the Mall what the founder intended it to be, no railroad should be allowed to cross it." Therefore, the Washington terminal, built by the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania but used by all the lines entering the city, and exceeding in size all other Washington buildings, save the capitol itself, was built facing on the same plaza which is faced also from another direction by the capitol. Unfortunately, the same power

Chicago and North Western Railway Station. The train shed equipped with the latest methods of ventilation and light.

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of government which influenced the location of the station has not caused a rearrangement of street-car lines to suit the convenience of the traveller.

The topography of Chicago, with its flat surface—like that of hardly any other American cities but Detroit and Buffalo—

Chicago and North Western Railway Station. The train concourse.

makes it possible for railways to enter almost any place. The generosity of nature has been abused. The twenty-five trunk lines using the six passenger terminals, representing thirty systems spreading out like a fan, come in from every direction and have no harmonious relationships. Their two thousand six hundred miles of track within the city make a map of Chicago look like a railway yard. No system of intramural transportation connects the various stations. No train passes through Chicago. Passengers going through must transfer by bus, taxicab, or disconnected street-car lines. The most favorably situated terminal is the La Salle Street, owned by the New York Central Lines and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. It is on the "Loop," which encircles the congested down-town district, and on which the elevated railways radiating every way turn all their trains.

Frederic A. Delano, the public-spirited president of the Wabash Railroad, recognizing the impracticability of uniting in one terminal all the numerous roads annually carrying, perhaps, fifty million people in and out of Chicago, many of them through travellers, long advocated a plan for erecting a group of five or six large stations side by side on Twelfth Street. Five were to be just east of the Chicago River, the sixth just west across it. He would have brought the passenger trains in on elevated tracks, and used the space beneath, from Twelfth to Fourteenth Streets, and from State Street to the river, for handling baggage, express, mail, and less-than-carload freight. The Illinois Central would have continued to handle its suburban traffic through its existing down-town stations, and the North Western its suburban traffic through its Wells Street station.

This novel and ambitious project, of the

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details of which space will not permit even a mention, was much discussed, but

New York and Harlem Station on site of Madison Square Garden, New York, opened in 1857.
The second station built by the company.

Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York, opened in 1871.

Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York, as enlarged in 1898–1900.

no steps were taken to carry it out. Meantime, the North Western, its old terminal congested and hemmed in by the Chicago River, by Wells and Kinzie Streets, went on with plans for the construction of a new one at a different location. One of the main conditions compelling relocation was that the throat of the old terminal was carried over the North branch of the Chicago River on a two-track bridge. The operation for years over this narrow bridge—often opened to let boats pass—of over three hundred trains a day, almost without accident, was one of the feats of modern railroading. The most available site for relocation was afforded by three blocks a short distance west of the river readily accessible from the "Loop" district. Here, fronting on Madison Street, the terminal was erected. Before construction could begin four hundred and fifty-five buildings had to be razed, of which sixty-six were four or more stories high; and fifteen thousand people had to find new places for homes or business. The acquisition of real estate cost eleven million five hundred and sixty thousand dollars out of the total terminal expenditure of twenty-three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

No less than three large passenger terminal projects are now planned in Chicago, one by the railways using the Union Station, another by those using the Dearborn Station, the

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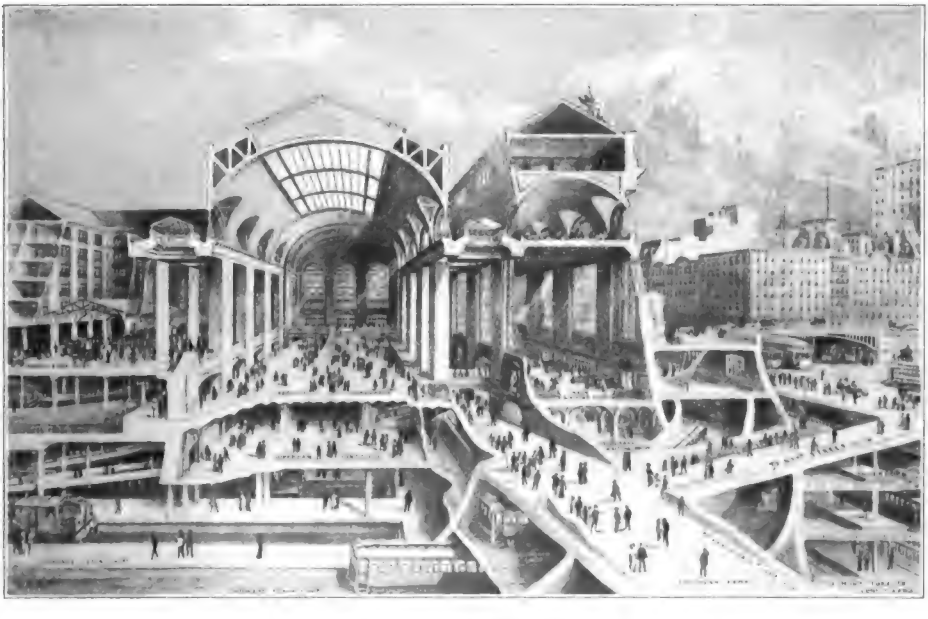
The new Grand Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York, looking north.

The group of buildings above the track levels includes hotels, an opera house, office buildings, clubs and apartment houses. The new Grand Central terminal covers seventy acres.



The new Grand Central Station, New York.

A drawing showing the various levels and ramps, looking east.

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third by the Illinois Central, whose Park Row terminal is used by it and several tenant lines. Each would cost from thirty million dollars to fifty million dollars. It is possible only two will be carried through. The Illinois Central has arranged with the Board of South Park Commissioners for an exchange in which it cedes to the commissioners its riparian rights to the shore of Lake Michigan and the site of its present Park Row Station, and receives in return a wider right-of-way below Twelfth Street. The South Park Commissioners will raze the Park Row Station, add its site to Grant Park, which lies directly on Lake Michigan, extend the park out into the lake, and erect in it a large and handsome building for the Field Museum, founded by the late Marshall Field, and now in the old Art Building of the World's Columbian Exposition, at Jackson Park. The Illinois Central will erect a new terminal on Twelfth Street and Michigan Boulevard facing on Grant Park, and one or two other large buildings, all similar in architecture to the new Field Museum, with which they will form an imposing group. This scheme has the support of the Chicago Plan Commission. Its execution will be a long step toward carrying out the commission's plan for the creation of a "city beautiful," and it may lead to the roads now entering the Dearborn Station and the La Salle Street Station going into the Illinois Central's station. This would make the Illinois Central's terminal—admirably located on beautiful Michigan Boulevard, which every one visits who visits Chicago, and but a short distance from the club, hotel, and theatre district—one of the greatest of terminals devoted almost solely to through passenger business. It would be used by fifteen railways, and into and out of it there would pass daily about

The new Grand Central Station, New York. The express concourse.

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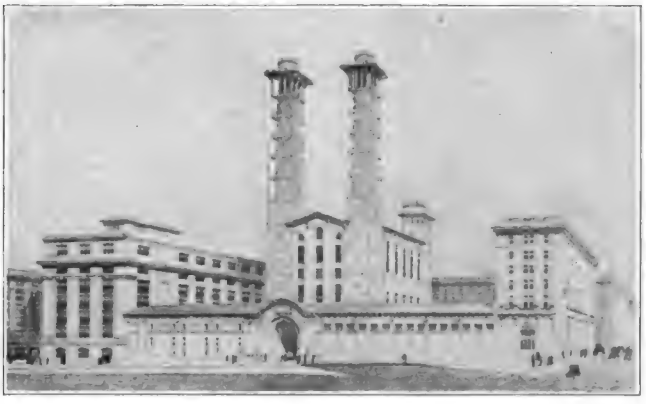
seven hundred through trains.

The new Union terminal in Chicago will doubtless be located near where the old one now stands, and is expected to be a fine station. The increase of the business at the old station, which is now badly over-crowded, illustrates the rapidity of the growth of the demands on modern terminals. It has always been used by the same roads—the two Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg, the Burlington; the Chicago, Milwaukee & Saint Paul, and the Alton. It was opened in 1881, and in 1886 was being used by 125 rains daily. It is now used by 261 trains, and handles 45,000 to 50,000 passengers every twenty-four hours—a large traffic when it is considered that a great proportion of it is through business.



The new Grand Central Station, New York, showing Fiftieth Street between Lexington and Park Avenues.

The buildings are: at left, Adam's Express Company; centre, power station; and at right is the Y. M. C. A. building.

The new Grand Central Station, New York. Office buildings on the Lexington Avenue side.

Strikingly different from the topographical conditions at Chicago are those at cities such as Kansas City, Seattle, and Cincinnati. Situated at the confluence of the Missouri and Kaw Rivers, on hills rising sharply to great heights above the river valleys, Kansas City is accessible to railway tracks only through the valleys of the two large rivers, where the space for terminal yardage is limited, and along a little valley cutting the city east and west somewhat below the down-town district. The passenger business of the ten roads using the old Union Station in the "west bottoms" long since outgrew it. The site gave little chance for expansion. Far from the business district, subject to floods—one of which on a historic occasion filled the station with water almost to the ceiling—affording to the eye no prospect but that of a forbidding height to the east dotted with ragged little shanties, it was an undesirable location. Many trains have to enter and leave through a narrow throat to the north of the station, called the "goose neck," and there are chronic delays. The people of Kansas City began years ago to demand a new terminal. The railway managements agreed they ought to have it, and prepared to spend forty million dollars. But the demands of the city so far exceeded the inclinations of the railways that it took a seven years' wrangle to reach an agreement. It was long debated whether the new terminal should be

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Grand Central Station, New York. Interlocking plant at the throat of the yard.

terminal will be as truly a union terminal as is that at Saint Louis.

Somewhat alike in their rugged topography, Kansas City and Seattle have railway situations very unlike. The Northern Pacific reached Puget Sound at an early day and acquired valuable property adjacent to the present business district of Seattle; and the King Street station, used by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, is easily reached by pedestrians from the business district and by street-car from the residence districts. When the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, a Harriman line, built to

on the north side water frontage, where it would be accessible to the roads along the valley of the Missouri River, or near the site of the small Twenty-second and Grand Avenue Station, where it could be reached along the little valley cutting the city east and west. The latter, and much the better, although also much the more expensive, location was chosen. Situated between the down-town business district on the north and a large residence district on the south, it is readily reached by street-car from both directions. The railways are spending three hundred thousand dollars on a park facing it which passes to the city in perpetuity. As all the fourteen roads entering Kansas

Grand Central Station, New York. The real stage manager who orders the manipulation of the many levers of the interlocking plant.

Seattle, it had, for competitive reasons, to get a good location for its terminal, and, at large expense, it got it by buying land adjacent to the King Street station. To get a suitable location at Spokane, Wash., the Harriman lines bought the site of the city hall!

Unique in location, as well as in the number of trains using it, is the Oakland Pier terminal of the Southern Pacific at San Francisco. This road has a station in San Francisco for its coast division, but most of both its through and suburban business is handled on the Oakland Pier, running far out from Oakland into the Bay of San Francisco. On the pier are eight tracks, four for through and four for interurban electric service; and on and off it there run daily more than one thousand two hundred trains, exceeding the number using any other terminal in the country. Passengers pass between it and San Francisco on ferry-boats which leave every twenty minutes; the movements of the trains are largely governed by the movements of the boats; and if a through train runs behind so that it cannot make the boat with which it should connect, it is slowed down so that it will reach the pier just about when the next boat arrives. Thus, except in unusual circumstances, there is no accumulation of passengers on the pier. To tunnel under the bay into San Francisco is not considered feasible. But it is only a few years since tunnelling under the Hudson into New York was similarly regarded.

Excavating for the yard of the new Grand Central Station. Looking north from Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Beautiful, and in some cases monumental, as is the architecture of the modern terminal, even more characteristic is its provision for room, comfort, and safety. To accommodate the masses of people using big terminals without crowding and confusion, great spaces are required; and the main waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station in New York is the largest room of its kind in the world. With an area of ninety-seven thousand five hundred square feet, the concourse of the Washington terminal is said to be the largest room devoted to any purpose in the world. The Washington terminal is the only one ever designed to meet the requirements of only one crowd every four years. Its regular business, although it is the portal of a city that is becoming the

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Union Station of the Oregon Short Line, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Union Station, Salt Lake City, Utah. The waiting-room.

An architectural detail of the Oakland Station, California.

Mecca of America, is smaller than that of several other terminals; it was given its great capacity to enable it to care for the quadrennial multitudes that gather for the inauguration of the President of the United States. Special accommodations for royalty are common in European terminals. The Washington Station is the only one in this country having a special entrance and a "state suite," including a President's room, for the use of the President, foreign diplomats, and high officials, so that they may enter, wait, and depart without coming in contact with the general public.

In the North Western's terminal at Chicago there is a suburban concourse on the street level from which passengers may go upstairs directly to the train shed without passing through the main waiting-room and concourse, which are intended for through passengers, and which are located on the second floor level, and open directly to the train shed. In the Pennsylvania's New York terminal the segregation of different classes of passengers has been carried farther. The north side of the station is set apart for the suburban business of the Long Island Railroad; and in that portion devoted to the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad there is not only the main con-

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course on the street level for the use of passengers entering, but also directly beneath it is a separate concourse for those leaving the station. The value of this arrangement, which prevents streams of passengers moving in opposite directions from colliding with and hindering each other will become more apparent as the traffic increases. At the new Grand Central terminal there will be an entirely separate suburban concourse on a level below the main concourse.

Another important improvement introduced at the Pennsylvania terminal and adopted at the Grand Central, is that of raising the track platforms level with the floors of cars instead of only about nine inches above the top of the rail. The former practice has obtained in England, the latter heretofore in the United States. The additional expenditure required on the main level alone of the Grand Central terminal by the higher platform was one hundred thousand dollars. It also made necessary changes in all cars running into the station. But the high platform, saving a climb of three feet and three inches, is a convenience to the passengers. And it is of value to the railway. The New York Central has found that it reduces the average time required for

Station of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, Seattle, Washington.

Station of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company, Seattle, Washington. The waiting-room.

Station of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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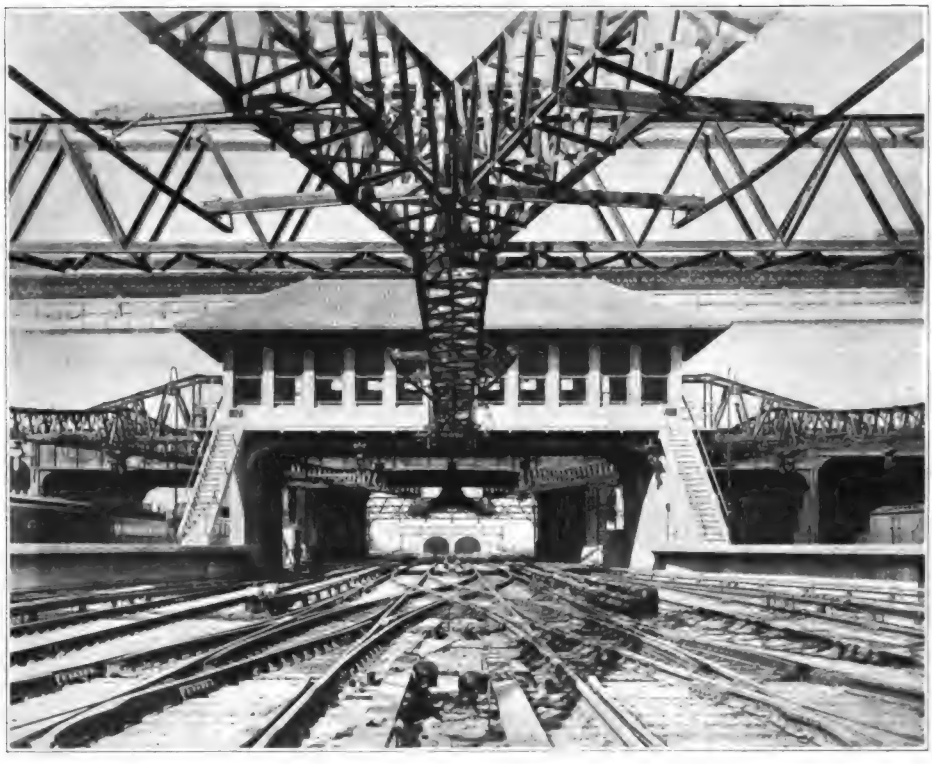
unloading a suburban train from over a minute to forty seconds, or thirty-five per cent. Where hundreds of trains arrive daily this is important.

A most prominent feature of the older terminals that is disappearing is the high, vaulted train shed in which smoke and gas accumulate to the discomfort of passengers, and which in hot weather is one of the hottest of all hot places. Electricity, where introduced, makes the high train shed unnecessary. The Pennsylvania's terminal has three levels. On the street level are the entrances, the chief of which is a long arcade lined with shops; on the intermediate level are the great concourse, the main waiting-room, the retiring-rooms for men and women, and the ticket offices; and the tracks are on the third level, thirty-six feet below the street. In other words, the station building is its own train shed. Trains likewise enter the Grand Central Station in a subway, but here there are two train levels, one below the other, the upper devoted to through and the lower to suburban business; and the trains on the one will be operated directly beneath and twenty-seven feet below the trains on the other. A single monumental head house will serve both levels. The Pennsylvania runs its trains straight through under the station, thence through the tunnel under the East River, and into the Sunnyside yard on Long Island, where they are cleaned, restocked, and prepared for another trip, while trains entering the Grand Central Station, after unloading their passengers at the incoming station, will run around on loops to the storage tracks on the easterly side of the coach yard, which, unlike that of the Pennsylvania, will be in the heart—or underneath the heart—of Manhattan.



Pennsylvania Station, New York.

The signal and switch tower in the yard at the west end of the station, showing overhead rails which supplement the third rail on the ground for carrying over switches. Entrance to the tunnels under Hudson River can be seen in the middle distance.

It is not merely from electrified ter-

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minals that the high train shed is disappearing. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western recently built at Hoboken, just across the Hudson from New York, a large and handsome terminal to handle its New York business. It introduced there a train shed, invented by its chief engineer, whose top was barely higher than that of the locomotive smoke-stacks, and which was slotted just over the stacks to emit smoke and gas. This design, so much simpler than the old, has been adopted at several terminals, notably that of the Chicago and North Western, whose train shed is the largest of this type yet built, and at the Kansas City Station, now under erection. The protection afforded to passengers from the weather is complete; yet smoke, soot, and gases are carried away.

The needs of through and suburban passengers are widely different. This, where both have to be handled, complicates terminal design. The simple, but imperative, requirements of the commuter, with a newspaper under one arm and a package of garden seeds under the other, are satisfied when he has an ample concourse through which he can race to a train whose schedule he knows to a second. He buys a commutation ticket once or twice a month; he has no bag-

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The arcade, a continuation of Thirty-second Street. It is flanked by shops and leads to the main waiting-room.

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The dining-room.

Pennsylvania Station, New York. The kitchen.

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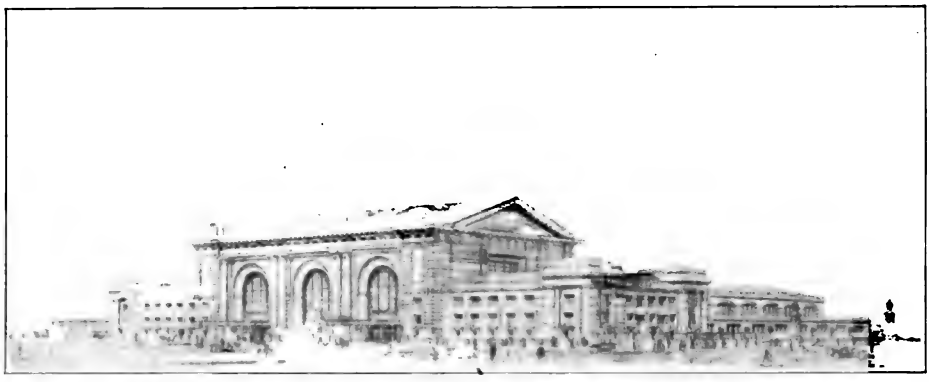
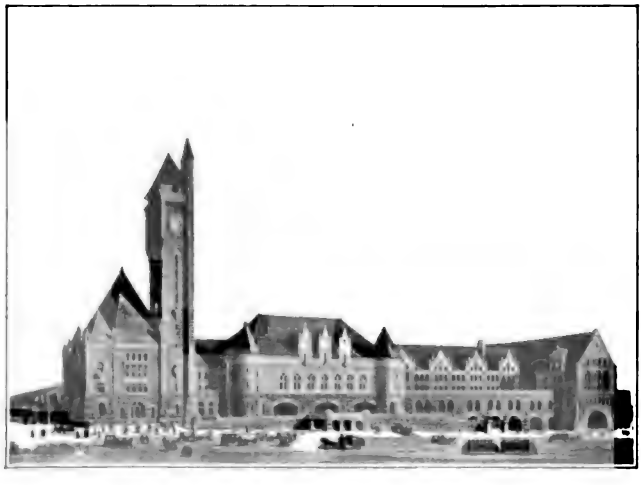


The approved design of the new Kansas City Union terminal, now under construction.

gage to carry or check; and, if the railway will furnish him the means of getting home to dinner comfortably and on time, he will be pretty well pleased. But the railway man knows that if a single suburban train is late on a single evening the railway management will be eviscerated at twilight in the bosom of many commuting families. Therefore, if you shall note two trains racing for a cross-over, one a splendid limited pulled by a leviathan Pacific locomotive, and equipped with all the modern luxuries of maid, valet, barber, bath, and music-box, and the other a humble suburban train hauled by an engine of the "teakettle" type, you shall see the Pacific slow up and give the sprinting teakettle the right-of-way.

While the number of suburban is sometimes much greater than the number of through passengers using a terminal, the large station buildings are designed and equipped chiefly to minister to the through passengers, whose needs are numerous and complex. Each must buy a ticket, and even in large cities, where ticket offices are sprinkled everywhere, about one-half of all through tickets are sold at the stations. Therefore, large ticket offices, with as many as thirty or forty windows, have to be provided. The through passenger usually carries hand baggage and often checks a trunk, and for him there must be a parcel-room and large baggage-rooms. The railways of Europe make regular charges for hauling baggage, just as for freight or express. The railways of the United States carry free a maximum of one hundred and fifty pounds for each person. This causes the baggage traffic here to be very heavy. The number of pieces checked through the Pennsylvania Station at New York last year was one million five hundred and twenty thousand, or four thousand two hundred a day; through the Boston South Station, one million eight hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-three, or over five thousand per day; through the Kansas City Union Station,



Union Station at Saint Louis.

Built some years ago, this is still one of the greatest terminal stations in the country.

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two million two hundred thousand, or over six thousand a day. While the Kansas City Station handled only two-fifths as many passengers as the Pennsylvania Station, and only one-ninth as many as the South Station, it handled more baggage than either. This was because, while the large Eastern stations handled millions of commuters, practically all using the Kansas City Station were through passengers, many of whom changed trains; and it illustrates the difference between the requirements on stations handling different kinds of business. In modern terminals two large baggage-rooms are provided, one for inbound, the other for outbound traffic. They are usually on a level below the waiting-room and train shed, baggage being transfered to and from trains by elevators opening through the train shed floor, this avoiding trucking on train shed platforms, and incommoding passengers.

Union Station, Seattle, Washington.

Many through passengers arrive at the station a considerable time before their trains leave; many transfer there from one train to another; and it is chiefly for them that large waiting-rooms are provided. The Pennsylvania Station at New York has no seats at all in its main waiting-room, although it has them in its smaller waiting-rooms. The North Western in the main waiting-room of its Chicago terminal went to the opposite extreme, and not only has seats, but has them numbered so that persons can more easily find each other.

Chiefly for through passengers, most American terminals provide lunch-rooms and large and handsome dining-rooms; the dining-room in the Washington terminal is the largest in the capital. This is in marked contrast to the English practice. In a country of such short distances as England, the traffic is much like our suburban business, and the English terminals, although suited to their business, and some of them very large, are hardly more than big sheds where passengers can transfer between trains and cabs and street-cars. However, they usually have connected with them large, and sometimes fine, hotels owned by the railways. The Canadian Pacific has followed the English practice in its Place Viger station and hotel in Montreal; while at its large Windsor Street terminal in the same city there is no hotel. The French terminals are somewhat more, the German terminals much more, like the American terminals in point of accommodations as well as architectural treatment than the English stations.

The North Western in its Chicago terminal made some interesting departures. Chiefly for its large commuter traffic it provided retiring-rooms with baths; and a suburbanite, coming in from his home in the morning, can check his suit case at the station, and in the evening return there, bathe, get a shave, change into his evening clothes, meet his wife, dine in the big dining-room, and go directly to the theatre. The only hotel or club accommodation not provided is a place to sleep. On the basement, or street level, floor are special quarters for emigrants where they can wait between trains, eat their lunches, and, if they like, wash and dry laundry with tubs and driers especially provided for their use. There are also bath-rooms, with maids in charge, connected with the

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train is approaching the throat to leave or enter, the train director is notified either by telephone or code signal, and then, on a word from him, an operator pulls levers which so set the switches as to open the track the train is to use, and lock all other tracks on which conflicting train movements could be made, and also display signals which indicate to the engineman that he may proceed. The interlocking plant is designed to permit trains to move between any approach and any station track; and switches and signals are so interlocked as to allow the maximum number of safe movements simultaneously. The interlocking plant of the Saint Louis Union terminal can guide the movements of thirty-two trains at the same moment.

The development of power interlocking has contributed more toward making practicable many train operations in a restricted area in a short time than all other things. Without it terminal yards would needs be much larger and employ many more men, and even then operation would be unsafe. On the capacity of the interlocking plant depends the capacity of the throat of the terminal; on the capacity of the throat depends the capacity of the terminal; on the capacity of the terminal depends the capacity of the railway; so it is not far from true to say that on the terminal interlocking plant depends the capacity of the railway. The almost uncanny performance of a large interlocking plant—whether by day when its many fingers can be seen silently and deftly manipulating the innumerable switches and semaphores, or by night, when its bridge, covered with variegated, blinking, changing lights, looms out of the darkness—makes it the most human and fascinating of transportation mechanisms.

The construction work on a large terminal (especially when, as in the case of that of the Pennsylvania in New York, it is necessary to build tunnels and electrify in connection with it, or when, as in the case of the Grand Central terminal, the site of the old is also that of the new station, and traffic must move without interruption), is of unsurpassed magnitude and difficulty. One of the largest parts of it is the excavation. There were re-

sand cubic yards of earth and rock. When the Grand Central terminal is finished there will have been taken from its site three million one hundred thousand cubic yards of materials. This piled up in Fifth Avenue in New York would make a ridge fifty feet high from Twenty-third Street to One Hundred and Tenth Street. The blasts of dynamite weigh from seventy-five to five hundred pounds, and up to the time this article was written there had been used seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. One morning a small piece of rock at the bottom of a cut was shot, and a rock weighing one hundred thousand pounds unexpectedly fell from under the track where the outbound locomotives were kept lined up. The operating department got the engines out at the north end of the tracks and kept the traffic going without serious delay. That, in spite of incidents such as this, trains have been kept moving in and out of the Grand Central Station throughout the construction operations without troublesome interruptions is proof of the highest engineering and operating care and skill.

The study of large modern passenger terminals suggests, among others, two very interesting questions. One is as to whether so much money ought to be spent on the station buildings. The station building of the Chicago and North Western terminal cost six million three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The station building of the Pennsylvania in New York cost ten million dollars, including nothing for excavation and retaining walls. The station building of the Kansas City terminal probably will cost five million dollars. The station building and north approach of the Washington terminal cost thirteen million dollars, of which probably eight or nine millions was for the station building. These are large figures. The needs of travellers, merely as travellers, could be met with much less expenditure. Even where steam power is used additional stories for offices can be erected over the station proper from which a large revenue can be derived; and, as the New York Central is showing, where electricity is used, the space over the tracks—amounting in the case of

voted to commercial purposes. Such station buildings as that of the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York, of the Union terminal of Washington, of the North Western at Chicago, and of the Union terminal under erection at Kansas City, occupying large areas of valuable ground, utilizing much less space above the station proper for railway and other commercial offices than might be devoted to them, and in which the most costly materials are used, are designed and built as much for æsthetic as for utilitarian reasons; and their artistic and monumental character both greatly increases their cost, thus adding to fixed charges, and reduces their earning capacity. Whether one will favor the artistic or utilitarian design will depend on how his tastes run. The economist condemns these magnificent buildings on the ground that they involve economic waste—which cannot be controverted. The artist and art lover defend them on the ground that they delight the eye and improve the taste of all the millions who use them—which is equally incontrovertible. The expenditure on the station buildings, while large absolutely, is a relatively small part of the total cost of large terminals, and therefore, any economy made in their construction would not materially reduce the total cost in rendering the terminal service.

The second question referred to is whether such large terminals ought to be built at all. In London there are about twenty stations. Certainly the convenience of most persons in going to and from trains, especially when, as in London, the railway stations are connected by underground lines, is better served where there are so many stations than where there is but one or a few. Therefore, some railway men who have given much attention to the subject believe that future development will be along the line of the construction of more and smaller terminals located in various parts of a city and connected by subways. Perhaps when all railway terminals are electrified the roads will run their own trains through such subways and make each of several stations a union station, so that, regardless of where a traveller lives, he can go to a station located conveniently for him and catch a train for any destination.

monumental than the new ones now being erected, whether the number of stations in each city shall be few or many, the cost of providing for transportation into and out of our large cities, already very great, seems sure to grow more and more. The total cost of the Washington terminal was about twenty million dollars. The total cost of the Kansas City terminal will be forty million dollars. As we have seen, the cost of the North Western terminal was twenty-four million dollars; that of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one hundred and fifteen million dollars; and that of the New York Central, one hundred and fifty million dollars. The average capitalization per mile of the railways of the United States is sixty-two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven dollars. If we assume this represents their cost, then the cost of these five terminals is equal to the cost of an average railway extending from New York to San Francisco, and thence back to Cincinnati. The fixed charges, taxes, and operating expenses of one of the largest terminals for each train run in or out of it are nine dollars and nine cents; for another eleven dollars and fifty-five cents, for still another, fourteen dollars and thirty-five cents; and for a fourth, eighteen dollars and forty-five cents. These figures may not on first thought seem large. A little consideration will show they really are very large. The earnings from running a passenger train one mile in the United States average but one dollar and thirty cents. On this basis a train leaving one of these terminals must run from seven to fourteen miles before it earns enough to pay the mere terminal expense involved in operating it. This is as far as many suburban trains ever run. It is hard, or impossible, on any basis of computation, to show that the railways earn any profit on most of their big terminals. But, whatever the cost of the terminal service, it is a service that must be rendered; therefore, the money to pay for the big terminals must be, and is being, found; and the improvement in the way in which the terminal service is being rendered is one of the most pronounced features of contemporary transportation in the United States.

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

South Station, Boston. Looking out from the station shed at signal bridge and lights.

442-A

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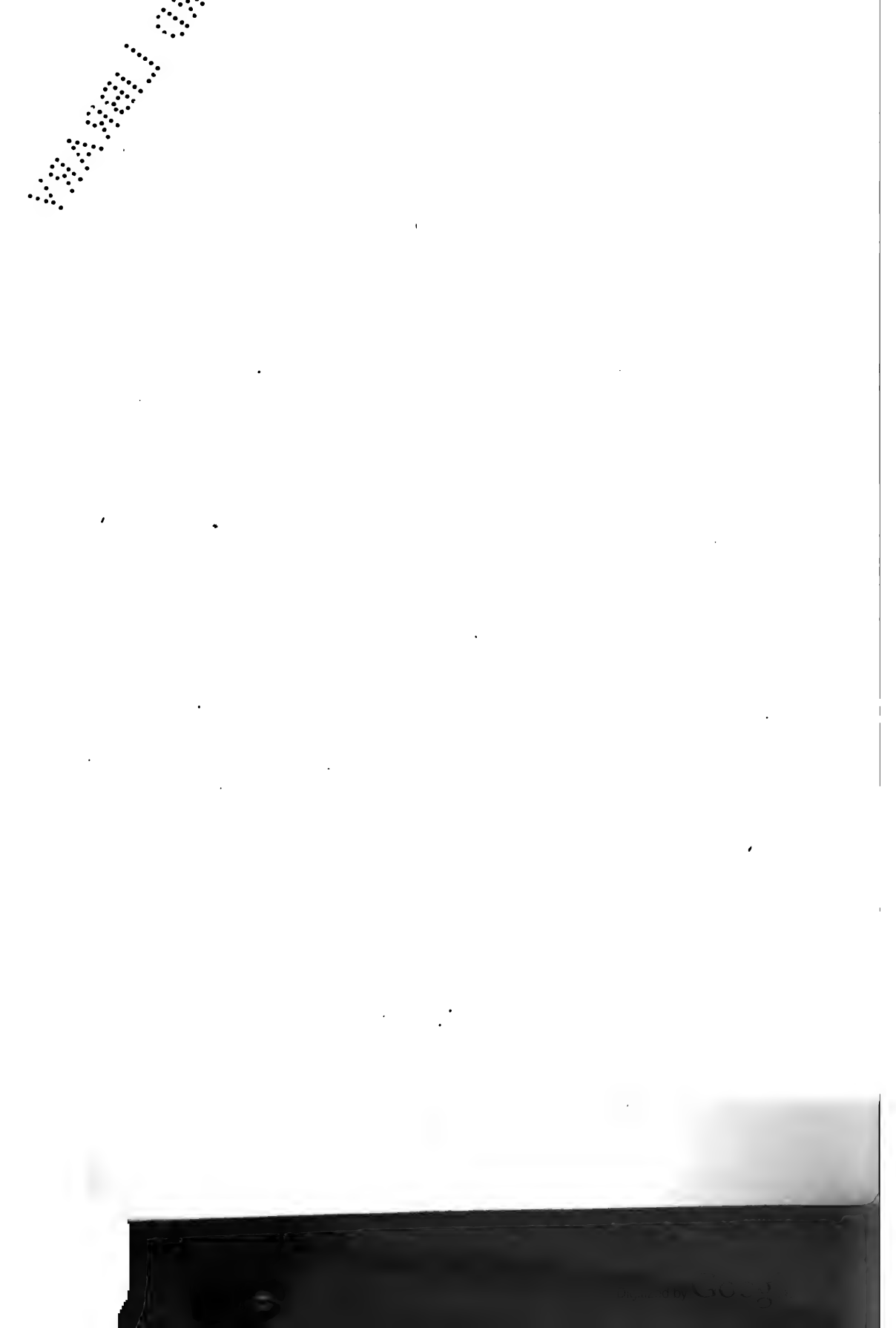

THE HACIENDA

By Molly Elliot Seawell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID ROBINSON

THE passage through the deep, dark, and frightful Pass of the Vultures, and the sudden opening upon the broad, bright valley and the hacienda of La Gioja, with its lovely gardens basking in the May sunshine, its fair orchards, and the great, billowy fields of green wheat was like the passage from Hell to Paradise. The Pass was like one great cleft of the hammer of God down into the inferno. In its glooming depths, upon which the sun had never shone since the primeval dawn, a river as black as the Styx dashed over the bowlders, making a cry that sounded like the wail of a lost soul. Over it vultures were ever hovering, a strange thing, considering that men and animals rushed through the dreadful Pass, not halting long enough even to die. It was the highway between the rich Mexican valleys, but on this May day three men chose rather to ride over the mountain peak where they could look down upon the Vulture Pass, or, if they chose, turn their gaze to the heavenly valley and the beautiful hacienda. Two of these men, the Gonzalese brothers, Luis and Giorgio, were good types of the high-class Castilian—Mexican, dark, handsome, lithe, and soft spoken. The third man, who rode between the brothers, was Charteris, an American, fair-skinned under his tan and sunburn, and was clean-shaven and close-cropped.

Giorgio Gonzales kept his hand upon Charteris's bridle rein, while Charteris's own hands were tied behind his back.

When they reached the highest point of the peak, they dismounted, and Luis Gonzales tethered the three ponies, while Giorgio unbound Charteris's hands and tied his knees together instead, conversing amicably with him meanwhile. They then sat down on the ground, lighted cigarettes, Charteris puffing away cheerfully, while Giorgio explained matters.

"Women," said Giorgio, "are strange creatures——"

"You bet they are," interrupted Charteris.

"And the Mexican woman of Castilian blood is the strangest on earth, and the strangest of the Mexican women is my aunt, Doña Josefa Maria Belina Rodriguez de Gonzales, who lives at La Gioja."

"Ah!" said Charteris; "any relation to Don Enrique de Rodriguez, whom I had the pleasure of delivering a month ago to the warden of the Texas penitentiary to serve a twenty years' sentence for robbery and murder?"

"Her husband," replied Luis Gonzales, with a grin; "and we are taking you to La Gioja by the orders of our aunt, the wife of Enrique Rodriguez. I never heard he was a Don. Don means gentleman."

"It is a trifle awkward," remarked Charteris, trying to ease a little the leather strap around his knees.

"More so than you think, perhaps," answered Giorgio. "We may as well now tell you of the circumstances. When you captured Rodriguez and carried him off and had him tried and sentenced, my aunt offered a reward of ten thousand American gold dollars for your capture. The men who caught you a week ago and brought you across the border have got that ten thousand dollars in gold and divided it among them. We, my brother and I, gave

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them the money and took charge of you. By the orders of that strange woman, Doña Rodriguez de Gonzales, we are to take you to the hacienda and to keep you there until her son Pedro arrives from Vera Cruz, which he cannot do for a week yet."

"Rather an embarrassing visit," said Charteris, coolly. "And what will happen when Pedro arrives?"

"He will shoot you," replied Giorgio, with equal coolness. "Doña Rodriguez did not require of us that we should kill you, because we are but nephews, and she has a son, and it is his duty, not ours, to do the shooting."

Charteris's heart stopped a moment, as a man's will when he hears this kind of news, and although the blue air was warm, he suddenly felt an icy coldness from head to foot. But his eye remained indomitable, and his hand unshaken as he reached out for another cigarette.

"A little startling," he said; "I am afraid your aunt is a revengeful person."

"If you had killed Rodriguez, it would not have been so bad," replied Luis. "It is the putting him in the penitentiary, the horrible disgrace of it, and, worst of all, the coming true of the predictions of Doña Rodriguez's family and friends, that has brought you to this pass. She was born a Gonzales, very rich, and married a Covarrubias, also of great fortune and Castilian ancestry. When she was a widow with two children, Pedro and Luisita, she first saw Rodriguez in the bull ring and fell in love with him as never lady did before with a matador, and married him in spite of the protests of all her family and friends. She even contrived so that the two Covarrubias children were legally adopted by Rodriguez, and has never allowed any one to tell them that they were not the children of their stepfather. Everybody predicted that Rodriguez would come to a bad end, and it is that which so infuriates his wife. What a pity that you ever meddled with him!"

"I couldn't very well help it," answered Charteris, "as the sheriff of Alfalfa County. Rodriguez and his crew were simply a terror upon the border. I was elected sheriff with the understanding that I was to clean out the gang. When I finally bagged Rodriguez on American soil, with a full set of American naturalization papers on him, to use, if necessary, against the Mexican authorities, there was nothing for me to do but to put a pistol to his head and escort him to the nearest railway station, and I never left him until I landed him at the Austin penitentiary. After all, it was a big thing, because three sheriffs preceding me had died with their boots on from Rodriguez's revolver."

"How did you ever get into Rodriguez's camp?" asked Giorgio.

Charteris, still cold, and his heart still beating low and feebly, answered in his usual cheerful voice.

"Oh, I got in as a horse-doctor. You see, during my four years' course at Harvard and two years at the University of Virginia I wanted to find out how much or how little those Eastern vets knew about the cult of the horse. I discovered that they knew some things I don't know, although I had been born and reared in Alfalfa County, where my father never had less than forty horses on the ranch. I heard that the horse-sickness had broken out in Rodriguez's camp, so I went in as horse-doctor and cured the horses. If I had not, I think I never would have got out alive, but I did, and brought Rodriguez out with me."

"*You* a horse-doctor!" said Giorgio, laughing. "You look more like an Eastern dude."

"I have no desire to be an Eastern dude," answered Charteris, with an answering grin, although he was still cold and weak; "I tried it for six years. I couldn't stand Boston any longer, and I thought maybe Virginia might be a sort of break. My people came from there originally. Then I went to Europe for a year or two, trying to forget the sweet smell of the alfalfa and the feel of the broncho hobbling along under me, and the swish of the lasso on the plains, but I couldn't. So I came back to Texas, and got elected sheriff before my last birthday, when I was twenty-nine years old—and here I am."

As Charteris spoke, he glanced down into the Pass of the Vultures. It was like a look into Gehenna.

"Now, then," said Giorgio, "we have a proposition to make you, which we suggested to our aunt, and she agreed to it. We do not like to act as jailers, and we give you a choice. Either you can be shot now —by accident, of course—or we will take

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you to the hacienda on your parole, to stay until Pedro Rodriguez arrives to shoot you. If you will give us your parole, you will be treated as a guest until Pedro comes. The reason of this is on account of Luisita, our cousin. She is a young girl, and it would excite her suspicions if we treated you as a prisoner, and her mother wants to keep the whole business from the girl. Now, if you will stay there quietly until Pedro comes, and you will pass as our friend, the girl will be completely deceived. The day after Pedro arrives we will be shooting at a mark in the garden, and you will be accidentally shot; then Luisita will never suspect what happened. The mother is very careful about the girl, as Mexican mothers are, and Luisita is a girl to be carefully watched. She has a very strong character, and is extremely tender-hearted and merciful, and if she suspected what will happen, she might turn against her mother and her brother and Rodriguez. So now you know the terms upon which you may have a week more to live."

What man at twenty-nine with red blood in his veins would have declined that week of life?

"A great deal may happen in a week," remarked Charteris, after a pause. "I give you my parole."

"Recollect," said Luis, warningly, "you are to be a guest, and the slightest violation of that character we shall consider as breaking the parole, and the accident will happen immediately."

"I understand," answered Charteris. "But how am I to be a guest at a place like that," pointing to the hacienda, "with ladies of Castilian blood, and I in these riding-clothes?"

"Oh," replied Giorgio, "we can find you a plenty of good clothes. Rodriguez had a splendid wardrobe, which still remains at La Gioja."

"All right, then," answered Charteris. "But why did your respected uncle-in-law leave that lovely place to turn robber at intervals on the American border?"

"Because," said Giorgio, with a peculiar gesture of his finger on his nose, "our respected uncle-in-law was nothing but a peon. He was an inborn scoundrel, and never would have stayed at La Gioja at all but for the influence of his wife. This peon, robber, and scoundrel thought he could manage his high-born wife, and he had a plenty of courage too, but the first time he struck her she gave him such a tremendous beating that he was ill in bed for a week. Doña Josefa could not make him permanently a gentleman, or even a decent man, but she actually made him spend some months out of every year masquerading as a gentleman before her children and servants. She came far away from Mexico City to this place, but it was unfortunately too near the border. Rodriguez, in addition to his other virtues, was an inveterate gambler, and his wife would not give him money to gamble with and spend on other women. So he would disappear for months, being an American citizen on American soil, and a Mexican in Mexico, and get money to go to New Orleans, which he loved, and enjoy himself in low delights. He always came back, however, to his wife, for I really believe that vile as he is, she held a charm for him not altogether fear."

While Giorgio was speaking, Charteris's strong body got warm again, and his heart began beating normally. But he did not for an instant doubt that in seven days his body would be cold as marble, and his heart quite still. He was familiar with that awful anachronism, a life going out suddenly, at twenty-nine, like the sun unexpectedly setting at noonday.

Then, after finishing some more cigarettes, the three men remounted and rode down the rocky path that skirted the fields and orchards and gardens of La Gioja.

Charteris thought he had never seen so beautiful a court-yard as that of the hacienda, with its pink marble colonnade, its splendid masses of white and pink and purple flowers, and a great crystal fountain glittering in the sunlight. But all the beauty of the radiant world about him was forgotten when Charteris's eyes fell upon two figures standing in the court-yard. He recognized Luisita at once—a slim girl, with a skin milk-white as her gown, red-lipped, black-haired, and with the darkest, softest, sweetest eyes that ever woman had. One slender arm was outstretched into the fountain, which caressed it.

But not even Luisita's charm could eclipse Madame Rodriguez, stately and graceful, beautiful in spite of her fifty years. Although no widow, she wore a

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hung to the bottom of her trailing skirt.

As in a dream, Charteris was introduced to Madame Rodriguez. When he looked into her eyes, darkly splendid, he felt himself a dead man; there was no mercy in that cool glance of controlled triumph. Madame Rodriguez had the soul of Lucrétia Borgia, of an Elizabeth of England; when she could put an enemy out of the world, she rather enjoyed it.

Then Charteris turned to Luisita, and their eyes met. In that moment the magic bond was forged, the winged thought went forth.

Still in a dream, Charteris was shown to a handsome bedroom, where presently Giorgio Gonzales followed him.

"Here," said Giorgio, opening wardrobes and bureau drawers, "are the clothes and linen of Rodriguez—all made by the best tailors in New Orleans. I told my aunt that you had demanded that you should be dressed as a gentleman the week before you were shot, and that I had offered you Rodriguez's clothes. She laughed, and agreed."

It was the hour of the siesta, and Charteris, left alone, lay down on the big, luxurious bed, and tried to adjust himself to his new and awful perspective. Instead, he found himself thinking of Luisita, and before he knew it he had fallen into a deep and peaceful sleep.

Charteris waked at five o'clock, and had his bath, and dressed himself in an immaculate suit of white flannel belonging to the gentleman for whose sake he was to be shot, and who was at that moment wearing striped clothes in the Austin penitentiary. The costume fitted Charteris perfectly, and even the black silk stockings and patent-leather shoes of Rodriguez seemed made for his enemy.

Charteris thought, and rather hoped, that his appearance, arrayed in the clothes of Rodriguez, would perhaps give Madame Rodriguez a shock. But she only smiled—a smile as crafty as the serpent of old Nile.

The dinner was served in a corner of the colonnade, the rosy dusk lighted by softly burning lamps. Charteris followed the Mexican etiquette and devoted himself to Madame Rodriguez, ignoring Luisita. But occasionally their eyes met, and Charteris thought the faint, elusive dimple in the green earth he was so soon to leave.

Nothing could exceed Madame Rodriguez's grace and composure except that of Charteris. After dinner, they went into the great, cool, dim drawing-room to hear Luisita sing, and then Fate provided Charteris and Luisita with a mode to express the deep and silent passion that had sprung up in their hearts and grew with magic strength. When Luisita was turning over the sheets of music, Madame Rodriguez said:

"I wish your brother were here that you might sing some of those charming duets."

In reply to this veiled and grewsome reminder, Charteris said coolly:

"Perhaps Mademoiselle Luisita will permit me to sing the man's part in these duets until her brother arrives."

He picked up a sheet of music, and Luisita, with the outward innocence of a child, but with the subtle intelligence of a woman, glanced at him and began the accompaniment. She had a clear and bell-like soprano, well trained, and Charteris an excellent baritone. Together they sang those impassioned words which are the soul of all songs: "I love thee. Dost thou love me?"

This duet-singing had not been contemplated by the Gonzales brothers, nor by Madame Rodriguez, and when Luisita had gone upstairs for the night, Madame Rodriguez, in a corner of the drawing-room, spoke her mind to Charteris, and Charteris spoke his in return.

"It was no part of my pact," he said boldly, "that I should not sing duets with a charming young lady. I am your guest, and I am in seven days a dead man, so why should I not be treated civilly?"

"That is true," replied Luis Gonzales to Madame Rodriguez.

"But Luisita has seen very few men," said Madame Rodriguez, hesitating a little.

"And, therefore, she may remember me after I am gone," answered Charteris. "There is nothing I should like better. Excuse me, Madame Rodriguez, but all the discomforts of keeping our agreement must not fall to me."

"They do not," said Madame Rodriguez. "Do you not suppose that your presence——"

Here Giorgio Gonzales interrupted her.

"Remember," he said firmly, "Mr. Char-

Madame Rodriguez then rose, and, with the graceful condescension of a great lady, acquiesced.

It seemed to Charteris as if those seven days were like the seven ages of man. In them he lived through eons of time. Charteris, like all men, was made up of dirt and divinity, but the dirt was refined away in the fiery furnace in which his soul was being tried. Everywhere he turned his eyes he saw the abyss before him, but he looked into it with a strange calmness. He could not accept the idea that man had a dog-like fate, to appear a while, to struggle, to disappear forever. He could not put his thoughts into words, but many times in the night he would rise from his bed and, lifting his arms above his head, as he gazed at the solemn stars, would cry:

"My God, I know not! But Thou knowest."

He was secretly amazed at his own coolness, that he was able to sleep some hours of every night, that he endured unshaken the saying "Hail" and "Farewell" to the great master passion. For not only he gave his whole heart and soul to Luisita Rodriguez quickly—for he had no time to lose—but he saw with the eyes of a man that this innocent girl gave him her pure heart and spotless soul in return.

As for Madame Rodriguez, Charteris positively admired her calm and unrelenting vengeance. Every day, at some time, she spoke of Pedro's arrival by the coming Sunday. Luisita, who loved Pedro, counted the days until he came, not knowing that she was counting the sands of life for Charteris. The Gonzales brothers, ever scrupulously courteous to Charteris, began to show signs of nervousness, and Charteris noticed that they always abruptly turned the conversation when Pedro's arrival was mentioned.

The days continued beautiful, cool, and bright. Each afternoon there was some little excursion—a walk through the wheat-fields of the valley or a ride among the hills and peaks. Always Charteris, in his character of guest, escorted Madame Rodriguez.

On the Saturday afternoon there was a riding-party. As usual, Luisita rode ahead with her cousins, Luis and Giorgio, on each side of her, and Madame Rodriguez and they entered the great, cold, dark canyon, with the line of blue at the top obscured by overhanging trees, Luisita raised her eyes to the cleft in the Pass and cried in her musical, high-pitched voice:

"See, there are the vultures!"

As she spoke, her horse, blinded by the sudden darkness, swerved and stumbled upon the bowlders over which the black stream flowed, moaning and lamenting. The pony went down on his knees, but Charteris's strong arm was around Luisita's slender waist in an instant, and the next moment they were both standing on the slippery rocks in the darkness, while the pony struggled to his feet, the pounding of his hoofs reverberating through the Pass. In that brief moment, Charteris, unseen, had brushed his lips against Luisita's red mouth.

"We must turn back," cried the voice of Madame Rodriguez in the gloom. And the whole party sought the light, Luis Gonzales leading Luisita's pony and Giorgio by the side of Madame Rodriguez, while Charteris and Luisita, in that place of horror, exchanged those swift and silent endearments so sweet and so secret.

When they came out into the light, Luisita was as pale as death, and said she could ride no farther, and they all returned to the hacienda. As they entered the court-yard, Pedro Rodriguez greeted them —a handsome young man, singularly like Luisita. He seemed slightly surprised at finding Charteris, who was to him evidently an unexpected guest. In a little while Pedro Rodriguez disappeared with his mother and was gone until dinner time. When Charteris came down to dinner, dressed in an immaculate costume belonging to the husband of the woman who demanded his life, one look at Pedro Rodriguez showed that he had passed through a crisis. His face had a blue pallor, and he could scarcely speak, and made no pretence at dining. Madame Rodriguez urged him to drink some of the excellent champagne that was going around, which Pedro did. Occasionally he cast a furtive glance at Charteris, calm and unmoved. Charteris in the midst of this agitation felt a certain triumph, and it was from this sense of triumph that, when he went into the drawing-room afterward, he at once

they went to the piano. In turning over the music Charteris felt a little wad of paper put into his hand. Then the singing began, the two voices blending exquisitely, flooding the great high-ceiled saloon with melody. In the middle of the second song, they heard a strange noise. Pedro Rodriguez had fallen from his chair in a dead faint. He quickly revived and making some excuse about the hard journey, went to his room, his mother carrying Luisita off at the same time. Charteris was glad to go to his room that he might read Luisita's note. With doors and windows locked he read this:

"I heard my mother commanding my brother to kill you to-morrow afternoon in the garden by the orange-trees. Pedro went down on his knees and wept and pleaded, but my mother made him promise, under threat of her everlasting curse. I know what Pedro does not—that my mother's husband is not our father—so I do not hate you for what you have done with him. Escape as quickly as you can, and take no thought of me, for whether I ever see you again or not, I shall love you forever."

Charteris kissed the note, then watched it shrivel to ashes in his hand.

The next morning being Sunday, it was the custom of Madame Rodriguez to assemble the family and servants in her oratory, for this strange woman believed in prayer, as did Judith and Jael. But to-day she made an excuse of illness, nor was Luisita suffered to appear either.

Charteris spent the morning walking about the gardens, looking at the good green earth and the blue sky above him. He should have been in despair, but he was not; he should have been wildly agitated, but he was calm.

At the midday breakfast Luisita did not appear, but Pedro, paler and more agitated than ever, was present. When it was over he rose and said in a strange voice:

"Are you a good shot, Mr. Charteris?"

"Pretty good," replied Charteris, "for an American."

"Then," said Pedro, trembling, "at four o'clock we will go into the garden and try shooting at a mark."

"With pleasure," answered Charteris.

Charteris went to his room and put on his to die in the clothes of a convict.

The hours passed somehow, he could not exactly tell, but at four o'clock the four men strolled into the great odorous garden, with its hedges of giant red geraniums and the tall row of orange-trees in tubs against a high brick wall. When they reached the spot, Charteris, smilingly taking off his hat, backed up against the brick wall.

"There is no use for any make-believe. I am the mark at which you, Pedro Rodriguez, are to shoot. I have only two things to say—I believe in the good God, and I love your sister and she loves me."

Giorgio Gonzales was examining a pistol and put it in Pedro's hand. Charteris raised his clasped hands above his head, as he had done many times in that week, and cried in a piercing voice:

"My God, Thou knowest!"

Then suddenly, as he stood poised between two worlds, he felt caressing arms around his neck and Luisita's soft form against his breast. The next moment a shot crashed out, and Charteris, clasping Luisita, staggered back. From her bare, white arm a torrent of blood was gushing. At once, as if by magic, Pedro and the two Gonzaleses and Madame Rodriguez, who had appeared as quickly as a vision, were rushing toward them, but Luisita, clinging to Charteris, looked back at them, a pale smile on her paler lips.

"You shall not touch me," she said. "It is you who would have killed him. I am his, and his alone, and no one shall touch me but him."

Madame Rodriguez was on her knees holding out her arms, but Luisita with her feeble strength fought her off. Then Charteris laid Luisita upon the ground, and with his clenched fist made Madame Rodriguez fall back.

"You shall not touch her," he said. "She is mine alone."

His experience as an amateur horse-doctor stood him in good stead. He tore Luisita's white skirt from her fainting body, and with rude but effective surgery bandaged her arm as a surgeon would. She lay quite still, and no one interfered with Charteris. When her wound was bound up, he took her in his arms and walked quickly to the house. The mother followed, walking like a woman in a dream. The Gon-

Drawn by David Robinson.

When he looked into her eyes, darkly splendid, he felt himself a dead man; there was no mercy in that cool glance.—Page 446.

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Once inside the house, Luisita whispered a name—"Anita."

"Send me Anita," ordered Charteris. "She shall help me; no one else shall."

He carried Luisita upstairs and laid her upon her little white bed and gave her the water which she craved. There was no doctor within a hundred miles, and no one dare interfere with Charteris, who seemed to know what he was doing. He would let no one enter the room except Anita, the middle-aged, steady Mexican servant.

And so for seven days Luisita lay upon her white bed, attended by Anita and Charteris. Outside the door the mother on her knees begged and prayed to see her child, for even a tigress loves her young, but this tigress-mother had met her master at last in Charteris.

"It would kill Luisita to see you," he said. "You may stay here as long as you make no noise, but if you begin crying so that Luisita may hear you, you must go away."

For seven days and nights Madame Rodriguez kept her strange and silent watch in the corridor leading to her child's room, the child she was forbidden to see.

At the end of seven days Luisita was getting better. The doctor, a hundred miles away, had been sent for, but he had gone two hundred miles in another direction and came not. At the end of fourteen days Charteris lifted Luisita from her bed to a great chair by the window, where she could watch the green wheat turning to gold under the radiant sun of June. At the end of three weeks she could walk up and down the long balcony outside her window. Still she had seen no one but Anita and Charteris. At the end of the fourth week she was able to travel, and then Charteris said to her:

"My dearest, the priest comes to-morrow morning to marry us, and then you and I take the road together."

Luisita looked at him with shining eyes.

"I have been so happy in the last four weeks," she said. "I did not think I could be any happier, but perhaps—yes—I know I shall be happier still when I am your wife."

Not once had she asked for her mother. Once she said:

As Charteris sat on the balcony with her that night, a knock came at the door, and Charteris, opening it, saw Madame Rodriguez on the outside.

"Let me come in, let me come in," she cried, weeping, "to give my daughter her wedding gown and veil."

Over her arm she carried a lustrous white satin gown, some of Luisita's girlish finery, and on it lay a long lace veil. Charteris bade her enter, and she went out on the balcony. A shudder ran over Luisita from head to foot, and she turned her head away, but Madame Rodriguez, on her knees, pleaded:

"See, Luisita, I have brought you your white gown to be married in, and a wedding veil—not mine, not mine."

Luisita turned her eyes toward her mother, and the two women gazed at each other with that strange drawing together of the mother and child, that chord that can never be broken. Charteris left them alone. Even his heart had been touched by Madame Rodriguez's misery.

The next morning Charteris and Luisita were married in the little oratory, and Luisita, by easy stages, made the hundred miles to the train.

"I think," said Charteris to her on their marriage day, "that we had better go away from this part of the country. We shall both be better off in New York, just as far away as we can from all that reminds us of La Gioja."

The next winter, people who went to the opera often noticed a young couple who came regularly. Charteris had resigned his office as sheriff of Alfalfa County, and had established himself in New York as the agent of a horse-raising association in Texas. He and his young wife lived in a small apartment and were not rich. Sometimes Charteris asked Luisita if she did not regret the splendid hacienda, the lovely gardens, the beautiful costumes, the gorgeous trips to Paris that she had well known.

"No," answered Luisita, the most truthful of women. "I never knew what happiness was until I married you. Paradise may be large or small, it may be high up in a city building, or it may be in the midst of glorious gardens, but it is always Paradise."

FOG WRAITHS

By Mildred Howells

IN from the ocean the white fog creeps,
Blotting out ship, and rock, and tree,
While wrapped in its shroud, from the soundless deeps
Back to the land come the lost at sea.

Over the weeping grass they drift
By well-known paths to their homes again,
To finger the latch they may not lift
And peer through the glistering window-pane.

Then in the churchyard each seeks the stone
To its memory raised among the rest,
And they watch by their empty graves alone
Till the fog rolls back to the ocean's breast.

Looking from the Illinois side of the Mississippi River over the Missouri lowlands.
From a decoration by F. O. Sylvester in the High School Library, Decatur, Illinois.

THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

II.—"THE RIVER COLBERT"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY F. O. SYLVESTER AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

[JOLIET, who with Marquette entered the Mississippi in 1673, gave to it, on one of his maps, the name "Colbert," in honor of the great French minister, and to the territory, now the heart of the Middle West, lying between the Wisconsin River and the Divine River (Illinois), the name "Colbertie" or "Amérique Occidentale." Marquette in his pious ecstasy acclaimed the river as "La Rivière de la Conception."]

I

It was in 1634 that there appeared, according to one credible account, the first man of white face upon the rim of the valley where the streams began to flow away from the Saint Lawrence and the Great Lakes toward the then unknown. He was a son of France, one of the coureurs-de-bois of Champlain, Jean Nicolet, but in Oriental costume. For, being an ambassador to the court of a nation called "The People of the Sea," he had visions of an Asiatic court, and so, perhaps for this reason, attired himself in a damask robe, embroidered with birds and flowers, carrying the while in his hand pistols to make a favorable impression or to meet a hostile emergency.

Colbert.

Whether he actually crossed the rim we do not certainly know. But he heard the fame of the Great Water from the "people of the sea," whom he found to be breech-clouted Indians instead of silk-robed Orientals, and returning to Quebec for the sacraments of the church, he brought, so I wish again to believe, to the dying Champlain rumor if not description of the valley beyond the margin of his famous map. So the French began to possess in their imaginations, before their canoes actually touched its streams, this valley toward the other sea.

And across every portage into that valley it was the men of France, so far as we know, who passed first of Europeans—from Lake Erie up to Lake Chautauqua; or across to Fort Le Bœuf and down French

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Stream in front of Fort Le Bœuf in spring freshet.

Creek into the Allegheny and the Ohio (La Belle Rivière); or up the Maumee and across to the Wabash (the Appian Way); or from Lake Michigan up the Saint Joseph and across to the Kankakee, at South Bend; or at Chicago from the Chicago River, across to the DesPlaines (to which with the Illinois River the French seem to have given the name "Divine"), and so on to the Mississippi.

It is this last approach that I learned first, and though a smoke now hangs habitually over the entrance, as a curtain, I have for myself but to push that aside to find the Divine River way still the best route into the greatest valley of earth. Man has diverted and confined this Divine River to very practical uses, and even changed its name, but it is hallowed still beyond all other approaches to the Great River. In a hut on the portage, Père Jacques Marquette spent his last winter on earth in sickness; down the river the brave de La Salle built his Fort Saint Louis on the great rock in the midst of his prairies, and, still farther down, his Fort Crèvecœur. On no other affluent stream are there braver and more stirring memories of French adventure and sacrifice than move along those waters or bivouac on those banks. And so I would have one's imagination take that trail toward the Mississippi and first see it glisten beneath the tall white cliffs which stand at the portal of the Divine River entry.

But the unquestioned discovery of the upper Mississippi was made by those who took the way of Nicolet (from Lake Michigan up Green Bay, then up the Fox River and down the Wisconsin). I know only a part of that way: the Fox River where it shrinks to little more than a ditch; the short portage path, now macadamized; the stately Wisconsin, along whose banks I have walked by dusk and night. One has there less disturbed approach to the spirit of the Great Water to which the aborigines made propitiatory and worshipful offerings.

It was in a June day in 1673 that Marquette and Joliet (Père Marquette, son of Rose de La Salle of Laon, and Joliet, son of the French wagon-maker of Quebec), travelling by this solemn route, saw below them, "avec une joie que je ne peux pas expliquer," the slow, gentle-currented Mississippi. Mark Twain has measured the time intervening between De Soto's discovery of the lower Mississippi and that day, in a chronology all his own: "After De Soto glimpsed the river, a fraction short of a quarter of a century elapsed, and then Shakespeare was born, lived a trifle over a half a century and died; and when he had been in his grave considerably over half a century, the second white man saw it.

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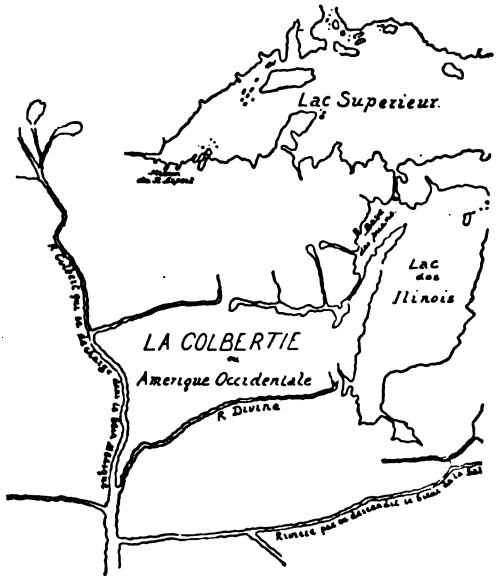
Where French Creek enters the Allegheny River.

It was in 1682 that La Salle, entering the Illinois by the Saint Joseph-Kankakee portage, followed the Mississippi to where it meets the great Gulf, possessing with his indomitable spirit the lower reaches of the stream whose upper waters had first been touched by the gentle Marquette and the practical Joliet and the vainglorious Hennepin. Between that day and the time when it became a course of regular and active commerce (again in Mark Twain's chronology), seven sovereigns had occupied the throne of England, America had become an independent nation, Louis XIV and Louis XV had died, and Napoleon was "a name that was beginning to be talked about."



Joliet's Map,
Showing River Colbert and La Colbertie.

To the Spanish this river was a hazard, to be gotten over. To the Indian it was the place of fish and defence. To the Anglo-American Empire of Wheels that by and by came over the mountains it was a barrier athwart the course—to be forded or ferried or bridged, but not to be followed. To be sure, it was later utilized by that empire for a little while as a path of dominant, noisy commerce, to get its products to market. And the keels of that commerce may come again to stir its waters. But the river will never be to its East-and-West migrants what it was to the French, whose evangelists, both of empire and of the soul, saw its significance, caught its spirit into

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Along the Des Plaines.

their own veins, and, from the day when Marquette and Joliet found their courage roused and their labor of rowing from morning till night sweetened by the joy of their expedition, have possessed it for their own; and will possess it even though all the land belongs to others, and the waters are put to the use of millions who are of alien tongue. It is still the river of Marquette and Joliet, Nicolet, Groseilliers and Radisson, La Salle and Tonty, Hennepin and Accau, Gray Gowns and Black Gowns, Iberville and Bienville, Saint Ange and Laclede—or so it will be to some at any rate whose geography is not of the making of foolish monarchs or of treaties written by swords.

A prominent American historian, to whom we are much indebted with Parkman for what we know of this period, praises, by contrast with these who ventured their all without personal gain, those who kept industriously within smell of tide-water along the Atlantic shore. But when we reach the underlying motives of the exploration and settlement of this continent, do they who sought the sources and the paths to the smell of other tide-waters deserve dispraise? Or less praise than those who thriftily sat by the nearer shore? The English colonists were struggling for themselves and theirs, not for the good or glory of a country across seas. They had no reason to look beyond their short rivers so long as their valleys were fruitful and ample. Shall they be praised the more that they did not for a century venture beyond the sources of those streams? The first French followers of the river courses were devotees of a religion which drove them into the forests for the salvation of others, bearers of advancing banners for the glory of France, and lovers of nature and adventure. And if there were among them, as there were, avaricious men, we must be careful not to blame them more than those whose avarice or excessive thrift was economically more beneficial to the community and the colony and to themselves. Economic values and moral virtues as expressed in productivity of fields, mines, factories, church attendance, and obedience to the selectmen are so easy of assessment that it is difficult to get just appraisement for those who endured everything, not for their own freedom or gain, but for others' glory, and accomplished so little that could be measured in the terms of substantial economic or ecclesiastical progress.

II

To the red barbarian tribes of the valley this river was the "Mississippi"; that is, the Great Water. They must have named

View from the site of Fort Saint Louis.

it so under the compulsion of the awe in which they stood of some part of it, and not from any knowledge of its length. They must have been impressed, especially they of the Lower Valley, as the white man of to-day is, by the "overwhelming, unbending grandeur of the wonderful spirit ruling the flow of the sands, the lumping of the banks, the unceasing shifting of the channel and the send of the mighty flood." No one tribe knew both its fountains and its delta, its sources and its mouth. To those midway of the valley it came out of the mystery of the Land of Frosts and passed silently on, or in places complainingly on, to the mystery of the Land of the Sun, into neither of which they dared penetrate, because of hostile tribes or the frailty of their boats. While the red men of the Mississippi lowlands were not able, as is the "swamp angel" of to-day, to discern the rising of its Red River tributary by the reddish tinge of the water in his particular bayou, or to measure by changing hues now the impulses of the Wisconsin or of the Ohio, and now of the richer-silted blood of the Rockies (as one writing of the river has graphically described), yet as they gazed with wonderment at the changes, they must have had visions of hills of red, green, and blue earth somewhere above their own lodges or hunting-grounds, and have had at times even some visible message from their brothers of the upper waters, some fragments of their handiwork—a broken canoe, an arrow-shaft. But the Men of the Sources, on the low water-sheds, heard only vague reports of the sea; even the Indians of Arkansas could "give no account of the sea, and had no word in their language, or idea or emblem, that could make them comprehend a great expanse of salt water like the ocean."

So the river was not the Source or Father of Running Waters, but the Great, the awe-inspiring, Water. The French were misled when they first heard Indian references to it, thinking it was what they were longing for, the Western ocean, a great expanse of salt water instead of another and a larger Seine. And when they did discover that it was a river, their first concern was not as to what lay along its course, but as to where it led.

That mystery no longer hangs over its waters. When the intrepid La Salle's "weathered voyageurs" in 1682 planted a cross on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, inscribed the arms of France on a tree, buried a leaden plate of possession in the earth, and sang "The Banners of Heaven's King Advance," they christened a new river, but they buried at the same moment the hope, long-cherished, of finding through that river a way to the Vermilion

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View from near the site of Fort Crèvecœur.

Sea or to China—at any rate till the Isthmus of Panama should be digged through.

The mystery of its sources up among "the swamps of the nests of the eagles" has also been uncovered, and that, too, by a man of France, by one who bore the same name as he who in grotesque costume looked over the rim of the Basin. This Nicolet was not, however, of Normandy, but of Savoy; and not a coureur-de-bois, but a professor of physics and astronomy at one time in Paris. Something drove or lured him out into the valley two centuries after the other Nicolet to explore the river. After spending five years in its companionship he returned to his teaching, taking a position in a little Catholic college in Baltimore. But the United States Government, learning of his valuable service, commissioned him to make another expedition that would enable him to complete his map of the region of the sources. What he then accomplished has given him "distinct and conspicuous place among the explorers of the Mississippi."

But the mystery was driven out upon the prairies. In Nicolet's admirable scientific report even, there are intimations of its flight. Once we discover him looking off toward plateaus "looming as if a distant shore." Again we come upon him with his guide, a stolid half-breed sitting on a slight elevation, gazing in silent rapture upon the boundless plains. And again the report of distances and elevations is interrupted by this rhapsody:

"It is difficult to express by words the varied impressions which the spectacle (of these prairies) produces. Their sight never wearies; to look at as prairie up or down, to ascend one of its undulations, to reach a small plateau [or as the voyageurs call it, a prairie planche], moving from wave to wave over alternate swells and depressions, and finally to reach the vast interminable low prairie that extends itself in front—be it for hours, days, or weeks, one never tires; pleasurable and exhilarating sensations are all the time felt; ennui is never experienced. There are moments of excessive heat or want of fresh water, but these are of short duration. There are no concealed dangers, no difficulties of road—a far-spreading verdure, relieved by a profusion of variously colored flowers, the azure of the sky above, or the tempest that can be seen from its beginning to its end, the beautiful modifications of the changing clouds, the curious looming of objects between earth and sky taxing the ingenuity every moment to rectify—all, everything, is calculated to excite the perception and keep alive the imagination. In the sum-

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Mississippi River below the mouth of the Illinois.

mer season especially, everything upon the prairies is cheerful, graceful, animated. The Indians, with herds of deer, antelope, and buffalo, give motion to them. It is then they should be visited; and I pity the man whose soul could remain unmoved under such a scene of excitement."

But now that the prairie and plain have been possessed, the mystery has fled entirely from the valley or has hidden itself in the wildernesses and "bad lands." All is translated into the values of a matter-of-fact, pragmatic, industrious occupation.

These are some of the pragmatic and other facts concerning it, which I have gathered from the explorers and surveyors and lovers of this region, Ogg and Austin and Mark Twain among them.

The river lying wholly within the temperate zone is in this respect more fortunately situated than the more fertile valleyed Amazon, since the climate here, varied and sometimes inhospitable as it is, offers conditions of human development there denied.

The main stream is 2,500 miles in length; that is, about ten times that of the Seine. As Mark Twain has said, it is "the crookedest river" in the world, travelling 1,300 miles to cover the same ground that a crow would fly over in 675. For several hundred miles it is a mile in width. Back in 1882 it was 70 miles wide when the flood was highest.

The volume of water discharged by it into the sea is second only to the Amazon and is greater than that of all European rivers combined (omitting the Volga). The amount is estimated at 139 cubic miles annually; that is, it would fill annually a tank 139 miles long, 139 miles wide, and 139 miles high. With its tributaries it provides somewhat more than 16,000 miles of navigable water, more than any other system on the globe except the Amazon—and more than enough to reach from Lake Superior to Paris by way of Kamchatka and Alaska—about three-fourths of the way around the globe. The sediment deposited is 400,000,000 tons, enough to require daily for its removal 500 trains of 50 cars, each carrying 50 tons, and to make each year two square miles of new earth over a hundred feet deep.

The area which it drains is roughly a million and a quarter square miles, or two-fifths of the United States. That is, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, and Italy could be set down within this area and there would still be some room to spare.

It has the strength, for the most part put to no use whatever, of 60,000,000 horses. The difference between high water and low water is in some places fifty

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feet, which gives some impression of the range of its moodiness.

The isotherm which touches the southern limits of France passed midway between the source and mouth of the river. In the northern half it has the mean annual temperature of France, England, and Germany; in the southern half, of the Mediterranean coasts.

From the Gulf, into which it empties, a river (that is, an ocean river or current) runs through the ocean to the western coasts of Europe; another runs out along the north-eastern coast of South America, and, when the Panama Canal is opened, still another will be in waiting at the western terminus of the canal to assist the ships across the Pacific.

A fair regularity and reliability of rainfall have made the rich soil of the valley tillable and productive without irrigation except in the far western stretches; and these blessings are likely to continue "so long as the earth continues to revolve toward the East and the present relationship of ocean and continent continues."

Including Texas and Alabama, which lie between the same ranges of mountains with this valley, though their rivers run into the Gulf and not into the Mississippi, this valley has 140,000 miles of railway, being 61 per cent of the total mileage of the country, and 25 per cent of the mileage of the entire globe.

"In richness of soil, variety of climate, number and value of products, facilities for communication, and general conditions of wealth and prosperity the Mississippi Valley surpasses anything known to the Old World, as well as the New." It produces the bulk of the world's cotton; of corn it raises two or three times as much as the rest of the world combined; and of each of the following, produced mainly in this same valley, the United States leads in quantity all the nations of the earth: wheat, cattle, hogs, oats, hay, potatoes, lumber, coal, and other mineral products.

View from Elsah, Illinois, looking down the Mississippi eastward, with the Illinois bluffs at the left and the islands and Missouri lowlands on the right.

Decoration by F. O. Sylvester in the Noonday Club Dining Room, Saint Louis, Missouri.

The valley supports an estimated population of over 50,000,000, or over half that of the United States; and has an estimated maintenance capacity of from 200,000,000 to 350,000,000, or from four to seven times its present population. It has been tilled with "luxurious carelessness." A peasant in Britanny or a forester in Normandy would be scandalized by the extravagant, profligate use of its patrimony. That it is likely to have at least the 250,000,000 by the year 2100, is allowed by an estimate of a reliable statistician. Europe had 175,000,000 at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and North America 5,308,000. The former has somewhat more than doubled its population in the century since; America has increased hers about twenty times, and the Mississippi Valley several thousand times. It is not unreasonable to expect a doubling of the population of that valley in another

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I let De Tocqueville make summary of those prideful items in his description of the valley, embraced by the equator-sloping half of the continent. "It is upon the whole," he says, "the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode—a space of 1,341,649 square miles (about six times that of France)—watered by a river which, like a god of antiquity, dispenses both good and evil."

III

ONCE the river and its branches bore, all or most of them, the names of saints. But these streams have few qualities to make this saintly terminology appropriate. Canonization does not befit their passion, their caprice, their overwhelming might, or their overpowering charm. It is the anthropomorphic interpretation of a Chateaubriand, a Kipling, a Mark Twain, or an Emerson that is the rather needed.

We cannot be quite sure, when we listen to recent critics, that Chateaubriand ever saw this great valley. Certainly we who grew up in it have never found reindeer and moose about our homes (save in our Christmas-time imaginations). Paroquets that repeated in the woods the words learned of settlers are not of the fauna known to reputable Ohio naturalists; nor have two-headed snakes been found except in the vision of those who see double. The tamarind and the terebinth are not of its forest trees, and the leaf of the mulberry, not the bark, is used for bridal robes. But whether or not Chateaubriand visited this valley in person, his imagination had frequent residence upon the Mississippi and its tributaries. His "Atala" added to French literature a country where many have since loved to dwell, alogy and meteorology of John Law's "Mississippi Scheme." However, I have recalled Chateaubriand not as a faunal or floral naturalist, but that his fervid pen might rewrite these sentences: "Nothing is more surprising and magnificent than this movement and this distribution of the central waters of North America" (whence flows the Mississippi), "a river which the French first descended; a river which flowed under their power, and the rich valley of which still regrets their genius." So the translator has rendered it, but he should have translated it, "which still grieves for their spirit," their "familiar"

Autumn view from the Missouri shore of the Mississippi, just above Portage de Sioux.

From a painting by F. O. Sylvester, owned by Mr. Edward Powers, Decatur, Illinois.

("et dont la riche vallée regrette encore leur génie").

I think that Chateaubriand had accurate instinct in divining the river's grieving for the spirit, which, with all the practical genius that now inhabits the valley, is still needed to give an appreciation of that which lies beyond the counting of statistics or even the glowing rhetoric of the orators or the pious ascriptions of priests.

Water front, Saint Louis.

Hamlin Garland, a native of that valley, calls the river "The Silent Mississippi." He speaks of the river's bold blue-green bluffs "looking away into haze," of its golden bars of sand "jutting out into the burnished stream," of its thickets of yellow-green willows, of its splendid old trees, and of its glades opening away to the hills, all making a magical way of beauty, but only to give preface to the statement that "not one beautiful building" is to be seen on its banks "for a thousand miles." There are many towns, but "without a single distinctive and appropriate building; everything is a flimsy jumble, out of key, meaningless, impertinent, evanescent too, thanks to climate." "We took a wild land beautiful as a dream," he proceeds, "and we have made a refuse heap. The birds of the trees have disappeared, the water-fowl have gone, every edible creature has vanished. An era of hopeless, distinctive vulgarity is upon us."

He has written this, however, with the dust of the main-travelled roads still in his eyes—the roads of the wheels that have run at right angles to the river, the roads of the Anglo-Saxon which have leaped and disdained the Gallic highways. The busy towns along the rivers of the valley have turned their faces away from the rivers and toward the railroads. They have left the river banks to thriftless men and truant boys.

Waiting for a boat in Saint Louis one beautiful summer morning on the quay (where in Paris I should have found the book-stalls), I saw a Pullman train just starting for New York, and at the water's edge under the stately bridge one tramp "barbering" another. But, reading the morning paper, I found by chance that back in the city there was one man at least, a teacher and artist, who had the old-time French feeling for the grieving river. It was dark before I found him, after my day on a steam-boat whose most important passenger, the old-time captain pointed out to me with some apparent pride, was a brewer, author of a brew more famous in those parts than the artist's river pictures which I saw by candle-light that night in his school-room.

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Old church in Cahokia.

The artist had his river studio upon one of the beautiful cliffs which La Salle must have seen when he came out of the Illinois into the Mississippi. And it was within a few miles of that studio, it may be added, that I found, too, one noteworthy exception to Mr. Hamlin Garland's statement concerning riparian architecture.

These are hopeful intimations succeeding the fading of the last traces in that region of the old French days, traces which I found a few hours' journey below Saint Louis, in the village of Prairie du Rocher (locally pronounced Prary de Roosh); for Cahokia, where I stopped first, had no mark of the French régime, except the "congregation," which was, as the priest told me, two hundred years old. The village had no distinctiveness. But Prairie du Rocher had its own atmos-

Magazine, ruins of Fort Chartres.

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Crossing the Kaskaskia River by a hand-propelled ferry-boat.

phere and charm. France's skies never produced a more glorious August sunset than I saw through the Corot trees of that village which stands or reclines beneath the cliffs and looks off toward the river that has receded far to the westward. I tried to find the old parish baptismal records of which I had heard, but there was a new priest who knew not the French; yet I did not need them to assure me that the French had been there. At dawn, after such a peaceful night as one might have in upper Carcasonne, I found my way to the river near which are the ruins of Fort Chartres—all that is left of the greatest French fortress in the Mississippi Valley, the last to yield to man and the last to surrender to nature. The town, Nouvelle Chartres, with all its color and gayety, has become a corn-field, and only the magazine of the fort remains, hidden, a gunshot from the river, among the weeds, bushes, vines, and trees.

Fourteen miles below is the site of the oldest French village in the upper valley. But the river was jealous and took it all, foundation and roof, to itself. The charms of old Kaskaskia, the sometime capital of all that region, are "one with Nineveh and Tyre." Not a vestige is left of its first days and only a broken structure or two of its later glory.

Nor is there other trace, so far as I could learn, anywhere down the winding stream, till one reaches New Orleans. The red sun worshippers in their white garments—even they have followed their divinity toward its setting, and only among those with African shadows in their faces do they still sing, as I have heard, of the "brave days of D'Artaguiette." The monuments do not remember beyond the bravery and carnage of the Civil War, or at farthest beyond the War of 1812. I was myself apprehended for a foreign spy, one day, while I was searching too near to the guns of a present fort for more ancient monuments.

Of the departed majesty and glory of the commerce that followed the French boats and brightened many wharves, there are memories in the reminiscences of old steam-boat captains, and particularly in the writings of that famed river pilot to whom the valley gave birth and the river an immortal name. Mark Twain's Mississippi flows, carrying its boisterous cargoes through unnumbered libraries and homes around the world—this river of which he said "there never was so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparklingly renewed with every reperusal." It was my hope that when this pilot who knew "like a book" this stream whose "sand-bars were never at

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Site of Old Kaskaskia.

rest," whose "channels were forever changing and shirking"—it was my hope that when he came to die he would not lie in an ordinary sepulchre of earth, but in the bed of the river whose golden age he sang. I wished that it might be turned from its channel, as the river Buseutinus for the interment of Alaric, and then after his burial there, let back, that he might ever hear the sonorous voice of the waters above him, and perhaps, now and then, the shout of the leadsman crying "Mark Twain" as once he used to hear it called from the deck to the pilot-house.

IV

THE Great River has been the course of one empire and the scene of many. Spain, France, England, and the United States have each claimed its mastery. The Germans once dreamed of a State on its banks, but could not agree as to the locality; so variedly tempting was the fertility of its upper and its lower regions. The sons of the Norsemen are to-day tilling the territory about the sources. And at its side or within the reach of its myriad streams a babel of earth's races dwell, although the river has not, as the River of the Lotos Flower, conformed them to one type.

We are beginning now to realize more keenly that the river has yet to be conquered. It has yielded complete sovereignty to no people. It has made light of the emblems of empire. It has even ignored the white channel-marking signals of the government that now controls all the lands it drains. Its untamed spirit flaunts continual challenge in the faces of all men. It has had in derision the building of cities and towns. One town, for example, has been left to choose between being left high and dry five miles from water or of meeting the fate of Old Kaskaskia. And though the town has already thrown a million dollars to the river, as if to some unappeased god, it is merciless. One town and another have been ostracized or destroyed, their wharves left far inland or carried away to some merceless bayou. The river has laughed at the levees on which hundreds of millions have been spent by nation, State and private enterprise, to keep its flood in restraint. Shorn of its trees, as Samson of his long hair, it has pulled down the pillars of man's raising into its own destroying waters. In 1897 a space twice the size of the State of New Jersey was devastated. In 1903 the loss in a single flood was fifty or sixty million dollars, and in 1912 other millions—more than a quarter of a billion in the last quarter of a century; and it would have been immensely greater, of course, if the river had not

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been given unchallenged freedom of great unclaimed swamps. And yet the river has never synchronously massed its whole army of waters. At one time it has been the Ohio, at another the Missouri, and then the Red that it has sent against the fortifications. If all these streams were to be brought to flood at once, the lower valley would undoubtedly be swept clean.

So it is no martial simile merely that I am using. It is a real battle that is continuously on. The gaunt sharp-shooter pacing the levee with Winchester in hand to shoot any burrowing confederate of the river, such as a rat, or mole, is a real and not an imaginary figure. The battles that have been fought along its course are as play by the side of those yet to be waged before it is subdued by man.

New Orleans.

It is fitly the War Department of the government that has been watching its every movement, that has set the signals on its fitful tide, and that has recorded its every shift for years, as if it were an animate enemy. Its changing area, velocity, discharge—items of infinite permutations—are all noted and analyzed. But the War Department of the government is still almost as powerless to control the river as the Yazoo farmer who watches its changing moods not by instruments, but by the movement of an eddy in his own hidden bayou. The battle is with floods, shallows, and erosion, but it is essentially a battle with floods, for not until their strongholds are taken, controlled, is the complete conquest assured. It was control of the mouth of the river that seemed so important in early days. The effort to secure that led ultimately to the purchase of Louisiana from the French by the United States. It was the confirmation of that security of navigation which gave the battle of New Orleans its high significance. Then the mouth, once controlled, was found too shallow, and there followed what he who has written with true poetic instinct has called the "Battle of the Shoals," a battle in which the general, Eads, who had bridged the river at Saint Louis, compelled it by means of jetties to run deeper and carry heavier burdens.

But the future battle-fields are perceived to lie toward the sources—at the eaves, as it were, of the water-sheds, the head waters of its tributaries, as well as its own. No deepening, leveeing, straightening, canalizing of the river is to be permanently efficient until all danger of flood can be removed. Wandering among those tributaries, as I did this spring when the floods were just beginning in the lower valley, seeing the trickling fountains of several, watching the timid, nascent

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Tree back of Mississippi Levee below New Orleans.

streams in the naked, deforested fields, not knowing quite which way to go, east or west, north or south, I have been strongly appealed to by the plan of impounding in reservoirs these first waters whose freedom, no longer restrained in youth by the sage forests, makes them libertines and wantons later in the distant valleys.

The most troublesome Mississippi tributary would, I am assured, require a reservoir of not more than half or even a third of the capacity of Eagle Dam to keep it within temperate bounds in the spring and to give it more generous navigable currents in the summer and autumn. Against the great expense of such a project is set the tremendous possibilities in the development of water-power which will some day be needed. Of the sixty millions of horse-power in the cur-

On the path back of the levee below New Orleans.

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diately available to begin the payment of the debt; and more of the strength would be harnessed to that purpose in time. So, it is urged, the river would be made to meet the cost of its own conquest.

And once that is done the river may be straightened, shortened, deepened, leveed and made a docile, reliable carrier of commerce. It may then be compelled to a respect for cities and government signals, and wharves and mills, and to a fulfilment of the prophecy of the first French keels.

I made a journey in 1911 that began at the first settlements of the French in Nova Scotia, touched the Bay of Chaleur and the lower Saint Lawrence, and then followed the French water paths all the way to the mouth of the Mississippi, where the Master of Pilots, a descendant of France, carried me out into the Gulf of Mexico. Starting back before dawn in a little boat, I saw, just as the sun was coming up over the swamps where the river begins to divide, the hulk of a great sea-going vessel against the morning sky. It seemed then a gloomy apparition; but as I think of it now it was rather the presage of the new

That the valley of a hundred thousand streams—streams which together touch every community of any size from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, streams whose waters all find their way sooner or later into the Mississippi—will ever give up battle for the conquest of the Great Water no one who knows the dynamic people in that valley will ever believe. The sixty million people will not be resisted permanently by a river whose strength is that of sixty million horses, though these horses be driven by all the clouds the Gulf sends up the valley to the river's aid. Some day the great, free river "Colbert" will run vexed of impenetrable, unyielding walls to the sea. Its "titanic ambition for quiet flowing" down this beautiful gently sloping valley to the Gulf, which "has been its longing through ages," will have been turned to useful and beautiful human ministry. The spirit of the Great Water will have become as patient, as thoughtless of its own wild comfort or ambition, as that of the priest who named it Rivière de la Conception, and so dedicated it to the honor of the mother of the most patient of men.

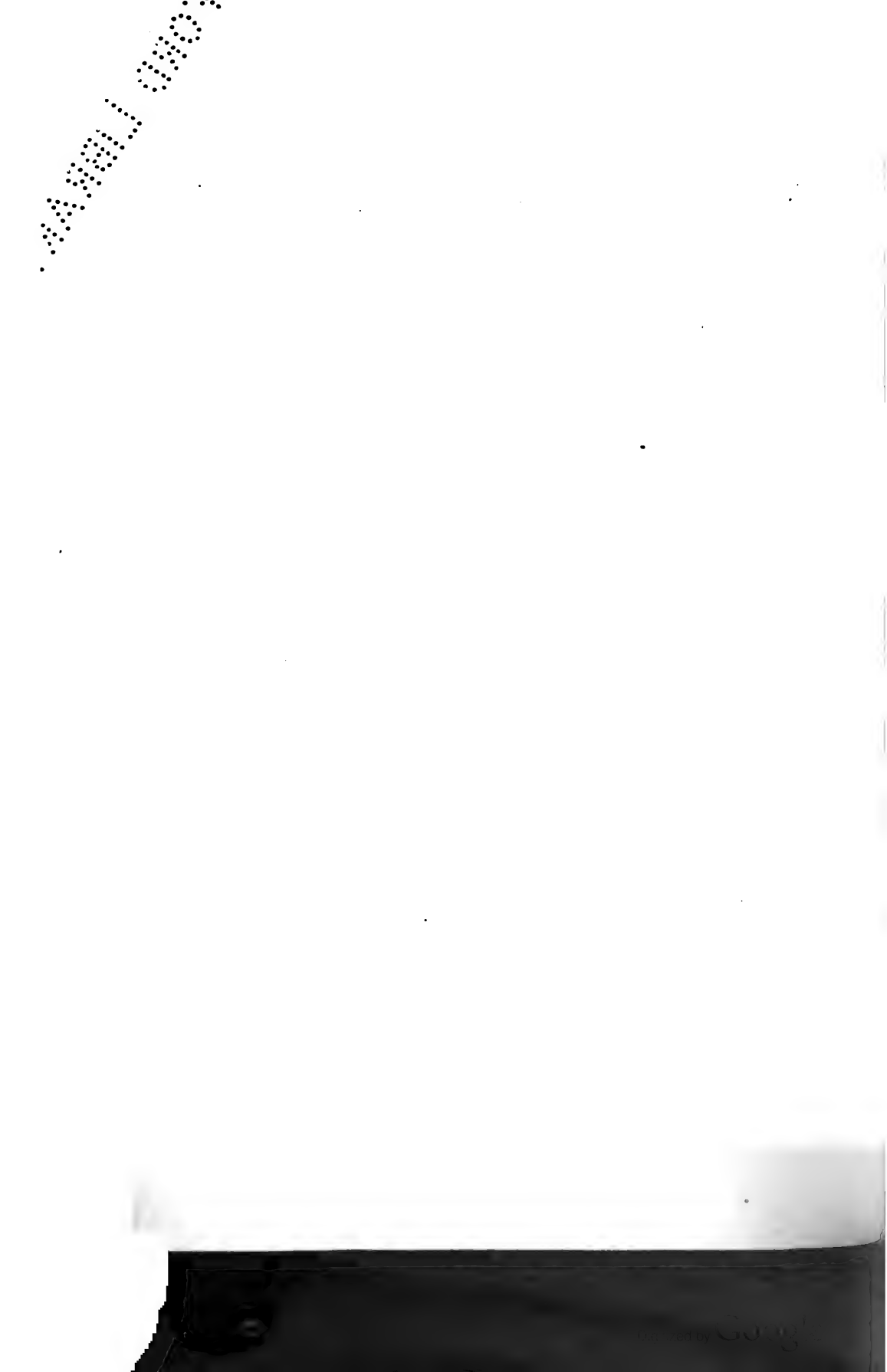
(To be continued.)

View of vessel against morning sky.

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

468-A

The Moosmee Hunter. A Moonlight Night.



THE COUNTERSIGN OF THE CRADLE

By Henry van Dyke

I CANNOT explain to you the connection between the two parts of this story. They were divided, in their happening, by a couple of hundred miles of mountain and forest. There was no visible or audible means of communication between the two scenes. But the events occurred at the same hour, and the persons who were most concerned in them were joined by one of those vital ties of human affection which seem to elude the limitations of time and space. Perhaps that was the connection. Perhaps love worked the miracle. I do not know. I only tell you the story.

I

IT begins in the peaceful, homely village of Saint Gérôme, on the shore of Lake Saint John, at the edge of the vast northern wilderness. Here was the home of my guide, Pat Mullarkey, whose name was as Irish as his nature was French-Canadian, and who was so fond of children that, having lost his only one, he was willing to give up smoking in order to save money for the adoption of a baby from the foundling asylum at Quebec. How his virtue was rewarded, and how his wife, Angélique, presented him with twins of his own, to his double delight, has been told in another story. The relation of parentage to a matched brace of babies is likely to lead to further adventures.

The cradle, of course, being built for two, was a broad affair, and little Jacques and Jacqueline rolled around in it inextricably mixed, until Pat had the ingenious idea of putting a board down the middle for a partition. Then the infants rocked side by side in harmony, going up and down alternately, without a thought of debating the eternal question of superiority between the sexes. Their weight was the same. Their dark eyes and hair were alike. Their voices, whether they wept or cooed, were indistinguishable. Everybody agreed that a finer boy and girl had never been seen in Saint Gérôme. But nobody except Pat and Angélique could tell them apart as they swung in the cradle, gently rising and falling, in unconscious illustration of the equivalence and balancing of male and female.

Angélique, of course, was particularly proud of the boy. As he grew, and found his feet, and began to wander about the house and the front yard, with a gait in which a funny little swagger was often interrupted by sudden and unpremeditated down-sittings, she was keen to mark all his manly traits.

"Regard him, m'sieu'," she would say to me when I dropped in at the cottage on my way home from camp—"regard this little brave. Is it not a boy of the finest? What arms! What legs! He walks already like a *voyageur*, and he does not cry when he falls. He is of a marvellous strength, and of a courage! My faith, you should see him stand up to the big rooster of the neighbor, Pigot. Come, my little one, my Jacques, my Jimmee, one day you will be able to put your father on his back—is it not?"

She laughed, and Pat laughed with her.

"That arrives to all fathers," said he, catching the little Jacqueline as she swayed past him and swinging her to his knee. "Soon or late the *bonhomme* has to give in to his boy; and he is glad of it. But for me, I think it will not be very soon, and mean time, m'sieu', cast a good look of the eye upon this girl. Has she not the red cheeks, the white teeth, the curly hair brown like her mother's? But she will be pretty, I tell you! And clever too, I am sure of it! She can bake the bread, and sew, and keep the house clean; she can read, and sing in the church, and drive the boys crazy—*hein*, my pretty one—what a comfort to the old *bonhomme!*"

"He goes fast," laughed Angélique; "he talks already as if she were in long dresses with her hair done up. Without doubt m'sieu' amuses himself to hear such talk about two infants."

But the thing that amused me most was the beginning-to-talk of the twins them-

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selves. It was natural that the mother and father should speak to me in their quaint French *patois;* and the practise of many summers had made me able to get along with it fairly well. But that these scraps of humanity should begin their adventures in language with French, and such French, old-fashioned as a Bréton song, always seemed to me surprising and wonderfully smart. I could not get over the foolish impression that it was extraordinary. There is something magical about the sound of a baby voice babbling a tongue that is strange to you; it sets you thinking about the primary difficulties in the way of human intercourse and wondering just how it was that people began to talk to each other.

Long before the twins outgrew their French baby talk the famous cradle was too small to hold their sturdy bodies, and they were promoted to a trundle-bed on the floor. The cradle was an awkward bit of furniture in such a little house, and Angélique was for giving it away or breaking it up for kindling-wood.

"But no!" said Pat. "We have plenty of wood for kindlings in this country without burning the cradle. Besides, this wood means more to us than any old tree—it has rocked our hopes. Let us put it in the corner of the kitchen—what? Come—perhaps we may find a use for it, who knows?"

"Go along," said Angélique, giving him a friendly box on the ear, "you old joker! Off with you, *vieux bavasseur*—put the cradle where you like."

So there it stood, in the corner beside the stove, on the night of my story. Pat had gone down to Quebec on the first of June (three days ahead of time) to meet me there and help in packing the goods for a long trip up the Peribonca River. Angélique was sleeping the sleep of the innocent and the just in the bedroom, with the twins in their trundle-bed beside her, and the door into the kitchen half open.

What it was that waked her, she did not know—perhaps a bad dream, for Pat had given her a bit of trouble that spring, with a sudden inclination for drinking and carousing, and she was uneasy about his long absence. A man in the middle years sometimes has a bit of folly, and a woman worries about him without knowing exactly why. At all events, Angélique came wide awake in the night with a sense of fear in her heart, as if she had just heard something terrible about her husband which she could not remember.

She listened to the breathing of the twins in the darkness. It was soft and steady as the falling of tiny ripples upon the beach. But presently she was aware of a louder sound in the kitchen. It was regular and even, like the ticking of a clock. There was a roll and a creak in it, as if somebody was sitting in the rocking-chair and balancing back and forth.

She slipped out of bed and opened the door a little wider. There was a faint streak of moonlight slanting through the kitchen window, and she could see the tall back of the chair, with its red and white tidy, vacant and motionless.

In the corner was the cradle, with the children's clothes hanging over the head of it and their two ragged dolls tucked away within. It was rocking evenly and slowly, as if moved by some unseen force.

Her eyes followed the ray of the moon. On the rocker of the cradle she saw a man's foot with the turned-up toe of a *botte sauvage*. It seemed as if the smoke of a familiar pipe was in the room. She heard her husband's voice softly humming:

"Petit rocher de la haute montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne.
Ah, doux echos, entendez mes soupirs;
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir!"

Trembling she entered the room, with a cry on her lips.

"Ah! Pat, *mon ami*, what is it? How camest thou here?"

As she spoke, the cradle ceased rocking, the moonray faded on the bare floor, the room was silent.

She fell upon her knees, sobbing.

"My God, I have seen his double, his ghost. My man is dead!"

II

In the steep street of Quebec which is called "Side of the Mountain," there is a great descending curve; and from this curve, at the right, there drops a break-neck flight of steps, leading by the shortest way to the Lower Town.

As I came down these steps, after dining comfortably at the Château Frontenac, on the same night when Angélique was sleeping alone beside the twins in the

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little house of Saint Gérôme, I was aware of a merry fracas below me in the narrow lane called "Under the Fort." The gas lamps glimmered yellow in the gulf; the old stone houses almost touched their gray foreheads across the roadway; and in the cleft between them a dozen roystering companions, men and girls, were shouting, laughing, swearing, quarrelling, pushing this way and that way, like the waves on a turbulent eddy of the river before it decides which direction to follow. In the centre of the noisy group was a big fellow with a black mustache.

"I tell you, my boys," he cried, "we go to the Rue Champlain, to the *Moulin Gris* of old Trudel. There is good stuff to drink there; we'll make a night of it! My m'sieu' comes to seek me, but he will not find me until to-morrow. Shut your mouth, you Louis. What do we care for the police? Come, Suzanne, *marchons!*"

Then he broke out into song:

"Ce n'est point du raisin pourri,
C'est le bon vin qui danse!
C'est le bon vin qui danse ici,
C'est le bon vin qui danse!"

Even through its too evident disguise in liquor I knew the voice of my errant Pat. Would it be wise to accost him at such a moment, in such company? The streets of the Lower Town were none too peaceful after dark. And yet, if he was not altogether out of his head, it would be a good thing to stop him from going further and getting into trouble. At least it was worth trying.

"Good-evening, Pat," I cried.

He turned as if a pebble had struck him, and saw me standing under the flickering lamp. He stared for a moment in bewilderment, then a smile came over his face, and he pulled off his hat.

"There is my m'sieu'," he said; "my faith, but that is droll! You go on, you others. I must speak to him a little. See you later,—Rue Champlain,—the old place."

The befogged company rolled away in the darkness and Pat rolled over to me. His greeting was a bit unsteady, but his natural politeness and good-fellowship did not fail him.

"But how I am happy to see m'sieu'!" said he; "it is a little sooner than I expected, but so much the better! And how well m'sieu' carries himself—in full health, is it not? You have the air of it—all ready for the Peribonca, I suppose? *Batêche*, that will be a great voyage, and we shall have plenty of the good luck."

"Yes," I answered, "it looks to me like a good trip, if we get started right. I want to talk with you about it. Can you leave your friends for a while?"

His face reddened visibly under its dark coat of tan, and he stammered as he replied.

"But certainly, m'sieu'—they are not my friends—that is to say—well, I know them a little—they can wait—I am perfectly at the service of m'sieu'."

So we walked around the corner into the open square (which, by the way, is shaped like a triangle), at one side of which there is an old-fashioned French hotel, with a double *galerie* across its face, and green-shuttered windows. There were tables in front of it, and at one of these I invited Pat to join me in having some coffee.

His conversation at first was decidedly vague and woolly, though polite as ever. There was a thickness about his words as if they were a little swollen, and his ideas had loose edges, and would not fit together. However, he did his best to pull himself up and make good talk. But his *r*'s rolled like an unstrung drum and his *n*'s twanged like a cracked banjo. On the subject of the proper amount of provisions to take with us for our six weeks' camping trip he wandered wildly. Without doubt we must take enough—in grand quantity—one must live well—else one could not carry the load on the portages—very long portages—not good for heavy packs—we must take very little stuff—small rations, a little pork and flour—we can get plenty to eat with our guns and m'sieu's rod—a splendid country for sport—and those little fishes in tin boxes which m'sieu' loves so well—for sure we must take plenty of them!

It was impossible to get anything definite out of him in regard to the outfit of the camp, and I knew it beforehand; but I wanted to keep him talking while the coffee got in its good work, and I knew that his courtesy would not let him break away while I was asking questions. By the time I had poured him the second cup of the black brain-clearer he was distinctly more steady. His laugh was quieter, and his eyes grew more thoughtful.

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"And the bread," said I; "we must carry two or three loaves of good *habitant* bread, just for the first week out. I can't do without that. Do you suppose, by any chance, that Angélique would bake it for us? Or perhaps those lady friends of yours who have just left you—eh?"

A look of shame and protest flushed in Pat's face. He dropped his head, and lifted it again, glancing quickly at me to read a hidden meaning in the question. Then he turned away and stared across the square toward the slender spire of the little church at the other end.

"I assure you," he said slowly, "they are not of my friends, those—those—bah! what do those people know about making bread? I beg m'sieu' not to speak of those people there in the same breath with my Angélique!"

"Good!" I answered. "Pardon me, I will not do it again. I did not understand. They are bad people, I suppose. But how are you so thick with them?"

"If they are bad," said he, shrugging his shoulders—"if they are bad! But why should I judge them? That is God's affair. There are all kinds of people in His world. I do not like it that m'sieu' has found me with that kind. But a man must make a little fun sometimes, you comprehend, and sometimes he makes himself a damn fool, do you see? I have been with those people last night and to-day—and now I have promised—I have won the money of Pierre Goujon, and he must have his revenge—and I have promised that Suzanne Gravel—well, I must keep my word of honor and go to them for to-night. M'sieu' will excuse me now?"

He rose from the table, but I sat still.

"Wait a moment," I said; "there is no hurry. Let us have another pot of coffee and some of those little cakes with melted white sugar on them, like Angélique used to make." (He started slightly at the name.) "Come, sit down again. I want you to tell me something about that pretty old church across the square. See how the moonlight sparkles on the tin spire. What is the name of it?"

"Our Lady of the Victories," he answered, seating himself unwillingly. "They say it is the most old of the churches of Quebec."

"It is a fine name," said I. "What does it mean? What victories?"

"The French over the English, I suppose, long ago. It does not interest me now. I must be on my road to the *Moulin Gris.*"

"Will you stop on your way to say a prayer at the door of the church of Our Lady of the Victories?"

His eyes dropped and he shook his head.

"Well, then, on your way back in the morning perhaps you will stop at the church and go in to confess?"

He nodded his head and spoke heavily. "Who knows? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. There may be fighting to-night. Pierre is very mad and ugly. I am not afraid. But it is evident that m'sieu' makes the conversation to detain me. We are old friends. Why not speak frank?"

"Old friends we are, Pat, and frank it is. I do not want you to go to the Gray Mill. You have been drinking—stronger stuff than coffee. Those people will pluck you, do you up, perhaps stick a knife in you. Then what will become of Angélique and the twins? Stay here a while; I want to talk to you about the twins. How are they? You have not told me a word about them yet."

His face sombred and brightened again. He poured himself another cup of coffee and put in three spoonfuls of sugar, smiling as he stirred it.

"Ah," said he, "that is something good to speak of—those twins! It is easily seen that m'sieu' knows how to make the conversation. I could talk of those twins for a long time. They are better than ever,—strong, fat, and good,—and pretty, too,—you may believe it! I pretend to make nothing of the boy, just to tease my wife; and she pretends to make nothing of the girl, just to tease me. But they are a pair—I tell you, a pair of marvels!"

He went on telling me about their growth, their adventures, their clever tricks, as if the subject were inexhaustible. I offered him a cigar. But no, he preferred his pipe—with a *pipée* of the good tobacco from the Upper Town, if I would oblige him? The smoke wreaths curled over our heads. The other tables were gradually deserted. The sleepy waiter had received payment for the coffee and cleaned away the cups. The moon slipped behind the lofty cliff of the Citadel, and the little square lay in soft shadow with the church-spire shining dimly above

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it. Pat continued the *mémoires intimes* of Jacques and Jacqueline.

"And the cradle," I asked, "that famous cradle built for two—what has become of it? Doubtless it exists no more."

"But it is there," he cried warmly. "Angélique said it was in the way, but I persuaded her to keep it. You see, perhaps we might need it—what? Ha, ha, that would be droll. But anyway it is good for the twins to put their dolls to sleep in. It is a cradle so easy to rock. You do not need to touch it with your hand. It goes like this."

He put out his right foot with its *botte sauvage*, the round toe turned up, the low heel resting on the ground, and moved it slowly down and up as if it pressed an unseen rocker.

"*Comme ça, m'sieu'*," he said. "It demands no effort, only the tranquillity of soul. One can smoke a little, one can sing, one can dream of the days to come. That is a pleasant inn to stay at,—the Sign of the Cradle. How many good hours I have passed there,—the happiest of my life,—I thank God for them. I can never forget them."

A crash as of sudden thunder—a ripping, rending roar of swift, unknown disaster—filled the air, and shook the quiet houses around our Lady of the Victories with nameless terror. After it, ten seconds of thrilling silence, and then the distant sound of shrieking and wailing. We sprang to our feet, trembling and horror-stricken.

"It is in the Rue Champlain," cried Pat. "Come!"

We darted across the square, turned a corner to the right, a corner to the left, and ran down the long dingy street that skirts the foot of the precipice on which the Citadel is enthroned. The ramshackle houses, gray and grimy, huddled against the cliff that frowned above them with black scorn and menace. High against the stars loomed the impregnable walls of the fortress. Low in the shadow crouched the frail habitations of the poor, the miserable tenements, the tiny shops, the dusky drinking-dens.

The narrow way was already full of distracted people,—some running toward us to escape from danger,—some running with us to see what had happened.

"The Gray Mill," gasped my comrade; "a hundred yards further,—come on,—we must get there at all hazards! Push through!"

When we came at last to the place, there was a gap in the wall of houses that leaned against the cliff; a horrible confusion of shattered roofs and walls hurled across the street; and above it an immense scar on the face of the precipice. Ten thousand tons of rock, loosened secretly by the frost and the rain, had plunged without warning on the doomed habitations below and buried the Gray Mill in overwhelming ruin.

Pat trembled like a branch caught among the rocks in a swift current of the river. He buried his face in his hands.

"My God," he muttered, "was it as close as that? How was I spared? My God, pardon for all poor sinners!"

We worked for hours among the houses that had been more lightly struck and where there was still hope of rescuing the wounded. The Church of Our Lady of the Victories was quickly opened to receive them, and the priests ministered to the suffering and the dying as we carried them in.

As the pale dawn crept through the narrow windows, I saw Pat rise from his knees at the altar and come down the aisle to stand with me in the doorway.

"Well," said I, "it is all over, and here we are in the church this morning, after all."

"Yes," he answered; "it is the best place. It is where we all need to come. I have given my money to the priest,—it was not mine,—I have left it all for prayers to be said for the poor souls of those,—of those,—those friends of mine."

He brought out the words with brave humility, an avowal and a plea for pardon.

"We must send a telegram," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. "Angélique will be frightened if she hears of this. We must tranquillize her. How will this do? 'Safe and well. Coming home to-morrow to you and twins.' That makes just ten words."

"It is perfectly correct, m'sieu'," he replied gravely. "She will be glad to get that message. But,—if it would not cost too much,—only a few words more,—I should like to put in something to say, 'God bless you and forgive me.'"

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

II

1860–1867

I MUST begin this article after the Shandean manner by going back and telling what happened during the period covered by its predecessor and which was there omitted. There were various incidents before the year with which this chapter begins which I cannot pass over in silence, because they were so important to me and loom so large in my small life at that time.

In the year 1858 we were obliged to leave Winthrop Place, as Devonshire Street was opened through from the rear and passed directly across the site of our house and garden. My father, therefore, bought No. 31 Beacon Street, and thither, when he had practically rebuilt the house, we went to live in 1859, after some months at the Revere House, necessitated by the delays occasioned by the alterations. Thirty-one Beacon Street had belonged to Mr. Samuel Eliot, the father of the president of Harvard University, a well-known and greatly respected citizen in the Boston of those days. He had served in Congress as a conservative Whig from one of the Boston districts, and going into business late in life had lost all his property when the firm with which he was connected was carried down in the panic of 1857, a disaster so wide-reaching in its effects that I well remember the feeling of gloom which seemed to oppress every one during that year. A pleasant association with this purchase of 31 Beacon Street has come to me suddenly out of the past, and I add it here. In looking over some papers of her grandfather, Mr. Prescott, Mrs. Roger Wolcott recently came across this allusion in a letter written on February 22, 1858:

"The last item that I have heard is that Mr. Lodge has bought Sam. Eliot's house in Beacon St. for $50,000. I mean John E. Lodge, and I am glad that it has fallen into the hands of an old acquaintance."

This change of houses brought us into an entirely different quarter of the city. Winthrop Place was in the old part of Boston, that low land which lies between the hills and the sea, while Beacon Street, although not by any means just opened or newly built upon, was the portion of the town from which the new residence quarter was destined to spring, pushing its way to the westward over the flats of the Back Bay, still at that time marsh land and water and bridged by only one road, known as the Milldam, which stretched across the inlets to the main-land at Longwood. Thirty-one Beacon Street, where I passed many happy years and where my mother continued to live for more than forty years, until her death in 1900, stood on the crest of the hill, not far from the State House and next to the Hancock house, the famous and historic home of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was a handsome house, built very solidly of granite in the colonial style of the eighteenth century and was raised above the street on a series of terraces. It was my father's ambition to buy the house when it came into the market and give it to the State, but he died a year before the house was sold. Governor Banks had recommended the purchase of the Hancock house by the State some years before, but when the opportunity came the country was plunged in civil war and the government did not feel able to spend money on what seemed a mere sentiment. So it was sold to private persons and torn down in 1863. Thus perished by far the finest and, historically, the most interesting of our colonial houses, the building best worth preserving, as a specimen of eighteenth-century domestic architecture, which existed in New England or perhaps anywhere in the old Thirteen States. I was convalescent from scarlet fever when the house was taken down and used to sit at the window of my play-room and watch the men slowly pry

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off one block of stone after another, for the masonry was so solid that it could be accomplished in no other way. I hated to see this done, for I was attached to the old house and had often been in it and over it with Charles Hancock, one of the sons of the last owner.

Our house, as I have said, stood on the crest of Beacon Street and looked south over the Common, with its fine trees, while from the side windows in the first years we could see the street across the Hancock garden, which was filled with lilac bushes whose perfume, in our tardy spring, loaded the air with fragrance. Ours was a spacious house of generous width and full of sunshine. I thought then, and think still, that it was one of the pleasantest of situations and that few city houses have one at all comparable to it.

The other great event in my life contemporary with removal to a new house was my leaving Mrs. Parkman and going to a new school, a man's school, which was kept in a large room under Park Street Church. It was a small private school, and the master was Mr. Thomas Russell Sullivan, a grandson of James Sullivan, governor of Massachusetts at the beginning of the nineteenth century and grand-nephew of John Sullivan, the distinguished Revolutionary general. Mr. Sullivan had been a clergyman before he became a school-master and was an accomplished man. He always seemed to me sad and oppressed with care, owing I suppose to the fact that his health was giving way. But he was a thorough gentleman, kindly and good, and, although I regarded him as a tribal enemy at the time, I find now that I recall his memory with affection and respect.

This change of school was to me momentous and appeared in the light of a promotion, as I fancy the first man's school always seems to a boy. Yet I left Mrs. Parkman's with secret regret, for I had the unmanly weakness, as I considered it, to be fond of her, and I was much attached to the boys who had been my companions in her house. I do not know that one's school-fellows are of much interest to anybody except themselves, although I have always enjoyed the accounts of Lamb's and Coleridge's schoolmates, most of whom are rescued from oblivion merely by that association. I think, however, that all school-boys have the charm at the moment which possibilities always possess, and afterward develop the interest which is inseparable from looking backward and seeing how these possibilities of school and college finally worked out and how constant the rule is in these cases of the unexpected happening. There is pleasure as well as pain in such retrospects which disclose the spectacle both of success and failure, and the humor of the early memories is often clouded by the pathos or the tragedy with which the little stories end.

> "Some with lives that came to nothing,
> Some with deeds as well undone;
> Death came silently and took them
> Where they never see the sun."

Just as it happened to Galuppi's Venetians. It is a very old and very familiar story.

At Mr. Sullivan's, made memorable to me by the fact that I was there feruled for the first time while my friends lurked outside the door to count the blows and see whether I cried, I remember but few of the boys. I think I lost sight of most of them after our brief two years together, but there were a few whom I first knew there and whom I have known ever since. One of them was Russell Sullivan, son of the master, writer of plays and novels and charming stories, a friend long years afterward of Robert Louis Stevenson, one of my intimates then, sharing my love of the theatre, the most delightful of men and a life-long friend. Still another intimate of those days whom I had known from the beginning as a neighbor was Russell Gray, younger brother of the eminent justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Horace Gray. He was just my age, but like most of his family so phenomenally clever at his books that he was two years ahead of the rest of us, both at school and college. None the less, he has been the friend of a lifetime and he figures largely in the memories of my boyhood.

In thus mentioning a few of the boys whom I knew at the beginning of life, I am led to say something to which I have long desired to give utterance, purely for my own satisfaction, of boys in general and of boy nature, a much misunderstood subject, so far as my observation goes, especially in literature. The misunderstanding arises, I fear, not from inability so much as from unwillingness to tell the truth, just as happens in

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the attempts of literature to describe the lives of young men. Thackeray came nearer to it than any one when he told the story of Pendennis, and yet he did not, and I think he admitted that he did not, dare to tell the whole truth. "There are subjects, my dear," said Major Pendennis to his sister-in-law, "about which a young fellow cannot surely talk to his mamma." It is eminently proper that there should be such a restriction. It is equally true that there are some things that no man says to young girls or to innocent children, but when you assume that literature must be framed according to those restrictions the truth of literature to life is apt to be defective. The episodes in Pendennis of Fanny and the Fotheringay and of Warrington's marriage were as far as Thackeray had the courage to go in indicating a side of nearly every man's life which those who write the English language think it due to the great fetich of respectability to suppress. Fielding and Smollett, living in a time of much less "respectability," were more truthful and are now thought coarse, but the nineteenth century in England and America preferred suppression, although, as Mr. George Sampson remarked of the under petticoat, "After all, you know, ma'am, we know it's there." From this attitude there has been of late years a revolt, conducted, unluckily, for the most part by such inferior hands that the result is even less lifelike than when Victorian "respectability" set its burdensome limitations upon all writers. In France they have suffered from the hypocrisy of vice as in England and the United States from the hypocrisy of virtue, and the result has been nearly as deforming. The youthful Caligula is almost as rare among young men as the blameless prig and is as unreal as a hero of the Romantic period like Pelham.

In the same way, although not for the same precise reason perhaps, we have suffered from the *suppressio veri* in regard to boys. The best analysis of boy nature at large that I have met, and I met it long after I had ceased to be a boy, is that of Mr. Howells in "A Boy's Town." This analysis is limited by the fact that it relates to boys in a small country town in a newly settled country, and there is some slight suppression, but the salient features are all set forth. Mr. Howells points out the close resemblance of boys to savages or primitive people as shown by their queer adhesion to meaningless customs, such as doing certain things only at certain times of the year, their odd superstitions wholly unconnected with religion, their loyalty to some code peculiar to themselves and alien to every one else, and their ready hero-worship, often misdirected, but at bottom generous and fine. He describes the mad enthusiasm and excitement with which they rush into any new pursuit and the ease with which they tire of it and thrust it aside, lacking, like savages, both foresight and tenacity of purpose, something very different from obstinacy, in which boys abound. All these points are at once subtle and true, speaking, as we must, of boys as a class and not of the exceptional boys who prove the existence of the rule.

Most of these qualities are entirely overlooked by those who have undertaken to write about boys. Take, for example, the Jacob Abbott books. Heaven forbid that I should underrate those works, for I read them over and over again, and they had the same unfailing attraction for my children. The charm, I think, consists in the extreme realism of the incidents, a realism so dry and unrelenting that it leaves the greatest of modern realists far behind. It is, however, this dry realism which children like, although at the same time they adore fairy stories which appeal only to their imagination. But the boys and girls who are the heroes of these tales, from Rollo down, are, like Dryden's Mexicans, beings who never really existed anywhere on sea or land. To the adult mind they are humorous, but children accept them seriously and are fully content with the matter-of-fact incidents of their lives.

Take another example, a book which was the favorite with all boys of my time, "School Days at Rugby." Up to a certain point no better book describing boys was ever written. Tom Brown and East are real boys, real in their activities, in their habit of regarding the masters as their tribal enemies, in their shirking of lessons, in their courage at games, in their complete lack of any sense of responsibility, in their loyalty to their own code of honor, and in the cheerful paganism of their lives. The story goes to pieces when Arthur appears. When I read the story as a boy I lost all interest when Arthur took control and re-

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volted against it. I could not analyze my feeling then or explain it, but the reason is obvious enough. To the average healthy boy, Arthur appears to be a prig, which he was, and a hypocrite, which he probably was not, but the great defect is that he is unreal and untrue to boy life. Such boys no doubt exist, but they do not convert other boys and send them to head-masters to experience a religious revival, because most boys are natural and not artificial. The demon of respectability conjoined with the then prevailing fashion of "muscular Christianity" took this means of marring an otherwise excellent book.

The boys whom I knew closely resembled Tom Brown and Harry East before they held their camp-meetings with Dr. Arnold. They were as a rule the reverse of timid; they fought a good deal among themselves and with others; they learned their lessons after a fashion, some very well, some very ill; they had a portentous activity in mischief which occupied much of their time; they had a large and ignorant curiosity as to sexual relations, not morbid, merely characteristic of the young animal; they all tried to smoke and were cured by being made violently sick, and they had a strict sense of honor according to their own strange code. They were in an odd way intensely conservative. Youth is radical and revolutionary, but the child is conservative. It is not the conservatism of age which knows that changes are inevitable and instinctively bears and resists them. The child contemplates no change. He regards the arrangement of his little world as final and resents any other view. Hence his superstitions and his attachment to certain seasons for certain games or sports. It is interesting to watch the child gradually outgrow these traits of the infancy of the race. The boys I knew loved secrets and useless mystery, and, as Stevenson says in "The Lantern Bearers," indulged in much "silly and indecent talk"; they were natural idlers, like savages, and, like savages, they had a tendency to be cruel, which disappeared as they grew up and began to think. They were as a rule generous, and they were certainly improvident again until they began to think, for the absence of connected thought among boys, their inability, to put it more exactly, to think coherently makes foresight impossible and again allies them with savages, who represent the boyhood of the race. Boys, as I knew them—and I speak always of the average and of the majority—were adventurous—an excellent quality—and would run huge risks for trivial objects, which was much less excellent. The boys whom I knew would habitually venture their necks climbing over the roofs of high houses or "shinning" up trees, in the one case for mischief, in the other for birds' eggs. They would run every sort of risk on the water or in it, or when the ice broke up in spring, just for mere excitement. They had an unbridled love of explosives, and few indeed were those who had not burned themselves more or less with gun-powder. I was personally very fortunate in this, for I think I was naturally cautious. Except for pitching out backward and head first from an express cart which I had not been invited to enter, and knocking myself senseless on the stones of the gutter, and on another occasion burning all the skin off my hand with a train of gun-powder which I ignited with a view of imprinting my immortal initials on a window-sill, I came off unscathed. Pain from accidents like these boys bear as a rule with savage stoicism, but their moral is much inferior to their physical courage. They shrink from going contrary to the public opinion of their own world, although they will defy that of their elders with a fine indifference. That all men are liars we know upon high if hasty authority, but although all boys entangle themselves in deceptions and do not always respect as they ought the division between *meum* and *tuum*, those whom I knew were as a rule fairly truthful, especially to each other, and a boy who broke his word was regarded with marked disfavor and contempt. They also resembled savages or people of a low civilization in their destructiveness. They liked to destroy for the mere pleasure of destruction. A large part of the waking hours of my friends and myself was given up to mere mischief, from ringing door-bells and breaking windows and street-lamps to much more serious undertakings. We were in consequence anything but popular in the neighborhoods which we graced by our presence, and we went in constant fear of householders whom we had wantonly injured, and of policemen who, we thought, were on the lookout for us. I know that, like Mr. Swiveller, the

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account of debts, but from the dread of just retribution at the hands of those whose property I had injured.

Such were boys as I knew them, young heathens and little Gallios for the most part, but rarely hypocrites. If the outline I have drawn is not flattering, it is, I believe, at least correct, and these same boys by a large percentage turned out well and became honest men and useful citizens. I do not believe that they differed much from well-born, well-cared-for boys with the same race traditions anywhere else. They were at least pleasant to live with, if you were one of them, although I can conceive that they might have often been a sore trial to those charged with their bringing up, as well as to other adult persons who had the misfortune to be their neighbors. If they were frequently harsh, or even cruel at times, to the timid or the weak, they had a wholesome dislike of the youthful prig—especially if he was a religious prig—for they felt that such boys must be insincere and they drove them out from amongst them.

Before I come to my next school I must tell of an incident which befell me at the end of my first decade, and as my life has been singularly destitute of adventures I may be excused for narrating this one. It is not a tale of adventure by flood and field, but of a crime of which I was an involuntary and, as it proved, an important witness.

In the summer of 1860 I was as usual at Nahant, and among my playmates was a boy slightly younger than myself named Charles Allan Thorndike Rice. His father, Mr. Henry Rice, and his aunts, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Guild, were all friends of my father and mother. They lived in summer with their mother, Mrs. Rice, and with the many children of the household I habitually played. The young Grants and Guilds I had always known. Allan Rice was a new acquaintance and much prized by me. To explain the situation I must first state some facts which were not known to me at the time. Mr. Henry Rice's marriage had been an unhappy one and he and his wife had recently been divorced. The courts had awarded the custody of the child to Mr. Rice. Mrs. Rice, who was a passionate and determined woman, was bent on gaining possession of her son and had already made by a negro servant, a powerful man, named Jackson, which seemed to me odd, but which in the easy fashion of childhood I accepted without question. As a matter of fact, the negro was armed and was there to protect the child. He was always with him except in the house or when the boy was at school. The only moment, therefore, when it would be possible to abduct the child was when he was actually in school, which I suppose his father thought impossible, but which was just the occasion when the abduction was effected.

The school in question was a small one, kept by a Mr. Fette, and lasted only for two or three hours in the morning. It was not considered necessary that I should go to school in summer, a deprivation which I bore with philosophy, but as most of my friends enjoyed this educational advantage I was in the habit of going to the school about noon and waiting at the door for them to come out. The school was held in a church, a building of the Greek temple type, with a Doric portico after the fashion of the first years of the nineteenth century, when classical buildings were much in vogue. So one fine summer morning I seated myself at the base of one of the aforesaid columns to await the escape of my companions from their prison house, which was to occur in a few minutes. I was not a conspicuous figure in the landscape, but I was an idle and observant one. As I sat there, looking up and down the quiet and perfectly empty country road—for Nahant was a small place in those days and the great hotel, of which I have before spoken, had failed and was closed—my wandering attention was attracted by a buggy, rapidly driven, which passed the church and went on to the end of the road. There it turned and came back, turned again and repeated the same movement. My father was a lover and owner of horses and, as I shall explain later, I had a fine natural taste for horses myself. The horse in this particular buggy caught my eye and I set him down as very handsome and very fast.

Meanwhile I noticed another buggy which had stopped further down the road without coming to the church at all. From this second buggy two men alighted, walked up the street and stopped on the corner op-

posite the church. Idly watching them I noticed that one was a smooth-faced, dark-skinned young man with black hair and that the other was a stoutly built, older man, with reddish hair and beard. Just as I was looking at them the first buggy came back and drew up in front of the church close to where I was sitting. A large man with brown hair, mustache, and flowing whiskers of the style made famous by Lord Dundreary jumped out, the other two men crossed over and all three rushed into the church. In a moment, as it seemed to me, the large man with the whiskers came out with Allan Rice in his arms, put him into the buggy, drew the boot over him, and drove away at top speed. Another moment and the other two men ran out and up the street toward their buggy, with the school-master, his Newfoundland dog, the other boys, and myself all in hot pursuit. The men reached their buggy and got away before we could overtake them, and that was the last I saw of Allan Rice for nearly thirty years. His mother disguised him as a girl, and after some narrow escapes managed to reach Canada, and went thence to England, where young Rice was educated, going, I believe, to Oxford. As for me, I went home from the scene of action full of excitement and told all I had seen to my family, for it had naturally made a profound impression upon my little mind. That night as I was going to bed I heard voices outside the house, and listening attentively distinguished Mr. Rice saying something to my father which sounded like "Cabot knowing all about it." What this might portend I did not know, but I remember a slight feeling of anxiety similar to that most familiar sensation which was wont to beset me when I thought that some scrape of mine was on the eve of discovery. Little did I realize what importance I had suddenly assumed, but the fact was that I was the only person who had got a good look at the large man and who was capable of identifying him, because the other two men, when they seized the school-master, had kept themselves between him and the captor of the boy.

Two or three days later I was taken to Boston by my father. We proceeded to the Charles Street Jail, where we met Mr. Rice and some detectives. I was told to walk round the whole range of cells, look into each and if I saw any one of the three men engaged in the abduction at Nahant, to point him out. I walked around as I was bidden, looking into some forty cells and some very evil faces. When I reached the last cell, number one, I stopped and said, "That is the man who took Charlie." As he had meantime shaved his head, mustache, and whiskers, the identification was unusually prompt and complete. The man's name was Nickerson. He was a livery-stable keeper, and he had been employed by Mrs. Rice and her mother, who had become by a second marriage Mrs. Bourne, and who was a woman of large wealth, to kidnap the child. There was no telegraph from Nahant in those days, and no police, so that by driving straight to Boston the kidnappers had four miles or half an hour's start. With great speed Boston could be reached over the road in a little more than an hour, although the distance was fifteen miles, but in this way the train and the delay at the Lynn station were avoided. Nickerson had taken a well-known trotting horse which belonged to one of his customers and which was valued at twenty-five hundred dollars, a large sum in those days, and in this way he got the boy to Boston before the news reached any one capable of action. Incidentally he killed the horse by over-driving, and Mrs. Bourne I suppose paid for it.

The reddish-haired man was named Smith and was a hack-driver in the employ of Nickerson. He was arrested and identified by Mr. Fette, although I also subsequently identified him in court. The third man was never caught. I remember being taken one day by the chief detective to a shop where rope and twine were sold. On the way he said: "Now you are my little boy. We are going to buy some kite string, and I want you to look well at the young man who sells it to us and tell me if you saw him at Nahant." I was delighted to buy kite string and carried out my share of the plot perfectly. The salesman was young, dark-haired, and smooth-faced, but he was not the third man. I told my pretended father so as we walked off, the ball of kite string tight under my arm. He seemed disappointed, but I think it gave him confidence in my other identifications, as showing that I had a decided memory. The third man, as I have said, was never taken, and I have no doubt that he was Mrs. Rice

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herself, for she was entirely reckless, and her presence was probably necessary to make sure that the right boy was picked up in the scramble.

Then came the proceedings of the law. I went before a grand jury and told my story. There was a technical flaw in the indictment and I went before another grand jury and told it again. Then, nearly eighteen months after the kidnapping, the case came on for trial at Lawrence, one of the county seats of Essex County. Up to that time I had enjoyed myself hugely. I had been treated as a person of importance. I liked to go about with detectives and visit jails and buy kite string in an assumed character, and tell my story to a few grand jury men in a quiet, empty room, and then pocket witness fees which represented a large amount of wealth to me at that time. But when it came to facing a crowded court-room it was a different matter. My imagination had time to work, and as the day approached I became very nervous and thought that I should break down. My father was ill and could not go with me, but he promised me that if I told my story well, as I had told it to him, and behaved creditably on the witness-stand, he would give me a gold watch. Even this alluring prospect did not cheer me, and I went with my mother to Lawrence and sat trembling in the witness-room in a very doleful frame of mind. At last I was called, went out into the crowded court-room, took the stand, and was sworn. The scene rises vividly before me, for I seemed like a drowning man to see everything at once—Nickerson and Smith, whom I immediately recognized, judge and jury, counsel and spectators. It was a brilliant winter's day and the court-room seemed full of light and people. It was the first time that I noticed how differently a crowd looks when you are one of the crowd, and when you are the object of the crowd's concentrated gaze. Mr. Ives, the district attorney, a very clever man, examined me in chief—that is, he let me tell my story, which I did honestly, I know, and clearly, I think, without either diminution or embroidery. I had a good memory, the facts to which I was to testify had made a sharp impression, and I had also told the tale many times. Mrs. Bourne (or Mrs. Rice) had employed strong counsel for the defence: Judge Abbott and Mr. Charles Blake, then a rising man at the Boston bar. Mr. Blake cross-examined me. He did not shake my story, for there was nothing that could be shaken, so he resorted to an old device to confuse me. He asked me where the second buggy stood. That I told him exactly. Then: "Was the curtain in the back up or down? How far away was it? Was it fifty yards? Was it seventy-five? Might it have been a hundred yards?" and so on. To all which I replied truthfully: "I don't know." Suddenly I heard a deep voice on my left say: "Mr. Blake, I think that will do. It is perfectly evident that the boy is telling the truth." It was the judge—Judge Lord, very well known in his day, a man of sharp wit and rough tongue, called in capital cases a "hanging judge," respected but dreaded by the bar and afterward raised to the Supreme Bench of the State. He was a strong and able judge and a sound lawyer. He may have been rough with members of the bar, but he was very kind to me. At all events, he ended Mr. Blake and I left the stand. I had hardly reached the witness-room when I burst into tears, I was only eleven, and said: "Oh, I made a mistake; I must go back," and without waiting I rushed again into the court-room, where, regardless of everybody, I addressed the judge, whom I looked upon as my next friend, and said: "I made one mistake. May I correct it?" "Certainly, my boy," said Judge Lord; "say anything you please." So I corrected the mistake, which I have entirely forgotten—it was something quite trivial—and then left the court-room for the second time much elated.

In due time I received my watch, an English Frodsham with a hunting-case, which I began to wear when I was eighteen and have worn ever since, and which had my name and the date of the trial engraved on the inside. Mr. Rice also gave me a seal ring, so that I felt very proud of my performance and very rich owing to my witness fees, which, as I have said, represented to me at that time untold wealth. Nickerson and Smith were convicted and got seven years apiece, which they avoided by jumping their heavy bail furnished by Mrs. Bourne and thoughtfully betaking themselves to Canada. That I might have incurred their hostility, for I was a fatal witness, did not occur to me at the time, but

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last thing they would or could have done, and take an exemplary revenge upon my precious person. This gave me some uneasy moments, especially at night just before going to sleep. I suppose those two men never thought of me again, except as a bit of ill luck in their estimable careers. Of Allan Rice I shall have occasion to speak again when I reach the time at which we renewed our acquaintance, although this little incident in his life and mine never formed the subject of our conversation.

The court-room at Lawrence was my first appearance in public. I have faced many audiences since then but none which I have so dreaded, although I went through my ordeal perfectly well, and very few where my utterances were so efficient in immediate results. It was my first and last appearance as a witness in court.

In 1861 I left Mr. Sullivan's and went to Mr. Dixwell's private Latin school, where I was to be prepared in due time for college. Mr. Dixwell had been head-master of the public Latin school, the famous and historic school founded in Boston at the very beginning of the Puritan settlement. He had left that position to establish a school of his own, in which undertaking he was very successful. For five years he was a very important figure in my daily life, and I remember him well, both at that time and afterward. I regarded him then, of course, as a tribal enemy with whom there was necessarily perpetual war, but I am sure that I always respected him, which was by no means true of some of my other masters, both in school and college. Mr. Dixwell was a direct descendant of John Dixwell, the regicide, who sensibly took refuge in Connecticut when the estimable Charles II came to the throne. I have thought since, perhaps fancifully, that a certain stiffness and rigidity which were observable in my master, who was a good deal of a martinet and given to severe sarcasm at the expense of stupid or disorderly boys, may have been inherited from his conspicuously Puritan ancestor, who had passed sentence of death upon a king. But what I never doubted was that Mr. Dixwell was a thorough gentleman, albeit a rigorous one, and that he was also a scholar and an accomplished man. I can see him now, a slight, active quietly dressed, and then mounting the platform and calling the school to order in a clear, dry voice. I looked upon him with hostility owing to our official relations, but that hostility was tempered, as I have said, with respect and also with a little fear. He exercised, I am sure, a good influence upon me, for he had no patience with slovenliness of mind; he also taught well, as I found when I reached the top of the school and came under him. He was an especially good critic and instructor in declamation, which occurred once a month, and was an exercise in which I began very badly and ended by doing very well, finally getting the highest marks, thanks to my master's ministrations. I am sure that I write dispassionately of Mr. Dixwell, for I was never in favor with him, and indeed there was no reason why I should have been. The first year that I was in the school, mainly I think to gratify my father, I worked hard and came out first in my class and third in a school of over fifty boys. I found in an old school book belonging to my friend Sturgis Bigelow a list of the class at that time with appropriate comments appended to each name by some other youth. The comments were without exception unfavorable, and I was described as "A miserable little dig," an unfeigned tribute to my scholastic eminence which I soon ceased to deserve, for my high rank ended with that first year. I found that I could do "well enough" with very little effort, and as very little effort suited my tastes I stood "well enough" during the rest of my school years, but never again upon the high places, while on the conduct list in company with one or two other choice spirits I sank to the bottom, a pre-eminence which I readily maintained.

I received the usual amount of what was then called education, and which was probably quite as good as what is called education now. The old system was in force. We spent a great deal of time on the Latin and Greek grammars and mastered them thoroughly. We learned to read and write Latin and to read Greek with reasonable ease, going as far as Virgil, Horace, and Cicero in the one and in the other as far as Felton's Greek Reader, which contained selections from nearly all the principal poets and prose writers of Greece. To show the

range of Felton's selections I will merely mention that when I was examined for admission to Harvard I was called upon to construe the famous fragment of Simonides describing Danae in the chest. In addition to the classics we were drilled in algebra and plane geometry, were given a smattering of French and a course in Greek and Roman history. That we should learn anything of modern history or of the history of our own country was thought quite needless.

All those dreary hours spent over the Latin and Greek grammars seem now a waste of time, and yet as mere drilling they were, I think, as good as anything else and gave at least a solid foundation upon which to build a knowledge of the classics if the recipient were so inclined. Sturgis Bigelow said to me not long ago: "After all, we were pretty well educated. We learned to swim and ride, to box and fence and handle a boat." As a commentary upon our education nothing could be better. We really learned "to swim and ride, to box and fence and handle a boat," quite apart from school, and they were all things well worth learning. We also made many enduring friendships in the school which went on through life. William Lawrence, now Bishop of Massachusetts, I had known before, but at Mr. Dixwell's school we were to sit side by side for six years, as we did later for four more years in college. It would take too long to name the many others above and below me in the school whom I first knew then and with whom I became intimate. It is more interesting to try at least to give an account of what Gyas and Cloanthus did than simply to catalogue the fact that they existed and were strong.

Bigelow's description of our education was in the main correct; it was largely physical and very enjoyable. We all swam at an early age and at Nahant we passed most of our time in the water or on it, for we also at an early age learned to row and to sail a boat. I do not remember the exact time when I first had a sail-boat, but it must have been when I was about thirteen years old, and I had a boatman who went with me and taught me and from whose guardianship I was as a matter of course eager to escape. One day Frank Chadwick and I were out with him and he, wishing to go ashore, tied the boat up at the wharf and departed, after making us promise to wait just where we were. The promise broke as soon as the boatman was out of sight and we cast off and began tacking back and forth in the bay. While thus pleasantly and happily engaged to our own complete satisfaction a big New York yacht, *The Idler*, came in, and as she was running wing and wing, her great sails took all the wind out of our little one just as we were crossing her course. We lost steerage way and *The Idler* saw us too late to sheer off. We beheld Fate rushing upon us, knew not what to do and did nothing. I saw a gentleman whom I knew, Mr. William Otis, run up to the bow of *The Idler*. He recognized us and called out "Jump overboard!" Having no views of my own, over I went and Chadwick after me, our little boat being swept aside by the yacht and not seriously injured. I remember a bad moment before I rose to the surface, when it flashed over me that I might come up under the yacht, but in an instant I had my head out of water and saw the big black hull gliding by and then I was quite at ease. We paddled about and were picked up in a few minutes, and I remember Mr. Otis saying that he had alarmed the people on the yacht when he told us to jump overboard, but that he knew very well that in the water we should be quite safe. I and my friends soon learned to sail a boat very competently and later I became the owner of a little sloop upon which I passed many hours every summer until I left college.

We boys in those days went also much into the country, for there was real country then within easy reach of Boston, and we gave much time to walks and expeditions of various sorts, often, I am sorry to say, in pursuit of birds' eggs, to which we were wont to devote our Saturdays and holidays. Then later we went shooting on the cape and elsewhere and some of us, like Bigelow and Chadwick, became capital shots, which I never did, although I gave a great deal of time to both the shot-gun and the rifle. These weapons were put into our hands very early, as it seems to me, and I rather think through the influence of Dr. Bigelow.

Altogether, as I look back upon it I think that we had a great deal of vigorous outdoor life, which is better than many forms of education. We also played all games assiduously, foot-ball, base-ball, hockey, and the rest, varied in winter by coasting,

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skating, and savage snow-ball fights on the Common with boys from the South End and the back of Beacon Hill, whom we called "muckers," and who usually defeated us owing purely to superior numbers, as I have always religiously believed. I was never very apt or successful at these games and sports except steering a double runner which I had built and planned myself and which I managed with skill, but I engaged in them all with the utmost energy, and that, after all, is the really important thing. The value of athletic sports is not what they bring to the nines and elevens and eights who are pictured and advertised in the newspapers. Indeed, to the champions I am inclined to think that they are often harmful, both from the physical strain and from the fleeting notoriety. The true value of athletic sports is to the average boy like myself, who never comes to any distinction, but who in this way learns to like rough-and-tumble games and to be fond of vigorous and wholesome exercise and of outdoor life.

I have left to the last the form of outdoor sport which I liked best at the beginning and which has been my friend and my enjoyment all through my life, and that is riding. My father owned and drove fast trotting horses and also rode regularly with my sister, so that we always had a stable full of horses of various kinds. As far back as I can remember I used to be put on the back of one of my father's or sister's horses and allowed to ride them round the yard at Nahant. Then came riding lessons in Boston under the instruction of Mr. Thuolt, a follower of Kossuth, a living and very robust reminder of the nearness of the great year of 1848. He was a Hungarian and had served in the Austrian cavalry, a tall, large, fine-looking man, very kind to small boys. He also gave us lessons in the broadsword, and I kept for a long time the wooden representative of that weapon with which I used to practise the cuts and passes.

At last, in 1861, my father gave me a horse of my own. He was a small horse, as big as a polo pony, of pure Morgan stock, the famous Vermont strain, very handsome, very spirited, very fast in all gaits, very intelligent. He learned to know me as if he had been a dog, and would do anything I asked of him. I was, as I have said, fond of fire-arms and I trained "Pip" —he was named Pip because my father said I had such "Great Expectations" of him— to stand so that I could fire a pistol from his back, which not only satisfied my sense of the general fitness of things, as derived from Mayne Reid, but also enabled me on one occasion to kill a dangerous dog which used to spring out at me on a certain country road. I cannot resist saying as much as this about one of the best and best-loved friends of my boyhood. I rode him for many years, and when I outgrew him drove him in a light wagon. He lived to a ripe age; he was never "sick or sorry" for a day, so far as I remember, and he never refused a fence or declined to go anywhere when I asked him, either to take a jump or to follow me.

The epoch-making summer when Pip was presented to me was also marked by the fact that we passed it at Newport instead of at Nahant. I think my father had an idea of buying a house there and wanted to try the place for a summer. But that which makes Newport in 1861 truly memorable to me is that I really learned to ride there, for when I had got a firm seat, Parker, our English coachman, put up some bars in the lane behind our house and taught me to jump, for which I have always held him in grateful remembrance. Newport itself was not to my taste at that time. Its character and its life were much the same then as now, but the scale of living was far more modest. The great houses and small palaces of the Newport of to-day had then no existence, although there were some handsome villas, the most considerable being that of Mr. Bareda, the Peruvian minister, which, with its terrace, excited my youthful admiration. Bellevue Avenue was not yet entirely built up. Bateman's Point was reached by a long country drive among outlying farms destitute of houses, and everything else was proportionate. The bathing was the same as now, the gayety, the society, the "dull, mechanic pacing to and fro" which was called driving on the avenue, were all much as they are at the present time. There was a great deal of fine dressing, an abundance of handsome horses and carriages from four-in-hands down, and all the paraphernalia which have since been developed to such an amazing degree. But if the scale was smaller in those days there was, I believe, better taste

and less vulgarity and ostentation than is seen there to-day. The large hotels with which every American watering-place has begun its career were not yet extinct. The Ocean House, the Fillmore, and The Crawford were still in active existence, but the Atlantic House was used for midshipmen, as owing to the war the Academy had been transferred from Annapolis to Newport. I think the Atlantic House had been converted to this use at that time, but I may have confused it with 1864, when I was again in Newport, where the Academy had then been established for some years.

How my family enjoyed their summer there I do not know, but I regarded Newport with great disfavor. I missed my friends, I disliked the artificial life, I preferred the rocks of Nahant and deep water to swimming in bathing clothes from a flat beach. I found some compensation in catching blue-fish and in sailing about the harbor, but the alleviation was slight. It was, therefore, with joy that I returned to Boston, especially as the vacation was not quite over and I was able to go to Nahant for a few days' stay at our gardener's house, which I particularly liked to do, and pass my days with Chadwick. While I was there, on the night of September 11, the huge wooden barracks of a hotel with which Mr. Paran Stevens had intended to convert Nahant into a fashionable watering-place took fire and burned to the ground. A very splendid fire it was, seen far up and down the coast and by distant vessels out at sea as it blazed up on its lonely promontory. I say politely "took fire," but the hotel had been wholly unoccupied for some weeks and I fear it may be said, as General Butler remarked of the baking machinery, "It was a failure and of course it burned." The hotel had failed utterly, and Mr. Paran Stevens, as Bishop Clark of Rhode Island said to me years afterward, "Got out in what is civilly called an adroit manner," leaving his partners with the property and the debts. After the fire the estate came on the market and my father made an attempt to induce some of his friends in Nahant to join in buying it in order to rebuild the old small hotel. The attempt came to nothing because in that war-time nobody wished to buy Nahant land, so my father bought it himself, gave up all idea of going to Newport, and began to prepare the place for his own house. He did not live to carry out his plans, but in later years my sister and myself built our houses there, left our old villa which belonged to my grandfather, and have lived at East Point ever since.

My account of sports and outdoor life has led me to Newport and back to the Nahant hotel fire, but I would not have it supposed, as I wish to give all the influences which were at work on my life, that I had no other occupation than sports and athletics, supplemented by general mischief and destructiveness in my idler moments.

There was, in the first place, one occupation neither athletic nor physical in its nature from which I derived much excitement, a great deal of amusement, and, I venture to think, some real information and instruction. This was going to the theatre, for which, as it happened, I came by accident to have unusual opportunities. The first time I was ever taken to the theatre was to see the pantomime and ballet of "Cinderella." I remember the scene of the kitchen and the child by the fire; then the pumpkin turning into a coach and then nothing more. I was told long afterward that at that point I fell heavily asleep and in that condition was carried home and put to bed. But after this first broken recollection, the time of which I cannot fix definitely, theatrical memories grow very numerous. Those which fill the largest space are, of course, the Ravels, the famous brothers, four at first and then gradually dwindling as each retired until only one remained. The rope-dancing and tumbling, the athletic feats and the ballets, which formed part of the performances, were like everybody else's, and although they filled my childhood with wonder, I have seen all these things done a thousand times and done much better and with greater difficulties and larger risks. But the Ravels themselves in their pantomimes I have never seen equalled, and I have watched such performances carefully in many places. Their agility, their humor, their dumb show were not only perfect in themselves but of extraordinary dramatic quality. Any one who recalls François or Gabriel in "Pongo" or "Jocko," the "Wonderful Apes," will understand what I mean, for in those impersonations it was not the feats of dexterity and agility which they performed, but the acting which impressed one most. An-

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clown I have ever seen, and I have seen many. All his fun, too, was in pantomime, so that he had to amuse his audience solely by action and play of feature without the aid of the aged and often coarse and clumsy jokes of the clown of the circus ring. In the "Magic Trumpet" and the "White Knight" he was especially effective, but I also remember being thrilled by the exciting scenes of "Bianco," by "Raoul or the Magic Star," by "Robert Macaire," and "Mazulm or the Night Owl," all long since vanished from every stage.

The first serious play I ever saw was "Julius Cæsar." My grandfather took me to see it at the Howard Athenæum, because he said that I ought to see that play when given by such a company. I was very young at the time, but I enjoyed it all hugely and was deeply stirred. It was indeed a remarkable cast. E. L. Davenport, a first-rate actor of the old school, was Brutus, Edwin Booth was Cassius, Lawrence Barrett was Mark Antony, and John McCullough was Cæsar. They were all young men except Davenport, and all rose to the first rank, Booth, of course, being the greatest and even then the star. I did not fall asleep that afternoon, and every part of that performance is as vivid to me as if it were yesterday. I have seen the play many times since, but I doubt if I have ever seen it given better than on that first occasion. Brutus and Cassius, of course, impressed me most, but I have never forgotten Antony in a green toga delivering the great oration. How well Barrett did it I do not know, but I remember that it made me eager to join the Roman mob and avenge the death of Cæsar on the spot.

My father and grandfather took me to see the Ravels and "Shakespeare," but having thus acquired a taste for the theatre I soon began to gratify it independently. Those were the days of stock companies, of standard plays, and of changing bills. "Long runs" had not yet become predominant and the stage was not then filled, as it is to-day, with comic operas of various degrees of inanity, with variety shows and exhibitions of chorus girls' figures and dresses, or of the absence of both. The Boston Museum had an excellent stock company, the chief figure in which was William Warren, a comedian of the best school and high-but he was also admirable in farces, and many a one by Morton, whose debt to Labiche I did not then realize, have I seen him give. I must not, however, confuse early recollections with later ones of a time when I was better able to appreciate Warren's delightful art. What I preferred in those early days was melodrama. I discovered that a seat in the gallery cost only twelve and one-half cents, or nine pence as it was called at that time, and many a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, in company with Frank Jackson or Russell Sullivan, whose fondness for the drama corresponded with mine, did I betake myself to the somewhat heated atmosphere of the upper regions of the Museum and revel in the performance of "Jeanie Deans" or the "Colleen Bawn." Those happen to be plays which recur to me most vividly, although I do not know exactly why it should be so. In thinking of the former I still feel a thrill when I recall the scene of the heath or that in which Jeanie meets Queen Caroline. Perhaps my affection for Scott made the play clearer to me. As to the "Colleen Bawn," we were so taken by it that Russell Sullivan and I rigged up some scenery in my playroom and there gave an abbreviated version of Mr. Boucicault's work, consisting chiefly of the attempted drowning of the Colleen Bawn and her rescue by Myles na Coppaleen, or "Myles of the Ponies," as the playbill carefully informed those who were so unfortunate as to be unfamiliar with the Irish language. In this performance Russell Sullivan, destined to write for the stage more than one successful play, took the part of the Colleen and I played that of Myles. Who was induced to take the necessary part of the villain, Danny Mann, I do not recall, but nothing less than the hero satisfied me, and as the proprietor of the theatre I laid claim to it. The audiences I think were small, consisting of a few other boys and friendly servants, but I am sure that the drowning and rescue with the plunge of Myles into the water, represented by parallel strips of paper of proper color as on the stage, gave great satisfaction to the performers, if to no one else.

I have indeed very tender recollections of the old Museum as the source of many pleasures. It had beside the theatre, a real museum filled with all sorts of curiosities,

strange pictures, and oddities of every kind brought chiefly from Polynesia and Africa. The museum part served to soothe the susceptibilities of persons from the country who thought it wrong to go to a theatre but not to a museum. If a theatrical performance happened to be part of a museum these worthy people could under that condition witness it without endangering their spiritual or moral welfare. All along the front of the museum building ran three or four rows of lights, gas-burners in white globes, and thus illuminated it seemed to me a place of splendor and enchantment, full of a vast promise of strange and mysterious delights. When the building was torn down a few years since I felt a real pang at the disappearance of those lights, for I knew that no others existed or ever would exist which could give me the same sensations or awaken the same fascinating associations. Just before the final disappearance of the building I noticed one day, as I was passing by, the red flag of the auctioneer. I dropped in and found that the old properties of the theatre were being sold. It was a strange collection: worn-out dresses of velvet and tinsel in which courtiers had once strutted in brief and gas-lit brilliancy, musty costumes of peasants, old guns, halberds, drums, and all the panoply of mock war, pasteboard goblets from which the gilding had dropped away, a strange and motley collection, sordid, worn, dirty, valueless. I thought how often these melancholy relics must in their day have dazzled and deceived my eyes, and I confess I turned away with sad reflections in my heart and a wish that I had for a moment the gift of Charles Lamb so that I might have done justice to all these poor old gewgaws, dusty and decayed, lying there in the harsh, unsparing light of day, and to the tender sentiment, the pleasant memories which they inspired in at least one of those who were idly looking at them in the hour when they were despised and rejected of men.

Let me not forget here another species of performance far removed from the legitimate drama in which I took an almost equal interest. This was the negro minstrel show, for that was the heyday of negro minstrels. They had regular and permanent establishments in all the large cities. The one in Boston was that of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, and many an hour have I passed in their intellectual society to the great detriment of my limited pocket money. "Billy" Morris, the "bones" I think, was one of the well-known figures of Boston. He was a tall man with the largest black mustache I ever saw on a human being. He dressed in the most resplendent manner, with a huge diamond cluster pin in his shirt-front, and I used to stare at him, when I passed him in the street, with no little interest and admiration. He was most gorgeous and conspicuous in winter. Sleighing when good was one of the favorite winter amusements of Boston, and there was a great deal of racing on the old Brighton Road, where some very fast trotting was indulged in. That road on a good day was one of the sights of the town, and we boys used often to go there either legally in a family sleigh or on foot, or quite illegally by "cutting on behind" the sleighs of other people. All the sporting men and owners of fast horses were there to be seen, but none was so brilliant as "Billy" Morris in black furs driving a very fast horse and with his great mustache, which looked like part of the furs, visible from a long distance.

All that I have thus far written of my early theatrical experiences relates to the period preceding that supposed to be covered by this chapter, and it was also before 1860 that an event happened which gave me the unusual opportunity of which I spoke at the outset. The Boston Theatre was built in 1853–54 by a company composed wholly, I think, of gentlemen who desired to have a suitable place for operas, for which nothing then existed. The return to the shareholders on their investment was to be in the form of seats, as is the case with many opera-houses. The subscribers carried out their project on the most generous scale and built one of the largest theatres in the world, one that seated over three thousand people and had a really superb stage exceeding in width and depth, I believe, any then existing. The theatre was also amply provided with lobbies and foyers and possessed two large exits on a level with the street. The acoustic properties were perfect. The proprietors, knowing that it would have to be both theatre and opera-house, built it without boxes so as to save space. The new theatre was, in fact, everything that

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it should have been, but it did not succeed. Boston could only support grand opera for a few weeks even at the comparatively modest prices of those days, and for a stock company, which, after the prevailing fashion, was to occupy it for the rest of the time, it was far too large and could not be filled by them sufficiently to pay. At all events, whatever the reason, the theatre began to fall into financial difficulties. In this state of affairs my father was chosen president of the board of directors, and although, like every one else, he only owned a few shares, and although he was already burdened with too many heavy business cares, he threw himself into the work with his wonted zeal and energy.

His theory was that the only way to make the theatre self-sustaining was to let it out to the travelling companies for a few weeks at a time, and especially to those which produced pantomimes, melodramas, or spectacles requiring a large stage. In this way he thought that the theatre could be maintained at the minimum of expense and with an assurance of a constant variety which would fill the house. Like most innovations, there was an anxious period at the outset, but some time before he died the theatre was paying, and the same system pursued under subsequent ownership has made it very profitable down to the present time.

My father's thus taking control of the theatre not only gave me free entrance to all performances and to the directors' box, but enabled me to extend my operations to all parts of the theatre. Together with my friend, Sturgis Bigelow, who had tastes in this respect just like my own, I quickly established close alliances with all the employees of the theatre and especially with the keeper of the stage-door and the property-man, so that we were soon as familiar behind the scenes as in front of the curtain. One of the companies most popular at that period was a hybrid organization which combined circus and drama—drama of a large, scenic, and spectacular kind in which horses played a conspicuous part. The performance opened with a regular circus, for the stage was large enough to accommodate a ring, and then followed the play. The two plays I remember best were the "Cataract of the Ganges," which culminated in the heroine's escape from the wicked priests by way of the falls, down which real water flowed and which nature had arranged with low steps so that an educated horse could gallop up them. The other play was "Tippoo Sahib," a thrilling presentation of the criminal career of that monarch, with live elephants in the procession, and the final capture of his stronghold by a charge of cavalry after the manner of Lord Peterborough's famous exploit in Spain, only more exact and realistic. These dramatic works I witnessed many times, but the occasion I remember best was when Bigelow and I hid ourselves behind the canvas statue of some Indian god and witnessed the scene in the cave from that point of vantage, peeping out around the edges of the flat deity to look at the audience.

We also profited by our opportunities not only in wandering behind the scenes, examining the stage machinery and learning to make thunder and red fire, but by seeing some excellent plays and some good acting. There was an independent company formed at that period (it lasted only two or three years, I think) by some of the best actors of the day, who divided the profits among themselves and were not engaged or controlled by any manager. Among them were John Gilbert and Mark Smith, Thomas Placide, John Owens, William Wheatleigh, who played the heroes, Mrs. Barrow, and others. They were all good and brought out all the old comedies with an evenness of excellence which is rare. I then saw not only the "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "She Stoops to Conquer," which may still be seen at intervals, but many others like "Speed the Plough," "The Heir at Law," "The Gamester," and "Wild Oats," which, I am sorry to say, seem to have disappeared entirely. They also gave "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and Davenport played Sir Giles Overreach better than any one I have seen except Booth, and quite as well as Booth. It was a good bit of education to have seen all these old comedies well given before their final departure from the stage, for they possessed literary as well as dramatic merit, and literature is more marked now by its absence than by its presence in current plays.

At a somewhat later time Wheatleigh returned and brought out the first part of "Henry IV," with himself as Prince Hal

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and Hackett as Falstaff—the best Falstaff of the day. I remember few plays which interested me more as a boy, and I wish it were played oftener. It connects itself in my mind also with the excitement of the war-time. On every bill and poster announcing the play were printed the King's words after the fight at Shrewsbury:

"Rebellion in the land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won."

When delivered on the stage these lines were greeted with rounds of applause, and in the same way the audiences would receive with cheers and shouts the King's fierce utterance in "Richard III":

"Cold friends to me!
What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?"

It was at that time I saw Forrest in "Metamora." He impressed me deeply as the noble savage, and I did not mind his rant or his marked mannerisms. He was a very striking-looking man, large, powerful, with a voice of great depth and compass. His faults were obvious enough, in fact everything about him was obvious, and he was generally condemned by my elders, to whose opinion I deferred and from whom I concealed my admiration for the chief of the Wampanoags. But when I saw him in later years, although he was then an old man, I saw that despite his ranting and his crudity, due to lack of training, he was a really great actor of unusual force and power. Altogether these remembrances of the stage are among the pleasantest and most vivid of my boyhood, and I am glad that I had such large opportunities in that direction.

There was also one incident, not theatrical, connected with the Boston Theatre which interested me greatly at the time. It was in that theatre that the ball was given to the Prince of Wales when he came to Boston, and my father being president of the board of directors and responsible for the building, was, of course, most anxious that all should go well. He went early to see that everything was right, so that I saw the theatre and all the decorations before any one arrived. It really looked very well I think, and it certainly seemed very splendid to my inexperienced eyes. The whole pit was floored over, making with the stage an immense ball-room, and the galleries were profusely decorated with flags and flowers. I was allowed to stay and see the entrance of the royal party and the opening of the ball by the prince, a fair-haired boy, who seemed to me altogether too simple in appearance, for I had expected robes and crowns, the kings with whom I was acquainted on the stage and in books usually appearing either with those adornments or else in full armor. As I remember no more of the festivity than this I imagine that at that point I was sent home to bed.

But theatres were not my only interest apart from sports and outdoor amusements. In common with many young gentlemen of my own age I exercised extraordinary diligence in getting through school with as little mental effort and as large an evasion of rules and discipline as possible, yet I did not leave my mind wholly unemployed. If a good fairy stood by my cradle she conferred upon me one gift which has been a great possession to me all my life and is even more precious as age begins to settle down. That gift was a love of books and of reading. It is a solitary habit, but it was a very fixed one with me and always indulged in without restriction when I was alone. I have already spoken of the delight I experienced in reading the Waverley Novels when I was nine years old, and from that I proceeded to many other works, great and small. I read, of course, the current "boys' books" by Mayne Reid and Ballantyne, by Kingston and "Oliver Optic," and others to whom I am indebted for many happy hours. "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson" I read over and over again, and prized them both equally I think, my literary judgment being still undeveloped. All fairy stories, from the "Arabian Nights" down, were read many times, and likewise Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and "Wonderbook," as well as Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry" and "Age of Fable," from which four volumes I really gathered some knowledge of Greek mythology and of the Arthurian legend. Cooper I read thoroughly, as I did Scott, and did not then find him verbose and diffuse. Leatherstocking was of course one of my heroes. I read all of Dickens, and "David Copperfield" was one of my favor-

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rather bored me except when it came to the death of Steerforth and to the downfall of Uriah and the triumph of Micawber. All of Marryat's books and Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" and the "Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost" were very dear to me, but anything in the form of a story had for me an irresistible attraction. These books which I have mentioned were all permitted works, but I also managed to read surreptitiously "Jack Sheppard," by Ainsworth, who is described by the worthy Mr. Allibone as the "Tyburn Plutarch," and "Peregrine Pickle," old copies of which I found among some books at Nahant.

Stories and fiction were not, however, all my reading, although they formed the staple of it. My grandfather had a strong taste for travels and voyages, and among his books I read Mungo Park and Captain Reilly's narrative. He also bought all the new books of travel and exploration. Kane's "Expedition to the North Pole" excited great interest, and I well remember the talk about it and about his book. Livingstone's first volume also appeared about that time, as well as Gerard's "Lion Hunter" and Barth's "Travels in Africa." The last is a formidable work—I still have it—but I read a good deal of it and much enjoyed the pictures, as I did still more those in Perry's "Expedition to Japan," which I looked over again and again. These early studies in the literature of African discovery caused me to take great interest in Du Chaillu's gorillas when his collection was exhibited in Boston not long after. There was at that time much doubt felt as to the veracity of his narrative and the genuineness of his collection, but the explorations of later years have fully confirmed and justified all that he wrote, and show that the doubts expressed were as unjust as they were ill-founded.

I loved ballads and Homeric poetry of any and every kind. I cannot say how many times I read Scott's poems, especially "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." I also read "Richard III" and parts of the other plays, as well as "Don Quixote," because I saw my father reading them so often, but "Richard" and "Don Quixote" I really liked and they took a strong hold on my imagination. My father and grandfather had a fairly large library, looking into books, examining pictures when there were any, and reading wherever a passage caught my vagrant attention. I have always been grateful to Dr. Johnson for his defence of "desultory reading," and I think that most of the education which I picked up in those days I obtained from my own unaided efforts in that direction. One piece of really important reading I also accomplished at that time and accomplished thoroughly, owing to an accident. To mitigate the rigors of compulsory attendance at church I made a treaty with my mother that if I sat quiet I might read the Bible instead of listening to the sermon. The treaty thus ratified was easily executed, for the high-backed pews of the old Brattle Street Church were well adapted both to concealment and to study. It was a fine old eighteenth-century church with a square tower, in which was imbedded a cannon-ball said to have been fired and lodged there by the American batteries at the siege of Boston. The interior was in the classical style of Wren, much in vogue in the province in the days of Anne and the first Georges. A huge mahogany pulpit, the gift of John Hancock, towered up darkly in the centre of what would have been called the chancel in any other than a Puritan church. I remember well the occasion when the Reverend Cyrus Bartol, very small and thin, with a shrill voice, popped up one Sunday from the depths of the great pulpit, and with hardly more than his head showing over the edge, piped out his text: "Lo, it is I! Be not afraid." Most preachers, however, failed to give rise to such pleasant incidents, and most of the sermons (the church was then Unitarian) were long and serious, and although no doubt often able, were rather beyond the capacity and attention of a boy. In this way, however, my biblical studies began, for I regret to say that, speaking frankly, the Bible was not a form of reading which I should have voluntarily selected if it had not been so much better than sitting silent in uncomfortable restlessness while some one preached. In this way, at all events, I read the Bible thoroughly from beginning to end, "bating the Apocrypha," as a countryman said in some now forgotten story of my youth, which Apocrypha, lacking unfortunately in my edition, was, if I had only known it, the

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repository of some of the best and most charming of the biblical stories. I have never quite understood why the books of the Apocrypha were not intrinsically as much entitled to a place among the canonical books as many now found there. Much of the Bible naturally I did not then understand, much I found wearisome, but the historical books, full of fighting and of battle, murder, and sudden death, all the beautiful stories and the Four Gospels, the most beautiful of all, became to me a great delight. I do not know that my morals or my religious views were improved, as they no doubt should have been, by this course of reading, but I am certain that I became familiar with persons and stories which are part of the life and thought of our race, and that reading over and over again all that splendid English could not but have had some unconscious effect even upon a boy and may have bred in him a respect for the noble language which was perhaps his best inheritance.

Such in outline, traced not for criticism or analysis, but merely as a picture of life at the time, were the occupations and amusements which made up existence for me in those days. But my first years at Mr. Dixwell's school were darkened by two sorrows which fell upon my family and brought sharply home to me the serious nature of life. In September, 1862, my father, worn out and broken down nervously by too much work, too many cares, and too many responsibilities, died suddenly. The blow fell like a bolt of lightning. He joked with me as I ate my supper and then went up to his room, not feeling very well, and dropped dead. I can hear the murmur of the frightened servants, "Poor child!" as I made my way upstairs. I can see him in his coffin; I can recall my being sent to Mrs. Guild's house to be out of the way of all the dark necessities of such a time. I can see the crowded church at his funeral and all the poor people whom he had helped standing in the aisles. I was overwhelmed with grief and did not comprehend what had happened. Not until long afterward did I know what a loss it had been to me at twelve years of age. Then I recovered with the elasticity of childhood, although I remained deeply conscious of a great gap in my life.

Two years later my grandfather died. He was nearly eighty-two, and his last two years were years of suffering. His mind remained perfectly clear; he was as kind and gentle as ever, he never complained, but he grew more silent and the end came peacefully. He was too old to have been as near to me as my father was, but I missed him greatly, and although I could not then put the thought into words, I knew that a very noble and gracious presence had gone from my little world.

The year after my father's death was made memorable to me by my first journey. In 1863 we went to New York, a great event to me, and stayed there some time. We went to a hotel, now vanished, the Saint Nicholas. Far down town it would seem now, but although fashion was pushing up beyond Madison Square, it was not yet wholly in the business quarter, as the block which it largely occupied is to-day. Sturgis Bigelow happened to be there at the same time, and the two idle school-boys together enjoyed themselves very well after their own fashion. We took full advantage of the opportunity for varied eating offered by a hotel on the "American plan," then nearly universal, and gorged ourselves on every possible occasion like young boa constrictors. We passed our days chiefly in wandering up and down Broadway, looking into the shops and also into a disgusting exhibition called "Kahn's Medical Museum," which I wonder should have been permitted to open its doors for the delectation of boys. We also went much to a more innocent place, Barnum's Museum, then situated where the Herald Building afterward stood, on the corner of Broadway facing the City Hall Park. We found our way to the Battery, at one end of the city, and to Central Park, then quite new, at the other. But our chief pleasure was the theatre, to which we were allowed to go in the evening, as there was no school necessitating early rising.

Almost opposite our hotel was "Bryant's Minstrels," brilliant at night with the name in colored lights made by a series of small cups filled, I think, with oil. Some of these were always being blown out, but the general effect was very satisfying to our simple tastes, and we frequented the performances to which we were so radiantly invited. Just above our hotel, on the other side of Broadway, was Niblo's Garden, a famous

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theatre in those days, and very far up town as it then seemed was "Wallack's," where was the best stock company in the country, headed by Lester Wallack himself, an admirable actor, and where we saw some really good plays.

The following summer we took another journey which seemed to me a very extensive one indeed. We went to Trenton Falls, now ruined by conversion into power, and thence to Niagara. At Trenton I had an adventure which nearly terminated my promising career. In company with a Mr. Rand I walked far up the river gorge above the principal falls. It was a beautiful walk by the side of the dark-brown, swift-rushing stream, but very hard going over the rocks, and we decided to climb up the side of the ravine along the steep cliffs, where we then were, and return to the hotel by the road above. Each of us started at a different point and proceeded to scramble up. I got nearly to the top very successfully when the little ledge of rock or earth upon which I had put my foot suddenly gave way. It was a bad quarter of a minute, for below me was a sheer drop of considerable height down to the rocks of the river. Luckily for me a small tree grew outward from the edge of the cliff just above me. I grasped it desperately with a sickening doubt as to whether it would give way. Luckily it held as I hung to it with both hands, swinging over space, and then it was easy to draw my light weight up, get astride of it and scramble in to the top of the cliff. I was a badly frightened boy when I rolled over on the grass and looked down into the ravine below. My companion had had no difficulty. Boy like I had selected the shortest, most perpendicular, and most dangerous route with a cheerful confidence in my powers of climbing anything and with no knowledge of the importance of footholds on the face of cliffs where rock gradually merges in earth.

From Trenton we went to Niagara, which I explored thoroughly and enjoyed immensely, but I have read too many "first impressions" of the great fall to attempt to add my own.

(To be continued.)

REST

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

THE hills call, the dew-glad morning hills,
Above the dust and fever of the plain:
Could I lay aside my yoke of old-time weariness;
Could I take my staff and seek the hills again;
The far hills where dawn is sweet with rain?

After much thirst, much hungering, at nightfall,
When the long way beyond my striving seems,
Would there come suddenly the keen sweet breath of valleys,
And, afar off, the sound of twilight streams,
In quiet hills whose dusk is cool with dreams?

The murmuring of rivers; and the wind;
A starlit place of shadows, liquid, deep:
Ah, and a night of infinite forgetting!
Night of the calm great hills that vigil keep;
The mother hills where weary men find sleep.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XIX

JASON drew the top bed in a bare-walled, bare-floored room with two other boys, as green and countrified as was he, and he took turns with them making up those beds, carrying water for the one tin basin, and sweeping up the floor with the broom that stood in the corner behind it. But even then the stark simplicity of his life was a luxury. His meals cost him three dollars a week, and that most serious item began to worry him, but not for long. Within two weeks he was meeting a part of that outlay by delivering the morning daily paper of the town. This meant getting up at half past three in the morning, after a sleep of five hours and a half, but if this should begin to wear on him, he would simply go earlier to bed. But there was no sign of wear and tear, for the boy was as tough as a bolt-proof black gum-tree back in the hills, his capacity for work was prodigious, and the early rising hour but lengthened the range of each day's activities. For Jason missed nothing and nothing missed him. His novitiate passed quickly, and while his fund for "breakage" was almost gone, he had, without knowing it, drawn no little attention to himself. He had wandered innocently into "Heaven"—the Seniors' Hall—a satanic offence for a Freshman, and he had been stretched over a chair, "strapped," and thrown out. But at dawn next morning he was waiting at the entrance and when four Seniors appeared he tackled them all valiantly. Three held him while the fourth went for a pair of scissors, for thus far Jason had escaped the tonsorial betterment that had been inflicted on most of his classmates. The boy stood still, but in a relaxed moment of vigilance he tore loose just as the scissors appeared, and fled for the building opposite. There he turned with his back to the wall.

"When I want my hair cut, I'll git my mammy to do it or pay fer it myself," he said quietly, but his face was white. When they rushed on, he thrust his hand into his shirt and pulled it out with a mighty oath of helplessness—he had forgotten his knife. They cut his hair, but it cost them two bloody noses and one black eye. At the flag-rush later he did not forget. The Sophomores had enticed the Freshmen into the gymnasium, stripped them of their clothes, and carried them away, whereat the Freshmen got into the locker-rooms of the girls, and a few moments later rushed from the gymnasium in bloomers to find the Sophomores crowded about the base of the pole, one of them with an axe in his hand, and Jason at the top with his hand again in his shirt.

"Chop away!" he was shouting, "but I'll git *some* o' ye when this pole comes down." Above the din rose John Burnham's voice, stern and angry, calling Jason's name. The man with the axe had halted at the unmistakable sincerity of the boy's threat.

"Jason," called Burnham again, for he knew what the boy meant, and the lad tossed knife and scabbard over the heads of the crowd to the grass, and slid down the pole. And in the fight that followed the mountain boy fought with a calm half-smiling ferocity that made the wavering Freshmen instinctively surge behind him as a leader, and the on-looking foot-ball coach quickly mark him for his own. Even at the first foot-ball "rally," where he learned the college yells, Jason had been singled out, for the mountaineer measures distance by the carry of his voice and with a "whoop an' a holler" the boy could cover a mile. Above the din, Jason's clear cry was, so to speak, like a cracker on the whip of the cheer, and the "yell-master," a swaying figure of frenzied enthusiasm, caught his eye in time, nodded approvingly, and saw in him a possible yell-leader for the Freshman class. After the rally the piano was rolled joyously to the centre of the gymnasium and a pale-

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faced lad began to thump it vigorously, much to Jason's disapproval, for he could not understand how a boy could, or would, play anything but a banjo or a fiddle. Then, with the accompaniment of a snare-drum, there was a merry, informal dance, at which Jason and Mavis looked yearningly on. And, as that night long ago in the mountains, Gray and Marjorie floated like feathers past them, and over Gray's shoulder the girl's eyes caught Jason's fixed on her, and Mavis's fixed on Gray; so on the next round she stopped a moment near them.

"I'm going to teach you to dance, Jason," she said, as though she were tossing a gauntlet to somebody, "and Gray can teach Mavis."

"Sure," laughed Gray, and off they whirled again.

The eyes of the two mountaineers met, and they might have been back in their childhood again, standing on the sunny river bank and waiting for Gray and Marjorie to pass, for what their tongues said then, their eyes said now:

"I seed you a-lookin' at him."

"'Tain't so—I seed you a-lookin' at her."

And it was true now as it was then, and then as now both knew it and both flushed. Jason turned abruptly away, for he knew more of Mavis's secret than she of his, and it was partly for that reason that he had not yet opened his lips to her. He had seen no consciousness in Gray's face, he resented the fact, somehow, that there was none, and his lulled suspicions began to stir again within him. In Marjorie's face he had missed what Mavis had caught, a fleeting spirit of mischief, which stung the mountain girl with jealousy and a quick fierce desire to protect Jason, just as Jason, with the same motive, was making up his mind again to keep a close eye on Gray Pendleton. As for Marjorie, she, too, knew more of Mavis's secret than Mavis knew of hers, and of the four, indeed, she was by far the wisest. During the years that Jason was in the hills she had read as on an open page the meaning of the mountain girl's flush at any unexpected appearance of Gray, the dumb adoration for him in her dark eyes, and more than once, riding in the woods, she had come upon Mavis, seated at the foot of an oak, screened by a clump of elder bushes and patiently waiting, as Marjorie knew, to watch Gray gallop by. She even knew how unconsciously Gray had been drawn by all this toward Mavis, but she had not bothered her head to think how much he was drawn until just before the opening of the college year, for, from the other side of the hill, she, too, had witnessed the meeting in the lane that Jason had seen, and had wondered about it just as much, though she, too, had kept still. That the two boys knew so little, that the two girls knew so much, and that each girl resented the other's interest in her own cousin was merely a distinction of sex, as was the fact that matters would have to be made very clear before Jason or Gray could see and understand. And for them matters were to become clearer, at least—very soon.

XX

ALREADY the coach had asked Jason to try foot-ball, but the boy had kept away from the field, for the truth was he had but one suit of clothes and he couldn't afford to have them soiled and torn. Gray suspected this, and told the coach, who explained to Jason that practice clothes would be furnished him, but still the boy did not come until one day when, out of curiosity, he wandered over to the field to see what the game was like. Soon his eyes brightened, his lips parted, and his face grew tense as the players swayed, clinched struggling, fell in a heap, and leaped to their feet again. And everywhere he saw Gray's yellow head darting among them like a sun-ball, and he began to wonder if he could not outrun and outwrestle his old enemy. He began to fidget in his seat and presently he could stand it no longer, and he ran out into the field and touched the coach on the shoulder.

"Can I git them clothes now?"

The coach looked at his excited face, nodded with a smile, and pointed to the gymnasium, and Jason was off in a run.

The matter was settled in the thrill and struggle of that one practice game, and right away Jason showed extraordinary aptitude, for he was quick, fleet, and strong, and the generalship and tactics of the game fascinated him from the start.

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And when he discovered that the training table meant a savings-bank for him, he counted his money, gave up the morning papers without hesitation or doubt, and started in for the team. Thus he and Gray were brought violently together on the field, for within two weeks Jason was on the second team, but the chasm between them did not close. Gray treated the mountain boy with a sort of curt courtesy, and while Jason tackled him, fell upon him with a savage thrill, and sometimes wanted to keep on tightening his wiry arms and throttling him, the mountain boy could discover no personal feeling whatever against him in return, and he was mystified. With the ingrained suspicion of the mountaineer toward an enemy, he supposed Gray had some cunning purpose. As captain, Gray had been bound, Jason knew, to put him on the second team, but as day after day went by and the magic word that he longed for went unsaid, the boy began to believe that the sinister purpose of Gray's concealment was, without evident prejudice, to keep him off the college team. The ball was about to be snapped back on Gray's side, and Gray had given him one careless, indifferent glance over the bent backs of the guards, when Jason came to this conclusion, and his heart began to pound with rage. There was the shock of bodies, the ball disappeared from his sight, he saw Gray's yellow head dart three times, each time a different way, and then it flashed down the side line with a clear field for the goal. With a bound Jason was after him, and he knew that even if Gray had wings, he would catch him. With a flying leap he hurled himself on the speeding figure in front of him, he heard Gray's breath go out in a quick gasp under the fierce lock of his arms and, as they crashed to the ground, Jason for one savage moment wanted to use his teeth on the back of the sunburned neck under him, but he sprang to his feet, fists clenched and ready for the fight. With another gasp Gray, too, sprang lightly up.

"Good!" he said heartily.

No mortal fist could have laid Jason quite so low as that one word. The coach's whistle blew and Gray added carelessly: "Come around, Hawn, to the training table to-night."

No mortal command could have filled him with so much shame, and Jason stood stock-still and speechless. Then, fumbling for an instant at his shirt collar as though he were choking, he walked swiftly away. As he passed the benches he saw Mavis and Marjorie, who had been watching the practice. Apparently Mavis had started out into the field, and Marjorie, bewildered by her indignant outcry, had risen to follow her, and Jason, when he met the accusing fire of his cousin's eyes, knew that she alone, on the field, had understood it all, that she had started with the impulse of protecting Gray, and his shame went deeper still. He did not go to the training table that night, and the moonlight found him under the old willows wondering and brooding, as he had been —long and hard. Gray was too much for him, and the mountain boy had not been able to solve the mystery of the Blue Grass boy's power over his fellows, for the social complexity of things had unravelled very slowly for Jason. He saw that each county had brought its local patriotism to college and had its county club. There were too few students from the hills and a sectional club was forming, "The Mountain Club," and into that Jason naturally had gone; but broadly the students were divided into "frat" men and "non-frat" men, chiefly along social lines, and there were literary clubs of which the watchword was merit and nothing else. And in all these sectional cliques from the Purchase, Pennyroyal and Peavine, as the western border of the State, the southern border, and the eastern border of hills were called; indeed, in all the sections except the Bear Grass, where was the largest town and where the greatest wealth of the State was concentrated, he found a wide-spread, sub-conscious, home-nursed resentment brought to that college against the lordly Blue Grass. And in the social life of the college he found that resentment rarely if ever voiced, but always tirelessly at work. He was not surprised then to discover that in the history of the college, Gray Pendleton was the first plainsman, the first aristocrat, who had ever been captain of the team and the president of his class. He began to understand now, for he could feel the tendrils of the boy's magnetic personality enclosing even him, and by and

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by he could stand it no longer, and he went to Gray.

"I wanted to kill you that day."

Gray smiled.

"I knew it," he said quietly.

"Then why——"

"We were playing foot-ball. Almost anybody can lose his head *entirely*—but *you* didn't. That's why I didn't say anything to you afterward. That's why you'll be captain of the team after I'm gone."

Again Jason choked, and again he turned speechless away, and then and there was born within him an idolatry for Gray that was carefully locked in his own breast, for your mountaineer openly worships and then but shyly, the Almighty alone. Jason no longer wondered about the attitude of faculty and students of both sexes toward Gray, no longer at Mavis, but at Marjorie he kept on wondering mightily, for she alone seemed the one exception to the general rule. Like everybody else, Jason knew the parental purpose where those two were concerned, and he began to laugh at the daring presumptions of his own past dreams and to worship now only from afar. But he could not know the effect of that parental purpose on that wilful, high-strung young person, the pique that Gray's frank interest in Mavis brought to life within her, and he was not yet far enough along in the classics to suspect that Marjorie might weary of hearing Aristides called the Just. Nor could he know the spirit of coquetry that lurked deep behind her serious eyes, and was for that reason the more dangerously effective.

He only began to notice one morning, after the foot-ball incident, that Marjorie was beginning to notice him, that, worshipped now only on the horizon, his star seemed to be drawing a little nearer. A passing lecturer had told Jason much of himself and his people that morning. The mountain people, said the speaker, still lived like the pioneer forefathers of the rest of the State. Indeed they were "our contemporary ancestors"; so that, sociologically speaking, Jason, young as he was, was the ancestor of all around him. The thought made him grin and, looking up, he caught the mischievous eyes of Marjorie, who later seemed to be waiting for him on the steps:

"Good-morning, grandfather," she said demurely, and went rapidly on her way.

XXI

MEANWHILE that political storm was raging and Jason got at the heart of it through his morning paper and John Burnham. He knew that at home Republicans ran against Republicans for all offices, and now he learned that the mountains were the Gibraltar of that party, and that the line of its fortifications ran from the Big Sandy, three hundred miles by public roads, to the line of Tennessee. When free silver had shattered the Democratic ranks three years before, the mountaineers had leaped forth and unfurled the Republican flag over the State for the first time since the Civil War. Ballots were falsified—that was the Democratic cry, and that was the Democratic excuse for that election law that had been forced through the Senate, whipped through the lower house with the party lash, and passed over the veto of the governor by the bold, cool, crafty, silent autocrat. From bombastic orators Jason learned that a fair ballot was the bulwark of freedom, that some God-given bill of rights had been smashed, and the very altar of liberty desecrated. And when John Burnham explained how the autocrat's triumvirate could at will appoint and remove officers of election, canvass returns, and certify and determine results, he could understand how the "atrocious measure," as the great editor of the State called it, "was a ready chariot to the governor's chair." And in that summer convention the spirit behind the measure had started for that goal in just that way, like a scythe-bearing chariot of ancient days, but cutting down friend as well as foe. Straightway, Democrats long in line for honors, and gray in the councils of the party, bolted; the rural press bolted; and Jason heard one bolter thus cry his fealty and his faithlessness: "As charged, I do stand ready to vote for a yellow dog, if he be the regular nominee, but lower than that you shall not drag me."

The autocrat's retort was courteous.

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"You have a brother in the penitentiary."

"No," was the answer, "but your brothers have a brother who ought to be."

The pulpit thundered. Half a million Kentuckians, "professing Christians and temperance advocates," repudiated the autocrat's claim to support. A new convention was the cry, and the wheel-horse of the party, an ex-Confederate, an ex-governor, answered that cry. The leadership of the bolters he took as a "sacred duty"—took it with the gentle statement that the man who tampers with the rights of the humblest citizen was worse than the assassin, and should be streaked with a felon's stripes, and suffered to speak only through barred doors. From the same tongue Jason heard with puckered brow that the honored and honest yeomanry of the commonwealth, through coalition by judge and politician, would be hoodwinked by the legerdemain of ballot-juggling magicians; but he did understand when he heard this yeomanry called brave, adventurous self-gods of creation, slow to anger, and patient with wrongs, but when once stirred, let the man who had done the wrong—beware! Long ago Jason had heard the Republican chieftain who was to be pitted against such a foe, characterized as "a plain, unknown man, a hillbilly from the Pennyroyal, and the nominee because there was no opposition and no hope." But hope was running high now, and now with the aristocrat, the autocrat, and the plebeian from the Pennyroyal—whose slogan was the repeal of the autocrat's law—the tricornered fight was on.

On a hot day in the star-county of the star-district, the autocrat, like Cæsar, had a fainting fit and left the Democrats, explaining for the rest of the campaign that Republican eyes had seen a big dirk under his coat, and Jason never rested until with his own eyes he had seen the man who had begun to possess his brain like an evil dream. And he did see him and heard him defend his law as better than the old one, and declare that never again could the Democrats steal the State with mountain votes—heard him confidently leave to the common people to decide whether imperialism should replace democracy, trusts destroy the business of man with man, and whether the big railroad of the State was the servant or the master of the people. He heard a senator from the national capital, whose fortunes were linked with the autocrat's, declare that leader as the most maligned figure in American politics, and that he was without a blemish or vice on his private or public life, but, unlike Pontius Pilate, Jason never thought to ask himself what was truth, for in spite of the mountaineer's Blue Grass allies, the lad had come to believe that there was a State-conspiracy to rob his people of their rights. This man was the head and front of that conspiracy; while he spoke the boy's hatred grew with every word, and turned personal, so that at the close of the speech he moved near the autocrat with a fierce desire to fly at his throat then and there. He even caught one sweeping look—cool, fearless, insolent, scorning—the look the man had for his enemies—and Jason was left with swimming head and trembling knees. Then the great Nebraskan came, and Jason heard him tell the people to vote against him for President if they pleased—but to stand by democracy; and in his paper next morning Jason saw a cartoon of the autocrat driving the great editor and the Nebraskan on a race-track, hitched together, but pulling like oxen apart. And through the whole campaign he heard the one Republican cry ringing like a bell through the State: "Elect the ticket by a majority that *can't* be counted out."

And thus the storm went on, the Republicans crying for a free ballot and a fair count, flaunting on a banner the picture of a man stuffing a ballot-box and two men with shot-guns playfully interrupting the performance, and hammering into the head of the State that no man could be trusted with unlimited power over the suffrage of a free people. Any ex-Confederate who was for the autocrat, any repentant bolter that swung away from the aristocrat, any negro that was against the man from the Pennyroyal, was lifted by the beneficiary to be looked on by the public eye. The autocrat would cut down Republican majority by contesting votes and throw the matter into the hands of the legislature—that was the Republican prophecy and the Republican fear. Manufacturers, merchants, and ministers

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pleaded for a fair election. An anti-autocratic grip became prevalent in the hills. The Hawns and Honeycutts sent word that they had buried the feud for a while and would fight like brothers for their rights, and from more than one mountain county came the homely threat that if those rights were denied, there would somewhere be "a mighty shovelin' of dirt." And so to the last minute the fight went on.

The boy's head buzzed and ached with the multifarious interests that filled it, but for all that the autumn was all gold for him, and with both hands he gathered it in. Sometimes he would go home with Gray for Sunday. With Colonel Pendleton for master, he was initiated into exercises with dirk and fencing foil, for not yet was the boxing-glove considered meet by that still old-fashioned courtier, for the hand of a gentleman. Sometimes he would spend Sunday with John Burnham, and wander with him through the wonders of Morton Sander's great farm, and he listened to Burnham and the colonel talk politics and tobacco, and the old days, and the destructive changes that were subtly undermining the glories of those old days. In the tricornered foot-ball fight for the State championship, he had played one game with Central University and one with old Transylvania, and he had learned the joy of victory in one and in the other the heart-sickening depression of defeat. One never-to-be-forgotten night he had gone coon-hunting with Mavis and Marjorie and Gray—riding slowly through shadowy woods, or recklessly galloping over the blue-grass fields, and again, as many times before, he felt his heart pounding with emotions that seemed almost to make it burst.

For Marjorie, child of sunlight, and Mavis, child of shadows, riding bareheaded together under the brilliant moon, were the twin spirits of the night, and that moon dimmed the eyes of both only as she dimmed the stars. He saw Mavis swerving at every stop and every gallop to Gray's side, and always he found Marjorie somewhere near him. And only John Burnham understood it all, and he wondered and smiled, and with the smile wondered again.

There had been no time for dancing lessons, but the little comedy of sentiment went on just the same. In neither Mavis nor Jason was there the slightest consciousness of any chasm between them and Marjorie and Gray, though at times both felt in the latter pair a vague atmosphere that neither would for a long time be able to define as patronage, and so when Jason received an invitation to the first dance given in the hotel ball-room in town, he went straight to Marjorie and solemnly asked "the pleasure of her company" that night.

For a moment Marjorie was speechless.

"Why, Jason," she gasped, "I—I—you're a Freshman, and anyhow——"

For the first time the boy gained an inkling of that chasm, and his eyes turned so fiercely sombre and suspicious that she added in a hurry:

"It's a joke, Jason—that invitation. No Freshman can go to one of those dances."

Jason looked perplexed now, and still a little suspicious.

"Who'll keep me from goin'?" he asked quietly.

"The Sophomores. They sent you that invitation to get you into trouble. They'll tear your clothes off."

As was the habit of his grandfather Hawn, Jason's tongue went reflectively to the hollow of one cheek, and his eyes dropped to the yellow leaves about their feet, and Marjorie waited with a tingling thrill that some vague thing of importance was going to happen. Jason's face was very calm when he looked up at last, and he held out the card of invitation.

"Will that git—get me in, when I a-get to the door?"

"Of course, but——"

"Then I'll be th-there," said Jason, and he turned away.

Now Marjorie knew that Gray expected to take her to that dance, but he had not yet even mentioned it. Jason had come to her swift and straight; the thrill still tingled within her, and before she knew it she had cried impulsively:

"Jason, if you get to that dance, I'll—I'll dance every square dance with you."

Jason nodded simply and turned away.

The mischief-makers soon learned the boy's purpose, and there was great joy among them, and when Gray finally asked Marjorie to go with him, she demurely

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told him she was going with Jason. Gray was amazed and indignant, and he pleaded with her not to do anything so foolish.

"Why, it's outrageous. It will be the talk of the town. Your mother won't like it. Maybe they won't do anything to him because you are along, but they might, and think of you being mixed up in such a mess. Anyhow I tell you—you *can't* do it."

Marjorie paled and Gray got a look from her that he had never had before.

"Did I hear you say 'can't'?" she asked coldly. "Well, I'm not going with him—he won't let me. He's going alone. I'll meet him there."

Gray made a helpless gesture.

"Well, I'll try to get the fellows to let him alone—on your account."

"Don't bother—he can take care of himself."

"Why, Marjorie!"

The girl's coldness was turning to fire.

"Why don't you take Mavis?"

Gray started an impatient refusal, and stopped—Mavis was passing in the grass on the other side of the road, and her face was flaming violently.

"She heard you," said Gray in a low voice.

The heel of one of Marjorie's little boots came sharply down on the gravelled road.

"Yes, and I hope she heard *you*—and don't you ever—ever—ever say *can't* to me again." And she flashed away.

The news went rapidly through the college and, as Gray predicted, became the talk of the young people of the town. Marjorie's mother did object violently, but Marjorie remained firm—what harm was there in dancing with Jason Hawn, even if he was a poor mountaineer and a Freshman? She was not a snob, even if Gray was. Jason himself was quiet, non-communicative, dignified. He refused to discuss the matter with anybody, ignored comment and curiosity, and his very silence sent a wave of uneasiness through some of the Sophomores and puzzled them all. Even John Burnham, who had severely reprimanded and shamed Jason for the flag incident, gravely advised the boy not to go, but even to him Jason was respectfully non-committal, for this was a matter that, as the boy saw it, involved his *rights*, and the excitement grew quite feverish when one bit of news leaked out. At the beginning of the session the old president, perhaps in view of the political turmoil imminent, had made a request that one would hardly hear in the chapel of any hall of learning in the broad United States.

"If any student had brought with him to college any weapon or fire-arm, he would please deliver it to the commandant, who would return it to him at the end of the session, or whenever he should leave college."

Now Jason had deliberated deeply on that request, and on the point of personal privilege involved he differed with the president, and a few days before the dance one of his room-mates found not only a knife but a huge pistol—relics of Jason's feudal days—protruding from the top bed. This was the bit of news that leaked, and Marjorie paled when she heard it, but her word was given, and she would keep it. There was no sneaking on Jason's part that night, and when a crowd of Sophomores gathered at the entrance of his dormitory, they found a night-hawk that Jason had hired, standing waiting at the door, and they waited for him.

And down at the hotel ballroom Gray and Marjorie waited, Gray anxious, worried, and angry, and Marjorie with shining eyes and a pale but determined face. And she shot a triumphant glance toward Gray when she saw the figure of the young mountaineer framed at last in the doorway of the ballroom. There Jason stood a moment, uncouth and stock-still. His eyes moved only until he caught sight of Marjorie, and then, with them fixed steadily on her, he solemnly walked through the sudden silence that swiftly spread through the room straight for her. He stood cool, calm, and with a curious dignity before her, and the only sign of his emotion was in a reckless lapse into his mountain speech.

"I've come to tell ye I can't dance with ye. Nobody can keep me from goin' whar I've got a right to go, but I won't stay nowhar I'm not wanted."

And, without waiting for her answer, he turned and stalked solemnly out again.

XXII

THE miracle had happened, and just how nobody could ever say. The boy had appeared in the door-way and had paused there full in the light. No revolver was

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visible—it could hardly have been concealed in the much-too-small clothes that he wore—and his eyes flashed no challenge. But he stood there an instant, with face set and stern, and then he walked slowly to the old rattle-trap vehicle and, unchallenged, drove away, as, unchallenged, he walked quietly back to his room again. That defiance alone would have marked him with no little dignity. It gave John Burnham a great deal of carefully concealed joy, it dumfounded Gray, and, while Mavis took it as a matter of course, it thrilled Marjorie, saddened her, and made her a little ashamed. Nor did it end there. Some change was quickly apparent to Jason in Mavis. She turned brooding and sullen, and one day when she and Jason met Gray in the college yard, she averted her eyes when the latter lifted his cap, and pretended not to see him. Jason saw an uneasy look in Gray's eyes, and when he turned questioningly to Mavis, her face was pale with anger. That night he went home with her to see his mother, and when the two sat on the porch in the dim starlight after supper, he bluntly asked her what the matter was, and bluntly she told him. Only once before had he ever spoken of Gray to Mavis, and that was about the meeting in the lane, and then she scorned to tell him whether or not the meeting was accidental, and Jason knew thereby that it was. Unfortunately he had not stopped there.

"I saw him try to kiss ye," he said indignantly.

"Have you never tried to kiss a girl?" Mavis had asked quietly, and Jason reddened.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

"And did she always let ye?"

"Well, no—not——"

"Very well then," Mavis snapped, and she flaunted away.

It was different now, the matter was more serious, and now they were cousins and Hawns. Blood spoke to blood and answered to blood, and when at the end Mavis broke into a fit of shame and tears, a burst of light opened in Jason's brain and his heart raged not only for Mavis, but for himself. Gray had been ashamed to go to that dance with Mavis, and Marjorie had been ashamed to go with him—there was a chasm, and with every word that Mavis spoke the wider that chasm yawned.

"Oh, I know it," she sobbed. "I couldn't believe it at first, but I know it now"—she began to drop back into her old speech—"they come down in the mountains, and grandpap was nice to 'em, and when we come up here they was nice to us. But down thar and up here we was just queer and funny to 'em—an' we're that way yit. They're good hearted an' they'd do anything in the world fer us, but we ain't their kind an' they ain't ourn. They knowed it and we didn't—but I know it now."

So that was the reason Marjorie had hesitated when Jason asked her to go to the dance with him.

"Then why did she go?" he burst out. He had mentioned no name even, but Mavis had been following his thoughts.

"Any gal 'ud do that fer fun," she answered, "an' to git even with Gray."

"Why do you reckon——"

"That don't make no difference—she wants to git even with me, too."

Jason wheeled sharply, but before his lips could open Mavis had sprung to her feet.

"No, I hain't!" she cried hotly, and rushed into the house.

Jason sat on under the stars, brooding. There was no need for another word between them. Alike they saw the incident and what it meant; they felt alike, and alike both would act. A few minutes later his mother came out on the porch.

"Whut's the matter with Mavis?"

"You'll have to ask her, mammy."

With a keen look at the boy Martha Hawn went back into the house, and Jason heard Steve's heavy tread behind him.

"I know whut the matter is," he drawled. "Thar hain't nothin' the matter 'ceptin' that Mavis ain't the only fool in this hyeh fambly."

Jason was furiously silent, and Steve walked chuckling to the railing of the porch and spat over it through his teeth and fingers. Then he looked up at the stars and yawned, and with his mouth still open went casually on:

"I seed Arch Hawn in town this mornin'. He says folks is a hand-grippin' down thar in the mountains right an' left. Thar's a truce on betwixt the Hawns an'

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Honeycutts an' they're gittin' ready fer the election together."

The lad did not turn his head nor did his lips open.

"These fellers up here tried to bust our county up into little pieces once—an' do you know why? Bekase we was so *lawless*." Steve laughed savagely. "They're gittin' wuss'n we air. They say we stole the State fer that bag o' wind, Bryan, when we'd been votin' the same way fer forty years. Now they're goin' to gag us an' tie us up like a yearlin' calf. But folks in the mountains ain't agoin' to do much bawlin'—they're gittin' ready."

Still Jason refused to answer, but Steve saw that the lad's hands and mouth were clenched.

"They're gittin' *ready*," he repeated, "an' I'll be thar."

(To be continued.)

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING

By Frederick Landis

THERE was a political landslide that year, and strangers were seen in public and private life. When Congress met the cloakrooms were filled with victims who spoke of their "emancipation from public care" and then hurried to the President's office to seek manna from that commissary-general of political unfortunates.

But there is an end, even to what the "Great Father" can do, and the bottom of the patronage-bin had been scraped bare some time later when the Hon. Caspar Jones, one of the youngest of the slain, sought refuge from the "ingratitude of republics."

"Make me a consul—anywhere—Zanzibar, even!"

The "Great Father" lifted his hands reproachfully.

"You mean exile to some little ash-pile of a country?"

The Hon. Caspar Jones was so inclined.

"If I had a barrel of such positions, I'd not let you squander your abilities. Why don't you lecture? If you'll permit me to scramble a metaphor, I'll say you could make the public ear eat out of your hand!"

It was the habit of the Hon. Caspar Jones to grow strangely gentle toward all who roamed appreciatingly about his attributes.

"Why, in two years you can be the leader of the platform! I'm only sorry I can't make you the prize drawing-card right now. I'd name the next battleship after you if I could. Numerically, the Joneses are more entitled to it than Rhode Island, but I've promised it to Rhode Island."

Mr. Jones replied with deep feeling: "I've always side-stepped Chautauquas and county fairs!

"There's something heartless in the way the pillars of our government have invaded the world of amusement and expelled the old settlers. Sword-swallowers have fled heart-broken to the islands of the sea; mermaids have been compelled to take in washing!"

The "Great Father" flung a final gesture toward a painting on his wall.

"What! You'd have me lecture—on 'Lincoln'?"

The "G. F." nodded decisively.

"Poor Lincoln! I fear he will never find rest!"

The "G. F." placed his hand on Caspar's shoulder and spoke as commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

"Every 'Lincoln' has been lectured about, except the plain, every-day one. Take him!"

Walking the brink of decision, the Hon. Caspar Jones made his way to the door.

Drifting down the avenue, he thought of the void in the lyceum. Phillips—Beecher—Ingersoll—gone!

And none to take their places. Why not he? Surely nothing was impossible for one

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who had lifted the House to such enthusiasm with a defence of the tariff on burlap!

The morning became luminous in his eyes, though it was the fourth day of March.

People were swarming toward Capitol Hill to witness the adjournment of Congress; they went in street-cars, victorias, limousines, but the Hon. Caspar Jones was wafted airily up on the tide of his prospects.

The excitement of the last hour was upon the law-makers; galleries were packed and a fashionable overflow swayed back and forth through the marble lane between House and Senate. Both chambers had postponed their demise several times by turning back their clocks in order that business might be finished by "noon," a parliamentary body being the only creature of earth which can hold Father Time while his steed paws the pavement.

The members were singing patriotic songs; the defeated were going down to their doom, light of heart, as a romantic land expects of those who have distributed its garden seeds.

For the first time of the session, the Speaker handed the gavel to one of the minority, then a Southern Congressman offered a resolution, thanking the Speaker, and made an eloquent speech to the effect that the old North and South partition had been permanently removed and henceforth the Union was to be one large sitting-room.

During his term the Hon. Caspar Jones had grown weary of weeping-willow statesmen who went about endlessly shooing doves and their young out of obsolete cannon; but now he was transported!

The Southern member had shown him the way; he would lecture on "Lincoln" —in the South. Possibly he was the flute on which Fate was to render the belated rhapsody of the republic!

In high glee he slapped the delegate from the Sandwich Islands on the back.

The month of June found the Hon. Caspar bound for Texas.

Entering the smoking compartment, he saw an elderly gentleman behind a briar pipe, his sharp face turned to the flying landscape.

"Going far?" inquired the stranger.

"Texas."

"Why, that's my destination!"

The Hon. Caspar Jones scanned the gentleman's countenance and discovered many lines drawn by frontier days. His manner bespoke an equanimity which fed on peril; his gray eyes looked like a gun-barrel. Certainly here was one who regarded sanguinary episodes as mere matters of routine.

"I should have known you were a Texan," observed Caspar.

"How in the world do you do it?"

Caspar smiled lightly.

"Just a little knowledge of human nature."

"It's certainly a gift—only I've never seen Texas. I'm a New Hampshire Yankee giving Shakespearian readings."

The Hon. Caspar Jones slowly emerged from his astonishment.

"Shake! I'm in the business myself!"

The tragedian withdrew his hand.

"You mean—you're also 'devastating' the South-west?"

"Yes—that is—I'm—lecturing."

"What particular message do you bear to our distant kinsmen?"

The Yankee smiled as the benevolent veteran beams upon a recruit.

"'Lincoln' is my subject."

The veteran leaned forward, his hand to his ear.

"'Lincoln!—Abraham Lincoln!'"

The gentleman refilled his pipe and returned to the scenery, and was silent till a herd of cattle, pinched in the shade of a tree, awoke a pastoral revery.

"Beef's pretty high these days!"

Mile after mile they sat in a gazing duet till a brunette thrust his face through the curtains.

"Last call for breakfast!"

Shakespeare arose with an air of relief, then turned in the doorway.

"Did you say—'Texas'?"

It was a long, glaring, sandy day on the train and the Hon. Caspar Jones sat in the midst of his papers, while over the aisle the travelling representative of the Bard of Avon played so many kinds of solitaire it was hard to keep one's mind on a masterpiece. Caspar was conscious of that attention which is the lot of all who reveal intellectual qualities en route, and once while rehearsing the passage relied on to

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make Texas strangle her last prejudice, a "drummer" paused by his seat.

"What's your line?"

"Suspenders!" exploded the wrathful Demosthenes.

At last they rolled into a region where the soil was red and cars were labelled for blacks and whites. It was near the Texas line, and glancing idly from the car window the Hon. Caspar Jones arose with a start, then called to a tall young man on horseback:

"Oh, Surface!"

The horseman galloped up to the window.

"Great Scott, Jonesey! Where you bound? What you doing?"

The train started off and Surface rode beside it, prolonging the hand shake.

"I'm lecturing."

"What on?"

"'Lincoln'!"

"What 'Lincoln'?"

"The only one worth lecturing about!"

The train gathered speed and Surface swung his horse aside and put both hands to his mouth.

"So long, Jonesey! Better get an asbestos shirt!"

The Hon. Caspar settled back in his seat and turned the warning over and over. Then he wrote a passage enlarging on Lincoln's tolerance toward all who differed from his views.

He reached his destination at evening, and by that clairvoyance peculiar to railroad stations was able to identify the manager of the Chautauqua, a gentleman who peered through large glasses with a peculiar sparrowlike wistfulness.

"You're the 'talent,' I believe?"

It was as if he had asked the Hon. Caspar Jones if he were the peck of potatoes expected on the evening train.

Mexican influence lingered in the little gray adobe town and fairly rioted in the hack which took them up the hill. It might have been the chaise of Cortez! The hotel had enjoyed great popularity among the mound builders, and behind the desk hung an ancient, cracked unlikeness of Samuel Houston by an artist who evidently had been inspired by the feud spirit of a wild period.

Caspar registered, and in an unguarded moment requested a room with bath, whereupon the clerk jabbed the pen into the potato with undisguised impatience.

"This evening's bath's been 'spoke' for!"

The Chautauqua manager followed Caspar to his room, and inquired if there was any truth in the report that he was to discuss a theme which possibly might be "uncongenial."

"The report is absolutely correct, sir!"

The Hon. Caspar did not use "sir" lightly. He drew it from the scabbard only when emergencies demanded extreme measures.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, the chairman resolved that it might possibly save innocent lives to tell the worst.

"Ah—this meeting to-night—it's to be given by the Confederate veterans' camp, you know!"

The Adam's apple of the Hon. Caspar Jones registered an extreme disturbance within, but his voice was valiant.

"I could hardly have hoped for such a happy arrangement!"

The manager was appalled at such innocence.

"It seems the veterans didn't exactly understand your subject. An old sheep man, William Johnstone, has asked to preside to-night; he was badly wounded in the war. He's a very peaceable citizen; he's never shot anybody that let him alone!"

The Hon. Caspar did not dine with that relish usually ascribed to the condemned, but drank much black coffee. Now and then a villager would linger in the dining-room door, then join a whispering crowd in the lobby which Caspar watched for manifestations of hemp.

The meeting was held in the plaza, which was three times the size of a Northern public square, and the night was cloudless, a fortunate circumstance, for it was a sky-canopied function.

Jones never had seen such luminous stars, nor such a quiet audience. Over three thousand sat on hard benches.

"Where did they come from?"

The manager pointed to the buggies hitched round the plaza.

"From the country; most of them came a long way."

They pushed their way to the rough, pine platform, where a tall, spare, gray-

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bearded man sat with excruciating starchiness behind a table decorated with pitcher and glass.

Caspar and his mate mounted the platform and sat whispering mysteriously for some seconds, as is prescribed in the oratorical by-laws.

The scene inspired this most silvery-tongued of the Joneses; his bosom heaved and heaved again, then fell very flat. The first two rows were filled with Confederate veterans, some in faded, gray coats, and in their midst was a war-torn flag.

He started at the thought that possibly some of these men had been at the massacre of Fort Pillow! Then he turned nervously to the chairman.

"There's positively nothing left to be desired! I can hardly wait!"

The tall, spare chairman poured a glass of water and arose, fumbling the top button of an old Prince Albert coat.

"I'm no talker, my friends. I'm just a sheep man. It may seem strange that I'm up here, an' I'll tell you why."

He turned and cast an ominous glance toward the Hon. Caspar Jones.

"Durin' the 'late unpleasantness' I was a 'Johnnie.'"

The two rows of veterans grinned, and a cheer starting in the outskirts swept the audience.

"I was at Gettysburg—with Pickett. A shell struck me—an' then I was no 'count. I couldn't hold a musket—so they made me a spy.

"Well, the 'Yanks' ketched me—an' one morning I was settin' in a tent with a soldier at either end. I had an engagement—to be hung. I'd just finished a letter to my mother an' was lookin' at the address when a staff officer rode up an' said, 'The General presented his compliments'—an' I knew that I was to hear my death-warrant."

The countenances of the old Confederates were like steel traps; the audience was an aggregate frown, and as for the Hon. Caspar Jones, he wished he were to discuss the tariff on burlap.

The chairman cleared his throat.

"They marched me to head-quarters, where there was a short, stocky man with a stubby beard. He wore a slouch hat and a plain soldier blouse—an' smoked a powerful, black cigar. He was the only man in the place who didn't have on a badge. It was General Grant.

"Well, he handed me a paper an' I read it—an' then everything got white—so sizzlin' white I closed my eyes. It was a pardon from Mr. Lincoln."

The old man bit his lips for an instant.

"I never knew how it come about till long after. Near the end of the war Mr. Lincoln tied up all the death-warrants he could, an' one morning Secretary Stanton took a basketful of them to the White House and demanded immediate action.

"Mr. Lincoln was happy that morning.

"'Stanton,' said he, 'that was a glorious victory yesterday—an' the war's 'most over, thank God!' Then he saw Stanton's basket an' walked to the window.

"'Just look over there at Virginia. How green her hills are. Stanton, it's too fine a morning to sentence any poor devil to be hung!'"

"An' with that Mr. Lincoln dumped that basketful o' death-warrants into the grate—struck a match—an' pardoned the whole crowd!"

William Johnstone stood erect and his voice quivered.

"An' the chairman o' this meetin' happened to be one o' the wild cucumbers in that basket."

For an instant the audience sat as if stunned, then the old Confederates sprang to their feet, and the air was pierced with the blood-curdling yell never forgotten by those who heard it on the field of battle.

The chairman's face grew pale.

"After Appomattox I made up my mind to see Mr. Lincoln—to thank him—an' I started to Washington—afoot. I had gone a long way an' one day I was settin' by the road, restin', an' a stragglin' Yankee soldier come along an' he fetched terrible 'word.' I was a wounded soldier o' the 'Stars an' Bars,' but that 'word' was so terrible I even forgot that we had surrendered—an' that Yankee soldier said:

"'You a sheddin' tears! You, a "Johnnie"!'"

Johnstone proceeded very slowly.

"I picked up my things—they were tied in a bandanna handkerchief—an' I went on to Washington. I did see Mr. Lincoln—but I couldn't thank him!—the South had lost her best friend."

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Turning to the speaker of the evening, Johnstone bowed him forth with a fine blending of stage-fright and courtliness, then put his hand on Jones's shoulder.

"When I heard that this 'Yank' was to talk about Mr. Lincoln, I said to Mrs. Johnstone, 'I'm goin' to preside at that meetin', an' I hitched up the old gray mare—an' we come."

It was a long time before the Hon. Caspar Jones could speak, for just as the applause would subside, the old soldiers would start it again. After the greatest meeting of his life, they escorted the speaker to his hotel and the fife and drum were in hands which held them in the days "which tried men's souls."

Then these old soldiers drew up resolutions which were very formal and put a great seal on them, then they sent a copy to every Confederate camp where Jones was to speak, and till the train came in they sought for other courtesies to bestow.

It was a remarkable series of meetings, in a sense the most unique in our history. There are those who like to think that the thoroughbred spirit which they exemplified grows taller in the young republic than in the older kingdoms.

It was past midnight and the Hon. Caspar Jones, having finished his engagements, was waiting for the International Express to take him home. A group of old men with lanterns waited with him, and he hardly noticed that the International was two hours late, for these old men told tales which were the envy of romantic fiction. Some of them had served with Stonewall Jackson; some with Albert Sidney Johnston; some with Robert E. Lee.

At last the great headlight flashed upon the little band, and as he started away the Hon. Caspar Jones stood on the observation platform and a strange loneliness came over him. He watched the swinging lanterns till they seemed golden balls in a juggler's hands and then they disappeared.

He propped himself on his pillows and wondered how things would have been had he been born in Texas.

Then he came very near to the wish that the stork went South in winter, as some other birds are prone to do.

THE MASTER BEGGAR

By Edith Rickert

Love may come limping, halt, or blind,
  Yea, he may wear the mask of sin;
Though he be brutal, rough, unkind—
  Open the door and let him in.

He stands and laughs at the hands that deny,
  He knows that for him there is no nay;
He knocks where he will, with low and high—
  Enters and sets his staff away.

You may crowd your hall with many a guest,
  To pipe and dance in his despite;
You may work and forget him, mock him with jest—
  Patient he sits there, morn and night.

No alms may content him. Silent to wait
  Till he hold the keys of life—his part;
The beggar is master and keeps his state
  Alone by the fireside of the heart.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT is difficult to say why the casual announcement at dinner, a few nights ago, of the death of Mr. Andrew Lang should bring to one who never saw his face so deep a sense of personal loss. It is partly because of the diversity of his work, those seventy volumes of poetry, criticism, fairy tales, essays, being sure to make one hear the echo of his footstep, no matter down what intellectual highway one might be trudging, or by what hedge-row lingering for rest. On work-days and on play-days I have been in the habit of seeking him out; if the former meant the investigation of some new author in my study of literature, searching Poole's Index for the name "Lang," that his pungent, sweet-natured criticism might enliven my dull wits. If the Christmas holidays drew near, there was the inexhaustible supply of fairy-books for the children; and the pre-Christmas letters to Santa Claus have never failed to name him. But perhaps it was only an idle, sunny Saturday; there was a book of verse out of Old France, or one with the ancient melodies of Scotland ringing through it, with far echoes of the boy's mind:

Andrew Lang

"A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago,"

Or:

"St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North Ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
. . . . . .
O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea——"

Both for work-days and for play-days are the beautiful translations from the Greek. His "Iliad" is opened, and straightway, in the words of Keats, "I am with Achilles, shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily," aware how, "as beautiful Daphnis was following his kine, and Menalcas shepherding his flock, they met, as men say, on the long ranges of the hills."

Not less sure was his footstep in the tangled woods of mediæval literature, and no truer guide could be found to the heart of an ancient adventure, the soul of an old mood.

"Where smooth the Southern waters run
Through rustling leagues of poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft Southern sun,
We wandered out of yesterday;
Went Maying in that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette."

The long list of his works brings an overwhelming sense of the greatness of his service, both in interpretation and in creation, to the world of the imagination, the world of Beauty, at a time when we most sorely need such service. It was the gift, too, not of genius, not of a nature supremely gifted, but of delicate insight and of indefatigable industry. How happy he must have been! No man could have worked so hard as that without being greatly happy. Despite his constant toil, he was always a merry as well as a wise companion, whose droll remarks enlivened many a dusty rood of ground, whose keen wit pierced like lightning flash sham mood or misty style.

There was always an individual flavor in his criticism; he had the sure, swift taste of him who knows. When he said: "Sweet meseems is the whispering sound of yonder pine-tree, goatherd, that murmureth by the wells of water, and sweet are thy pipings," he knew the sweetness instinctively, and not because he had learned the rules. To his fine insight was added the great gift of humor, a flash whereof is needed to quicken literary criticism, and few there be that possess it, since the shadow of German scholarship fell upon the world of letters. How dull it is at times, how lacking in simple, human understanding!

"Might I but live to see thee in my touch
I'd say I had eyes again,"

says poor blinded Gloster in "King Lear," and the critic who states that the proper word is, of course, not see, but feel, is one of those raised up to train the young in the matter of interpreting the immortals. It is because such minds as these are constantly

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at work grinding out their sodden grist, unaware that the truth is something different from the sum of all the facts, real or imaginary, that one is grateful for the quick intelligence, the nimble understanding, the laughing sympathy in criticism of Andrew Lang.

They are vanishing so fast, the men of understanding, of insight, of gift, the men of an elder and greater day, Tennyson, Browning, Stevenson, Meredith, Swinburne, William Sharp, that the world, in spite of the masses of people forever going up and down upon it, begins to seem sadly depopulated. Who are to be the creators and the revealers of beauty in this new world which we are entering, and which, to those of us who were trained under earlier standards, presents so much of ugliness?

This latest loss wraps one in a wholly impersonal sadness, and brings to a far-distant home the silence of that day when the dead are laid away. The latch that he never lifted, the garden-path that he never trod seem lonely, and into the midsummer day comes the gentle autumn atmosphere of farewell, the beauty of falling leaves, the fragrance of vanishing things. "Persephone, all lovely things drift down to thee," cries Bion, in Lang's translation of the lament for Adonis. If, in elegiac fashion, we should call upon his fellow-singers to lament him, there would be no ears to hear, though a spirit-thin voice might come "in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence." There is a stillness in the air like that of a day last autumn when the blue-birds stopped to say good-by, blue wing by blue wing against our browning grass. For all I know they may have been "Souls of poets dead and gone," *en route* for Elysium. I can fancy Andrew Lang's among them, with the swiftest blue wings of all.

A Collection of Rings

AN introduction to Broca's convolution, that fascinating cupboard in the brain no bigger than a hazel-nut, in which are stored in orderly ranks all the words and languages we know, taught me how to store some of my collections which before had threatened to overflow the land and the sea. The solution is simplicity itself. Whenever more room is needed in the tiny cupboard, add a Broca shelf. If you ask me exactly where, I refer you to William James who justly declares that the space of my imagination in nowise interferes with that of yours; or to Gambetta's postage-stamp from which Mark Twain caught a resourceful soldier drawing several cartridges; or to Horace Walpole's prince who, after travelling three years, brought home nothing but a nut. They cracked it; in it was wrapped a piece of silk painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and everything in the world, from which, after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog and shook his ears and danced a saraband!

Now there is my collection of rings, unique I believe, though not in connoisseur phrase complete, made up rather of casual samples that fell in a careless traveller's way. One little tinsel thing, looking as though it had come out of a Christmas cracker, which I found as a marker in a library book, proved possessed of loadstone qualities, since thereafter I seldom opened a book but it delivered up valuable rings for my collection. One curious specimen which had belonged to Hannibal revealed a tiny receptacle still smelling of the grain of poison in which he found release in the hour of final defeat. Hannibal was versed in rings. In the second Punic war, when so many Romans were killed, he had his sutlers gather up and send back to Carthage a basket of ten thousand gold rings worn by the conquered knights. From among so many it is not incredible that one should have found its way to my cupboard. Had but a modicum of that number come over in the *Mayflower*, each member of several large hereditary-patriotic societies would have had ample assortment. The miracle of the loaves and fishes has only to be expressed in terms of antiquities to cease to be cited as an exceptional instance of increase.

The fact that Septimus Severus flattered his soldiers with the honor of wearing gold rings hints of the rings of iron worked in gold by the ancients, in each of which was set a little shell, and worn by such as did greatly desire to remain with minds unmoved in the midst of any extraordinary occurrence, whether it brought them good or evil. My collection boasts no real antique, but I have a very good reproduction cunningly made by the young Benvenuto Cellini in his shop at Rome. I slip on this ring occasionally to test the ancient charm. True, extraordinary

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occurrences flow over me, leaving my mind unmoved; but the result, curiously enough, seems very like that of ordinary emotions when my mind is keenly alive to them. 100x0 after all equals 0x100. I am glad that Benvenuto's reproductions, "fine-tempered steel, delicately chased and inlaid with gold," brought him forty crowns apiece, but I wager you he never tried on the charm. Go unmoved, he? Movement, experience, change, chance, the grand thrill, comprised his point of view—a vivid contrast to that of the elder Pliny who hated luxury and wrote a tirade on the malefactor who "committed the worst crime against mankind in putting a ring on his finger."

Not all rings were put on men's fingers. Some there were by which Venice wedded her sea—of which I have a delightful collection, Adriatic jetsam of the first water: "We wed thee, O Sea, in token of true and lasting domination"; after which the Venetians believed that in some mysterious manner every enterprise on the mighty waters was occultly blessed to them. Some rings, too, become men's fingers most in leaving them —like the ducal ring drawn from the traitor hand of Foscari and broken to bits. I have always been glad, nevertheless, that Loredan, a later doge who was deputed to deliver the news of disgrace to the aged Foscari, had the grace to hide his ringed hand under the cloak in which the great Bellini painted him in that superb portrait in the National Gallery in London.

Symbolic rings fill one shelf in my cupboard: a signet or two, from Egypt and Babylon; the episcopal ring, formerly worn on the third finger of the bishop's right hand above the second joint; and the massive ring of the popes. Paul II of the fifteenth century died of the chill and weight of the rings with which he loaded his fingers.

Over the Mizpeh and engagement rings I linger fondly, ruminating on the procession of maidens down the world's ages who, like Margaret Ogilvy, "did carry that finger in such a way that the most reluctant must see." I lack the Virgin's veritable wedding-ring, now in a chapel of the duomo at Perugia. I was fortunate enough to see it, however, on one of its periodic exposures to the public, before it was locked back again into its sixteen cases, secured by as many keys kept by as many persons of importance in the mediæval hill town.

The old belief that the vein from the third finger ran more directly to the heart than from the others probably suggested the ring finger. One of the earliest forms of wedding-ring was the gimmal, formed of two links, each having a hand upon it, which, when brought together, formed a single ring with the hands clasped together. The ring was used at betrothal, the man and woman each keeping half till the wedding-day. Was it such a one perchance that Louis XVI took from his watch-chain and kept trying on his finger while his hair was being dressed that morning of his execution? Certainly it was his wedding-ring which he was about to return to the queen as a mute farewell.

Old posies engraved in both engagement and wedding rings show great similarity of sentiment. "I will have five" has a suffrage air of independence, and raises a query about another old favorite, "Together for eternity." Hawker, the delectable Vicar of Morwenstowe, used, in celebrating marriage, to take the ring and toss it in the air before restoring it to the bridegroom—probably to symbolize that marriage is always more or less a toss-up. Such, I infer, the Duke of Hamilton found it after he had fallen so rapturously in love with the younger Gunning at the house-warming at Chesterfield House that he called for a parson and married her at midnight with a curtain ring.

Ring Symbolism

IT is a poor symbol which cannot be perverted to signify its opposite. In the old Scandinavian mythology, the bargain with the Fates was that he who should forswear love forever would be able to make of the Rhine gold a magic ring which would give him power over all the earth and over the eternals as well. The Ring of the Nibelungen was formed like a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and it had ruby eyes. By easy transition it became a dragon. An old lady botanist, whom in childhood it was my good-luck to meet, told me that in her girlhood Lucy Austin, later Lady Duff Gordon, visited her. Lucy had a pet snake, fond of glittering things as was the beautiful girl herself; and when she took off her many rings and put them on different parts of the table it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body and finally tying itself in a tight knot so that the rings could not be got off

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till it pleased to untie itself again. As is the province of rings, the subject makes my mind go round and round:

> "A snake with a bright yellow spot,
> Once tied itself up in a knot.
> When asked, 'What is this?'
> He replied, with a hiss,
> 'That errand must not be forgot.'"

Who of us has not "changed a ring," becoming so uneasy thereafter that the duty to be remembered is speedily performed? Nicolai, in "War and Peace," broke his cameo ring striking one of his serfs. After his wife's reproach he vowed never to do so again, and when he clinched his fists in anger he would turn the broken ring round on his finger and drop his eyes before the man who angered him. Even Nicolai, however, cannot compete in human delightsomeness with the man at the opera observed changing his ring to remember a certain air!

Like Lucy Austin's snake, I am bewitched with this game of stringing the rings lying loose on the table of history and life. One shelf in my cupboard is crowded with just nobody's rings. Good Heavens! the things that they have seen! Other rings I show—the historic, the singularly pretty, the diabolically ugly; but I like best these humdrum tokens. Another such spans the finger of you and me and the next person till the composite circumference encircles the world. The crowds one looks down upon from the elevated tracks in New York, those in the Rue de Rivoli and on the Riva degli Schiavoni—each individual wears a ring, each one a gift of love, or jewelled with pride or anticipation or association. Most people like their rings not for their value but for some secondary quality. To relate the avatars of our humble little personal rings is to spread out the whole chart of life. In Bergsonian phrase each ring is "a unity that is multiple and a multiplicity that is one." Given the ring, I seek to put together the lives that touched it, reconstruct the moving, breathing organisms of those who wore it. To-day as I twist great-grandmother's ring upon my finger, I look upon it as hers, see her life, revisit her past, become her contemporary; to-morrow the twist of the ring will project me into the life of some future wearer, with multiplied application and illustration. I grasp these hints of other lives like the dog Arthur Symons saw in an Irish stream, snapping at the bubbles that ran past him. "Life runs past me, too, continuously, and I try to make all its bubbles my own."

The Rhinegold ring which caused such operatic upheaval leads by certain quite traceable links of association to Plato's myth of Gyges the shepherd. He found, you will remember, a gold ring which had the remarkable property of making its wearer visible when he turned the collet one way and invisible when he turned it the other. Perceiving this, he contrived to be chosen messenger to the court of Lydia, where he no sooner arrived than he seduced the queen and with her help conspired against the king, slew him, and took the kingdom. Plato asks what we should do if we had such a ring. We could do anything we pleased and nobody would be any the wiser. Would we, with such a ring on our finger, stand fast in righteousness? Could we trust ourselves to wear that ring night and day? Would we feel safe if we knew our next-door neighbor had one? The question is too all-embracing for me to cope with, and I turn back to my Broca cupboard and busy myself among the reliquary rings. Next to Hannibal's lies one pondering which it is impossible to accept the Arab proverb that "yesterday never existed." Touch its secret spring. Here's richness! Two seeds, from a mummy case of five thousand years ago! Would these seeds germinate if planted in my garden? Certain of its contemporaries have elsewhere performed that preposterous feat. Suppose a papyrus should spring up and from its stalks an antiquarian should fashion paper on which to write the history of the world. Or suppose the crop to be millet, food of one-third the inhabitants of the globe. Would the history of civilization be different had those two seeds been planted five thousand years ago? Well, a few more æons cannot affect them now, so I leave it for some future owner of this collection of rings—mine by a sort of usufruct—to try her luck at sprouting them. I suggest "The Ring and the Seed" as the title of her monograph; and I beg that the printer's mark be a ringed finger, and the posy on the title-page be the words which voice my own faith:

> "There is upon Life's hand a magic ring,
> The ring of Faith-in-Good, Life's gold of gold:
> Remove it not, lest all Life's charm take wing."

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·THE FIELD OF ART·

The Hermit. By John Sargent.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TWO WAYS OF PAINTING

AMONG the more recent acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum is a brilliant and altogether remarkable little picture by John Sargent, entitled "The Hermit." Mr. Sargent is a protrait painter by vocation, and the public knows him best as a penetrating and sometimes cruel reader of human character. He is a mural painter by avocation and capable, on occasion, of a monumental formality. In this picture, as in the wonderful collection of water colors in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one fancies one sees the essential John Sargent, working for himself alone without regard to external demands, and doing what he really cares most to do. In such work he is a modern of the moderns and, in the broadest sense of the word, a thorough impressionist. Not that he shows himself a disciple of Monet, or occupies himself with the broken touch or the division of tones—his method is as direct as that of Sorolla and his impressionism is of the same kind; a bending of all his energies to the vivid realization of the effect of the scene rendered as one might perceive it in the first flash of vision if one came upon it unexpectedly. This picture is better than Sorolla—it is better than almost anyone. It is perhaps the most astonishing realization of the modern ideal, the most accomplished transcript of the actual appearance of nature, that has yet been produced. It is because of its great merit, because of its extraordinary success in what it attempts, that it leads one to the serious consideration of the nature of the attempt and of the gain and loss involved in the choice that modern art has made.

The picture is exactly square—the choice of this form is, of itself, typically modern in its unexpectedness—and represents a bit of rough wood interior under intense sunlight. The light is studied for its brilliancy rather than for

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a certain coldness of color; but such conditions of glaring and almost colorless light do exist in nature. One sees a few straight trunks of some kind of pine or larch, a network of branches and needles, a tumble of moss-spotted and lichened rocks, a confusion of floating lights and shadows, and that is all. The conviction of truth is instantaneous—it is an actual bit of nature, just as the painter found it. One is there on that ragged hill-side, half dazzled by the moving spots of light, as if set down there suddenly, with no time to adjust one's vision. Gradually one's eyes clear and one is aware, first of a haggard human head with tangled beard and unkempt hair, then of an emaciated body. There is a man in the wood! And then—did they betray themselves by some slight movement?—there are a couple of slender antelopes who were but now invisible and who melt into their surroundings again at the slightest inattention. It is like a pictorial demonstration of protective coloring in men and animals.

Now, almost any one can see how superbly all this is rendered. Any one can marvel at and admire the free and instantaneous handling, the web of slashing and apparently meaningless brush strokes which, at a given distance, take their places by a kind of magic, and *are* the things they represent. But it takes a painter to know how justly it is observed. In these days no painter, whatever may be his deepest convictions, can escape the occasional desire to be modern; and most of us have attempted, at one time or another, the actual study of the human figure in the open air. We have taken our model into a walled garden or a deep wood or the rocky ravine of a brook, and have set ourselves seriously to find out what a naked man or woman really looks like in the setting of outdoor nature. And we have found just what Sargent has painted. The human figure, as a figure, has ceased to exist. Line and structure and all that we have most cared for have disappeared. Even the color of flesh has ceased to count, and the most radiant blond skin of the fairest woman has become an insignificant pinkish spot no more important than a stone and not half so important as a flower. Humanity is absorbed into the landscape.

Obviously, there are two courses open to the painter. If he is a modern by feeling and by training, full of curiosity and of the scientific temper, caring more for the investigation of the story or the construction of a decoration, he will, if he is able enough, treat his matter much as Sargent has treated it. The figure will become, for him, only an incident in the landscape. It will be important only as a thing of another texture and another color, valuable for the different way in which it receives the light and reflects the sky, just as rocks and foliage and water and bare earth are valuable. For to the true impressionist light and atmosphere are the only realities, and objects exist only to provide surfaces for the play of light and atmosphere. He will abandon all attempt at rendering the material and physical significance of the human form, and will still less concern himself with its spiritual significance. He will gain a great vividness of illusion, and he may console himself for what he loses with the reflection that he has expressed the true relation of man to the universe—that he has expressed either man's insignificance or man's oneness with nature, according as his temper is pessimistic or optimistic.

If, on the other hand, the painter is one to whom the figure as a figure means much; one to whom line and bulk and modelling are the principal means of expression, and who cares for the structure and stress of bone and muscle; if the glow and softness of flesh appeal strongly to him; above all, if he has the human point of view, and thinks of his figures as people engaged in certain actions, having certain characters, experiencing certain states of mind and body; then he will give up the struggle with the truths of aspect that seem so vital to the painter of the other type, and by a frank use of conventions will seek to increase the importance of his figure at the expense of its surroundings. He will give it firmer lines and clearer edges, will strengthen its light and shade, will dwell upon its structure or its movement and expression. He will so compose his landscape as to subordinate it to his figure, and will make its lines echo and accentuate that figure's action or repose. When he has accomplished his task he will have painted, not man insignificant before nature, but man dominating nature.

For an example of this way of representing man's relation to the world about him, let us take Titian's "Saint Jerome"—a picture somewhat similar to Sargent's in subject and in the relative size of the figure and its surroundings. Titian has here given more importance to the landscape than was common in his day. He also has meant, as Sargent has, to make a great

St. Jerome in the Desert. By Titian
In the Brera Gallery, Milan.

deal of the wilderness to which his saint has retired, and to make his saint a lonely human being in a savage place. But the saint and his emotion is, after all, what interests Titian most, and the wildness of nature is valuable to him mainly for its sympathy with this emotion. He wants to give a single powerful feeling and to give it with the utmost dramatic force—to give it theatrically even, one might admit of this particular picture; for it is by no means so favorable an example of Titian's method, or of the older methods of art in general, as is Sargent's "Hermit" of the modern way of seeing and painting. To attain this end he

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simplifies and arranges everything. He lowers the pitch of his coloring to a sombre glow and concentrates the little light upon his kneeling figure, he spends all his knowledge on so drawing and modelling that figure as to make you feel to the utmost its bulk and reality and the strain upon its muscles and tendons, and he so places everything else on his canvas as to intensify its action and expression. The gaze of the saint is fixed upon a crucifix high on the right of the picture, and the book behind him, the lines of the rocks, the masses of the foliage, even the general formation of the ground, are so disposed as to echo and reinforce the great diagonal. There is a splendid energy of invention in the drawing of the tree stems, but the effect is clear and simple with nothing of Sargent's dazzle and confusion. As for the lion, he is a mere necessary mark of identification, and Titian has taken no interest in him.

Now, it is evident that there is not nearly so much literal truth to the appearance of nature in this picture as in Sargent's. It is not only that it would never have occurred to Titian to try to paint the glittering spottiness of sunlight splashing through leafage, or to attempt to raise his key of light to something like that of nature, at the cost of fulness of color. It is not merely that he translates and simplifies and neglects certain truths that the world had not yet learned to see. He deliberately and intentionally falsifies. He knew as well as we do that a natural landscape would not arrange itself in such lines and masses for the purpose of throwing out the figure and of enhancing its emotion. But to him natural facts were but so much material, to be treated as he pleased for the carrying out of his purpose. He was a colorist and a chiaroscurist; and he had a great deal more interest in light and in landscape than most of the painters of his time. If he had been pre-eminently a draughtsman, like Michelangelo, he would have reduced his light and shade to the amount strictly necessary to give that powerful modelling of the figure which is the draughtsman's means of expression, would have greatly increased the relative size and importance of the figure, and would have reduced the landscape to a barely intelligible symbol. Had he been a linealist, like Botticelli, he would have eliminated modelling almost altogether, would have concentrated his attention upon the edges of things, and would have reduced his picture to a flat pattern in which the beauty and expressiveness of the lines should be almost the only attraction.

For all art is an exchange of gain against loss—you cannot have Sargent's truth of impression and Titian's truth of emotion in the same picture, nor Michelangelo's beauty of structure with Botticelli's beauty of line. To be a successful artist is to know what you want and to get it at any necessary sacrifice, though the greatest artists maintain a noble balance and sacrifice no more than is necessary. And if a painter of to-day is like minded with these older masters he will have to express himself much in their manner. He will have to make, with his eyes open, the sacrifices which they made more or less unconsciously, and to deny a whole range of truths with which his fellows are occupied that he may express clearly and forcibly the few truths which he has chosen.

All truths are good, and all ways of painting are legitimate that are necessary to the expression of any truth. I am not here concerned to show that one way is better than another, or one set of truths more important than another set of truths. For the present I am desirous only of showing why there is more than one way—of explaining the necessity of different methods for the expression of different individualities and different ways of envisaging nature and art. But a little while ago it was the modern or impressionistic manner that needed explanation. It was new, it was revolutionary, and it was misunderstood and disliked. A generation of critics has been busy in explaining it, a generation of artists has been busy in practising it, and now the balance has turned the other way. The pressure of conformity is upon the other side and it is the older methods that need justification and explanation. The prejudices of the workers and the writers have gradually and naturally become the prejudices of at least a part of the public, and it has become necessary to show that the small minority of artists who still follow the old roads do so, not from ignorance or stupidity or a stolid conservatism, still less from mere wilful caprice, but from necessity; because those roads are the only ones that can lead them where they wish to go. No more magnificent demonstration of the qualities possible to the purely modern methods of painting has been made than this brilliant little picture of Sargent's. All the more is it a demonstration of the qualities impossible to these methods. If such qualities have any permanent value and interest for the modern world it is a gain for art that some painters should try to keep alive the methods that render possible their attainment.

KENYON COX.

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Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

THE ON-SHORE GALE.

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

THE INDISCREET

BY PRICE COLLIER

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," and "The West in the East from an American Point of View"

THE casual observer of life in England would find himself forced to write of sport, even as in India he would write of caste, as in America he would note the undue emphasis laid upon politics. In Germany, wherever he turns, whether it be to look at the army, to inquire about the navy, to study the constitution, or to disentangle the web of present-day political strife; to read the figures of commercial and industrial progress, or the results of social legislation; to look on at the Germans at play during their yachting week at Kiel, or their rowing contests at Frankfort, he finds himself face to face with the Emperor.

The student visits Berlin, or Potsdam, or Wilhelmshöhe; or with a long stride finds himself on the docks at Hamburg or Bremen, or beside the Kiel Canal, or in Kiel harbor facing a fleet of war-ships; or he lifts his eyes into the air to see a dirigible balloon returning from a voyage of two hundred and fifty miles toward London over the North Sea, and the Emperor is there. Is it the tiny palace hidden in its shrubbery in the country; is it the clean, broad streets and decorations of the capital; is it a discussion of domestic politics, or a question of foreign politics, the Emperor's hand is there. His opinion, his influence, what he has said or has not said, are inextricably interwoven with the woof and web of German life.

We may like him or dislike him, approve or disapprove, rejoice in autocracy or abominate it, admire the far-reaching discipline or regret the iron mould in which much of German life is encased, but for the moment all this is beside the mark. Here is a man who in a quarter of a century has so grown into the life of a nation, the most powerful on the continent, and one of the three most powerful in the world, that when you touch it anywhere you touch him, and when you think of it from any angle of thought, or describe it from any point of view, you find yourself including him.

Personally, I should have been glad to leave this chapter unwritten. I have no taste for the discussion and analysis of living persons, even when they are of such historic and social importance and of such magnitude that I am thus given the proverbial license of the cat. But to write about Germany without writing about the Emperor is as impossible as to jump away from one's own shadow. When the sun is behind any phase or department of German life, the shadow cast is that of Germany's Emperor.

This is not said because it is pleasing to whomsoever it may be, for in Germany, and in much of the world outside Germany, this situation is looked upon as unfavorable, and even deplorable; and certainly no American can look upon it with equanimity, for it is of the essence

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of his Americanism to distrust it. It is, however, so much a fact that to neglect a discussion of this personality would be to leave even so slight a sketch of Germany as this hopelessly lop-sided. He so pervades German life that to write of the Germany of the last twenty-five years without attempting to describe William the Second, German Emperor, would be to leave every question, institution, and problem of the country without its master-key.

In other chapters dealing more particularly with the political development of Germany, and with the salient characteristics, mental and moral, of the people, we shall see how it has come about that one man can thus impregnate a whole nation of sixty-five millions with his own aims and ambitions to such an extent that they may be said, so to speak, to live their political, social, martial, religious, and even their industrial, life in him. It is a phenomenon of personality that exists nowhere else in the world to-day, and on so large a scale and among so enlightened a people perhaps never before in history.

Nothing has made scientific accuracy in dealing with the most interesting and most important factors in the world so utterly inaccurate and misleading as those infallibly accurate and impersonal agents, electricity and the sun. If one were to judge a man by his photographs, and the gossip of the press, one would be sure to know nothing more valuable about him than that his mustache is brushed up and that his brows are permanently lowering. Personality is so evasive that one may count upon it that when a machine says "There it is!" that there it is not. You will have everything that is patent and nothing that is pertinent.

We are forever talking and writing about the smallness of the world, of how much better we know one another, and of how much more we should love one another, now that we flash photographs and messages to and fro at a speed of leagues a second. Nothing could be more futile and foolish. These things have emphasized our differences, they have done nothing to realize our likeness to one another. We are as far from one another as in the days, late in the tenth century, when they complained in England that men learned fierceness from the Saxon of Germany, effeminacy from the Fleming, and drunkenness from the Dane.

As probably the outstanding figure and best-known, superficially known, man in the world, the German Emperor has escaped the notice of very few people who notice anything. His likeness is everywhere, and gossip about him is on every tongue. He is as familiar to the American as Roosevelt, to the Englishman as Lloyd-George, to the Frenchman as Dreyfus, to the Russian as his Czar, and to the Chinese and Japanese as their most prominent political figure. And yet I should say that he is comparatively little known, either externally or internally, as he is.

It is perhaps the fate of those of most influence to be misunderstood. Of this, I fancy, the Emperor does not complain. Indeed, those feeble folk who complain of being misunderstood ought to console themselves with the thought that practically all our imperishable monuments are erected to the glory of those whom we condemned and criticised, starved and stoned, burned and crucified, when we had them with us.

William II, German Emperor and King of Prussia, was born January 27, 1859, and became German Emperor June 15, 1888. He is, therefore, in the prime of life, and looks it. His complexion and eyes are as clear as those of an athlete, and his eyes, and his movements, and his talk are vibrating with energy. He stands, I should guess, about five feet eight or nine, has the figure and activity of an athletic youth of thirty, and in his hours of friendliness is as careless in speech, as unaffected in manner, as lacking in any suspicion of self-consciousness, or of any desire to impress you with his importance, as the simplest gentleman in the land.

Alas, how often this courageous and gentlemanly attitude has been taken advantage of! I have headed this chapter *The Indiscreet*, and I propose to examine these so-called indiscretions in some detail, but for the moment I must ask: Is there any excuse for, or any social punishment too severe for, the man who, introduced into a gentleman's house in the guise of a gentleman, often by his own ambassador, leaves it to blab every detail of the conversation of his host, with the gesticulations and exclamation points added by himself? To add a little to his own im-

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sational forks and spoons in his pockets, and rush to a newspaper office to tell the world that he has kept his soiled napkin as a souvenir. The only indiscretion in such a case is when the host, or his advisers, or gentlemen anywhere, heed the lunatic laughter of such a social jackal.

To count one's words, to tie up one's phrases in caution, to dip each sentence in a diplomatic antiseptic, in the company of those to whom one has conceded hospitality, what a feeble policy! Better be brayed to the world every day as indiscreet than that!

It is a fine quality in a man to be in love with his job. Even though you have little sympathy with Savonarola's fierceness or Wesley's hardness, they were burning up all the time with their allegiance to their ideals of salvation. They served their Lord as lovers. Many men, even kings and princes and other potentates, give the impression that they would enjoy a holiday from their task. They seem to be harnessed to their duties rather than possessed by them; they appear like disillusioned husbands rather than as radiant lovers.

The German Emperor is not of that class. He loves his job. In his first proclamation to his people he declared that he had taken over the government "in the presence of the King of kings, promising God to be a just and merciful prince, cultivating piety and the fear of God." He has proclaimed himself to be, as did Frederick the Great and his grandfather before him, the servant of his people. Certainly no one in the German Empire works harder, and what is far more difficult and far more self-denying, no one keeps himself fitter for his duties than he. He eats no red meat, drinks almost no alcohol, smokes very little, takes a very light meal at night, goes to bed early and gets up early. He rides, walks, shoots, plays tennis, and is as much in the open air as his duties permit.

It is not easy for the American to put side by side the attitudes of a man who is the autocratic master and at the same time declares himself to be the first servant of his people. Perhaps if it is phrased differently it will not seem so contradictory. What this Emperor means, and what all princes who have believed in they were the servants of their people, but the servants of their own obligations to their people, and of the duties that followed therefrom. If in addition to this the claim is made by the sovereign that his right to rule is of divine origin, then his service to his obligations becomes of the highest and most sacred importance.

We should not allow our democratic prejudices to stifle our understanding in such matters. We are trying to get clearly in perspective a ruler who claims to rule in obedience to no mandates from the people, but in obedience to God. We could not be ruled by such a one in America; and in England such a ruler would be deemed unconstitutional. It is elementary but necessary to repeat that we are writing of Germany and the Germans, and of their history, traditions, and political methods. We are making no defence of either the German Emperor or the German people; neither are we occupying an American pulpit to preach to them the superiority of other methods than their own. My sole task is to make clear the German situation, and not by any means to set up my own or my countrymen's standards for their adoption. I am not searching for that paltry and ephemeral profit that comes from finding opportunities to laugh or to sneer. I am seeking for the German successes, and they are many, and for the reasons for them, and for the lessons that we may learn from them. Any other aim in writing of another people is ignoble.

This attitude of the ruler will be as incomprehensible to the democratic citizen as alchemy, but, in order to draw anything like true inferences or useful deductions, in order to understand the situation and to get a true likeness of the ruler, one must take this utterly unfamiliar and to us incomprehensible claim into consideration, and acknowledge its existence whether we admit the claim as justifiable or not. The relation of such a ruler to his people is like that of a Catholic bishop to his flock. The contract is not one made with hands, but is an inalienable right on the one hand, and an undisseverable tie upon the other.

On several occasions the German Emperor has made it unmistakably clear that this is his view of the origin and sanc-

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tity of his responsibilities. "If we have been able to accomplish what has been accomplished, it is due above all things to the fact that our house possesses a tradition by virtue of which we consider that we have been appointed by God to preserve and direct, for their own welfare, the people over whom he has given us power." These words are from a speech made in 1897 at Bremen. In 1910, at Königsberg, he declares: "It was in this spot that my grandfather in his own right placed the royal crown of Prussia upon his head, insisting once again that it was bestowed upon him by the grace of God alone, and not by parliaments and meetings and decisions of the people. He thus regarded himself as the chosen instrument of heaven, and as such carried out his duties as a ruler and lord. I consider myself such an instrument of heaven, and shall go my way without regard to the views and opinions of the day."

Prince Henry of Prussia, the popular, and deservedly popular, sailor brother of the Emperor, has signified his entire allegiance to this doctrine by saying that he was actuated by one single motive: "a desire to proclaim to the nations the gospel of your Majesty's sacred person, and to preach that gospel alike to those who will listen and to those who will not."

This language has a strange and far-away sound to us. It is as though one should come into the market-place with the bannered pomp of Milton's prose upon his lips. The vicious would think it a trick, the idle would look upon it as a heavy form of joking, the intelligent would see in it a superstition, or a dream of knighthood that has faded into unrecognizable dimness. Some men, on the other hand, might wish that all rulers and governors whatsoever were equally touched with the sanctity of their obligations.

It is somewhat strange in this connection to remember that we all wish to have our wives and daughters believers; that we all wish to bind to us those whom we love with more sacred bonds than those which we ourselves can supply. We are none of us loath to have those who keep our treasures believe in some code higher than that of "honesty is the best policy."

Far be it from me to appear as an advocate of the divine right of kings; but I am no fit person for this particular task if I have only a sniff, or a guffaw, as an explanation of another's beliefs. History sparkles with the lives of men and women who proclaimed themselves messengers and servants of God, obedient to him first, and utterly and courageously negligent of that feline commodity, public opinion. Every man, even to-day,

> "Who each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
> Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are,"

has a grain of this salt of divine independence in him. To-day, even as in the days of Pericles: "It is ever from the greatest hazards that the greatest honors are gained," and the greatest hazard of all is to shut your visor and couch your lance and have at your task with a whispered: God and my Right! It is well to remember that under no government, whether democratic or aristocratic, has the individual ever been given any rights. He has always everywhere been pointed to his duties; but his rights he must conquer for himself.

The liberal in theology, as the liberal in politics, has perhaps leaned too far toward softness. The democratization of religion has gone on with the rest, and in our rebound from Calvin, and John Knox, and Jonathan Edwards, we have left all discipline and authority out of account. We have preached so persistently of the fatherhood of God, of his nearness to us, of his profound pity for us, that we have lost sight of his justice and his power. This nearness has become a sort of innocuous neighborliness, and God is looked upon not as a ruler, but as a vaporish good fellow whose chief business it is to forgive. We have substituted a feverish-handed charity for a sinewy faith, and are excusing our divorce from divinely imposed duties by a cheerful but illicit intercourse with chance acquaintances, all of whom are dubbed social service.

This Cashmere-shawl theology is as idle an interpretation of man's relation to the universe, and far more debilitating, than any that has gone before. When we come to measure rulers who make divine claims for their duties, from any such coign of flabbiness as this, no wonder we

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WILLIAM II

German Emperor and King of Prussia.

From the portrait by P. A. László.

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stand dumb. I am willing to concede that perhaps even an emperor has been baptized with the blood of the martyrs, and feels himself to be in all sincerity the instrument of God; if we are to understand this one we must admit so much.

In certain departments of life we not only grant, but we demand, that our wives and mothers should look upon their special duties and peculiar functions as divinely imparted, and as beyond argument, and as above coercion. This assumption, therefore, of inalienable rights is not so strange to us; on the contrary, it is an every-day affair in most of our lives. This particular manifestation of it is all that is new or surprising. We Americans and English look upon it as dangerous, but the Germans, more mystical and far more lethargic about liberty than are we, are not greatly disturbed by it. The secular press, largely in Jewish hands, and the new socialist members of the Reichstag, jealous of their prerogatives but unable to assert them, criticise and even scream their abhorrence and unbelief, but I am much mistaken if the mass of the Germans are at heart much disturbed by their Emperor's assertions of his divine right to rule. A conservative member of the Reichstag speaks of "a parliament which will maintain the monarch in his strong position as the wearer of the German imperial crown, not the semblance of a monarch but one that is dependent upon something higher than party and parliament—one dependent upon the King of all kings."

To a thoroughbred American, with two and more centuries of the traditions of independence behind him, this question of the divine right of kings is a commonplace. He is a king himself, he holds his own rights to be divine, and his influence and his power to be limited only by his character and his abilities, like that of any other sovereign. He may rule over few or many, he may control the destiny of only one or of many subjects, he may be well known or little known, but that he is a sovereign individual by the grace of God it never occurs to him to doubt. It is perhaps for this reason that the real American is placid and unself-conscious before this claim. It is those who admit and suffer from such a claim that he pities, not the man who makes it, whom he distrusts. I carry my sovereignty under my hat, says the American; if any man or men can knock off the hat and take away the sovereignty, there is a fair field and no favor; for those who whimper and complain of tyranny he has long since ceased to have a high regard.

That William the Second is the chief figure of interest in the world to-day is due, not alone to this assumption of a divine relation to the state, or to his own vigorous and electric personality, but to the freedom to develop and to express that personality. Men in politics have dwindled in importance and in power as the voters have increased in numbers and in influence. Genius must be true to itself to bloom luxuriantly. It is impossible to be seeking the suffrage of a constituency and at the same time to be wholly oneself. The German Emperor is unhampered, as is no other ruler, by considerations of popular favor, and at the same time he directs and influences not Russian peasants, nor Turkish slaves, but an instructed, enlightened, and ambitious people. This environment is unique in the world to-day, and the Germans as a whole seem to consider their ruler a valuable asset despite occasional vagaries that bring down their own and foreign criticism upon him.

Here we have a versatile and vigorous personality with no shadow of a stain upon his character, and with no question upon the part of his bitterest enemy of the honesty of his intentions, or of his devotion to his country's interests. So far as he has been assailed abroad, it is on the score that he has made his country so powerful in the last twenty-five years that Germany is a menace to other powers; so far as he has been criticised at home it is on the score of his indiscretions.

It is of prime importance, therefore, both to glance at the progress of Germany and to examine these so-called indiscretions. Throughout these papers will be found facts and figures dealing with the fairy-like change which has taken place in Germany since my own student days. I can remember when a chimney was a rare sight. Now there are almost as many manufacturing towns as then there were chimneys. Leipzig was a big country town, Pforzeim, Chemnitz, Oschatz, Elberfeld, Riessa, Kiel, Essen, Rheinhausen,

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and their armies of laborers, and their millions of output, were mere shadows of what they are now.

In 1873, when Bismarck began his attempts at railway legislation, Germany was divided into sixty-three "railway provinces," and there were fifteen hundred different tariffs, and it is to be remembered that it was only as late as 1882 that the state system of railways at last triumphed in Prussia. In only ten years the railway trackage has increased from 49,041 to 52,216 miles; the number of locomotives from 18,291 to 26,612; freight-cars from 398,000 to 558,000; the passengers carried from 804,000,000 to 1,457,000,000; and the tons of freight carried from 341,000,000 tons to 519,000,000 tons. In Prussia alone there are 1,000,000 more horses, 1,000,000 more beef cattle, and 10,000,000 more pigs. The total production of beet sugar in the world approximates 7,000,000 tons; of this amount Germany produces 2,500,000 tons. Great Britain consumes more sugar per head of the population than any other country, and of her consumption of 1,460,000 tons of beet sugar all of it is produced from beets grown on the continent. Between 1885 and 1912 the population increased from 46,000,000 to 66,000,000. The expenditure on the navy has increased in the last ten years from $47,500,000 to $110,000,000, and the number of men from 31,157 to 60,805, with another increase in both money and men, voted at the moment of this writing in the summer of 1912.

The debt of Germany, exclusive of paper money, in 1887 was 486,201,000 marks; in 1903 it stood at 2,733,500,000. In 1911 the funded debt of the empire was 4,524,000,000 marks, and the funded debt of the states 14,880,000,000; and the floating debt amounts to 991,000,000, of which Prussia alone bears 610,000,000 and the empire 300,000,000. Between the years 1871 and 1897 a debt of $500,000,000 was incurred, bearing an average interest charge of 3¾ per cent. In the year 1908 the combined expenditures of the states and of the empire reached the enormous total of $1,775,000,000. The debt of the city of Berlin alone in 1910 had reached $110,750,000 and has increased in the last two years.

For purposes of comparison one may note that our own later national budgets run roughly to $1,000,000,000. The British budget for 1911 was $906,420,000. After the French war, speculation on a large scale ensued. The payment of the $1,000,000,000 indemnity had a bad effect. As has often happened in America, money, or the mere means of exchange, was taken for wealth. The earth will be as cold as the moon before men learn that the only real wealth is health. Many schemes and companies were floated and after 1873 there was a prolonged financial crisis in Germany. It is said that bankruptcy and the liquidation of bubble companies entailed a loss of a round $90,000,000. It was in 1876–77, when Germany was thus suffering, that the policy of protection was mooted and finally put into operation by Bismarck in 1879. Ten years later the laws for accident, old age, and sickness insurance were passed, at the instigation and under the direct influence of the present Emperor.

The tonnage of steam vessels under 4,000 tons in Great Britain (net tons) was, some five years ago, 8,165,527; in Germany (gross tons), 977,410; but the tonnage of steam vessels of 4,000 tons and over was in Great Britain 1,446,486, in Germany 1,119,537! It should be added that no small part of Great Britain's big ships belong to the American Shipping Trust, sailing under the British flag. Albert Ballin became a director of the Hamburg-American line in 1886, and was made general director in 1900. During his directorship the capital of the line has been increased from 15,000,000 to 125,000,000 of marks, and the number of steamers from 26 to 170.

Germany's combined export and import trade in 1880 was $1,429,025,000; in 1890, $1,875,050,000; and in 1905 it was $3,324,018,000; in 1910, $4,019,072,250. The German production of coal and coal products in 1910 was the highest in its history, amounting to 265,148,232 metric tons. It would be easy enough to chronicle the commercial and industrial strides of Germany during the last quarter of a century by the compilation of a catalogue of figures. It is not my intention to persuade the reader to believe in any such fantastic theory as that the present Kaiser is en-

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no Pygmalion that I can make an Emperor by breathing prayers before pages of statistics.

It is only fair, however, in any sketch of the Emperor to give this skeleton outline of what has taken place in the empire over which he rules, and which, in certain quarters, it is said, he menaces by his predilection for war. These few figures spell peace, they do not spell war, and the ruler who has some 630,000 armed men at his back, and a navy the second in strength in the world guarding his shores, and a mercantile marine carrying his trade which is hard on the heels of Great Britain as a rival, but who has none the less kept his country at peace with the world for twenty-five years, may be credited at least with good intentions.

It may be said in answer to this same argument that this building and training and enriching of a nation are a threat in themselves. True, a strong man is more dangerous than a weak one; but it is equally true that a strong man is a greater safeguard than a weak one where the question of peace is at stake. It is also true that a rich and powerful man must needs take more precautions against attack and robbery than a tramp.

William the Second knows his history as well as any of his people, and incomparably better than his English, French, or American critics. He knows that only twenty years after the death of Frederick the Great the Prussian power went down before Napoleon like a house of cards, and that the country's humiliation was stamped in bold outlines when Napoleon was received in Berlin with the ringing of bells, the firing of cannons, and he himself greeted as a savior and a benefactor. That was only a hundred years ago. Is it an indiscretion, then, when the present ruler, speaking at Brandenburg the 5th of March, 1890, says: "I look upon the people and nation handed on to me as a responsibility conferred upon me by God, and that it is, as is written in the Bible, my duty to increase this heritage, for which one day I shall be called upon to give an account; those who try to interfere with my task, I shall crush"?

On his accession to the throne his first two proclamations were to the army and

14th of July, 1888, he reviewed the fleet at Kiel, and for the first time an Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia appeared there in the uniform of an admiral. In April, 1897, Queen Victoria celebrated the sixtieth year of her reign, and Prince Henry represented Germany, appearing as admiral of the fleet in an old battleship, the *King William*. On the 24th of April the Emperor telegraphed to his brother: "I regret exceedingly that I cannot put at your disposition for this celebration a better ship, especially when all other countries are appearing with their finest ships of war. It is a sad consequence of the manœuvring of those unpatriotic persons who have obstructed the construction of even the most necessary war-ships. But I shall know no rest till I have placed our navy on a par for strength with our army." From that day to this he has gone steadily forward demanding of his people a strong army and a powerful fleet. He now has both. He has pulled Germany out of danger and beyond the reach, for the moment at least, of any repetition of the catastrophe and humiliation of a hundred years ago. This is a solid fact, and for this situation the Emperor is largely, one might almost say wholly, responsible.

One hears and one reads criticisms of the Emperor's habit of speaking and writing of "my navy." It is said that the other states of Germany have borne taxation to build the fleet, and that it is no more the Emperor's than that of the King of Bavaria, or of Würtemberg, or of Saxony. This is the petty, pin-pricking babble of boarding-school girls, or of those official supernumeraries who have turned sour in their retirement. Even the honest democrat is made indignant. If the German navy is not the work of William the Second, then its parentage is far to seek; and if the German navy is not proud to be called "my navy," it is wofully lacking in gratitude to its creator.

No man who looks back over his own career, say of twenty-five years, but is both chastened and amused. He is chastened by the unforeseen dangers that he has escaped; he is amused by the certificates of failure, and the prophecies of disaster, that always everywhere accom-

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pany the man who takes part in the game in preference to sitting in the reserved seats, or peeking through a hole in the fence. I have not been honored with any such intimate association with the German Emperor as would enable me to say whether he has a highly developed sense of humor or not. I can only say for myself, that if I had lived through his Majesty's last twenty-five years, I should need no other fillip to digestion than my chuckles over the prophecies of my enemies.

It has been said of him that he is volatile; that he flies from one task to another, finishing nothing; that his artistic tastes are the extravagant dreams of a Nero; that he loves publicity as a worn and obese soprano loves the centre of the stage; that his indiscretions would bring about the discharge of the most inconspicuous petty official. Others speak and write of him as a hero of mythology, as a mystic and a dreamer, looking for guidance to the traditions of mediæval knighthood; while others, again, dub him a modernist, insist that he is a commercial traveller, hawking the wares of his country wherever he goes, and with an eye ever to the interests of Bremen and Hamburg and Essen and Pforzheim. Again, you hear that he is a Prussian junker, or that he is a cavalry officer, with all the prejudices and limitations of such a one; while, on the other hand, he is chided for enlisting the financial help of rich Jews and industrials.

There stands before you a man apparently as sound in mind and in body as any man who treads German soil; a man of great vivacity of mind and manner, and of wholesome delight in living; who bears huge responsibilities with good humor, and that most unwholesome of all things, undisputed power, with humility. At a banquet in Brandenburg the 5th of March, 1890, speaking of his many voyages, he said: "He who, alone at sea, standing on the bridge, with nothing over him but God's heaven, has communed with himself will not mistake the value of such voyages. I could wish for many of my countrymen that they might live through similar hours of self-contemplation, where a man takes stock of what he has tried to do, and of what he has accomplished. Then it is that a man is cured of vanity, and we have all of us need of that."

It is obvious that a man cannot be modest, as the above quotation would indicate, and at the same time preening with vanity; a Sir Philip Sidney and a Jew peddler; a careless, dashing cavalry officer or proud Prussian squire, and at the same time a wary and astute insurance agent for the empire; a preacher of duty, and honor, and belief in God, and at the same time a political comedian deceiving his rivals abroad and hoodwinking his subjects at home.

Not a few men, even of slight powers of observation and of meagre experience, have noted the strange fact that a blank and direct statement of the truth is very apt to be put down as a lie; and that a man who frankly expresses his beliefs and ambitions, and openly goes about his business and his pleasures with no thought of concealment, is often regarded as Machiavellian and deceitful, because a timid and cautious world finds it hard to believe that he is really as audacious as he appears.

Even those with the most limited list of the great names of history at their disposal cannot fail to remember that simplicity and directness have in the persons of their highest exemplars been misunderstood; hunted down like wild beasts, burned, crucified, and then, when they were well out of the way, crowned and held up to humanity as the saviors of the race. We will have none of them when authority, faith, truth, courage, show us our distorted images in the mirror of their lives. Crucify him, crucify him! has always been the cry when such a one asserts his moral kingship, or his sonship to God, or his audacious intention to live his own life; and in less tragic fashion, but none the less along the same lines, the world tends to pick at, and to fray the moral garments of, its leaders still to-day. When such a one succeeds through sheer simplicity, then that last feeble epitaph of mediocrity is applied to him: "He is lucky," because so few people realize that "luck" is merely not to be dependent upon luck.

It is apparent from the quotations I have given, and many more of the same tenor are at our disposal, that the personality we are studying has a very definite image of his place in the world, of the duties he is called upon to perform, of his rights according to his own conception of

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his authority and responsibilities, and of his intentions.

It is equally apparent that he looks upon history in quite another way than that usually accepted by the modern scientific historian. Taine and Green may explain everything, even kings and emperors, by the forces of climate, environment, and the slow, heaving influence of the people. This school of historians will tell you how Charlemagne, and Luther, and Cromwell, and Napoleon are to be accounted for by purely material explanations.

The German Emperor apparently believes that the history of the world and the development of mankind are due to a series of mighty factors, mysteriously endowed from on high and bearing the names of men, and not infrequently the names of emperors and kings. He is continually recalling his ancestors, the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, and William I, his grandfather. These men made Prussia and Prussia made the German Empire, he declares. To the Brandenburg Parliament he says: "It is the great merit of my ancestors that they have always stood aloof from and above all parties, and that they have always succeeded in making political parties combine for the welfare of the whole people."

Due to some quality in the German character that need not be discussed here, it is true that they have been led, and driven, and welded by powerful individuals. No Magna Charta, no Cromwell, no Declaration of Independence is to be found in German history. No vigorous demand from the people themselves marks their progress. You can read all there is of German history in the biographies of the Great Elector, of Frederick William the First, of Frederick the Great, of York, of vom Stein, Hardenberg, Sharnhorst, and Blücher, of Bismarck, William I, and the present Emperor.

What the Kaiser believes of history is true of German history. If he asserts himself as he does in Germany, it is because two hundred and fifty years of German history put him wholly and entirely in the right. It is to be presumed that what every student of German history may see for himself has not escaped the flexible intelligence of the present Emperor, and that is, that only the autocratic kings of Prussia succeeded, and that only an autocratic statesman succeeded, in bringing the whole country into line by the acknowledgment of the King of Prussia, and his heirs forever, as German emperors.

The first so-called indiscretion of the present Emperor was magnificent. He dismissed Bismarck two years after he came to the throne. If you have ever been the owner of a yacht and your sailing-master has grown to be a tyrant, and you have taken your courage in your hand and bundled him over the side, you have had in a microcosmic way the sensations of such an experience. It is said that Bismarck, then seventy-five years old, and since 1862 accustomed to undisputed power, demurred to the wish of the Emperor that the other ministers should have access to him directly, and not as heretofore only through the chancellor. It is said too that the matter-of-fact and somewhat cynical Bismarck had but scanty respect for the mystical view of his grandfather as a saint that the Emperor everywhere proclaimed. In 1896, the 20th of February, in speaking of his grandfather, he refers to him as: "The Emperor William, that personality which has become for us in some sort that of a saint."

Bismarck, too, objected to the Emperor's policy as regards the treatment of, and the legislation for, the workingmen. On February the 5th, 1890, he writes to Bismarck: "It is the duty of the state to regulate the duration and conditions of work in such manner that the health and the morality of the workingman may be preserved, and that his needs may be satisfied and his desire for equality before the law assured."

"Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,

. . . . . .

"And the young king said:—'I have found it, the road to the rest ye seek:
The strong shall wait for the weary, and the hale shall halt for the weak;
With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty, in the bond of brotherhood——sign!'"

Whatever the reasons, the criticisms, or the causes, the man whom we have been

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describing was as certain to dismiss Bismarck from office as a bird is certain to fly and not to swim. The ruler who at a banquet May the 4th, 1891, proclaimed: "There is only one master of the nation: and that is I, and I will not abide any other;" and later, on the 16th of November, in an address to recruits said: "I need Christian soldiers, soldiers who say their *Pater Noster*. The soldier should not have a will of his own, but you should all have but one will and that is my will; there is but one law for you and that is mine." Again, in addressing the recruits for the navy on the 5th of March, 1895, he said to them: "Just as I, as Emperor and ruler, consecrate my life and my strength to the service of the nation, so you are pledged to give your lives to me." Such a man could not share his rule with Bismarck.

Bismarck left Berlin amid groans and tears. A prop had been rudely pushed from beneath the empire. The young Emperor would stumble, and sway, and fall without this strong guide beside him. Men said this was the first sign of an imperious will and temper.

There is an Arab proverb which runs: "When God wishes to destroy an ant he gives it wings." The Kaiser was to be given power for his own destruction. But what has happened? Absolutely nothing of these evil prophecies. In 1884 Bismarck was saying to Gerhard Rohlfs, the African explorer: "The main thing is we neither can nor really want to colonize. We shall never have a fleet like France. Our artisans and lawyers and time-expired soldiers are no good as colonists." If the ideas of William the Second were to prevail, it was time that Bismarck went over the side as pilot of the ship of state. The Kaiser in appropriate terms regretted the loss of this tried public servant and said: "However, the course remains the same—full steam ahead!"

Three days after the Jameson raid, on the 3d of January, 1896, the Kaiser telegraphed to President Kruger: "I beg to express to you my sincere congratulations that, without help from foreign powers, you have succeeded with your own people and by your own strength in driving out the armed bands which attempted to disturb the peace of your country, and in re-establishing order and in defending the independence of your people from attacks from outside."

On the 28th of October, 1908, *The Daily Telegraph* of London published a long interview with the Emperor, the gist of which was that the British press and people continued to distrust him, while all the time he was and had been the friend of Great Britain. The Emperor cited instances of his friendship, declared the English were as mad as March hares not to believe in him; insisted that by reason of Germany's increasing foreign commerce, and on account of the growing menace to peace in the Pacific Ocean, Germany was determined to have an adequate fleet, which perhaps one day even England might be glad to have alongside of her own.

In addition to these two incidents, the Emperor had written a letter to Lord Tweedmouth, who was already then a sick man, and probably not wholly responsible, in which it was said he had offered advice as to the increase of the British navy.

I have described these furious indiscretions, as they were called at the time, together, though they were years apart; for these utterances, and the constant repetition of his sense of responsibility to God and not to the people he governs, are the heart of this whole contention that the German Emperor is indiscreet, is indiscreet even to the point of damaging his own prestige and injuring his country's interests abroad.

Of all of these so-called indiscretions there is the question to ask: Should these things have been said? Should these things have been written? There are several things to be said in answer to these questions. I shall treat each one in turn, but all these statements told the truth and cleared the air. The Kruger telegram was not written by the Emperor, and when the worst construction is put upon it, it expressed what? It was merely the condemnation of freebooting methods, a condemnation, be it said, that it received from many right-minded and sincerely patriotic Englishmen, a condemnation too that was re-echoed from America. Only the honorable and winning personality of one of the most patriotic and charming men in

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England, Doctor Jameson, saved the raid from looking like piracy. A brave man spoke his mind about it, and he happened to be in a position so conspicuous that the rumble of his words was heard afar.

So far as *The Daily Telegraph* interview is concerned, the secret history of the incident has never been fully divulged. One may say, however, without fear of contradiction that the importance of the matter was unduly magnified, by those, both at home and abroad, who had something to gain by exaggeration. It is admitted on all sides by those best informed that at any rate the Emperor was neither responsible for the publication, a point to be kept in mind, nor for the choice of expressions used in the interview.

The letter to Lord Tweedmouth was a friendly communication dealing with the conditions of the British and German fleets in the past and present, and without a word in it that might not have been published in *The Times*. It was quite innocent of the sinister significance placed upon it by those who had not seen it, and the British Ministry declined to publish it for entirely different reasons, reasons in no way connected with the German Emperor.

As we read *The Daily Telegraph* interview to-day, it is a plain document. Every word of it is true. The moment one looks at it from the point of view, that the Emperor of Germany is sincerely desirous of an amiable understanding with England, and that he is, for the peace and quiet of the world, working toward that end, there is no adverse criticism to be passed upon it. The English are thoroughly and completely mistaken about the attitude of the German Emperor toward them. He is far and away the best and most powerful friend they have in Europe, and I, for one, would be willing to forgive him were he irritated at their misunderstanding of him. Personally, I have not the shadow of a doubt that had France or Russia treated the German Emperor with the cool distrust shown him by the British, the German army and fleet would have moved ere this.

To those who know the Britisher he is forgiven for those luxuries of insular stupidity which punctuate his history. I know what a fine fellow he is, and I pass them by. When Mr. Churchill speaks of the German fleet as a "luxury," and Lord Haldane in a clumsy attempt to praise the German Emperor speaks of him as "half English," I laugh, as one laughs at the story of fat Gibbon kneeling to propose to a lady and requiring a servant to get him on his legs again. British courting often needs a lackey to keep it on its legs.

Could anything be more burningly irritable to the Germans than those two unnecessary statements? For the moment I am dealing with the attitude of the Emperor alone. Of the tirades of Chamberlain and Woltmann, Schmoller, Treitschke, Delbrück, Zorn, and other under-exercised professors, one may speak elsewhere. They are as unpardonable as the yokel rhetoric of our British friends. Of the Emperor's insistence upon his friendliness, of his outspoken betrayal of his real feelings, of his audacious policy of telling the blunt truth, I am, alas, no fair judge, for I am too entirely the advocate of keeping as few cats in the bag as possible. If these things had not been said and written, it is true that there would have been no tumult; having been said and written, I fail to see the slightest indication in the political life of either Germany or England to-day that they did harm. Certainly, from his own point of view of what his position entails, they can hardly, as the radicals in Germany claim, be considered as unconstitutional or beyond his prerogative.

When the German Emperor says: "I," he refers to the authority and responsibility and dignity of the German imperial crown. He is not magnifying his personal importance; he is emphasizing the dignity and importance of every German citizen. Let us try to understand the situation before we pass judgment! Both German radicalism and German socialism are peculiar to Germany, and everywhere misunderstood abroad. They both demand things of the government for the easement of their position, they both demand certain privileges, but they do not seek or want either authority or responsibility. Look at the figures of their proportionate increase and compare this with their actual influence in the Reichstag to-

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day. From 1881 to 1911, here is the percentage of votes cast by the five representative political parties:

	1881	1893	1911
The National Liberals	14.6	12.9	14.0
The *Freisinnige* and South German *Volkspartei*	23.2	14.2	13.1
The Conservatives, including the *Deutsche* and *Freikonservative*	23.7	20.4	12.4
The Centrum (Catholic party)	23.2	19.0	16.3
The Social Democrats	6.1	23.2	34.8

If it were thought for a moment in Germany that the Socialists could come into real power, their vote and the number of their representatives in the Reichstag would dwindle away in one single election.

The average German is no leader of men, no lover of an emergency, no social or political colonist, and he would shrink from the initiative and daring and endurance demanded by a real political revolution and a real change of authority, as a hen from water. The very quality in his ruler that we take for granted he must dislike is the quality that at the bottom of his heart he adores, and he reposes upon it as the very foundation of his sense of security, and as the very bulwark behind which he makes grimaces and shakes his fist at his enemies. Such men as the present chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, a very calm spectator of his country's doings, and the Emperor himself, both know this.

As he looks at history and at life, it follows that he must be interested in everything that concerns his people, and not infrequently take a hand in settling questions, or in pushing enterprises, that seem too widely apart to be dealt with by one man, and too far afield for his constitutional obligations to profit by his interference.

In the discussion of this question, I may remind my American readers, although the German constitution is dealt with elsewhere, that there is one difference between Germany and America politically that must never be left out of our calculations. Such constitution and such rights as the German citizens have were granted them by their rulers. The people of Prussia, or of Bavaria, or of Würtemberg, have not given certain powers to, and placed certain limitations upon, their rulers; on the contrary, their rulers have given the people certain of their own prerogatives and political privileges, and granted to the people as a favor a certain share in government and certain powers that only so long as seventy years ago belonged to the sovereign alone. It is not what the people have won and then shared with the ruler, but it is what the ruler has inherited or won and shared with the people that makes the groundwork of the constitutions of the various states and of the empire of Germany. Nothing has been taken away from the people of Prussia or from any other state in Germany that they once had; but certain rights and privileges have been granted by the rulers that were once wholly theirs. Bear this in mind, that it is William II and his ancestors who made Prussia Prussia, and voluntarily gave Prussians certain political rights, and not the citizens of Prussia who stormed the battlements of equal rights and made a treaty with their sovereign.

The King of Prussia is the largest landholder and the richest citizen of Prussia. We have seen what he expects of his navy and of his army. Speaking on the 6th of September, 1894, he says: "Gentlemen, opposition on the part of the Prussian nobility to their King is a monstrosity."

But arid details are not history, and in this connection let us have done with them. I have documented this chapter with dates and quotations because the situation politically is so far away from the experience or knowledge of the American that he must be given certain facts to assist his imagination in making a true picture. I have done this too that the Kaiser may have his real background when we undertake to place him understandingly in the modern world. Here we have patriarchal rule still strong and still undoubting,

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coupled with the most successful social legislation, the most successful state control of railways, mines, and other enterprises, and a progress commercial and industrial during the last quarter of a century second to none.

This ruler believes it to be essentially a part of his business to be a Lorenzo de Medici to his people in art, their high priest in religion, their envoy extraordinary to foreign peoples, their watchful father and friend in legislation dealing with their daily lives, their war-lord, and their best example in all that concerns domestic happiness and patriotic citizenship. He fulfils the words of the old German chronicle which reads: "Merito a nobis nostrisque posteris pater patriæ appelatur quia erat egregius defensor et fortissimus propugnator nihili pendens vitam suam contra omnia adversa propter justitiam opponere."

If history is not altogether valueless in its description of symptoms, the Germans are of a softer mould than some of us, more malleable, rather tempted to imitate than led by self-confidence to trust to their own ideals, and less hard in confronting the demands of other peoples that they should accept absorption by them.

Spurned and disdained by Louis XIV, they fawned upon him, built palaces like his, dressed like his courtiers, wrote and spoke his language, copied his literary models, and even bored themselves with mistresses because this was the fashion at Versailles. He stole from them, only to be thrown the kisses of flattery in return. He sneered at them, only to be begged for his favors in return. He took their cities in time of peace, and they acknowledged the theft by a smirking adulation that he allowed one of their number to be crowned a king.

As for Napoleon, he performed a prolonged autopsy upon the Germans. They were dismembered or joined together. At his beck they fought against one another, or against Russia, or against England. He tossed them crowns that they still wear proudly, as a master tosses biscuits to obedient spaniels. He put his poor relatives to rule over them, here and there, and they were grateful. He marched into their present capital, took away their monuments and the sword of Frederick the Great, and they hailed him with tears and rejoicing as their benefactor, while their wittiest poet and sweetest singer lauded him to the skies.

It is unpleasant to recall, but quite unfair to forget, these happenings of the last two hundred years in the history of the German people. What would any man say, after this, was their greatest need, if not self-confidence; if not twenty-five years of peace to enable them to recover from their beatings and humiliation; if not a powerful army and navy to give them the sense of security, by which alone prosperity and pride in their accomplishments and in themselves can be fostered; if not a ruler who holds ever before their eyes their ideals and the unfaltering energy required of them to attain them!

What nation would not be self-conscious after such dire experiences? What nation would not be tenderly sensitive as to its treatment by neighboring powers? What nation would not be even unduly keen to resent any appearance of an attempt to jostle it from its hard-won place in the sun? Their self-consciousness and sensitiveness and vanity are patent, but they are pardonable. As the leader of the conservative party in the Reichstag, Doctor von Heydebrandt, speaking at Breslau in October, 1911, anent the Morocco controversy, said, after alluding to the "bellicose impudence" of Lloyd-George: "The [British] ministry thrusts its fist under our nose, and declares, I alone command the world. It is bitterly hard for us who have 1870 behind us." They feel that they should no longer be treated to such bumptiousness.

I trust that I am no swashbuckler, but I have the greatest sympathy with the present Emperor in his capacity as war-lord, and in his insistent stiffening of Germany's martial backbone.

When shall we all recover from a certain international sickliness that keeps us all feverish? The continual talk and writing about international friendships, being of the same family, or the same race, the cousin propagandism, in short, is irritating, not helpful. I do not go to Germany to discover how American is Germany, nor to England to discover how American is England; but to Germany

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to discover how German is Germany, to England to see how English is England. I much prefer Americans to either Germans or Englishmen, and they prefer Germans or Englishmen, as the case may be, to Americans. What spurious and milksoppy puppets we should be if it were not so. So long as there are praters going about insisting that Germany, with a flaxen pig-tail down her back, and England, in pumps instead of boots, and a poodle instead of a bulldog, shall sit forever in the moonlight hand in hand; or that America shall become a dandy, shave the chin-whisker, wear a Latin Quarter butterfly tie of red, white, and blue, and thrum a banjo to a little brown lady with oblique eyes and a fan, all day long; just so long will the bulldog snarl, the flaxen-haired maiden look sulky, the chin-whisker become stiffer and more provocative, and the fluttering fan seem to threaten blows.

We have been surfeited with peace talk till we are all irritable. One hundredth part of an ounce of the same quality of peace powders that we are using internationally would, if prescribed to a happy family in this or any other land, lead to dissensions, disobedience, domestic disaster, and divorce. Mr. Carnegie will live long enough to have seen more wars and international disturbances, and more discontent born of superficial reading, than any man in history who was at the same time so closely connected with their origin. Perhaps it were better after all if our millionaires were educated!

The peace party need war just as the atheists need God, otherwise they have nothing to deny, nothing to attack. Peace is a negative thing that no one really wants, certainly not the kind of peace of which there is so much talking to-day, which is a kind of castrated patriotism. Peace is not that. Peace can never be born of such impotency. When German statesmen declare roundly that they will not discuss the question of disarmament, they are merely saying that they will not be traitors to their country. If the Emperor rattles the sabre occasionally, it is because the time has not come yet when this German people can be allowed to forget what they have suffered from foreign conquerors, and what they must do to protect themselves from such a repetition of history.

When the final judgment is passed upon the Emperor, we must recall his deep religious feeling that he is inevitably an instrument of God; his ingrained and ineradicable method of reading history as though it were a series of the *ipse dixits* of kings; his complacent neglect of how the work of the world is done by patient labor; of how works of art are only born of travail and tears: his obsession by that curious psychology of kings that leads them to believe that they are somehow different, and under other laws, as though they lived in another dimension of space. In addition, he is a man of unusually rapid mental machinery, of overpowering self-confidence, of great versatility, of many advantages of training and experience, and, above all, he is unhampered. He is answerable directly to no one, to no parliament, to no minister, to no people. He is father, guardian, guide, schoolmaster, and priest, but in no sense a servant responsible to any master save one of his own choosing.

The only wonder is that he is not insupportable. Those who have come under the spell of his personality declare him to be the most delightful of companions; what Germany has grown to be under his reign of twenty-five years all the world knows, much of the world envies, some of the world fears; what his own people think of him can best be expressed by the statement that his supremacy was never more assured than to-day.

I agree that no one man can be credited with the astonishing expansion of Germany in all directions in the last thirty years; but so interwoven are the advice and influence, the ambitions and plans, of the German Emperor with the progress of the German people, that this one personality shares his country's successes as no single individual in any other country can be said to do.

Whether he likes Americans or not one can hardly know. No doubt he has made many of them think so; and, alas, we suffer from a national hallucination that we are liked abroad, when as a matter of fact we are no more liked than others, and in cultured centres we are in addition laughed at by the careless and sneered at by the sour.

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That the Kaiser is liked by Americans, both by those who have met him and by those who have not, is, I think, indisputable. He is of the stuff that would have made a first-rate American. He would have been a sovereign there as he is a sovereign here. He would have enjoyed the risks, and turmoil, and competition; he would have enjoyed the fine, free field of endeavor, and he would have jousted with the best of us in our tournament of life, which has trained as many knights *sans peur et sans reproche* as any country in the world.

I believe in a man who takes what he thinks belongs to him, and holds it against the world; in the man who so loves life that he keeps a hearty appetite for it and takes long draughts of it; who is ever ready to come back smiling for another round with the world, no matter how hard he has been punished. I believe that God believes in the man who believes in Him, and therefore in himself. Why should I debar a man from my sympathy because he is a king or an emperor? I admire your courage, sir; I love your indiscretions; I applaud your faith in your God, and your confidence in yourself, and your splendid service to your country. Without you Germany would have remained a second-rate power. Had you been what your critics pretend that they would like you to be, Germany would have been still ruling the clouds.

Here's long life to your power, sir, and to your possessions, and to you! And as an Anglo-Saxon, I thank God, sir, that all your countrymen are not like you!

THE LAST LABOR

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Hercules speaks.

Upon the edge of mountains and of sand
He toils, great Atlas, bearing up the load
Of sky and stars and all the influences
That rain therefrom upon the life of man:—
Such burden as no mortal frame could hold
Without being broken.

And I came to him—
To ask the secret I in vain had sought
Throughout the world,—the unknown path that leads
Where the Hesperides sleep in the sun.
And him I asked, peering up to the heights
Where he sustained the spirit-crushing load
Of mortal destiny.

"Thou canst not find
Thy Wondrous Isles," he said, in heaving voice,
"Unless I point them to thee: take this weight
Of sky from off my shoulders for a while
That I may show thee."

And I rose, and took it.

And taking it, my shoulders bent and writhed;
My limbs seemed breaking and my heart grew faint.

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And through the dizzied chambers of my brain
Poured all the sorrows of the teeming earth.
Each tilting of the heavens rained down flood
And fire upon men; and the pain was mine.
I saw the agonies of birth and death
And toiling hands upon the bitter earth
Beneath the pitiless heavens. Then all hope
Of the Wondrous Isles turned ashes in my soul,
And darkness came upon me. . . .

And he laughed,
Old Atlas, on whose furrowed brow the marks
Seemed smitten by the thunder.

"There they lie—
Yonder on the horizon. Go to them
And dream in peace. Thou art not such a one
As could uphold my load a little while.
Go: for thy need is of the Dreamful Isles."

And he took up the load: and I went forth.

And now I speed over the lighted seas,
And far ahead, circled by summery haze,
Catch glimpses of the dim groves of my Isles.
There peace awaits me, and long lovely days
Beneath cool greenery, by quiet brooks
And meadows where the gods delight to dwell.
Yet somehow still the feeling comes upon me
That, having won the Golden Apples growing
There in the Garden, I shall turn again
To Atlas's lonely spot of sand and hills.
That terrible moment, when I bore the sky
Upon my shoulders, something stirred my soul
That will not hence. And once before I die
I would feel again the agony of the world
Sweep through the dizzy chambers of my brain:
I would know the bitterness of birth and death
And toiling hands beneath the pitiless sky,
And the world's burden, and a mortal doom.

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PARISIAN CAFÉS

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR DRAWINGS IN COLORS AND REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE PAGES OF A SKETCH BOOK OF MAUD SQUIRES

"GARÇON, un bock!"

"Garçon, deux vermouths-citrons!"

"Garçon, une absinthe et de quoi écrire."

The waiter addressed had every appearance of being deaf to the above impetuous commands, but before they were reiterated he had turned on his heel and fairly scuttled away.

It was half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, and back of the Madeleine the setting sun sent forth the golden beams of its dying glory. The "terraces des cafés," or, to be more explicit, the triple and sometimes quadruple rows of wicker chairs and marble-topped tables ranged out-of-doors beneath an awning, were literally invaded. Not a place seemed to be vacant, yet as each new-comer appeared with an anxious or searching look on his face, close behind us I could hear the rustle of a skirt or the scraping of a chair. The act of making room for one more seemed to continue indefinitely, and we found ourselves in the midst of one of the most picturesque and interesting crowds imaginable.

Though back of me I recognized the familiar accent of some compatriots demanding lemonades and ice-cream, and to my left some Germans clamored loudly for "Münchenbier," the main portion of the assembly was French, essentially French.

It was "l'heure de la verte" (time for the absinthe), which translation, by the way, makes the phrase lose all its savor.

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The harmonious strains of a slow waltz played by a string orchestra somewhere in the interior of the café trickled through the tumult of laughter and conversation. From in front of us rose the dull roar of the Grand Boulevards. Carriages, motors, omnibuses, vehicles of all descriptions, each claimed its right of way in its own deafening manner. Numerous "camelots," or side-walk vendors, mingled their hoarse voices with those of the "coureurs" who shrieked the latest edition of the evening papers. Add to this the ever-moving tide of humanity, coming and going in all directions on the wide pavements that separate the "terraces" from the street, and the scene is typical of the Parisian Grand Boulevards on a warm Sunday afternoon.

While a certain number of the inhabitants of the "Ville Lumière" hasten to the country every Sabbath and every holiday, there is a very large proportion of Parisians, and most of them Bourgeois, who consider a promenade on the Boulevards or the Champs-Elysées the proper finish to the week. Nor is this dominical outing a mere matter of amusement. In some cases it becomes a serious undertaking. Monsieur in his top hat and frock coat, Madame arrayed in her Sunday garments, and the children scrubbed and dressed for the occasion wend their way from all quarters of the city toward the Opéra and the Madeleine.

There is not much choice as to direction; up one side of the thoroughfare and down the other, and then finally each group finds its way to a favorite café, where they sip refreshing draughts, seated in comfortable chairs, watching the sights. These sights, by the way, consist of nothing more extraordinary than thousands of other families following the same beaten track as those who have preceded them.

When I had become a bit accustomed to this continuous commotion, I glanced about me and found I had for neighbor a sad-faced elderly woman wearing a long, black crêpe veil. She was accompanied by an equally sombre man who might have been her brother, if one were to judge his age by the cut and soberness of his apparel and the length of his bushy beard. My astonishment was great when presently I heard him address her as "Mother," but the word was the key to their whole attitude, for I felt that the widow and her son were accomplishing a pious weekly duty in memory of times gone by.

But my attention was soon distracted from them by the arrival of a whole family party. Father, mother, grandparents, children, and nurse, all installed themselves and clamored for their chief to give the order. The latter, wiping his beaded brow, took on an important air and proceeded to make his demand, designating with his finger the persons for whom each drink was intended.

"One Madeira for grandmother. I know father will have a Pernot, two grenadines for the twins, three Quinquinas for the boys, and a glass of milk for nurse. Mother will take an Amer Picon and I want an absinthe with a Havana cigar. George wants the time-table, Henri the *Rire*, and you might bring me the *Journal Officiel*."

I looked at the waiter in amazement, but he seemed unperturbed. He even stopped on his way into the café to take a fresh order, and in less time than it takes to write it a tray was slipped onto the table, and my astonishment was turned into admiration for one whose memory

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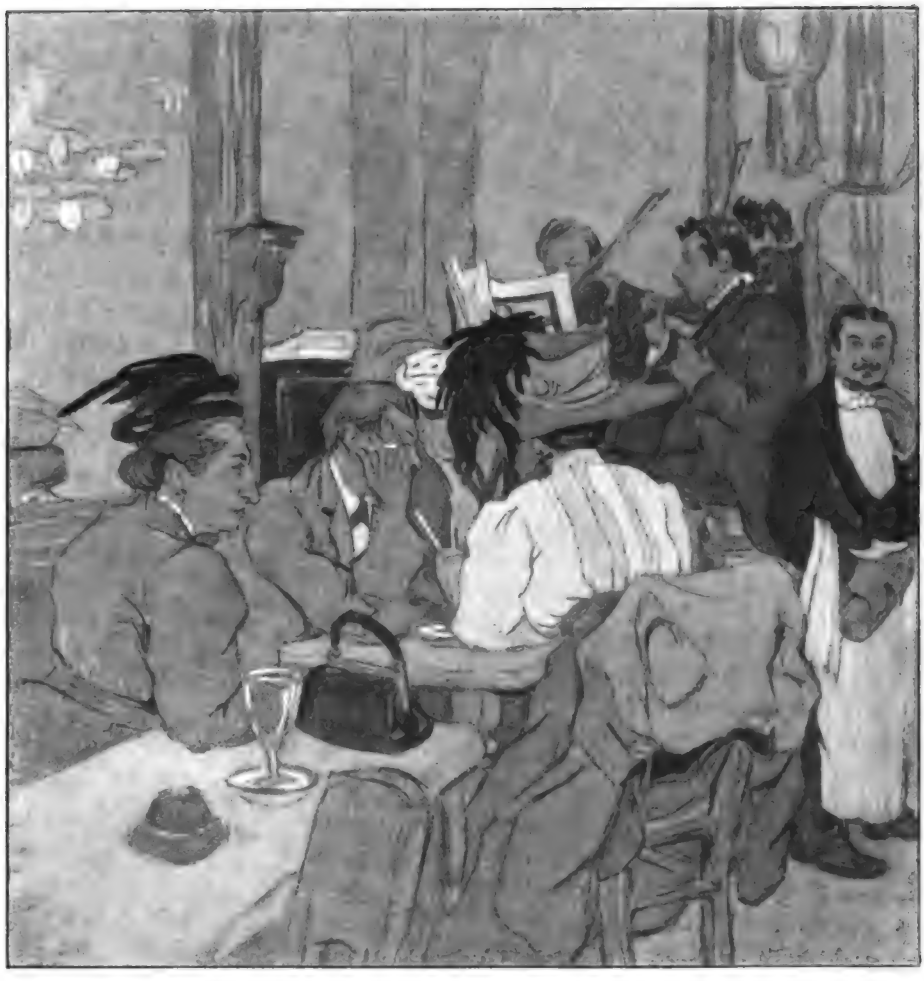

Lavenue's.

permitted him to take an order with such a distracted air and return with it so promptly and so complete.

Strange creatures these "garçons de café," their legs encircled by a long white apron which somewhat resembles a petticoat, topped by the traditional short alpaca jacket, low-cut vest, and starched shirt front. Hurried and red-faced they dash about among the tables. They have every appearance of juggling with the cups and decanters, seem fairly to cut capers with their large tin trays, and they certainly have the blandest way imaginable of ignoring your request for something the café does not possess.

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A Boulevard café.

Though the influx of foreigners has forced certain establishments to take on polyglot waiters of doubtful nationalities, the "métier" of "garçon de café" is truly French. All along the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Porte St. Denis, and in certain quarters of the Faubourg St. Germain, you will find the real Parisian garçon, who is elegant, amiable, and attentive. His apron and shirt front are spotless, and from his hair, which is cut in the very latest fashion, arises the most discreet of perfumes. He employs none but the choicest expressions, reads the latest novels, and when you complain to him about the coffee he has just served you he raises his eyes toward heaven, sighs, gives you another cup, and then returns with the same coffee-pot, saying:

"This time Madame is sure to be satisfied."

When gifted with a certain amount of imagination and flexible wits, he adopts the locution, the manners, and the humors of those he is in the habit of serving. He is well

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At the Bal Bullier.

informed as to the exact number of times any popular theatrical success has been played. He is even familiarly addressed by certain dramatists. He can tell you Tristan Bernard's very latest "bon mot," and will give you a "sure tip" on the evening's pugilistic performances.

I have often thought that it must require a very strong constitution to be a "garçon de café," for the hours are generally long and very busy; often from seven in the morning until two the next. Not that his services are continually required, for it is rare that there be numerous consumers before eight or half-past.

The hour that precedes their arrival is spent in the perusal of the daily papers, a careful investigation of the stock exchange, and the racing prognostics.

From eight until eleven the "cafés au lait" require the whole of the waiters' time. Employees, bachelors, and provin-

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American bar, Café du Panthéon,

cials stopping at small hotels, are three classes of individuals who have numerous reasons for proving the utility of economy, and it is of such people that is composed the early morning clientele. The waiter rather regards them in the light of "sure perquisites," but is always coldly polite with them. He brings the papers without a word of comment, and when each customer takes his place behind the table he holds but a very slight "coup de serviette," at his disposal. He brushes the table twice for a "café avec beurre" and three times for a "café complet." Such is the tariff.

From half after ten until noon the patrons of the cafés are those who, fatigued with their morning's exertion, be it business or pleasure, drop in to quench their thirst with a draught of white wine. Many have adopted the habit, and to some it is as necessary a part of the day's duties as combing one's hair or washing one's hands.

To the average American, accustomed to his glass of ice-water on all occasions, this

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custom at first seems absurd; but in this country of the vine water is disdained, and I am sure that all those who have ever tried a glass of "Graves" or "Chablis," just at the proper temperature, have found it bracing and refreshing.

From eleven o'clock on, "apéritifs," or appetizers, are much in demand, and from noon until two o'clock black coffee, brandy, rum and kirsch absorb the waiter's entire attention and all his politeness.

The majority of the consumers of this second period of the day have usually copiously lunched and the cockles of their hearts have been gently warmed by a bottle of favorite wine. They are citizens who believe in mixing gayety with their toil, and they pay without counting simply because they are happy. They call the waiter "mon cher" and ask his opinion on all current topics.

What mysterious law, what peculiar atavism, draws the Parisian toward his seat in a café almost every day of his existence and that at the hour of the "apéritif," viz., between five and seven? I believe that Theophile Gautier, in one of his celebrated *boutades*, said something to the effect that the café responds to a necessity for public life which naturally substitutes itself for the humdrum family existence of which one has become tired. "And, after all, it is the only place where one can really smoke."

I once heard a man who was a bit of a wag state that the café is an excellent place for family quarrels, because if they happen in the privacy of one's home nobody but the parties involved can enjoy them.

Both might have added that certain beverages have a peculiar way of losing their flavor when consumed elsewhere than in a café. Among such might be classed "bocks" and "apéritifs." Now, it is a recognized fact that these last mentioned are, nine times out of ten, extremely harmful to the stomach, and certainly do little or nothing toward stimulating the appetite or aiding digestion. On the contrary, they often prevent both. Nevertheless, few Parisians can resist the temptation of interrupting their afternoon stroll, and they are soon installed with their favorite mixture in front of them.

As to the café's being the only place where one can really smoke, I am sure

that the bland and benign smiles of numerous solitary men, who can be found at all hours of the day and night, sitting wreathed in the fumes of their long cigars and pipes, are sufficient to corroborate the statement.

There was a time when "café" meant a place where one could obtain that with which to quench one's thirst, but one after another the different establishments have added a restaurant, until now in the more cosmopolitan quarters there is hardly a real café left. Maxime's, Larue's, Weber's, and the Café Américain, not to mention the Café Viennois and Dukas's, can all be classed under this head. In fact, the word café seems doomed to become obsolete in Paris, for "bars" on the American plan, "brasseries" where German delicatessen are served, and "tavernes" with their specialties have worked their way in little by little and have now become fixtures.

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The case is almost the same with the clientele. It is not so very long ago that Julien's was a world-renowned rendezvous for artists. True it is that the Napolitain had, and still continues in a way, its vogue among certain dramatists, but Julien's was by far the place preferred by those who cared to drop in at any hour of the evening, and were sure of finding a confrère with whom to discuss a pet theory. Alas! it is no more. A huge drapery establishment now occupies the site and Julien's has gone to join the legion of celebrated cafés, such as Tortoni's and the "Maison Dorée," which now exist but in memory. Even more recently Durand's, Place de la Madeleine, Durand's, so famous for its suppers, and, above all, as the place where General Boulanger came so near being proclaimed emperor, has been torn down to make room for a modern five-story apartment building.

But to return to Julien's. With its disappearance that magic circle of good-fellowship seems to have been dissolved. The members betook themselves in little groups to the most convenient place, "en attendant." It was thus that of late years one could see Catulle Mendès and Courteline seated at the Grand Café, and the other morning at the Café du Panthéon, I spied among the Polish students and types of the Latin quarter, Monsieur Cottet engaged in conversation with his friend Monsieur Rodin, the latter all the while sopping his bread in a copious helping of brandy.

For my part I have always found cafés of the left bank rather disappointing, with their noisy service, gaudy walls, and crude white lights. A decade or so ago Lavenue's was a small place made interesting by the presence of Whistler and his admirers.

Most of the students' cafés are a bit sordid and the exaggerated Bohemian ways of their habitués have always seemed to me more feigned than necessary. Such places are the rendezvous of groups who meet *en famille*, and the stranger is looked upon as an intruder. The woman anarchist, famous in her way for having thrown the bomb which annihilated Stolypin and his family, is here in her element. And various unknown and misunderstood authorities hold their court in various wine shops.

High up on the Boulevard St. Michel, the "Closerie des Lilas," much the same as ever, continues to serve the grisette and her chance companions, though opposite the dingy, darkened façade of Bullier's offers no attractions.

Bullier's a thing of the past! Can it be possible that those hideous bas-reliefs and luminous three-leafed clovers will no longer beckon the student and the stranger?

Ask any Parisian of the last three generations and he will give you a minute description of the large hall decorated with Moorish pillars, bounded on three sides by grand-stands, the fourth opening onto a greensward. Was there ever a youth, be he French or foreign, who has not spent an evening whirling some damsel around the polished floor, or flirting

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over a little table in an obscure corner of the garden?

Our grandfathers recall the place when it bore the name of Chartreuse, our fathers remember having seen Murger or Banville in their favorite spot, and our husbands

call to mind a thousand other little details which are now things of the past.

Why?

Nobody seems to know. Some advance the theory that Montmartre offers more attractions, others that the modern love of out-of-door sports has quenched the enthusiasm for dancing. Be all that as it may, Bullier's has been leased to a cinematograph company and presently a "barker" will be seen pacing up and down the sidewalk bidding people enter and enjoy the latest catastrophes.

But we are wandering, and Bullier's has led us as far away from the cafés as the place itself is from the heart of Paris.

There are certain quarters where the real Parisian café still holds its own and where the clientele of lesser bourgeois and tradesmen hardly varies from generation to generation. Some go to the cafés to transact business, others as soon as they have a moment to spare hasten to a favorite game of cards, while still others frequent such places much as the American goes to his club. There they find their friends and acquaintances, or, better still, a little group of timid and resigned listeners to whom they can confide their ideas on political and moral economy, which, by the way, are subjects dear to the hearts of most Frenchmen.

Let us step into any one of the numerous cafés that surround the Place de la Bastille, seat ourselves in a corner, and observe without being noticed.

First of all one sees that the interior decoration is most simple. The walls are lined with red velvet benches above which are suspended huge mirrors, while marble-topped tables and cane-seated chairs occupy most of the floor space. At the back the cashier, a stout, comely woman with a wonderful coiffure, reigns supreme above her counter, on which stand the brandy flasks, the spoons, and numerous little china bowls wherein are methodically arranged lumps of granulated sugar. Behind her usually hangs a glass where her head-dress is reflected to its best advantage, and this mirror is surrounded by wooden bottle-holders

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in which repose the liqueurs of the establishment.

As each habitué enters he goes toward the desk and pays his respects to the cashier, who seems to be deeply interested in the affairs of each. She chats with her customers for a couple of minutes, discussing the latest atmospheric perturbations in a tone of the utmost importance, and I am convinced that she assumes the same provoked air when railing against the autumn floods as when censuring the dog-days. She is ever out of humor with the elements, scolding about them as though each changing season brought irremediable revolution into the landscape of round tables, black chairs, and yellow sawdust, not to mention the sugar-bowls that she is accustomed to seeing.

Another person of consequence is the man who in larger establishments is known as the "gérant" and in such places as the "patron." His rôle is that of an overseer and he is usually as mute as the cashier is loquacious. He expresses himself with his serviette, and by vertical or horizontal movements he indicates either to waiter or consumer an empty table, a free passageway, etc. His physiognomy is as mobile as his serviette, and he has a special smile for every customer and every occasion.

As I have said before, the men that come here are the real Parisian bourgeois; the kind that Zola wrote about, the types that Maupassant depicted so well. But listen to their conversation and you will find that far from being *risqué* and indecorous, their interest, on the contrary, is centred in home life. Hopes and prospects for the son or daughter at school, theatre parties and holiday excursions are planned out, and then almost invariably their theme becomes political, ending in a lively discussion. For the Frenchman has ever been a fault-finder, and is always at odds with the powers that be. Each man has his personal idea as to how things ought to be run, his projects for reform, and so forth, yet they all accept the present form of government chiefly because they are at a loss to suggest a better. United they stand in loading incorporated associations with epigrams and anathema, while down in his secret heart each individual nourishes

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the fond hope that some day he or his may be able to penetrate into their mighty midst and have a try at managing.

From his place at a neighboring table I heard a man exclaim that the "Administration des Téléphones" was positively the worst one could possibly imagine. He had waited forty-five minutes to get a connection.

Lifting his nose from an exciting game of manille, another gentleman retorted:

"Admit, sir, that you waited five or six at the most and that you have an impatient disposition. Then I will believe you."

"Monsieur, I said forty-five minutes, and still hold that the company is abominable."

"Monsieur, my daughter is a functionary of that company and I shall not permit you to insult her."

"Sorry, but in America——"

"But we are not in America."

"In England, in Germany——"

"But we are neither in England nor in Germany. We are in France, monsieur."

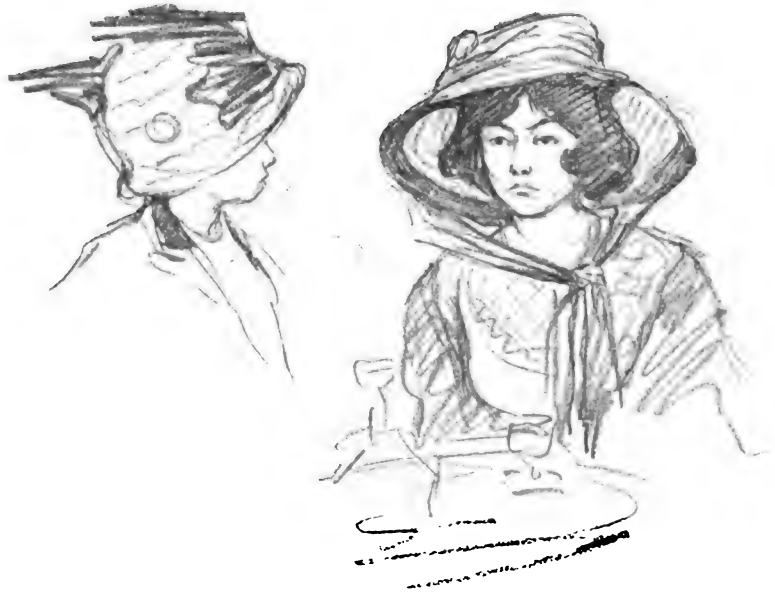
"I don't care if we are, monsieur!"

"Monsieur!"

"Monsieur!"

And before I knew it they were on their feet, red with anger, overflowing with indignation, defying each other like two game cocks. Fortunately some friends interfered, arranged matters in an amicable fashion, and five minutes later the two apparently irreconcilable adversaries were seated at the same table, joking and laughing together, both of the same mind as to this "diable de gouvernement."

Certainly Joseph Prud'homme, the bourgeois as created by Henri Monnier, is typically French, and sometimes, though not often, one encounters men of his stamp. But, generally speaking, I was greatly surprised and deeply interested by the broad views, the social insight, the comprehension of diplomatic difficulties, the sagacious judgment, and extreme commonsense of some of these merchants, who, grouped around the café table, sipped their favorite "apéritifs."



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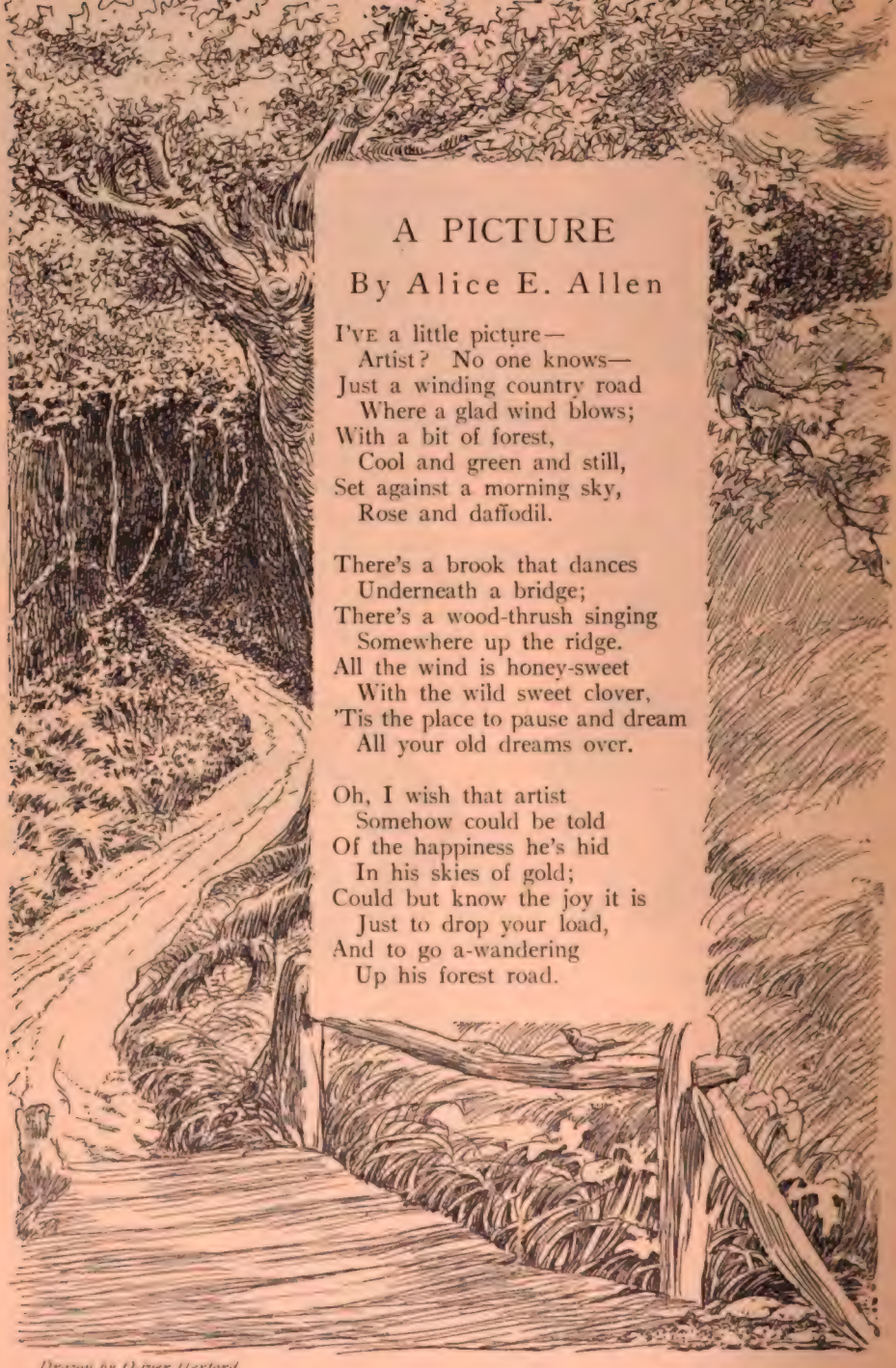

A PICTURE

By Alice E. Allen

I've a little picture—
  Artist? No one knows—
Just a winding country road
  Where a glad wind blows;
With a bit of forest,
  Cool and green and still,
Set against a morning sky,
  Rose and daffodil.

There's a brook that dances
  Underneath a bridge;
There's a wood-thrush singing
  Somewhere up the ridge.
All the wind is honey-sweet
  With the wild sweet clover,
'Tis the place to pause and dream
  All your old dreams over.

Oh, I wish that artist
  Somehow could be told
Of the happiness he's hid
  In his skies of gold;
Could but know the joy it is
  Just to drop your load,
And to go a-wandering
  Up his forest road.

Drawn by Oliver Herford.

SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

III

THE WAR—1860-1866

I COULD not in the last article say anything of the great ordeal through which the country was passing during my first four years at Mr. Dixwell's school. It was too great and too solemn to be mixed up with random memories of boyish sports and school experiences. It was overshadowing then, even to a boy. I do not mean to say that people did not go about their business and that boys did not learn their lessons and play their games through all those weary years just as the people of Paris went about their own little round of labor and filled the theatres nightly during the Reign of Terror. The daily life of men, the common cares and toils of existence, are the hardest things to stop. Nothing but absolute destruction by nature or by man can arrest them for more than a few hours. But while the Civil War was raging it was certain that no one forgot it and that its shadow hung dark over the land. I was only ten years old when the war began, only fourteen when it ended, and yet in the history of that great period of conflict it has seemed to me that the impressions of a boy, living safe-sheltered in a city and a State where no enemy ever set his foot, are not without value, because everything which may serve to explain or characterize or illustrate a struggle so momentous ought to have some value to those of the future who would seek the truth about the past.

My people had been from the foundation of the government Federalists and Whigs. My grandfather, Mr. Cabot, and my father were both Whigs, but had left their party after Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech, although in my grandfather's case it was the rupture of a life-long friendship. They became "Free-Soilers," for they were both strongly opposed to slavery, my father extremely so because he had lived many years in New Orleans, engaged in business there, and had imbibed an intense hatred of slavery from close observation of the system. The old negro servant whom he had bought and set free was a living witness to this experience in his life and was also one of the cheerful recollections of my childhood. When the Republican party was formed my grandfather and father both joined it and supported Fremont and Dayton in 1856. My father had never taken part in politics, but he was so profoundly stirred by the slavery question that he went down on the wharves where his ships were lying and made a speech to the sailors, longshoremen, and stevedores in behalf of Fremont. My first political recollection is that I "hollered for Fremont," which is all I recall of that campaign. Four years later, in 1860, I remember a great deal more. I had heard Mr. Sumner talk much at our dinner-table, I had been with my father to see him at his house in Hancock Street, I think soon after the John Brown raid, about which I had been told a great deal and which excited my imagination, and I knew well how deeply my father was interested in the success of Lincoln. So I wore a Lincoln badge and was told by some of my playfellows, in accents of deep scorn, that my father was a "black Republican" and a friend of Charles Sumner, and I suppose that I retorted in kind. The struggle in Massachusetts was between Lincoln and Hamlin on the one side and Bell and Everett, who were the candidates of what remained of the Whig party, once all powerful in the State, on the other. There were also Douglas Democrats and pro-slavery Democrats, but of these I knew nothing beyond believing that all pro-slavery Democrats were criminals of the darkest dye. The fact is that the Democrats then had no strength in our State, but the conservative Whigs, who hated the slavery agitation, were still strong, and Mr. Everett, a great orator and one of the most distinguished and respected of our

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public men, brought support to the ticket which bore his name. I think a majority of the boys whom I knew were for Bell and Everett, but Lincoln carried the State overwhelmingly. Respectable Boston, for the most part, was out of step at the moment of the crisis and before the final division was declared, but Massachusetts, as usual, was right at the crucial moment.

The event which I remember most vividly in that campaign was the great Republican torch-light procession of the "Wide-awake Clubs" just before the election. The Common where they assembled was a sea of tossing lights, very striking to look upon, and made an even sharper mark in my memory than the long march past with the banners and transparencies, the fireworks and the cheers, all of which I thoroughly enjoyed and from which I sagely concluded that we should win, because we had a longer procession and made more noise than the Whigs. I have since come very clearly to the conclusion that no more idiotic way of carrying on a political campaign was ever devised than that of torch-light processions, marching clubs, red fire, and rockets, with all their noise and waste of money. I am happy to say that this silly habit is apparently disappearing and will, I trust, soon be entirely extinct. But in 1860 the idea was comparatively new, and the whole thing was done with real enthusiasm and gave a vent for the excitement of the time which was anything but perfunctory. The torches of the "Wide-awakes" flashed against a darkened sky, their cheers rang out across a troubled air. Men knew that the country was driving forth upon a stormy sea, and the wisest could not shape the course or guess the future. Every one felt the pressure of coming events and most of those who carried torches soon exchanged them for muskets and rifles, which proved more illuminating in certain dark places of the earth than the torches they replaced.

I am not going to trace the war as I know its history now. I am merely going to tell what I remember, and my recollections are of scattered events with long blanks between. My object is not to give my history of the Civil War and my views upon it, but simply, so far as I can, to show how it struck a contemporary of ten to fourteen years of age.

Of the terrible winter which followed the "Wide-awake" procession, when the country was in imminent danger of being wrecked through the treason and weakness of Buchanan and his cabinet before Lincoln could even have a chance to save it, I recall nothing except my father's anxiety and the fact that political talk was going on constantly about me. The first actual event which I really remember in 1861 was the firing upon Fort Sumter. I had heard of Major Anderson and had begun to look upon him as the hero of the time, so that the news that the fort had been fired upon and had surrendered filled me with sorrow and anger. That it was capable of affecting so strongly a boy not yet eleven years old shows, I think, how deeply that attack, by which the South deliberately plunged the country into war, went home to the North. My simple hope and my one desire was that we should now go on fighting until we got that fort back, which, as a matter of fact, was exactly what we did.

Then came the departure of the first troops from Boston, and I think that I heard Governor Andrew address them, but of this I am not sure, for I heard him speak to other regiments, and one memory is blurred by another. Governor Andrew I remember well at that time, although I cannot recall a word which I heard him utter. But the short, strong, sturdy figure with the square, massive head covered with tight curling light hair is very plain to me as well as the feeling of awe and solemnity which came over me when I saw him speaking to the soldiers. All that he strove for and suffered and did, I know now, and now, too, I can understand the force and nobility of the man, but then it was only a deep impression of a leader, of a great and important man, which touched my young imagination. He had a powerful and emotional temperament, and as he was moved himself so he moved others, even a boy without the boy's knowing why. Years afterward Mr. Justice Gray told me a story of Andrew which always seemed to me to define what manner of man he was better than anything else I ever heard. It was just after the war and Andrew was about to leave the governorship. He had lost his once large practice at the bar and had no resources, owing to his having sacrificed everything to his public service. This fact was generally known

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which was a lucrative office. In summer when the town was deserted Governor Andrew was in the habit of lunching with Judge Gray, who lived near the State House, and there he came one day as usual. No one else was present. When they were seated at the table Judge Gray referred to the current rumor about the collectorship. Without a word of warning (I use Judge Gray's own expression) Andrew laid down his knife and fork, looked at his host earnestly, and said: "I have stood as high-priest between the horns of the altar. I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts. I cannot take money for that." They were entirely alone, there was no audience, it was simply the expression of the man's nature in words and imagery at once instinctive and natural. Judge Gray added that no eloquence he had ever heard had moved him so much. Andrew indeed was one of the great figures of the war-time, one of the great war governors who, like Morton in Indiana, did so much to sustain Lincoln and save the Union. I am glad to have seen him and to realize that he impressed me deeply, heedless boy as I was.

I knew nothing as to the first regiments when I saw them go from Boston. But there was one with which I soon became familiar, the famous Sixth Regiment which was mobbed in Baltimore. The first blood shed in battle in the American Revolution was that of Massachusetts men at Lexington and Concord. It was the fortune of the State to shed the first blood in the Rebellion and on the same day of the month, the 19th of April. One of the companies of the Sixth Regiment, I may also say, was from Concord and was known as the "Minute Men," the title of their Revolutionary predecessors. When the regiment reached Baltimore it was obliged to march through the city in order to take the Washington train on the other side. On the way they were hooted and pelted, and when they reached the lower quarters of the city, which were intensely and bitterly Democratic, as well as secessionist, they were savagely assailed by a mob of roughs commonly known as "The Baltimore Plug Uglies," who used paving stones and pistols. Three or four of the soldiers were killed and several wounded. The troops finally opened fire dead and wounded with them. All this I remember, for I eagerly read the accounts and studied the wholly imaginary pictures of the fight in the street as portrayed in the rough wood-cuts of the illustrated papers. Most clearly of all do I remember seeing photographs, very poor things in those days, of two of the soldiers killed by the mob. The photographs were of the small size common at that time and had been taken probably for some mother or sister or sweetheart before the poor fellows started out to save Washington. They came from Lowell, as I remember, and were mere lads, but to the eyes of ten years old they looked like mature men, and I was not then aware that wars were usually fought by what I should now call boys. The pathos and tragedy of it all passed by me, but wrath did not. There had been real fighting, some Massachusetts men had been killed by a mob of pro-slavery Democrats, and rage filled my heart. I at once determined that I would enlist as a drummer, for I had gathered from my reading that such was the proper and conventional thing for a boy to do, and I pictured to myself the feats of gallantry I would perform as we made a victorious charge, for all the charges which I intended making with my regiment were to be victorious. I suppose nearly all boys of my age were filled with the same ambition at that time, for the war fever was burning fiercely and reached even the youngest. My plans for a military life, however, were not taken in either a favorable or even a serious spirit by my family, and I had to content myself with imagining desperate assaults and gallant exploits, from which I always escaped alive and glorious, a soothing exercise in which I frequently indulged, generally just before I dropped to sleep for the night. None the less, I am glad that I had those emotions and was moved and stirred by the pictures of the lads who fell at Baltimore. It is not much, but it is something to have had that feeling at such a time when dangers thickened about the country and there was a great and noble passion moving among the people.

Thirty-seven years later, in the spring, too, for the war with Spain was virtually declared by the resolution which passed Congress early on the morning of the fateful

19th of April, I went with my friend, Mr. Justice Moody, of the Supreme Court, then a member of the House of Representatives, to Baltimore in order to meet the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment and see them pass through the city. Under the present arrangements they might have gone on without leaving the cars, but they abandoned the train outside the city and then marched to the southern station, taking the exact line which their predecessors had taken in 1861. We followed them along the whole route. They were cheered from beginning to end, in the poorer quarters as in the best, and flowers were thrown to them as they passed. It was "roses, roses all the way," and the scene was one I shall never forget. We managed to reach the station ahead of the troops and saw them come in, cheered to the last, and just at the very spot where their predecessors had fought their way to safety, carrying their wounded and dead, and with a fierce and baffled mob raging at their heels. It was a sight worth seeing, very moving, very impressive, but it seemed to me to show that the poor boys, whose pictures I had gazed upon so many years before, had not died in vain and that the war with Spain, if it did nothing else, demonstrated once for all this great fact and was in its turn not without value and meaning to the American people.

The next event of 1861 which stands out sharply in my memory was the shooting of Colonel Ellsworth at Alexandria. He had entered a hotel to pull down a rebel flag, and the tavern-keeper, a man named Jackson, as I remember, shot him without warning. It was murder, not war, and I recollect well the profound impression which was produced by this incident. Ellsworth was colonel of the New York Zouaves, a crack regiment; he was young, popular, handsome. I remember his picture perfectly. Unimportant as one death was in the great war then breaking upon us, that particular murder and the manner of it, coming as it did at the very start, roused bitter feelings and stimulated greatly the fighting spirit of the North. I longed then to take immediate and bloody revenge upon the innkeeper, so wholly obscure now that I cannot even be sure of his name, which then went far and wide throughout the country.

I think this vividness of the first incidents of the war, and the blanks and the confusion which I find in my recollections of the following years, are owing simply to the fact that they were the first. The killing of two or three men in Baltimore in 1861 shook the country. Three or four years later engagements in which two or three hundred men were killed and wounded on each side were dismissed in a paragraph and described as skirmishes, as indeed they seemed to a people who had beheld the awful losses at Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, at Shiloh, Fredericksburg, or Cold Harbor.

The first Bull Run I well remember, and I shall never forget the intense surprise and the real misery which it brought to me, but my only desire was to fight on and wipe out the disgrace. My boyish heart hardened under that blow and, as I now see, the heart of the country hardened too, and men set themselves in dead earnest to carry on the grim work. After this the memories begin to blur and run together. I recall Island Number 10 and Donelson and Port Royal, victories which cheered the entire North. I remember the dreadful Sunday when the news came of Pope's defeat, and the way the churches were kept open and people assembled in them to collect and prepare lint and bandages and supplies to be sent at once to the army. Antietam I well recall, for many Massachusetts regiments suffered there severely, but I did not realize until I went over the battle-field years afterward in company with President McKinley what a bad position Lee had deliberately walked into and how completely McClellan had thrown away his opportunity.

Of the Western battles I remember less, but I rejoiced in following the fighting which cleared the great rivers, and the names of Farragut and Porter, of Foote and Davis, and of their river victories were all familiar to me. Even more familiar and exciting was the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The victory of the *Monitor*, for such it was in effect, was not only momentous, but, owing to the comparative size of the two vessels, had the attraction which dwells in the stories of the boys who fare forth into the world in search of adventure and slay huge giants and monstrous dragons. The performance of the *Merrimac* had most properly frightened the country thoroughly, and her repulse by the *Monitor* brought a corresponding sense of joy and relief. Some time afterward, in

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connection with one of the fairs for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, an arrangement was made for a presentation of the fight by miniature vessels. A portion of the Frog Pond was shut in and covered by a tent with a platform running round it for the spectators. Upon the sheet of water thus enclosed there came out a little *Merrimac*, propelled by steam, which, as I remember, rammed and sank two representatives of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*. Then out darted the *Monitor*, and there was much firing of little guns until the *Merrimac* was withdrawn, sinking and crippled. I went to the first performance, and in addition to the sham fight, which I keenly enjoyed, the evening is memorable to me because it was the only occasion upon which I ever heard Edward Everett speak. He was then an old man, and it was not long before his death, but he made a little address explaining what we were about to see, and of course spoke of the war and the country. He was a fine-looking man with white hair, extremely dignified and yet entirely simple in his manner, and his account that evening of the famous fight made it all very clear and very exciting to at least one of his listeners. What I remember most clearly about him, however, was his beautiful voice and that, although he did not seem strong and spoke low and gently, every word fell distinctly upon our ears. The tent was rather dimly lighted, the water looked very black and cold, and the whole scene, with Mr. Everett standing bare-headed by the rail, comes back to me now with a certain dramatic intensity born of the time, which brought emotions possible only in days like those.

I remember well the terrible news of Fredericksburg and the rejoicings over Vicksburg and Gettysburg. The draft riots in Boston seemed to bring the war very near home, and I felt great pride in the fact that the officer at the Cooper Street Armory who fired the "whiff of grape shot" just at the right moment and blew the Boston riot out of existence was a kinsman of mine, Stephen Cabot. The naval battles at Mobile and New Orleans appealed strongly to a boy brought up among ships, but the movement which I followed most closely and with the deepest interest was Sherman's march to the sea. I well recall the blind rage with which I assailed our Democratic Irish groom, otherwise an intimate friend of mine, when he told me that Sherman would never get through. Then came the fall of Richmond, news announced by Mr. Dixwell to the school when school was dismissed. The boys raced out up Boylston Street and on to the Common shouting at the top of their lungs and found themselves quite in harmony with the rest of the population, which was by no means always the case.

I have merely enumerated the great events as they stand recorded in my memory, with wide gaps between them, with no connection, and even in uncertain order. Were I to attempt to arrange them or describe them I should at once begin to mingle knowledge with remembrance, for my actual recollection of those days, although vivid, is neither clear nor coherent. But such events as I have briefly catalogued sank deep into the mind even of a boy. To have been alive and in a sense a witness to such a mighty conflict as our Civil War left an ineffaceable impression, none the less lasting because it was unconscious.

Yet the effect of the war on my mind and its influence upon me as a great educational force was not, I think, chiefly due to the accounts I read and the pictures I pored over of distant battles by sea and land. That which had most effect, as it seems to me now, was the atmosphere in which I lived. The war pervaded everything. You saw it in the streets, in the disappearance of silver and gold, in the early makeshifts for money, in the paper currency, in the passing soldiers, in the neighboring camps. You heard it in Andrew's voice addressing the regiments as they started for the South. No boy could forget Robert Shaw going out at the head of his black troops or General Bartlett riding by on his way to the front, one leg gone, and strapped to his saddle. Military companies were organized in all the schools and every boy was compelled to drill. Ours was the first, and we were organized and thoroughly drilled, as if it had now become a part of every American's regular education, so that when the time came he might be able to do his duty in a perpetual war. The war appeared in the theatres, where every sentence which could be twisted into a patriotic allusion was loudly cheered. The fairs to raise money for the Sanitary Commission became an institution, and even the caps we wore were

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those made fashionable by the emperor of the French and used by our own officers until superseded by the much more sensible and practical Kossuth hats. But that which pressed most hardly was the anxiety for the living and the grief for those dead in battle. My father, as I have already said, was eager to go to the war and thought that he could serve efficiently in a cavalry regiment which he wanted to raise himself. He was not only well past the military age, but a big thoroughbred mare had recently fallen with him and injured his knee so that he could not be long in the saddle or walk much without great pain. The doctors said his scheme was utterly impossible, and he gave it up. After his death, in 1862, there remained in the family only my grandfather, my mother, my sister, and myself, so that no one was able to go to the war from my own household, but every regiment took with it cousins, kinsmen, friends, young men, many of whom I had seen at my sister's parties. After every battle I used to hear in mournful tones: "So and So is killed" or "So and So is wounded." This reading the death-roll and scanning bulletins to see how many men, whom you have known and cared for, whose people are your people, and whose fate is dear to you, have been killed is not an experience that one ever forgets. At last it came very near to me, very near indeed by age and association and habit of life. One of the older boys at our school was Huntington Wolcott, older brother of Roger Wolcott, a life-long friend of mine and later a distinguished governor of Massachusetts. In the last year of the war Huntington Wolcott could no longer be restrained; he was only seventeen, but he got a commission, went to the front, contracted a deadly camp fever, was brought home, and died. The school went to the funeral and I saw him in his coffin, worn, haggard, aged, and yet still a boy, dressed in the uniform of the United States. This brought the war home to me as never before. I remember thinking as I went down the steps of the house that if the war lasted that was what would happen to me, a prospect which did not cheer me, for it never occurred to me, and I think I was like all other boys in this respect, that I should do anything but join the army as soon as I was old enough, because four years is a long time at that age, and it seemed as if the country had always been and always would be at war.

It was said in those days, and said truly, that boys fresh from college went into the army and came out grave and serious men. The mere passage of time was nothing. They had lived more and longer in those four years than most men in a whole lifetime. In a lesser degree much younger boys, more or less unconsciously no doubt, received an impression from those years of civil war and were then subjected to influences from which they never recovered and which affected unalterably their feeling about their country. I am sure that the men born since the Civil War are just as patriotic, just as ready to sacrifice themselves for their country as those born before it. I should despair of the future if I did not think so. But the feeling about the country of those to whom the Civil War is not mere history, but a living memory, is, I am certain, a little different from that of any others. They actually saw the country, however dimly, at death grips with a destroying antagonist, reeling on the edge of an abyss. They knew that the country's life was at stake and they saw it emerge victorious. The sacrifice of life and treasure by which the victory was won was all about them and the news of battle was always ringing in their ears. In after years they might forget much, but these things they could not forget, for a man fortunately does not often see his country's very existence at stake in war. And so, never forgetting the past, those who lived through the war-times have a more tender sentiment about their country, they are more easily moved by all that appeals to their sense of patriotism, and they are less dispassionate no doubt in judging America and the American people than others, just as they are more intolerant of those Americans who live abroad, ape foreign ways, and sneer at their own land and its people, for they know, they who remember, what it all cost and what a price the people once paid to save the country from those who sought to tear it asunder.

The war left me, as I think it left those of my time generally, with certain profound convictions which nothing can ever shake. It made me an optimist so far as the United States is concerned. I am well aware how much conditions have changed since 1861;

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the vast increase of wealth, the problems raised by the modern economic developments, the alteration in the character of the population owing to the flood of immigration, all these things are present to my mind, and I do not underestimate their gravity or the sinister possibilities which they suggest. But I have seen, without fully comprehending, I admit, but still I have seen, the nation come through the most terrible ordeal which any nation can undergo, I know what sacrifices were then made in obedience to a great sentiment, and I have firm faith that the people who were capable of the Civil War will be able to meet any problems the future may have in store whenever they realize that the life of the nation and that every tradition, every belief which has made it what it is, are at stake.

HARVARD—1867–1871

If my career at Harvard was singularly devoid of either distinction or interest, it at least came at a very memorable period in the life of the college. I went in under the old system and came out under the new. I entered the college, which had remained in essence unchanged from the days of its Puritan founders, the college of the eighteenth century with its "Gratulatios" and odes and elegies in proper Latin verse when a sovereign died or came to the throne, the college with the narrow classical curriculum of its English exemplars, and I came out a graduate of the modern university. Dr. Thomas Hill was president when I entered, then came a year of interregnum, and then President Eliot. I think that I cannot add anything to that bare statement by way of describing the revolution which then took place in Harvard, and my class happened to come just at the parting of the ways. We realized that a great change had occurred, but naturally did not grasp its meaning or even dream how fast and far the change thus begun would go. No one, I think, could have imagined the vast growth of the university in every direction under the administration of President Eliot. My class, to take a single illustration, numbered one hundred and fifty-six at graduation. It was much the largest class which had ever entered or graduated up to that time, and was not surpassed for some years afterward. Now a class at Harvard is three or four times as large as mine, and a single class has not infrequently more members than all the undergraduates together in 1867–1871.

The enormous increase in the number of students, however, is, after all, only a manifestation of the changes wrought at Cambridge in the last forty years. As I am not writing a history of modern Harvard I shall not attempt to describe, still less to analyze or criticise, this great revolution in the oldest university in America, which in its course has had a profound effect upon all education in the United States. I shall allude to only two things: one the passing of an old custom in which I was concerned and which marked by its departure the rapid obliteration of the eighteenth-century college then in progress, and the other the effect which one of the most important of the modern reforms had upon me personally.

In the old days there was a solemn and public performance which took place in the autumn, consisting of exercises like those of commencement, with orations, dissertations, and addresses, and preceded by a procession, as on the great occasion of graduation. This ceremony was called the "Junior Exhibition," and had given rise to a burlesque version which was known as "mock parts," and which took place at the same time. The real "Exhibition" had been abandoned long before I entered college, but the parody survived. A committee of the Junior class was appointed and wrote an account of an imaginary procession in which members of the class figured in various ridiculous capacities. Then followed the announcement of the parts, much more numerous than in the real performance, and covering practically all members of the Junior class. These parts were sent in to or devised by the committee, and consisted chiefly of quotations which were supposed to jeer at or hit off the foibles and peculiarities of the unfortunate boy to whom the part was assigned. To give an example drawn from another class than my own:

"A Dissertation,
The Great Erymanthian Boar,
John Harvard Stoughton."

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A few, a very few, of the parts were complimentary. The mock part of our first scholar was, for instance: "And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Most of the gibes, however, were chaff and jokes, doing no harm and, perhaps, some good; but there was always a certain proportion directed against unpopular men which were often harsh and sometimes cruel.

The ceremony took place on a Saturday morning after recitations. The classes were drawn up in a hollow square in front of "Hollis," the Juniors facing the building, the Seniors on the right, the Sophomores on the left, and the Freshmen, with no assigned place, hovering on the outside. Then the chairman of the committee, a post which I filled in 1869, seated himself on the sill of a first-floor window in Hollis with his legs swinging in vacancy and proceeded to read the account of the procession and the parts amid the plaudits and laughter of the crowd, which, like most crowds, not only had a love of fun, but enjoyed the infliction of a little suffering. I read the parts effectively and successfully, so that everybody heard them, and took considerable pride in my fleeting notoriety. But I soon had reason to regret my brief hour of triumph. Some of the men who were wounded never forgave me, and I found to my surprise that I was held responsible for all the parts which were the work of many hands and which had been approved and selected by the entire committee. I felt much hurt as well as astonished by this popular injustice, but I subsequently discovered that it was common in larger matters and to more numerous, older, and larger populations than college boys can furnish. No successor, however, was destined to suffer in the same way. The custom of mock parts was considered to be as permanent as the college itself, but the old habits were changing and reform was in the air. The next class, which was more virtuous than ours, not only voted to give up hazing, in which we had indulged and from which we had suffered, but they also determined to abolish "mock parts." That was the end of it, it was never revived, and the college in few a years had forgotten and outgrown the parody of an extinct ceremony. Thus it came to pass that I had the distinction of being the last student to read "mock parts" at Harvard. Now, all these years afterward, when the little stings which I inflicted and which were inflicted on me have long since ceased to smart, I am glad to think that I was connected with the old college times of which "mock parts" were emblematical and which I saw depart. If I could not save them, and they probably were not worth saving, these old customs, I did my duty by them at least once and stood on the shore and waved one of them a cheerful farewell as it drifted off down the stream of time. I felt a good deal of excitement and elation at the moment, because, except for my involuntary presence in the witness-box at Lawrence, it was my first appearance in public, and I succeeded before my first audience. It left, moreover, an indelible impression on my mind. I do not know how it may be with others, but with me it often happens that a familiar scene remains inextricably associated with a particular day and a particular event. There are few places in the world more familiar to me than the college yard at Cambridge, but when it rises before me in the mirror of memory the image which I see is what I saw as I sat in the window of "Hollis" on that day of "mock parts." Perhaps it was the position, probably even more the event, but I always think of the yard as it looked that morning. It was early autumn, and the elms, not yet shorn of leaves, still drew their arches across the sky. The warm red of the old buildings, with "University" gray and cold in the distance, gave color to the scene. And over all was that pleasant atmosphere of the past so rare in America, that sense of quiet and repose which tradition and habit give, and the feeling that behind the laughing crowd before me could be heard the footfall of the successive generations who had trodden that pleasant spot and thence passed out into the world beyond.

The other incident connected with the revolution in the college system which began in the middle of my course was widely different from the last observance of an old college custom. There was nothing about it with a tinge of sentiment. It was merely a result of the reform which found one of its chief expressions in the

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extension of the elective system. Timidly and tentatively there had come a movement in this direction before the arrival of President Eliot, as light and separated gusts of wind precede the rush of the thunder-storm. We, therefore, found ourselves at the end of our Sophomore year with a considerable latitude of choice. I had no doubt of the virtues of the system then, because, dexterously managed, it opened a generous opportunity for lightening the burden of studies. I have had a good many doubts about its perfections since. Under the old compulsory system a certain amount of knowledge, no more useless than any other, and a still larger amount of discipline in learning were forced upon all alike. Under the new system it was possible to escape without learning anything at all by a judicious selection of unrelated studies in subjects taken up only because they were easy or the burden imposed by those who taught them was light. I am not going to argue the merits of the question, but merely explain the effect upon myself. I wished to take my degree with as little effort as possible, and so arranged my recitations as to give myself the largest possible spaces of uninterrupted time for my own amusements. This was not the ambition of serious and right-minded students, but the majority of undergraduates are not serious, and my practical view of the elective system is still, I think, popular. In any event the results to me were unfortunate. I had been thoroughly drilled under the old system in Latin and Greek, and having some aptitude in languages I had learned to read both with facility. I could read any Latin at sight, and easy Greek; that is, in my Sophomore year, when we were reading the Crito and the Gorgias I never had to prepare for a recitation, as I could construe at sight whenever called upon. If I had gone on with my Greek and Latin, I should have become so thoroughly grounded in both that they would have remained with me through life. But the enlarged elective system was a fatal temptation. I threw over mathematics, of course, and that was no loss, for I never should have retained any learning of that kind. But I also discarded my classics, because the hours were not convenient or for some equally trivial reason. The result was that, although I have managed to keep my Latin and have read it all my life sufficiently well for pleasure, my Greek, which I kept up for a few years after leaving college, was lost in the pressure of other employments, and now I can only read it with difficulty and have not leisure to recover it. So it comes to pass that I think with sorrow of my own folly, and entertain serious doubts as to the perfection of that unrestricted freedom of election which gave my folly scope and opportunity. Of the so-called studies with which I replaced the classics, I have for the most part forgotten even the names. Two courses, German and Italian, which I took were not wholly useless, and gave me a smattering of two modern languages which was not without value, and in the case of Italian developed into a source of knowledge and pleasure. I also had sufficient sense to take a course in English literature with Lowell, although I missed the opportunity to study Dante with him. But the English literature was something. It encouraged a strong natural taste and gave it direction. It also brought me into contact with one of the most brilliant men of his day and one of the best worth knowing. I came to know him better in the after years, but I like to think that I was one of his students, and listened every week to that beautiful voice and delightful English and heard his witty and pregnant criticisms which were the best part of his teaching.

But in all my four years I never really studied anything, never had my mind roused to any exertion or to anything resembling active thought until in my Senior year I stumbled into the course in mediæval history given by Henry Adams, who had then just come to Harvard. How I came to take that course I do not exactly know. I was fond of history, liked to read it, and had a vague curiosity as to the Middle Ages, of which I knew nothing. I think there was no more intelligent reason than this for my choice. But I builded better than I knew. I found myself caught by strong interest, I began to think about the subject, Mr. Adams roused the spirit of inquiry and controversy in me, and I was fascinated by the stormy careers of the great German emperors, by the virtues,

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the abilities, the dark crimes of the popes, and by the tremendous conflicts between church and empire in which emperors and popes were antagonists. In just what way Mr. Adams aroused my slumbering faculties I am at a loss to say, but there can be no doubt of the fact. Mr. Adams has told me many times that he began his course in total ignorance of his own subject, and I have no doubt that the fact that he too was learning helped his students. But there was more than this. He had the power not only of exciting interest, but he awakened opposition to his own views, and that is one great secret of interest. In any event I worked hard in that course because it gave me pleasure; I took the highest marks, for which I cared, as I found, singularly little, because marks were not my object, and for the first time I got a glimpse of what education might be and really learned something. I have never lost my interest in the Othos and the Henrys and the towering figure of Hildebrand. They have always remained vital and full of meaning to me, and a few years ago I made a pilgrimage to Salerno with Adams himself to see the burial place of the greatest of the popes, who had brought an emperor to his feet and had died a beaten exile. Yet it was not what I learned, but the fact that I learned something, that I discovered that I had a mind, and that it was the keenest of pleasures to use it which made that course in the history of the Middle Ages memorable to me. I have often wondered since, in view of this experience, why there is so little real education to be had, and why, as a rule, what passes under that name is so dry and meaningless and sometimes so repulsive.

From this outline of my intellectual experiences at Harvard, a dispassionate and serious-minded observer would say that my four years at Harvard were wasted, and so in a sense I suppose they were. In other senses they were anything but wasted, and I look back upon them without remorse and with great pleasure, which is, perhaps, a humiliating confession, as college is supposed to be a place for education and the improvement of one's mind, and I got very little of either. I detested school, and I think the "happy school days" theory is a popular fallacy of an entirely conventional kind. On the other hand, I enjoyed college thoroughly and had four very happy years at Harvard. I was very idle and devoted my energies to amusing myself, with great success and in the manner and with the intelligence common to that stage of life. I meant to get through college, and I did so without ever being conditioned, graduating near the end of the first half of my class. But I intended also to effect this purpose with the least possible trouble and effort to myself and with the minimum of mental labor, and in this, too, I succeeded. I desired also to enjoy myself as much as possible, and I did this, too. I took a sufficiency of exercise, both at the gymnasium and on the river, because I was fond of it, but without any ambition for distinction in those directions, and yet from the boat and from sparring and single stick I derived not only wholesome habits of exercise, but an amount of real good which it would be hard to estimate. They were certainly far more profitable than billiards and cards, to which I also gave a great deal of attention, so much, indeed, that I have never cared for them since. But my greatest enjoyments were derived from the many friendships I then made or continued. Most of them have lasted through life, a few have been among my best possessions, and all, I find, no matter how far time and circumstances may have brought separations in place or occupations or interests, have kept the flavor of those early days, something which no other days can give. I was fortunate enough to be elected a member of all the societies I desired to join. Two of them were theatrical, and this opened a field which had always held for me a strong fascination. In our Sophomore society I made a hit as a Yorkshireman in one of Kenny's comedies at the first performance given by our class. I imagine that the dialect which I saw fit to adopt was as remote from the speech of Yorkshire as it was from any other spoken by men. But my audience was as ignorant as I, and since it succeeded with them there was nothing more to be desired. At all events, it fixed my fate. I was thought to have histrionic capacity, and from that time forward I had a leading part at every performance and was usually either the

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acting or the stage manager. This continued in the Hasty Pudding during my Junior and Senior years, and I finally extended my theatrical activities to authorship, writing, in collaboration with our class poet, Henry Swift, a rhymed burlesque of "Don Giovanni," adapting our songs to those of the opera and to popular airs by other composers less eminent than Mozart. Not being a singer I had no part in the burlesque, but only in the farce of "Two in the Tower," which preceded it. The burlesque, however, had an enormous success, and I regret the loss of its precious text more than that of the missing books of Livy, for I should like now to read over those jingles and see just how bad they were and try to determine whether there was anything but youth which caused them to give so much hilarious pleasure, both to the listeners and to their proud authors.

My taste for the theatre, however, led me in those college years to many performances by persons more experienced than myself and my friends, and among these performances were some worth remembering. It was the college fashion in my day for Freshmen to go on as "supes" when soldiers, peasants, courtiers, etc., were required in the Italian operas which we chiefly affected. There was much competition for the limited number of places, and I suppose that the man charged with securing supernumeraries took us because we not only served for nothing, but were ready to pay for the privilege, which meant money in his pocket instead of the usual outlay. Indeed, there could have been no other reason for our employment, as we must have been most undesirable assistants. We went for our own amusement, not to promote the success of the opera or the play. We were undisciplined and recalcitrant; if there was anything to be done in the way of marching or moving about or shouting or dancing we did it with great violence, and we were especially disturbing with the supernumerary ladies who were not volunteers and with whom we were more popular than we were with the singers, actors, and managers. I remember well one occasion where in the first act of "Don Giovanni" we were deputed in our capacity as soldiers to bear from the stage the body of the murdered Commendador. Four stalwart youths, members of the crew, were told off for this duty. They grasped the arms and legs of the unfortunate father of Donna Anna and whipped him up so vigorously and easily that they wrenched his arms and tore his clothes, bearing him lightly from the stage amid a cloud of Italian curses. But it was all very good fun for Freshmen and gave one a knowledge of stage management and stage effects and theatrical people which, if not profitable, was certainly entertaining.

I shall say nothing of the endless plays of all kinds which I attended at that time, for it was in those days the fashion with students to haunt the theatres, but there were a few actors whom I then saw who are worthy of recollection. It was then that I saw Edwin Forrest, of whom I have already spoken, and whom I saw in "Metamora," which was violent, absurd, and popular, and also in "Richelieu" and "Hamlet," in which he was very fine. He was an elderly man when I saw him, and perhaps for that reason subdued, but his Hamlet was singularly strong and impressive, the performance of a really great actor in accordance with the traditions of the English stage. He did not equal Edwin Booth, whom I saw constantly then and afterward, for Booth was not only unsurpassed as Hamlet, but unrivalled in the great Shakespearian rôles by any one I have ever seen in America, in England, or in Europe. At about that same time I saw Charles Kean and his wife (Ellen Tree). He was the very reverse of Forrest. He was an excellent actor, educated, cultivated, trained, but without a spark of genius so far as I could perceive. He was admirable as Louis XI, although not so perfect as Irving, who seemed to have been born for that part. Mrs. Kean was very fine as Queen Katherine, and I have not seen any one who approached her beautiful performance of the fool in "Lear."

At that period also, when I had just entered college, I saw Mrs. Kemble and Dickens. Mrs. Kemble was then a stout, elderly woman, and her beauty, so famous in her youth, had faded. She came upon the stage of the Music Hall in Boston plainly dressed in black. There were no theatrical adjuncts, no artificial aids of

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any kind. She read the "Merchant of Venice," and in five minutes one felt only her dignity, the beauty of her voice, the marvel of her dramatic presentation. I sat entranced as the play gradually unrolled itself before my mental vision, as the characters carefully differentiated by the voice alone passed over the stage, and as the exquisite poetry chimed and murmured in my ears.

Dickens was a sharp contrast. I had a boyish adoration of his books, and I looked forward to seeing and hearing him with intense excitement. I heard him several times, and I shall never forget the joy of listening to the trial scene from "Pickwick." Yet after it was all over the general effect left on my mind was a feeling of vague disappointment. I could not have explained that feeling then, but think that I can now. Dickens as an actor, and he acted in his readings, was vivid, effective, full of force and energy and dramatic power, but he lacked exactly what Mrs. Kemble possessed—dignity, reserve, refinement, scholarship, and high training. You never forgot for a moment that Mrs. Kemble was a lady. You were haunted by a suspicion that Dickens was not quite a gentleman; that somewhere there lurked the traces of the London cockney. I say this as a devoted lover and admirer of Dickens. His books and his characters have been my lifelong friends and companions. He had a great and noble genius, an imagination which was as vivid as it was fertile and original. I admire him more now, I place him higher than I ever did before, but I see the deductions which a sane criticism must make and I realize the defects which escaped the indiscriminate admiration of boyhood. The creative imagination, the unending humor, the hatred of wrong, the fierce satire which has never been enough appreciated, the eternal quality so admirably pointed out by Mr. Chesterton, are all there from beginning to end. Moreover, Dickens never ceased to improve as an artist. He was always advancing in construction, in style, and in force even when his marvellous creative force seemed to slacken. But his tendency toward melodrama, although it diminished, never wholly left him. I have always loved "Nicholas Nickleby" so much that I do not resent Ralph Nickleby saying, "My curse, my bitter, deadly curse, upon you, boy!" after the manner of the Surrey theatres. But the atrocious vulgarity of his associate and titled villains, and the unbearable goodness and clamorous benevolence of the Cheeryble brothers in that same great story were too much for me even in my youthful days. Yet while one can forgive the cheap melodrama, one cannot forgive the cheap pathos, the "wallowing naked in the pathetic," the resort to the death and suffering of children to get a tragic effect, the false sentiment of "Little Nell," and the rest which are as unreal and hollow and as bad art as the metred prose in which that heroine's death is told. It was an undefined sense of these very things which came to me when I saw Dickens. The humor, the effectiveness, the way in which he embodied his characters were very great, but his somewhat overdressed appearance and conscious air, and, above all, the fact that he was stagey when he should have been dramatic, left a light but unmistakable flavor of rather second-rate pathos and melodrama from which there was no escape. Much as I admired the performance, and eager as I was to hear him, when it was all over there lingered at the back of my mind a slight sense of disappointment, a feeling that the great imaginative writer who had been so much to me lacked something which he ought to have had.

All these things, all these little amusements, these long-faded successes, and mishaps, as well as the thought of the friends and the friendships of those days which memory brings in her train, do not make up a very inspiring record of time which should have been devoted to the advancement of learning. It sounds, now that it is written down here, like the story of a very idle and unprofitable boy. Yet there is no phase of it to which I do not look back with pleasure, there is none of it from which I would part withal. I am not sure that it did not have a real value of its own. I think that it fitted me much better for the world than if I had never gone to Harvard. It undoubtedly gave me affections and friendships which could have been acquired in no other way. It is certain, above all, that I achieved one main purpose of a liberal education—a

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respect for the work of other men in other fields of which I knew nothing. With this came a tolerance for the pursuits and passions of other men, and, thanks to Henry Adams, I was imbued with a realizing sense of my own abounding ignorance, which is the first rung on the ladder of learning and the best education that any college or university can give.

HIS OWN COUNTRY

By H. H. Bashford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

I

IT was the last lap of their long journey round the world; and Holder, the secretary, smoking a perplexed cigar in the observation-car at the tail of the train, knew it to have been not only a mistake from the beginning, but the forerunner of an impending tragedy, and a tacit disaster to his own reputation for diplomacy. And yet, tracing back each element to its origin, it was difficult for him to see when, if ever, he could have intervened. Events had merely been too strong for him, as at times they must always prove too strong even for the deftest of tacticians.

He stared out of the window and gathered but small comfort from what he saw there. For like some sinuous reptile, exhaling smoke, the long train of cars was still pursuing its apparently endless journey over these vast plains of the North-west. From a late September of glowing moons and steel-clear lakes, from a country that had been at least cavernous and romantic, they had dropped suddenly into an immeasurable desolation, gray, frost-bound, silent as death; and already, in a falling twilight, beginning to merge with the snow-filled sky. He shivered a little, finding it only too palpably congruous, not only with the trend of his thoughts, but with the facts that lay behind them; and, turning away from the window, sauntered back again toward the two men at the other end of the car.

Clad in his well-cut tweeds, with his carefully groomed head and lazy, high-bred voice, there was only one country, and only one class in that country, from which he could posssibly have sprung. Cousin and secretary to Lord Cottenham, the invalid, but still eminent politician, a certain imperturbable discretion was not only his chief characteristic but the main source of his income.

Of the other two men in the car it would have been a little more difficult to be so certain, though one could have guessed that the older of the two was probably some chance acquaintance of the journey. Very bronzed of face, clad in a ready-made serge suit, but with clean linen and a thick gold ring on his finger, one would have guessed his wealth, if he were wealthy (and this particular car seemed to postulate at any rate a temporary prosperity), to have been both recent and hard won. Scarcely glancing at the surrounding landscape, he was talking easily in the crisp, expressive dialect of the travelled Westerner. Originally a man of the plains, he had made his pile, it seemed, in B. C. lumber, and was now returning East to consolidate and extend his interests. The third man, sitting a little apart and watching the speaker with peculiarly steadfast, smiling eyes, was perhaps rather harder to place. Even there, lounging easily on the cushioned seat, he was obviously the giant of the party, so broad of shoulder that one might have set him down as a bushman also, had not a certain lissome athleticism and the clear, clipped English of his speech seemed to render this unlikely. His face, too, bronzed though it was, was not so weather-beaten as the lumberman's, and his hands, strong but slender, suggested the artist rather than the axeman. Midway between the other two, it would have been hard to

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claim his affinity for either. Contrasted to the lumberman, there was a kind of leisurely reticence about him that suggested, at the same time, an almost indefinite reserve of strength. Contrasted to Holder, on the other hand, he appeared oddly simple.

With a smooth brow the secretary laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Well," he said, "are you feeling happy, Hugh?"

Catching his meaning, and smiling back at his humorously rueful face, Hugh Maynard looked out upon the plains.

"Mine own country," he said.

The lumberman, snapping off the thread of his narrative, glanced over his shoulder where a boiling snow was hurrying the prairie into darkness. Holder had dropped down into one of the revolving arm-chairs.

"I can't say it fascinates me," he said, talking to Hugh, but scrutinizing, through his cigar smoke, the honest countenance of the lumberman.

"That's because you were born in Cadogan Square," smiled Hugh, "and never had to do any chores."

Turning back from the window, the lumberman laughed.

"That's right, my son," he said. "Rub it into him."

Holder made him a mock bow.

"Well, I must admit," he said, "that it has never been my privilege to labor on a Manitoban farm."

The lumberman began to fill his pipe again, a short briar with a broad gold mount, wedging the tobacco down with his thumb and smiling at Hugh.

"Well, they weren't such bad times, I reckon," he said, "in spite of your F.R.C.S. and your rooms in Harley Street and your five-hundred-dollar fees."

"None better," said Hugh.

"You know," proceeded the lumberman, crossing his legs and setting a match to his pipe, "he's altered some, has your friend here, in the last twelve years; altered considerable, eh?"

"Ah, but then one does, you know," said Holder, "between eighteen and thirty."

"Made good too, what?" pursued the lumberman, with a touch of pride, almost of reverence in his voice, that did not escape Holder, and from which he deduced a certain worship of Hugh to have been traditional in this man's life, dating from days unknown to him. He perceived, too, that it had apparently survived the corroding influence of his own success.

"Well," he said, smiling at Hugh, "they tell me he's a rising man."

The conductor—Harrow, Trinity, and the melting-pot—looked in for a moment from the corridor and switched up the lights, and Holder, blowing a dainty smoke ring, was amused to see the admiring gleam that shone in the lumberman's eyes.

"Ah," he said, leaning forward and bringing down his gnarled hand on the young surgeon's knee, "we always reckoned you would, old son, didn't we? We all of us backed you to come through, eh? First surgeon in the empire"—he turned round to the secretary, pointing a triumphant finger at Hugh's reddening face—"that's what he said he was goin' to be, and, by gum, sir, that's how I reckon he'll end up."

Holder leaned back in his chair and chuckled.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "I can see that he must have left some good friends behind him."

In the panel against which the lumberman was leaning was set a map of the railway system, and now, running a finger along it, he indicated a small station about a hundred and twenty miles in front of them, almost upon the boundary-line between Manitoba and what used to be known as Assiniboia.

"That's the place," he said, "Clancy. That's where we saw him off twelve years ago, very near to a day—Big John, little Marjorie, and myself. I was just the hired man in those days, eh, Hugh?"

Holder lifted a casual eyebrow, glancing at Hugh.

"Big John and little Marjorie?" he asked. "I don't think I've heard of them before."

Hugh turned to him gravely.

"No?" he said. "Well, Big John brought me up, you know, and—and Marjorie was his daughter."

The lumberman was squinting thoughtfully down his pipe.

"Ay," he said, "an' it was Marjorie made him a surgeon. Runnin' barefoot she was, same as usual, an' cut her big toe across a chopper. Ordinary sorter cut, that's what Big John an' me reckoned. All for tyin' it up we were, an' lettin' it go at

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that. But Master Hugh there, he says 'No. Let's see if she can waggle it,' he says; an', by gum, sir, she could not. 'That shows as there's a leader cut,' says Hugh; an' sure enough, when the doctor comes, he says the same, an' has to stitch the two ends of it together, else she'd have gone lame for the rest of her natural. That's what fired young Hugh, there; made him fix up right away as how he'd go off to England an' learn himself to be a surgeon, eh, Hughie?"

Holder was smiling over his cigar.

"And Big John," he said gently, "any relation?"

Hugh shook his head.

"When my father died," he said, "he took me on—that's all. Kept an eye on my money for me, and sent us off to England together with his blessing."

"Ah," said Holder, "and what's happened to the little girl?"

The lumberman examined the grain of his pipe bowl.

"Well, of course," he said slowly, "she's learned to wear stockin's."

Holder stretched himself and yawned a little.

"Mother of a family, I suppose?" he said.

"N–o," said the lumberman; "she still sticks to Big John."

"Dear me," said Holder, "and in a country of bachelors too!"

"Ah," said the lumberman, "I reckon she's a cut above most of us—went to Winnipeg, she did, to learn herself the pianner."

And it was here that the carriage door opened again, and a woman, clad in a long travelling ulster, but with her dark hair hatless, and swaying a little to the motion of the train, looked into the lighted car.

"Is Hugh there?" she asked, and then, seeing him, said quickly, "I think he wants you."

Swinging round a little at her entrance, the shadow that Holder had banished from his forehead seemed to settle there again, but only for so brief a moment that it would have been difficult, one would have thought, for the other men to notice it. For Hugh had risen instantly to his feet, and the lumberman, pipe in hand, was gazing open-mouthed at the lady's face.

"By—George," he said at last, when the door closed behind them, "that's a beautiful woman. Who is she?"

Very carefully Holder removed the ash of his cigar with the polished nail of his little finger.

"Oh, that," he said absently; "that's Lady Cottenham."

II

THE lumberman got up slowly and took a turn round the car, and at the same moment there entered suddenly a new note into the underlying rhythm of the train's progress, the echo first of some soft but very subtle resistance, followed a moment later by that of a half petulant but successful recovery, and then finally by the re-establishment of the usual monotone of the standard speed. Rippling down the long series of cars, it communicated itself to them first by a check, too gentle to be called a jerk, and then by a rather awkward rocking motion that gradually died down again. Framing his eyes with his hands, the lumberman looked out into the darkness.

"Thickest fall I can remember," he said, "so early in the season; an' driftin' already."

He turned round again and came back to his seat before the secretary. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he began to peel shreds for a fresh fill from a dark plug in his left hand.

"I reckon," he said presently, looking up at Holder, "that Hugh there told you as how I'd made my pile, such as it is, out West?"

Holder looked at him politely.

"Well," he said, "he gave me to understand as much."

"An' makin' a pile," proceeded the lumberman deliberately, "ain't quite such a easy job as some folks reckon, you know—even out West."

"Ah," said Holder, "so I imagine."

The lumberman began solemnly to rub the thin shreds of tobacco into a suitable texture.

"Gettin' up early," he went on, "an' keepin' one's eyes skinned is half of it; but it's only one half."

"Ah," said Holder, "and what's the other half?"

"Why, gettin' up earlier than other people, an' keepin' one's eyes *more* skinned. Now"—he leaned forward and laid a hand on the secretary's knee—"now, why have you been pumpin' me, Mr. Holder?"

Now, it is difficult, even for the most practised diplomat, to be forced in somewhat less than half a second to reconstruct his

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entire estimate of a fellow-being's capacities without giving himself away. And if Holder winced, ever so imperceptibly, at this rather unexpected inquiry, he could scarcely perhaps be blamed for it.

"Why, really, Mr.—," he said.

"Cobb," said the lumberman. "Joe Cobb."

"Really, Mr. Cobb, if I *have* been pumping you, as you put it, it is merely because one is naturally interested in one's friends' histories."

"Ah," said the lumberman, "he *is* a friend then?"

"Why, certainly," said Holder.

The lumberman was staring at him very hard, but with no trace of offence.

"Straight?" he said.

"Straight," smiled Holder.

The lumberman held out a capacious hand.

"Then shake on it," he said. "Now tell me, how long have *you* known the boy?"

"About six years. He stopped Lady Cottenham's horse one day in the Row. He probably saved her life."

"He never told me that," said the lumberman.

"No," said Holder, "he wouldn't, you know."

The lumberman smiled appreciatively, all over his face.

"Well, I reckon you're right there," he agreed, beginning to fill up his pipe again. "Now, this job of his, takin' Lord Cottenham round the push-ball, I reckon he won't suffer by it when he gets back, eh?"

"Well, of course," admitted Holder, "Lord Cottenham's influence is considerable."

"It's a pity he's an invalid?"

"Yes," said Holder.

"Bit—awkward too, ain't he?"

Holder looked at him carefully.

"How d'you mean?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothin'—only I happened to pass his door just now."

Holder sucked at his cigar and the lumberman leaned forward again, holding his pipe in his hand.

"Now, I reckon," he said quietly, "that it's about up to me to apologize to you, Mr. Holder. But I've known young Hugh there since he was four years old. They were Big John's horses, but it was me that taught him to plough. An' it was me that taught him to chop wood, an' put up his stocks good, an' shoulder a bag o' wheat. I was only the hired man, o' course. But that was no matter. Out here those things don't count—an' a good man does. Ain't got so many of 'em perhaps—an' we get sorter fond of 'em." He lit his pipe again. "An' I believed in that boy more than I believed in most things. An,' what's more, Mr. Holder, I know him. Through an' through I know him. An' I knew as soon as I set eyes on him on this here train that he hadn't altered, not by a pin's breadth—not here." He tapped his own broad chest. "Eddication an' degrees they don't get as deep as that; an' in here," he tapped it again, "he's the same Hugh as he ever was." He bent forward again and laid an impressive finger on Holder's knee. "An', though I'm not a politician," he went on, "I've seen a good many different sorts o' men in my time. An', I tell you this, Mr. Holder, there's still half o' young Hugh there that's *never woke up*."

Holder smiled at him, liking his earnestness.

"I can see," he said, "that you've been a good friend to him."

"Yes," said the lumberman slowly. "I've only played him one mean trick—an' that didn't come off."

"I don't think I believe that story," said Holder.

The lumberman looked at him with serious eyes.

"I asked the woman he loves to marry me," he said slowly.

Holder sat up.

"The woman he loves?" he asked.

"Yes," said the lumberman, "an' that ain't necessarily the woman that wakes him up."

He rose to his feet and looked down at his watch. It was nearly dinner-time.

"What do you mean?" asked Holder.

The lumberman paused for a moment with his hand upon the door.

"I reckon you know, Mr. Holder," he said gravely. "I reckon you know."

III

LEANING back in his chair, Holder wrinkled his forehead a little.

"Jove!" he said, "I think that feller rather got me. But he's a good sort. And I think he's got the Hugh end of the problem about right"—he laid the butt of his cigar in the ash tray—"but what about poor Beatie?"

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He went to the door of the car and opened it. Lord Cottenham's party dined in their own saloon, and their dinner, following the train table-d'hôte, was not yet laid. In the next compartment he could hear the high-pitched, querulous tones of the invalid, and an occasional deeper monosyllable from Hugh. Odd that a man with so really powerful an intellect, so confident a public presence, and such undoubted influence, should become, behind the scenes, this *malade imaginaire*, despondent, suspicious, and almost intolerably exacting—and yet withal not such a bad fellow really, if one could only have the patience to dig down into his real self. But poor Beatie—he went thoughtfully to his own compartment and began to wash his hands for dinner. For though it was all very well to point out that it had been her own fault; that she knew at the time what she was doing when she became his second wife, nearly eight years ago—this was a poor solace for the present. Moreover, how many girls, the fifth daughter of a poor Irish baronet, would have refused him, he wondered, especially if the home that they were to leave had been by no means a happy one? He brushed his hair carefully, staring critically at the prosperous but rather disillusioned face that looked back at him from the mirror. He had never been able to afford marriage for himself; or, at least, had been too afraid of poverty. But if circumstances had been otherwise—and poor Beatie, she had been a charming girl, ambitious no doubt, and reckless too, but charming, very charming. And yet she had played her part well. As the dispassionate friend of them both, he could at least say that. Year after year, disappointed, childless, harassed sometimes beyond endurance, she had played her part very nearly to perfection, and to the real if disguised admiration of her husband. But poor Beatie, what a part it had been! And then, into her life, there had sauntered, six years ago, this young giant of a Canadian, so quaintly different from all the other men of her circle, with his curious mixture of simplicity and reserve, his conviction of success, and his almost sacred reverence for the very dust upon her shoes.

By a sort of ironical mischance, too, Lord Cottenham himself had taken the boy up, made himself responsible for his future, helped him to his position on the hospital staff, and even hinted at the possibility of some higher appointment still. And not only this, but he had persuaded himself at last that young Hugh was almost necessary to his own health; and had pledged himself to ensure that his year's absence from London should in no way prejudice his career.

That year was nearly over now with its languorous ease of travel, the long days in the Mediterranean, the Sydney swimming parties, and the flowers and sunshine of Japan. And here at the end of it, within a fortnight of London, they were rocking over Hugh's native plains, with the boy himself, for all his thirty years, still blind to the fact that one of the most beautiful women in England was his own for the asking.

IV

SHOUTING to the fireman, the driver of the Eastern express may well have believed himself to have been pushing his freight of human lives into the very heart of the storm. But its wings, at any rate, had spread far enough away to north and south, fringing Saskatchewan on the one hand and driving across half Dakota on the other. A week before, over the great Northwest, the freeze-up had come with an almost startling suddenness. Next day there had fallen a fine powder of snow, and during the following night a heavy fall that had heralded, contrary to custom, a yet deeper degree of frost. Then, for four or five days, there had spread itself above the plains a kind of strange atmospheric stillness under a monotone of gray; so that the weatherwise in these scattered prairie farms had shaken their heads and made their stables fast. Even into the frayed edge of the thousand-acre bush where Big John had built his homestead this sense of brooding uneasiness had seemed to penetrate, sending Big John about his work with a more than customary silence, for all the knowledge that his beloved boy was once more in the West, and had promised to run down from Winnipeg for a two days' visit.

Coming in to his mid-day dinner, he kicked the snow from his rubbers, staring, with thoughtful eyes, across the bone-white circle of prairie that stretched out beyond the little palisade of tree trunks surrounding the house. Quiet as the grave, it

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lay there in the half light of this early winter day, but with now and then, at regular and slowly shortening intervals, little ghost-like risings of snow that stood up for a moment as though at the command of some unseen hand, and fell back again silently into the waiting ranks. Stepping into the kitchen, he shut the door behind him, and stooped down to kiss his daughter's face.

"Goin' to be a storm, I guess, Marjie," he said.

With a brown forefinger Marjorie was peeling some dough from her other hand.

"I wonder if he still *likes* dough cakes," she said.

Her father smiled, dropping down into his chair.

"Well, I reckon," he smiled, "he'll like yours."

She turned to him laughing.

"Well, they *are* rather good, dad, aren't they, now—sentiment apart?"

"Sentiment apart," he said solemnly, "they beat the band."

One of the oldest settlers in the Clancy district, Big John still lived in the comfortable log house that he had built, with characteristic thoroughness, some twenty years before. And though he had added considerably to his acreage, he only employed extra men in the summer, preferring in the winter to live quietly with his little girl, as he still called her, and do his own necessary chores. And to-day they sat down to a mid-day meal that was in no whit different from the mid-day meals of twelve or twenty years ago.

Had Big John been the ruler of the universe there would have been, no doubt, two others at his table, the dear mother of Marjorie so long asleep, and boy Hugh, if this had been compatible with his great career. But since Providence had ordained otherwise, well, thank God for these crisp scones, this meat and pudding, and the rosy face of Marjorie beyond them.

"I expect, you know," said Marjorie slowly, "that he's awfully fine now."

Big John gave a non-committal grunt. For the last few years they had shared Hugh's rare letters between them, filling up between times what they conceived to have been his alternations in the intervals. But before this, for the first three or four years after he had gone away to England, his father's country, there had been letters, as Big John knew very well, that Marjorie had kept to herself, and reread, he imagined, more often than once. He knew, too, though he had never asked why, that presently these letters had become fewer till they finally ceased. And he had half guessed the reason for a sudden, restless desire on Marjorie's part to go to Winnipeg and improve herself. Hugh was soaring, she had felt, and she wanted to soar too. But a year later, remorseful for her daddy, she had come back again to the little farm; and after that they had been contented to look at Hugh from below. They had even discussed his probable marriage—to a countess perhaps, or at least to somebody who could talk French and German. Big John pushed his plate up for a second helping, and it was then that there came a knock upon the door and the entrance of little Pete from the local post-office. He stamped his feet and, taking off his mitts, breathed heavily into his hands. His nose, too, was blue, and only not white, he assured them, by some extraordinary accident. He handed a telegram to Big John, who read it slowly and passed it over to Marjorie.

"Sit right in," he said to the boy, "and help yourself."

Presently Marjorie looked up.

"I suppose now," she said quietly, "that we sha'n't see him again—for—for another —twelve years perhaps."

On the other table the two dough cakes stood brown and tempting. Two more were baking in the oven.

"Well," said Big John, bending over his plate, "I reckon we know how to wait."

After dinner, when the boy had gone, he read the telegram once more. It seemed that Lord Cottenham was anxious to push home now as quickly as possible, and that the party would not be staying in Winnipeg, after all. He put on his cap and mitts.

"Where are you going this afternoon?" asked Marjorie.

"Cuttin' some o' the dry wood west o' the lake," he said. "But I guess I shall be home pretty early."

In the door-way, however, he seemed to hesitate for a moment; and then, with a little awkward gesture, went back and gave his daughter a kiss.

V

In Lord Cottenham's saloon, whirling through the night toward the Manitoban borders, the dinner-table had been cleared, the clustered lights shone softly over the

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chairs and tables and close-drawn curtains; and the dapper little negro had just brought in the coffee and liqueurs. The invalid himself, retiring early, had summoned Holder for some dictated correspondence, and Lady Beatie and Hugh were alone in the carriage. The dinner had been a failure, for though Holder, throwing down the meeting with Cobb as a conversational gauntlet, had endeavored his best to play for safety, neither Lord Cottenham nor Lady Beatie had shown the least interest in the subject—Lord Cottenham proving himself more than usually unpleasant, and Lady Beatie, with white cheeks, playing with her food and talking in monosyllables. And in the end it had been the wheels, driving upon their way, that had played, after all, the chief accompaniment to the meal, bearing them homeward through the storm toward London and the years to come.

Even to Hugh, still regarding himself, as it were, a probationer in life, and merely looking upon this trip as a step, if a very pleasant one, along the career that he had designed, there had become apparent in it, now that it was drawing to its close, some other and indefinable significance. It was an episode that was to end—but not, somehow, as other episodes had ended. He felt restless, disinclined to talk, and not very much at his ease.

It must have been the meeting with old Joe Cobb, he guessed, and his proximity, after these twelve crowded years, to the country of his boyhood and youth. He pushed aside the curtains, peering out into the night. For twelve years, and especially for the last of them, it had been the other, the old life, that had been taking upon itself the qualities of a dream. But now, with only the carriage floor between himself and these snow-bound prairies, he was not quite so sure.

London, Harley Street, the yacht, the liners, the luxurious hotels and expeditions, this very saloon with all its opulent upholstery, these were the things that now seemed to be arranging themselves before him in a kind of curious unreality; with Lord Cottenham, Holder, and Lady Beatie there—how pale she was looking to-night—as companions of some phantom life.

She came over and laid a hand on his shoulder, shivering a little as the fine snow drove against the window.

"What's the matter with you, Hugh?" she asked.

He half turned toward her, smiling down into her face.

"Well, you know," he said, "I was just thinking that it was I who ought to be asking that?"

She ran her fingers down his arm.

"How big you are!" she said, feeling the muscles under his coat sleeve; and it was as though, in some odd way, she had suddenly dignified his strength; as though, even to his republican soul, some royal lady was being pleased to lean upon it. He drew the curtains again, shutting out the night.

"You're tired," he told her.

"No," she said, "I'm a prisoner, that's all."

She dropped into a chair, and he sat on the table, swinging his leg, and looking down at her with puzzled eyes. She tapped upon the carriage floor with her foot.

"And this thing," she went on, "is taking me back again to my cell."

He was silent, and she looked up at him again, half impatiently.

"But I've had a good time, eh? I oughtn't to grumble?"

"I didn't say so," he said slowly.

"No, but you thought it," she cried, and then, jumping up impulsively, she laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"Ah, Hugh," she cried, "why are you different to-night? You aren't going to get different, are you? You aren't going to stand round me like the others—like Jack Holder, and my aunts, and my sisters—in a sort of—ring—and say duty to me, duty, duty, duty, year in and year out?"

The color had come back to her now, petulant, imploring. The turning wheels drummed in their ears.

"Ah, don't you see, Hugh!" she cried breathlessly. "Don't you see who it is that has kept life—sweet for me?"

For a moment, as her words became clear to him, it seemed almost as if she had struck him with a sword, but in such a way that as yet he scarcely knew whether it had been to knight him or to stun. And then slowly he became conscious that her two hands had dropped from his shoulders, and that he was holding them in his own. He took a deep breath, dazed by the new world in which he stood, knowing only that the old one had fled away from him forever. It was as though, heretofore, he had been merely a boy, apprenticed to a profession that had been an end in itself; and that now

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he had become a man, whose profession was but his tool; and that here, for the first time, was the real, raw stuff of life, lying hot in his hands, and ready to be moulded for eternal issues. The drumming of the wheels, too, seemed to have ceased; so that now they were standing, as it were, they two, alone in space.

"Ah," she cried, "why don't you say something?"

And then, looking down into her eyes, he saw creeping into them an expression, his own perhaps, half awe and half fear, as though she had miscalculated both the depth of his slumber and the completeness of his awakening. She began to flinch even, as though his grip upon her hands were causing her physical pain.

"What am I to say?" he asked at last.

For now he saw not only that the simple road of his life had brought him suddenly to a parting of the ways, but that he must choose, not merely for himself but for them both; that only he was strong enough; that the choice could never be unmade; and yet, above all, that his reverence for her held good. It was as though a jewel, delicate and rare, had been put into his hands, for the dictation of its setting.

And at first he would have liked to kneel to her, praying her to play the queen and take command. But then, as if she saw this, she put her hands upon his lips, and at their touch there surged up in him something new, wilder, and more exulting, fighting with his homage. And for the first time in all these years he began to see her as a woman only, beautiful, and for the moment, at any rate, ready for his arms.

Then the door of the carriage opened and Holder sauntered quietly in. Behind him grew the sound of voices, hurrying and excited. But he was smoking a cigarette, and appeared entirely unperturbed.

"They tell me we're snowed up," he drawled, glancing at them carelessly; "snowed up, b' Jove."

And over the silent wheels they could hear the roaring of the storm and the tramping of feet along the corridor.

VI

LOOKING back upon all that followed, neither Hugh nor Lady Beatie, nor indeed the others who watched the little drama, ever thought of it as anything but inevitable. It was as though forces, hitherto unsuspected, had stooped suddenly to take charge of events; so that while, at the time, these crowded upon them in bewildering succession, in retrospect there never seemed to have been any other course possible, and that simplicity itself.

Grouped at the side of the track, and scourged by the wind, they seemed to have been thrust, as it were, out from a little world of cushions into a great universe of strife, naked and tragic, but not without its stars. And once, indeed, for a moment, they caught a glimpse of these, challenging and frosty, until a sudden access of storm blotted them away again forever, towering over them like some ocean roller, and pinning them breathless against the wheels and platform of the carriage. Then one or two men with lanterns swayed past them, shouting words that were blown from their lips like whispers; and they climbed back again into their car, where the little nigger boy came to them calling shrilly for Dr. Carré. They held on to him, asking for news. They were about two hundred miles from Winnipeg, it seemed, and two from Clancy, which was the nearest station, and there was a girl, driven up to the train, who had been told that the Clancy doctor was on board. He went back again up the train, and they could hear his diminishing voice calling out the doctor's name along his way. For the moment, too, Lord Cottenham, stripped of self-pity, forgot that he was an invalid.

"God help the sick," he said, "on a night like this."

Presently the conductor came down, his collar turned up and his shoulders powdered with snow; and Lord Cottenham took him by the sleeve and asked him who was ill. He wasn't sure, he said. Somebody on the prairie, he thought. And the girl was his daughter who had driven out from Clancy with two horses and a cutter. He believed that it was an accident. But they had taken on no passengers at the last two stations, and the doctor was evidently not on board.

And then, in his wake, came old Joe Cobb, his broad shoulders filling up the door-way and his brown face stricken with pain.

"Hugh, boy," he cried, "it's old John, Big John, smashed up by a tree, stove in, spittin' blood."

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Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

"I reckon she's a cut above most of us."—Page 555.

And there behind him stood a boy; no, a girl; no, a woman, wrapped up to her anxious eyes in a shabby old fur coat, a round cap pulled down to her eyebrows, and only a glint of dark hair shining against her storm collar. There were little points of snow melting into dew upon her wind-whipped cheeks, and there was only one thought upon her lips. Lady Beatie had left them for a moment, going back into her own compartment; and the three men—Lord Cottenham, Holder, and Hugh—were standing in a little crescent. Moving aside, the lumberman joined them. But it was only Hugh that she addressed, quickly and directly, and ignoring in her eagerness both the fact of his long absence and the apparent accident of his return.

"It's dad," she said; "he was cutting dry wood west of the lake and he slipped under a falling tree. A branch must have caught him, I guess, as he rolled over, and broken his ribs. There was a lot of blood. And when I found him he was all blue, and hardly breathing. I got him home somehow, and drove in to Clancy for Dr. Carré. But they told me he was coming home on the train, and then they guessed that the train was snowed up. And I drove out here."

"Good God!" said Holder, "d'you mean to say you came through *that?*"

But her eyes were fixed on Hugh.

"Right," he said. "Give me half a minute."

He turned round on his heels, but Lord Cottenham laid a hand on his arm.

"You aren't going out there?" he said. "It's impossible. You couldn't live in it."

"Well, I'll guess I'll have to try," said Hugh.

Lord Cottenham turned to Marjorie.

"How far d'you want him to go, my girl?" he asked.

"Seven miles," she said; "I've got the cutter alongside."

Then Lady Beatie came out upon them, reading their faces quickly from Marjorie's round the little circle to Hugh.

"What's the matter?" she said sharply. "What does that young person want?"

The words were instinctive, almost unconscious, coming upon the heels of her passion, and born of the moment. But they flashed suddenly upon Hugh like lightning over a great gulf. Then he said very gently:

"The young person is my friend. And her father brought me up."

Lady Beatie became white, and her voice changed.

"Well," she said, "what does she want?

But Hugh had passed her, disappearing toward his own door.

"It's her father, my lady," said the lumberman. "There's been an accident, and the doctor's God knows where."

"But Hugh," she said, "Hugh can't go anywhere in that."

"Well," said the lumberman slowly, "Marjie here has *come* through it."

She swung round upon her husband.

"Harry," she cried, "you're never going to let him go?"

"Can you get home again, d'you think, Marjie?" asked the lumberman.

"We must," said Marjorie.

He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Then I guess I'm comin' too," he said.

But she shook her head.

"The cutter'll only carry the pair of us," she pointed out.

"Then instead o' you."

She smiled a little.

"You wouldn't find the winter trail, Joe, dear," she said, "and you don't know the new fences, or how the snow's lying."

"Of course," said Lord Cottenham, rubbing his chin, "if it's really a matter of life and death——"

"But it's absurd," cried Lady Beatie; "it's preposterous."

She turned to Holder.

"Can't you make them *see* it?" she said.

"We-ell," said Holder slowly, "if there's a *chance*, don't you know——"

"But there isn't. There can't be." She turned round again to the girl. "Can't you see for yourself," she said, "how mad it is?"

"Oh, I guess we can get through it all right," explained Marjorie confidently, "and we'll be going *across* the wind, you know, not into it."

"But can't he wait?" asked Lady Beatie.

"I don't know," said the girl gravely.

The color had flamed up again into Lady Beatie's cheeks, and she appealed once more to the others.

"Don't you see," she said, "it's her father? How can she possibly judge?"

They were silent, and she faced the girl again, taking the lapels of her coat in her hands.

"But don't you see," she said, "that

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Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

For the first time in all these years, he began to see her as a woman only.—Page 560.

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They were about two miles from Clancy.—Page 560.

even at the worst you'd be throwing away two lives for one—and perhaps for nothing at all?"

Marjorie frowned a little, glancing helplessly at the lumberman.

"It ain't that," he said; "it ain't that exactly, my lady; it's a question of not tryin'."

Hugh came back to them, muffled in his ulster and carrying a bag.

"Right you are," he said cheerfully. "Let's be shoving along."

But Lady Beatie put her hands against his chest.

"Hugh," she said, "don't be mad. Don't be wicked. I—I ask you."

He smiled down at her, reverent but adamant. Marjorie had already swung down the steps to her plunging horses. Lord Cottenham, his hands at his throat, was peering over the prairie. Holder and the lumberman stood watching them curiously.

"Wish me luck," said Hugh softly; "wish me luck, Lady Beatie."

VII

THINKING out the best way to return, Marjorie had decided to drive west for about a mile before turning south again toward the homestead. By this means they would strike a trail leading for nearly four miles between parallel fences that would at any rate keep them in the right direction. From there, bending into the wind, they would have to strike their own way over the open prairie toward the belt of timber in which the homestead lay. In this way, roaring at their backs, the wind at first was actually a help to them, lifting them through the white tails of the drifts, and urging the horses to a gallop over the harder intervening stretches. And though Hugh could not help noticing in his companion the skill with which she guided and husbanded her team, and in himself a kind of contentment difficult to explain, yet for these first, less strenuous minutes it was the vision of Lady Beatie that still rose to his eyes—a moment ago as it were, so warm and close and waiting to be snatched to his heart, and now so remote, whirled away upon this strong wind into some other existence wherein he could never again take part. And yet if this wind had not blown; if this older life of his, winged with urgency, had not obtruded itself just when it did, would he have taken her in his arms? But ah—why trouble to ask? She could never have meant it, anyway. It was all something that had never happened. It was a dream. It must have been a dream, or why should he be sitting here with the

snow freezing upon his eyelashes and a heart as untroubled as a boy's?

Then a sudden jolt of the cutter threw Marjorie against him and he thrilled at her touch; but not as he had thrilled under Lady Beatie's finger-tips. For in this there was something different, less passionate, perhaps, but storm-proof—the sense of a good comrade at his elbow and the odds against them. He would have liked to talk to her, but the shouting of the storm forbade it; and, anyway, they would both want all the breath at their command for future purposes. By half a yard they missed an upstanding corner-post; and as Marjorie brought them round, the whole force of the wind, hitherto expending itself upon his broad back, caught him a buffet on the left cheek that brought tears to his eyes. Dropping his head a little toward his shoulder, he glanced obliquely at Marjorie, and half thought, between her collar and her cap, that he detected the glimmer of a smile. For a moment the horses jibbed, pulling round a little to get back before the wind. But Marjorie held them up on a firm rein, cutting them with her whip.

For the first mile along this southward track the snow, piling itself to windward, had left a narrow strip, comparatively firm, along the western edge of the road allowance; and along this their progress seemed good, as far as they could judge. But later, where the whole roadway dipped a little into a dimple of the plain, they came suddenly upon a broad, unruffled reach of snow, stretching evenly from the blackness on their right to the blackness on their left, in a kind of menacing, spectral stillness. For a moment, too, as they reached it, the wind seemed to drop a little, and the gray shrouds in which they drove to fall away from in front of them, but without revealing any ripple or break upon its level surface. Stopping short upon its brink, the horses snorted and began to plunge, their shoulders and backs as gray as bears, but their lean flanks streaming with sweat.

Swinging over the side of the cutter, Marjorie signed to Hugh to do the same; and then, wading to the horses' heads, she

Presently, with infinite labor, he emerged again, half dragging, half lifting upon her way, his companion.—Page 568.

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fondled them for a moment, peering over her shoulder across the snow. Moving forward carefully, and sinking thigh-deep at each step, Hugh probed about for a possible way through. The fence to their right was already buried here, but, making his way across, his shoulders boring into the gale, he found the opposite one only half submerged, and rising, about twenty yards farther on, over a stretch of higher ground. The snow was stiffer here too, so that the empty cutter rode over it, the two of them leading the horses, and guiding and restraining, as best they could, the downward thrusting hoofs. In this manner, for perhaps half a mile, feeling their way yard by yard, they struggled on between the fences, stopping once to unhitch the team at a belt of four-foot snow so soft that the straining horses would have torn out or broken the shaft from the cutter. One at a time they led them through it, themselves half pushing, half lifting the cutter along, determined every moment to abandon it, but always deciding to hold on in the hope of reaching a harder trail. And presently, after what might have been a lifetime's anguish, they found this at last, and stood once more upon a shallower ribbon of roadway. Then, for a moment, after stopping to hitch the horses in, Marjorie reeled a little where she stood, with a hand on the cutter and another caught by Hugh. Feeling in his pocket, he opened a flask for her to drink. But she shook her head, tapping her chest with a smile, and the next moment had scrambled into her seat. Twice in the following mile they drove into the fence, the near horse once being caught up and cut by the wire; and then, in case they should miss the corner from which they must shape their course over the open prairie, Hugh got out, feeling his way along it, hand by hand, till the last post should be reached.

Already, and though as yet they were only moving sideways to the wind, he felt his breath coming to him in deep gasps, and his knees, when he paused, shaking together over the snow—each step prolonging itself, so it seemed, into an hour's length of some everlasting night, and the clamor of the wind never ceasing for an instant of it. About Marjorie, even seated as she was, he dared not think, his eyes and hands strained only toward that corner-post that even so would mark but the beginning of their real peril. And then, as at last they reached it, the fence, like a parting friend, turning abruptly eastward, the inevitable happened, the cutter sagged suddenly into a pit of snow, cracking into splinters both shaft and runner behind the maddened heels of the horses. There was no other way now but to cut the horses loose, and, turning tails to the wind, the blackness snapped down upon their tracks like the shutter of a camera.

Reaching an arm to Marjorie, he held her for a moment or two against him, the two of them alone there, crouched down with their backs against the wind. Opening his bag, he distributed its contents amongst his various pockets, and this time insisted, shouting into her ear, upon her swallowing some of the brandy. Parting her collar, he could see, now that he was holding the wind from her face, that her cheeks had grown sunken and white, with black smudges below her eyes; and it was as though all hell, that presently they must face, drove screaming past their ears. He had thought himself hard too, well trained, but now with his knees like butter and his heart beating somewhere round under his armpit, he knew that his twelve years' study and the physical ease of his travels had taken toll of him more than he had reckoned. And yet to rest even for these tiny moments was to freeze and stiffen into creatures of death. He drew himself up and lifted Marjorie to her feet, bending down again, and asking her for the direction. Moving round, with her hand on the post, and gasping a little as the full current of the snow, like water from a scalding pail, dashed itself against her face, she pointed south and east almost directly into the wind. This much to the left they must keep at least or they would miss the line of the bush and their only possible clew to the whereabouts of the homestead.

And then he asked her if she were ready.

VIII

Æons after, there staggered out of torment something that toppled over upon the brink of nothingness, and found—ah, the miracle of it—that between his frozen hands there rose up the slender trunk of a sapling. He lay there for a minute or two, with a darkening film over his eyes and his breath racking him with its sobs; and then with a

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Drawn by Charles E. Chambers

For the moment, he thought her case was the more urgent.—Page 568.

supreme effort pushed himself up on his hands and knees, backing away a little, grooving the snow, and turning painfully on his tracks. Presently, with infinite labor, he emerged again, half dragging, half lifting upon her way, his companion, who sank down again where he had sunk, tilted over a little by the tree trunk. But her eyes were open and, putting his lips near her face, he tried to make her understand where they were; and then himself fell across her, with his heart racing like an engine.

But here, in this corner of the bush, the drowning tides had met a backwater; so that at last between the headlong columns of spray there could be seen dim vistas of a firmer world, little clumps of tree trunks, and even here and there bare ground lying black above the snow. The drive of the storm, too, that for an eternity past had borne upon them with unhindered vehemence, was here broken up a little, distributed, hitting them from unexpected quarters, but with intervals of stillness. Not far from here, if they could only stumble from one tree to another along the fringe of the bush, they might yet come upon the house; and, rolling free again, Hugh beat his arms against his sides until he could guide his hand into his pockets. Shaking out the flask, he twisted it open with his teeth, and presently, spilling it over her cheeks and chin, poured the last drops of his brandy between Marjorie's lips. He breathed upon her, striking her hands together between his own, and, feeling beneath her coat, tried to coax the strength back to her heart.

"We're *there*," he tried to tell her; "we're *there*," but knew that, though his lips moved, the words never left his brain.

Then he lifted her a little and put her arm round the tree, praying to her with his eyes, until at last he could see her spirit groping back again into consciousness. Presently the feel of the trunk, and the message that he was trying to frame to her with his lips, seemed gradually to assume significance for her. And then, almost abruptly, she knelt upright, pointing eastward and making signs to him to go on without her. But he shook his head, putting her arm around his neck and lifting her to her feet between his own body and the tree trunk. So for a moment they stood there, swaying like children. And it was then, over a cavity in the darkness, scooped suddenly free from storm, that they saw shining before their eyes, soft and unbelievably beautiful, the oil lamp in the homestead window.

IX

THERE were still some glowing cinders and a half-burned oak block in the kitchen stove; and a glance at the man on the bed, dragged in by Marjorie to be near the fire, showed him lying there with conscious eyes that accepted their arrival without surprise or comment. Giddy and sick, but with an utter contentment, Hugh found himself propping up Marjorie in a chair that he remembered and in a room that had scarcely altered since his boyhood. For the moment he thought her case was the more urgent, Big John breathing regularly, if with pain, and the rough bandages that Marjorie had placed round him showing no signs of recent bleeding.

Stirring up the blaze in the stove and adding fresh fuel, he drew the kettle of water over the flames, and then, stooping over Marjorie, took off her mitts and her overshoes and stockings. With some snow from the door-way he began to rub the life again into her hands and feet. And, too tired to speak, she thanked him with her eyes, and even smiled a little through the agony of returning circulation when he laid his finger on the little scar across her toe upon which Joe Cobb had founded his surgical reputation. He drew her closer to the blaze, wrapping her in a warm blanket and brewing some tea for them both. The storm was still raging outside, but now the sound of it muffled by the log walls added an extraordinary sense of comfort to the little room in which they were. Then the old clock upon the shelf struck three and, as carefully as his own stiff fingers would permit, he bent over the big man on the bed and began to remove the bandage.

A glance showed him the nature of the trouble—two fractured ribs, badly splintered and with their jagged ends thrust in against the lung, which had been lacerated by them, bleeding freely. Treated promptly, however, and with proper cleanliness, there would seem to be no reason why a man of Big John's simplicity and physique should not make a very good recovery. He had brought with him his travelling-case of instruments, some carbolic lotion, and a packet of antiseptic dressings; and now,

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laying a pad of this over the wound, he made preparations for what he had to do, Marjorie following his movements with her eyes and showing him where to find the bowls and towels that he required. They made a sort of meal, too, as he arranged his table by the bedside, munching some dough cake and biscuits; and then Marjorie, leaning forward a little in her chair, was able to croak out a request to be allowed to help. Presently, perhaps, he told her piling up more logs on the fire, but not just yet.

Then, as gently as possible, he cut away and lifted off Big John's outer garments, and, having stripped to his shirt-sleeves, washed his own red hands and arms, and began to clean up the skin round the wound. When this was ready, and his instruments were laid out, he went round to the head of the bed and poured out some chloroform on the mask that he had brought, holding it over the patient's mouth and nose.

Weakened by loss of blood, and with an empty stomach, the big man took it like a child, and presently was breathing in the steady, half stertorous rhythm of unconsciousness. Then, crossing over to Marjorie, he lifted her chair toward the bed, and, with her hair half down and her feet still throbbing under the blanket, he put the mask into her hand, telling her to add chloroform to it from time to time as he should direct.

Twenty minutes later he looked up and told her that she need add no more, and then, putting on the final dressings and a broad binder round his patient's chest, he pinned the bedclothes across him and carried Marjorie upstairs.

By all the laws of nursing he should have watched Big John then until he returned fully to consciousness. And this he meant to do. But two hours, four hours, six hours passed; and presently he woke up to realize that he had not done this, but that nothing apparently had happened. Or had it?

For there, as he looked up, barefooted and blistered, was smiling down into his eyes the one reason, as it seemed to him, why he had come into the world.

X

LATE that afternoon there drove up to Big John's house the hotel cutter containing Holder and Joe Cobb. And Hugh, very sore and stiff, went over to the kitchen door to open it and greet them.

"Ah," said the lumberman, "good boy. And Marjie?"

"In there," said Hugh, nodding toward the kitchen.

"An' Big John?"

"Going to do well," said Hugh.

The lumberman went into the kitchen and Holder, descending from the cutter, laid a hand on Hugh's shoulder and looked into his eyes, forgetting that he was a diplomat.

"Well," he asked, "are you feeling happy?"

And Hugh, remembering something, smiled back again and, taking the secretary by the shoulders, turned him round with his eyes toward the west.

"Mine own country," he said; and for a moment Holder was silent, the prairie reaching out before him, flushing like a girl and glistening like samite, under a sky so clear that the blue hills of thirty miles away might well have been the goal of a morning's walk.

"Ah," he said, "yes. I begin to see what you mean."

He turned slowly and looked again at Hugh.

"And what about Harley Street?" he asked.

From the kitchen behind them came the mingled voices of the two big men, touched here and there with a girl's laughter.

"And success?" he added.

"Yes," said Hugh at last. "Yes—that's a hard word to understand, isn't it?"

He looked at Holder gravely.

"But I reckon the real success is to find out where you *belong*, eh?"

. . . . . .

"And my lady?" wondered the lumberman as they drove back under the stars.

"Ah," said Holder cheerfully, "*solvitur ambulando*, Mr. Cobb."

"Well," said the lumberman, "what's *that* the French for?"

"It means," said Holder placidly, "that if we can only solve our own problems as they come along to us, it goes a wonderful long way in helping other people to solve theirs."

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIII

BUT the sun of election day went down and a breath of relief passed like a south wind over the land. Perhaps it was the universal recognition of the universal danger that prevented an outbreak, but the morning after found both parties charging fraud, claiming victory, and dead-locked like two savage armies in the crisis of actual battle. For a fortnight each went on claiming the victory. In one mountain county the local triumvirate was surrounded by five hundred men, while it was making its count; in another there were three thousand determined onlookers; and still another mountain triumvirate was visited by nearly all the male inhabitants of the county who rode in on horseback and waited silently and threateningly in the court-house square.

At the Capital the arsenal was under a picked guard and the autocrat was said to be preparing for a resort to arms. A few mountaineers were seen drifting about the streets, the State offices—"just a-lookin' aroun' to see if their votes was a-goin' to be counted in or not."

At the end of the fortnight the autocrat claimed the fight by one vote, but three days before Thanksgiving Day two of the State triumvirate declared for the man from the Pennyroyal—and resigned.

"Great Cæsar!" shouted Colonel Pendleton. "Can the one that's left appoint his *own* board?"

Being for the autocrat, he not only could but did—for the autocrat's work was only begun. The contest was yet to come.

Meanwhile the great game came. The fight for the championship lay now between the State University and old Transylvania and, amid a forest of waving flags and a frenzied storm from human throats, was fought out desperately on the day that the nation sets aside for peace, prayer, and thanksgiving. Every atom of resentment, indignation, rebellion, ambition that was stored up in Jason went into that fight. It seemed to John Burnham and to Mavis and Marjorie that their team was made up of just one black head and one yellow one, for everywhere over the field and all the time, like a ball of fire and its shadow, those two heads darted and, when they came together, they were the last to go down in the crowd of writhing bodies and the first to leap into view again—and always with the ball nearer the enemy's goal. Behind that goal each head darted once and by just those two goals was the game won. Gray was the hero he always was; Jason was the coming idol, and both were borne off the field on the shoulders of a crowd that was hoarse with shouting triumph and weeping tears of joy. And on that triumphal way Jason swerved his eyes from Marjorie and Mavis swerved hers from Gray. There was no sleep for Jason that night, but the next night the fierce tension of mind and muscle relaxed and he slept long and hard, and Sunday morning found him out in the warm sunlight of the autumn fields, seated on a fence rail—alone.

He had left the smoke cloud of the town behind him and walked aimlessly afield, except to take the turnpike that led the opposite way from Mavis and Marjorie and John Burnham and Gray, for he wanted to be alone. And now, perched in the crotch of a stake-and-ridered fence, he was calmly, searchingly, unsparingly taking stock with himself.

In the first place the training-table was no more, and he must go back to delivering morning papers. With foot-ball, with diversions in college and in the country, he had lost much time and he must make that up. The political turmoil had kept his mind from his books and for a while Marjorie had taken it away from them altogether. He had come to college none too well prepared, and already John Burnham had given him one kindly warning; but so

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supreme was his self-confidence that he had smiled at the geologist and to himself. Now he frowningly wondered if he had not lost his head and made a fool of himself; and a host of worries and suspicions attacked him so sharply and suddenly that, before he knew what he was doing, he had leaped panic-stricken from the fence and at a half-trot was striking back across the fields in a bee-line for his room and his books. And night and day thereafter he stuck to them.

Meanwhile, the struggle was going on at the Capital, and by the light of every dawn the boy drank in every detail of it from the morning paper that was literally his daily bread. Two weeks after the big game the man from the Pennyroyal was installed as Governor. The picked guard at the arsenal was reinforced. The autocrat was said to have stored arms in the penitentiary, a gray, high-walled fortress within a stone's throw of the Governor's mansion, for the warden thereof was his loyal henchman. The first rumor of the coming of the mountaineers spread, and the Capital began to fill with the ward heelers and bad men of the autocrat.

A week passed, there was no filing of a protest, a pall of suspense hung over the land like a black cloud, and under it there was no more restless spirit than Jason, who had retreated into his own soul as though it were a fortress of his hills. No more was he seen at any social gathering —not even at the gymnasium, for his morning papers gave him all the exercise that he needed and more. His hard work and short hours of sleep began to tell on him. Sometimes the printed page of his book would swim before his eyes and his brain go panic-stricken. He grew pale, thin, haggard, and worn, and Marjorie saw him only when he was silently, swiftly striding from dormitory to classroom and back again—grim, reticent, and nonapproachable. When Christmas approached he would not promise to go to Gray's nor to John Burnham's, and he rarely went now even to his mother. And in Mavis Hawn, Gray found the same mystifying change, for when the morbidly sensitive spirit of the mountaineer is wounded, healing is slow and cure difficult. One day, however, each pair met. Passing the mouth of the lane, Gray saw Mavis walking slowly along it homeward and he rode after her. She turned when she heard his horse behind her, her chin lifted, and her dark sullen eyes looked into his with a stark, direct simplicity that left him with his lips half open—confused and speechless. And gently at last:

"What's the matter, Mavis?"

And still she looked, unquestioning, uncompromising, and turned without answer and went slowly on home while the boy sat his horse and looked after her until she climbed the porch of her cottage and, without once turning her head, disappeared within. But Jason at his meeting with Marjorie broke his grim reticence in spite of himself. She had come upon him at sunset under the snowy willows by the edge of the ice-locked pond. He had let the floodgates down and she had been shaken and terrified by the torrent that rushed from him. The girl shrank from his bitter denunciation of himself. He had been a fool. The mid-year examinations would be a tragedy for him and he must go to the "kitchen" or leave college with pride broken and in just disgrace. Fate had trapped him like a rat. A grewsome oath had been put on him as a child and from it he could never escape. He had been robbed of his birthright by his own mother and the people of the Blue Grass, and her people were now robbing his of their national birthrights as well. The boy did not say her people, but she knew that was what he meant, and she looked so hurt that Jason spoke quickly his gratitude for all the kindness that had been shown him. And when he started with his gratitude to her, his memories got the better of him and he stopped for a moment with hungry eyes, but seeing her consternation over what might be coming next, he had ended with a bitter smile at the further bitter proof she was giving him.

"But I understand—now," he said sternly to himself and sadly to her, and he turned away without seeing the quiver of her mouth and the starting of her tears.

Going to his mother's that afternoon, Jason found Mavis standing by the fence, hardly less pale than the snow under her feet, and looking into the sunset. She started when she heard the crunch of his feet, and from the look of her face he knew that she thought he might be some one else.

He saw that she had been crying and as quickly she knew that the boy was in a

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like agony of mind. There was only one swift look—a mutual recognition of a mutual betrayal—but no word passed then nor when they walked together back to the house, for race and relationship made no word possible. Within the house Jason noticed his mother's eyes fixed anxiously on him, and when Mavis was clearing up in the kitchen after supper, she subtly shifted her solicitude to the girl in order to draw some confession from her son.

"Mavis wants to go back to the mountains."

The ruse worked, for Jason looked up quickly and then into the fire while the mother waited.

"Sometimes I want to go back myself," he said wearily; "it's gittin' too much for me here."

Martha Hawn looked at her husband stretched on the bed in a drunken sleep and began to cry softly.

"It's al'ays been too much fer me," she sobbed. "I've al'ays wanted to go back."

For the first time Jason began to think how lonely her life must be, and perhaps as the result of his own suffering, his heart suddenly began to ache for her.

"Don't worry, mammy—I'll take ye back some day."

Mavis came back from the kitchen. Again she had been crying. Again the same keen look passed between them and with only that look Jason climbed the stairs to her room. As his eyes wandered about the familiar touches the hand of civilization had added to the bare little chamber it once was, he saw on the dresser of varnished pine, one touch of that hand that he had never noticed before—the picture of Gray Pendleton. Evidently she had forgotten to put it away and Jason looked at it curiously a moment—the frank face, strong mouth, and winning smile—but he never noticed that it was placed where she could see it when she kneeled at her bedside, and never guessed that it was the last earthly thing her eyes rested on before darkness closed about her, and that the girl took its image upward with her even in her prayers.

XXIV

THE red dawn of the twentieth century was stealing over the frost-white fields, and in the alien house of his fathers John Burnham was watching it through his bedroom window. There had been little sleep for him that New Year's night and even now, when he went back to bed, sleep would not come.

The first contest in the life of the State was going on down at the little Capital. That Capital was now an armed camp. The law-makers themselves down there were armed, divided, and the men of each party were marked by men of the other for the first shot when the crisis should come. There was a conspiracy to defraud—a conspiracy to resist by force to the death. Even in the placing of the ballots in the box for the drawing of the contest board, fraud was openly charged, and even then pistols almost leaped from their holsters. Republicans whose seats were contested would be unseated and the autocrat's triumph would thus be sure—that was the plan wrought out by his inflexible will and iron hand. The man from the Pennyroyal swore he would leave his post only on a stretcher. Disfranchisement was on the very eve of taking place, liberty was at stake, and Kentuckians unless aroused to action would be a free people no longer. The Republican cry was that the autocrat had created his election triumvirate, had stolen his nomination, tried to steal his election, and was now trying to steal the governorship. There was even a meeting in the big town of the State to determine openly whether there should be resistance to him by force. Two men from the mountains had met in the lobby of the Capitol Hotel and a few moments later under the drifting powder smoke two men lay wounded and three lay dead. The quarrel was personal, it was said, but the dial-hand of the times was left pointing with sinister prophecy at tragedy yet to come. And in the dark of the first moon of that century the shadowy hillsmen were getting ready to swoop down. And it was the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era that Burnham watched, the dawn of the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the nation's life—of the one hundred and seventh year of statehood for Kentucky. And thinking of the onward sweep of the world, of the nation, North, East, West, and South, the backward staggering of his own loved State tugged sorely at his heart.

In chapel next morning John Burn-

ham made another little talk—chiefly to the young men of the Blue Grass among whom this tragedy was taking place. No inheritance in American life was better than theirs, he told them—no better ideals in the relations of family, State and nation. But the State was sick now with many ills and it was coming to trial now before the judgment of the watching world. If it stood the crucial fire, it would be the part of all the youth before him to maintain and even better the manhood that should come through unscathed. And if it failed, God forbid, it would be for them to heal, to mend, to upbuild and, undaunted, push on and upward again. And as at the opening of the session he saw again, lifted to him with peculiar intenseness, the faces of Marjorie and Gray Pendleton, and of Mavis and Jason Hawn—only now Gray looked deeply serious and Jason sullen and defiant. And at Mavis, Marjorie did not turn this time to smile. Nor was there any furtive look from any one of the four to any other, when the students rose, though each pair of cousins drifted together on the way out, and in pairs went on their separate ways.

The truth was that Marjorie and Gray were none too happy over the recent turn of affairs. Both were too fine, too generous, to hurt the feelings of others except with pain to themselves. They knew Mavis and Jason were hurt but, hardly realizing that between the four the frank democracy of childhood was gone, they hardly knew how and how deeply. Both were mystified, greatly disturbed, drawn more than ever by the proud withdrawal of the mountain boy and girl, and both were anxious to make amends. More than once Gray came near riding over to Steve Hawn's and trying once more to understand and if possible to explain and restore good feeling, but the memory of his rebuff from Mavis and the unapproachable quality in Jason made him hesitate. Naturally with Marjorie this state of mind was worse, because of the brink of Jason's confession for which she knew she was much to blame, and because of the closer past between them. Once only she saw him striding the fields, and though she pulled in her horse to watch him, Jason did not know; and once he came to her when he did not know that she knew. It was the night before the mid-year examinations and Marjorie, in spite of that fact, had gone to a dance and, because of it, was spending the night in town with a friend. The two girls had got home a little before three in the morning, and Marjorie had put out her light and gone to bed but, being sleepless, had risen and sat dreaming before the fire. The extraordinary whiteness of the moonlight had drawn her to the window when she rose again, and she stood there like a tall lily, looking silent sympathy to the sufferers in the bitter cold outside. She put one bare arm on the sill of the closed window and looked down at the snow-crystals hardly less brilliant under the moon than they would be under the first sun-rays next morning, looked through the snow-laden branches of the trees, over the white house-tops, and out to the still white fields—the white world within her answering the white world without as in a dream. She was thinking of Jason as she had been thinking for days, for she could not get the boy out of her mind. All night at the dance she had been thinking of him, and when between the stone pillars of the gateway a figure appeared without overcoat, hands in pockets and a bundle of something under one arm, the hand on the window-sill dropped till it clutched her heart at the strangeness of it, for her watching eyes saw plain in the moonlight the drawn white face of Jason Hawn. He tossed something on the porch and her tears came when she realized what it meant. Then he drew a letter out of his pocket, hesitated, turned, turned again, tossed it too upon the porch, and wearily crunched out through the gate. The girl whirled for her dressing-gown and slippers, and slipped downstairs to the door, for her instinct told her the letter was for her, and a few minutes later she was reading it by the light of the fire.

"I know where you are," the boy had written. "Don't worry, but I want to tell you that I take back that promise I made in the road that day."

John Burnham's examination was first for Jason that morning, and when the boy came into the recitation-room the schoolmaster was shocked by the tumult in his face. He saw the lad bend listlessly over his papers and look helplessly up and around—worn, brain-fagged, and half wild, saw him rise suddenly and hurriedly,

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and nodded him an excuse before he could ask for it, thinking the boy had suddenly gone ill. When he did not come back Burnham got uneasy, and after an hour he called another member of the faculty to take his place and hurried out. As he went down the corridor a figure detached itself from a group of girls and flew after him. He felt his arm caught tightly and he turned to find Marjorie, white, with trembling lips, but struggling to be calm:

"Where is Jason?" Burnham recovered quickly:

"Why, I don't believe he is very well," he said with gentle carelessness. "I'm going over now to see him. I'll be back in a minute." Wondering and more than ever uneasy Burnham went on, while the girl unconsciously followed him to the door, looking after him and almost on the point of wringing her hands. In the boy's room Burnham found an old dress-suit case packed and placed on the study table and on it was a pencil-scribbled note to one of his room-mates:

"I'll send for this later," it read, and that was all.

Jason was gone.

XXV

THE little Capital sits at the feet of hills on the edge of the Blue Grass, for the Kentucky River that sweeps past it has brought down those hills from the majestic highlands of the Cumberland. The great railroad of the State had to bore through rock to reach the place and clangs impudently through it along the main street. For many years other sections of the State fought to wrest this fountain head of law and government from its moorings and transplant it to the heart of the Blue Grass, or to the big town on the Ohio, because, as one claimant said:

"You had to climb a mountain, swim a river, or go through a hole to get to it."

This geographical witticism cost the claimant his eternal political life, and the Capital clung to its water, its wooded heaps of earth, and its hole in the gray wall. Not only hills did the river bring down, but birds, trees, and even mountain mists, and from out the black mouth of that hole in the wall and into those morning mists stole one day a long train and stopped before the six great gray pillars of the historic old State-house. Out of this train climbed a thousand men with a thousand guns, and the mists might have been the breath of the universal whisper:

"The mountaineers are here!"

Of their coming Jason had known for some time from Arch Hawn, and just when they were to come he had learned from Steve. The boy had not enough carfare even for the short ride of less than thirty miles to the Capital, so he rode as far as his money would carry him and an hour before noon found him striding along on foot, his revolver bulging at his hip and his dogged eyes on the frozen turnpike. It was all over for him, he thought with the passionate finality of youth, his college career with its ambitions and dreams. He was sorry to disappoint Saint Hilda and John Burnham, but his pride was broken and he was going back now to the people and the life that he never should have left. He would find his friends and kinsmen down there at the Capital, and he would play his part first in whatever they meant to do. Babe Honeycutt would be there, and about Babe he had not forgotten his mother's caution. He had taken his promise back from Marjorie merely to be free to act in a double emergency, but Babe would be safe until he himself was sure. Then he would tell his mother what he meant to do, or after it was done, and as to what she would then say, the boy had hardly a passing wonder, so thin yet was the coating with which civilization had veneered him. And yet the boy almost smiled to himself to think how submerged that childhood oath was now in the big new hatred that had grown within him for the man who was threatening the political life of his people and his State—had grown steadily since the morning before he had taken the train in the mountains for college in the Blue Grass. On the way he had stayed all night in a little mountain town in the foothills. He had got up at dawn, but already, to escape the hot rays of an August sun, mountaineers were coming in on horseback from miles and miles around to hear the opening blast of the trumpet that was to herald forth their wrongs. Under the trees and along the fences they picketed their horses, thousands of them, and they played simple games patiently, or patiently sat in the shade of pine and cedar wait-

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ing, while now and then a band made havoc with the lazy summer air. And there, that morning, Jason had learned from a red-headed orator that "a vicious body of deformed Democrats and degenerate Americans" had passed a law at the Capital that would rob the mountaineers of the rights that had been bought with the blood of their forefathers in 1776, 1812, 1849, and 1865. Every ear caught the emphasis on "rob" and "rights," the patient eye of the throng grew instantly alert and keen and began to burn with a sinister fire, while the ear of it heard further how, through that law, their ancient Democratic enemies would throw *their* votes out of the ballot-box or count them as they pleased—even for *themselves*. If there were three Democrats in a mountain county—and the speaker had heard that in one county there was only one—that county could under that law run every State and national election to suit itself. Would the men of the mountains stand that?—No! *He* knew them—that orator did. *He* knew that if the spirit of liberty that at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock started blazing its way over a continent lived unchanged anywhere, it dwelt, however unenlightened and unenlightening, in a heart that for an enemy was black with hate, red with revenge, though for the stranger, white and kind; that in an eagle's isolation had kept strung hard and fast to God, country, home; that ticking clock-like for a century without hurry or pause was beginning to quicken at last to the march-rhythm of the world, the heart of the Southern hills. Now the prophecy from the flaming tongue of that red-headed orator was coming to pass, and the heart of the Kentucky hills was making answer.

It was just before noon when the boy reached the hill overlooking the Capital. He saw the gleam of the river that came down from the mountains, and the home-thrill of it warmed him from head to foot. Past the cemetery he went with a glimpse of the statue of Daniel Boone rising from the lesser dead. A little farther down was the castle-like arsenal guarded by soldiers, and he looked at them curiously, for they were the first he had ever seen. Below him was the gray, gloomy bulk of the penitentiary, which was the State building that he used to hear most of in the mountains. About the railway station he saw men slouching whom he knew to belong to his people, but no guns were now in sight, for the mountaineers had checked them at the Adjutant-General's office, and each wore a tag for safe-keeping in his button-hole. Around the Greek portico of the capitol building, he saw more soldiers lounging, and near a big fountain in the State-house yard was a Gatling-gun which looked too little to do much harm. Everywhere were the stern, determined faces of mountain men, walking the streets staring at things, shuffling in and out of the buildings; and through the iron pickets of the yard fence, Jason saw one group cooking around a camp-fire. A newspaper man was setting his camera for them and the boy saw a big bearded fellow reach for his blanket. The photographer grasped his instrument and came flying through the iron gate, crying humorously, "Excuse *me!*"

And then Jason ran into Steve Hawn who looked at him with mild wonder and, without a question, drawled simply:

"I kind o' thought you'd be along."

"Is grandpap here?" asked the boy, and Steve shook his head.

"He was too po'ly—but thar's more Hawns and Honeycutts in town than you kin shake a stick at an' they're walkin' round hyeh jes like brothers. Hello, hyeh's one now!"

Jason turned to see big Babe Honeycutt who, seeing him, paled a little, smiled sheepishly, and, without speaking, moved uneasily away. Whereat Steve laughed.

"Looks like Babe is kind o' skeered o' you fer *some* reason— Hello, they're comin'!"

A group had gathered on the brick flagging between the frozen fountain and the Greek portico of the old capitol, and every slouching figure was moving toward it. Among them Jason saw Hawns and Honeycutts—saw even his old enemy, "little Aaron" Honeycutt, and he was not even surprised, for in a foot-ball game with Berea College he had met a pair of envious, hostile eyes from the side-lines and he knew then that little Aaron, too, had gone away to school. From the habit of long hostility now Jason swerved to the other edge of the crowd. From the streets, the boarding-houses, the ancient Capital Hotel, gray, too, as a prison, from the State buildings in the yard, mountaineers were surging forth and mass-

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ing before the capitol steps and around the big fountain. Already the Democrats had grown hoarse with protest and epithet. It was an outrage on the Republicans to bring down this "Mountain Army of Intimidationists"—and only God knew what they meant to do or might do. The autocrat might justly and legally unseat a few Republicans, to be sure, but one open belief was that these "unkempt feudsmen and outlaws" would rush the legislative halls, shoot down enough Democrats to turn the Republican minority, no matter how small, into a majority big enough to enforce the ballot-proven will of the people. Wild, pale, horrified faces began to appear in the windows of the houses that bordered the square and in the buildings within the yard—perhaps they were going to do it now. Every soldier stiffened where he stood and caught his gun tightly, and once more the militia colonel looked yearningly at the Gatling-gun as helpless as a fire-cracker in the midst of the crowd, and then imploringly to the Adjutant-General who once again smiled and shook his head. If sinister in purpose, that mountain army was certainly well-drilled and under the dominant spirit of some amazing leadership, for no sound, no gesture, no movement came from them. And then Jason saw a pale dark young man, the Secretary of State, himself a mountain man, rise above the heads of the crowd and begin to speak.

"You are not here as revolutionists, criminals, or conspirators, because you are loyal to government and law."

The words were big and puzzling to the untutored ears that heard them, but a grim, enigmatical smile was soon playing over many a rugged face.

"You are here under your God-given bill of rights to right your wrongs through petitions to the legislators in whose hands you placed your liberties and your laws. And to show how non-partisan this meeting is I nominate as chairman a distinguished Democrat and ex-Confederate soldier."

And thereupon before Jason's startled eyes rose none other than Colonel Pendleton who silently swept the crowd with his eyes.

"I see from the faces before me that the legislators behind me shall not overturn the will of the people," he said quietly but sonorously, and then, like an invocation to the Deity, the dark young mountaineer slowly read from the paper in his hand how they were all peaceably assembled for the common good and the good of the State to avert the peril hovering over its property, peace, safety, and happiness. How they prayed for calmness, prudence, wisdom; begged that the legislators should not suffer themselves to be led into the temptation of partisan pride or party predilection; besought them to remember that their own just powers were loaned to them by the people at the polls, and that they must decide the people's will and not their own political preference; implored them not to hazard the subversion of that supreme law of the land; and finally begged them to receive, and neither despise nor spurn, their earnest petition, remonstrance, but preserve and promote the safety and welfare and, above all, the honor of the commonwealth committed to their keeping.

There was no applause, no murmur even of approval—stern faces had only grown sterner, hard eyes harder, and that was all. Again the mountain Secretary of State rose, started to speak and stopped, looking over the upturned faces and toward the street behind them; and something in his look made every man who saw it turn his head. A whisper started on the outer edge of the crowd and ran backward and men began to tiptoe and crane their necks. A tall figure was entering the iron gateway—and that whisper ran like a wind through the mass, the whisper of a hated name. The autocrat was coming. The mountaineers blocked his royal way to the speaker's chair behind them, but he came straight on. His cold, strong, crafty face was suddenly and fearlessly uplifted when he saw the hostile crowd and a half-scornful smile came to his straight thin lips. A man behind him put a detaining hand on his shoulder, but he shook it off impatiently. Almost imperceptibly men swerved this way and that until there was an open way through them to the State-house steps and through that human lane, nearly every man of which was at that moment longing to take his life, the autocrat strode, meeting every pair of eyes with a sneer of cold defiance. Behind him the lane closed; the crowd gasped at the daring of the man and slow-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

There was the jostling of bodies, rushing of feet, and crowding of cursing men to the common centre of excitement.—Page 578.

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ly melted away. The mountain Secretary followed him into the Senate with the resolutions he had just read and the autocrat, still with that icy smile, received and passed them—into oblivion.

That night the mountain army disappeared as quickly as it had come, on a special train through that hole in the wall and with a farewell salute of gun and pistol into the drum-tight air of the little Capital. But a guard of two hundred stayed, quartered in boarding-houses and the executive buildings, and hung about the capitol with their arms handy, or loitered about the contest-board meetings where the great "steal" was feared. So those meetings adjourned to the city hall where the room was smaller, admission more limited, and which was, as the Republicans claimed, a Democratic arsenal. Next day the Republicans asked for three days more for testimony and were given three hours by the autocrat. The real fight was now on, every soul knew it, and the crisis was at hand.

And next morning it came, when the same bold figure was taking the same way to the capitol. A rifle cracked, a little puff of smoke floated from a window of a State building, and on the brick flagging the autocrat crumpled into a heap.

The Legislature was at the moment in session. The minority in the House was on edge for the next move. The Secretary was droning on and beating time, for the autocrat was late that morning, but he was on his way. Cool, wary, steeled to act relentlessly at the crucial moment, his hand was within reach of the prize, and the play of that master-hand was on the eve of a master-stroke. Two men hurried into the almost deserted square, the autocrat and his body-guard, a man known in the annals of the State for his ready use of knife or pistol. The rifle spoke and the autocrat bent double, groaned harshly, clutched his right side, and fell to his knees. Men picked him up, the buildings emptied, and all hurried after the throng gathering around the wounded man. There was the jostling of bodies, rushing of feet, the crowding of cursing men to the common centre of excitement. A negro pushed against a white man. The white man pulled his pistol, shot him dead and hardly a look was turned that way. The doors of the old hotel closed on the wounded man, his friends went wild, and chaos followed. It was a mountain trick they cried, and a mountaineer had turned it. The lawless hillsmen had come down and brought their cowardly custom of ambush with them. The mountain Secretary of State was speeding away from the capitol at the moment the shot was fired, and that was a favorite trick of alibi in the hills. That shot had come from his window. Within ten minutes the terrified Governor had ringed every State building with bayonets and had telegraphed for more militia. Nobody, not even the sheriff, could enter to search for the assassin: what else could this mean, but that there was a conspiracy—that the Governor himself knew of the plot to kill and was protecting the slayer? About the State-house, even after the soldiers had taken possession, stood rough-looking men, a wing of the army of intimidation. A mob was forming at the hotel, and when a company of soldiers was assembled to meet it, a dozen old mountaineers, looking in the light of the camp-fires like the aged paintings of pioneers on the State-house walls, fell silently and solemnly in line with Winchesters and shot-guns. The autocrat's bitterest enemies, though unregretting the deed, were outraged at the way it was done, and the rush of sympathy in his wake could hardly fail to achieve his purpose now. That night, even the Democratic members tried to decide the contest in the autocrat's favor. That night the Governor adjourned the Legislature to a mountain town, and next morning the legislators found their chambers closed. They tried to meet at hotel, city hall, court-house; and solons and soldiers raced through the streets and never could the solons win. But at nightfall they gathered secretly and declared the autocrat governor of the commonwealth. And the wild rumor was that the wounded man had passed before his name was sealed by the legislative hand, and that the feet of a dead man had been put into a living one's shoes. That night the news flashed that one mountaineer as assassin and a mountain boy as accomplice had been captured and were on the way to jail. And the assassin was Steve and the boy none other than Jason Hawn.

(To be continued)

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THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

III.—IN THE TRAILS OF THE COUREURS DE BOIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

A STATESMAN of the Mississippi Valley, Senator Thomas H. Benton, has often been quoted as saying that it is a mistake to suppose that none but men of science lay off a road. There is a class of topographical engineers "older than the schools," "more unerring than mathematicians." They are the wild animals which traverse the forests not by compass but by instinct, find the easiest paths to the lowest passes in the mountains, to the shallowest fords, to the richest pastures, to the salt licks. They travel thousands of miles, unguided except of this instinct or of the collective experience of their kindred through ages.

A hunter of wild sheep in the Rocky Mountains, following their trails, wonders if these paths were made a year, five, or ten years ago, and is told by the scientist that they may have been made sixteen thousand years ago, so long have these first engineers been at work. In some places in Europe, I am told, their fellow-engineers, longer in the practice of their profession, have actually worn paths in the rocks by their cushioned feet.

It is a mistake, therefore, we are reminded, to suppose that the American forests and plains were trackless before men came. They were coursed by many paths.

If, however, you have read Chateaubriand's "Atala," you will have a rather different notion of the American forests in the Mississippi Valley. "On the western side of the Mississippi," Chateaubriand wrote, "the waves of verdure on the limitless plains (savannas) appear as they recede to rise gradually into the azure sky; but on the eastern half of the valley, trees of every form, of every color, and of every perfume throng and grow together, stretching up into the air to heights that weary the eye to follow. Wild vines . . . intertwining each other at the feet of these trees, escalade their trunks and creep along the extremity of their branches, stretching from the maple to the tulip-tree, from the tulip-tree to the hollyhock, and thus forming grottos, arches, and porticos. Often, in their wanderings from tree to tree, these creepers cross the arm of a river, over which they throw a bridge of flowers. . . . A multitude of animals spread about life and enchantment. From the extremities of the avenues may be seen bears, intoxicated with the grape, staggering upon the branches of the elm-trees; caribous bathe in the lake; black squirrels play among the thick foliage; mocking-birds and Virginia pigeons, not bigger than sparrows, fly down upon the turf, reddened with strawberries; green parrots with yellow heads, purple woodpeckers, cardinals red . . . clamber up to the very tops of the cypress-trees; humming-birds sparkle upon the jessamine of the Floridas; and bird-catching serpents hiss while suspended to the domes of the woods, where they swim about like creepers themselves. . . . All here . . . is sound and motion . . . when a breeze happens to animate these solitudes, to swing these floating bodies, to confound these masses of white, blue, green, and pink, to mix all the colors, and to combine all the murmurs. There issue such sounds from the depths of the forests, and such things pass before the eyes, that I should in vain endeavor to describe them to those who have never visited these primitive fields of nature."

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And when René and Atala were escaping through those forests, they "advanced with difficulty under a vault of smilax, amidst vines, indigo plants, bean-trees, and creeping ivy that entangled their feet like nets. . . . Bell serpents were hissing

One of Doré's illustrations for Chateaubriand's "Atala."

in every direction, and wolves, bears, carcajous, and young tigers, come to hide themselves in these retreats, made them resound with their roarings."

A trackless, howling wilderness, indeed, if we are to accept this as an accurate description of scenes which, as I have intimated, it is now suspected that Chateaubriand's imagination visited, unaccompanied of his body. But a recent native writer on the valley and its roads (Archer Butler Hulbert, who has made valuable contributions to the historical literature of the valley), having in mind, to be sure, the forests a little farther north than those in which Atala and René wandered, assures us that they were neither "pathless" nor "howling." He writes that in 1775, eighteen years before the first white settlement in the State of Ohio, there were probably as many paths within the bounds of that State on which a man could travel on horseback at the rate of five miles an hour as there are railways in that State to-day. And the buffalo paths were, some of them at any rate, roads so wide that several wagons might have been driven abreast on them—as wide as the double-track railroads. So the Indian, or the first human comer, had his highways prepared for him by the instincts of these primitive engineers that knew nothing of trigonometry, or the sextant, or the places of the stars.

Nor did these first makers of roads howl or bellow their way over them. By this

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same authority I am able to say that the forest paths were noiseless trails, or "traces," as they were originally called, in the midst of silences disturbed only by the winds and the falling waters. Wolves did sometimes howl in the forests or out upon the plains, but it was only in hunger, and their cries accentuated the wonted silence. Neither they nor the bears growled or howled, except when they came into collision with each other—or starvation.

A path through the woods on the grounds of the University of Wisconsin.

And there were not even birds to give cheer to the gloom of these black forests, whose tree tops were knitted together by vines (but had not undergrowth, since the sun could not reach the ground). "The birds of the forest came only with the white man." There were parrots in Kentucky, and there were in Ohio pigeons and birds of prey, eagles and buzzards, but the birds we know to-day and the bees were later immigrants from lands that remembered Aristophanes or the hill of Hymettus, or were to know Shelley's skylark or Keats's nightingale or Rostand's tamer fowls or Maeterlinck's bees.

Even if we allow the forests Chateaubriand's color in summer and the clamor in times of terror, we cannot longer think of them as pathless if inhabited by these ancient pathmakers. And, naturally, when the Indian came, dependent as he was upon wild game, he followed these paths or traces made and frequented by the beasts—the ways to food, to water, to salt, to other habitats with the changing seasons. The buffalo roads and the deer trails became his vocational trails—the streets of his livelihood. And as his enemy was likely to find him by following these traces, they became not only the

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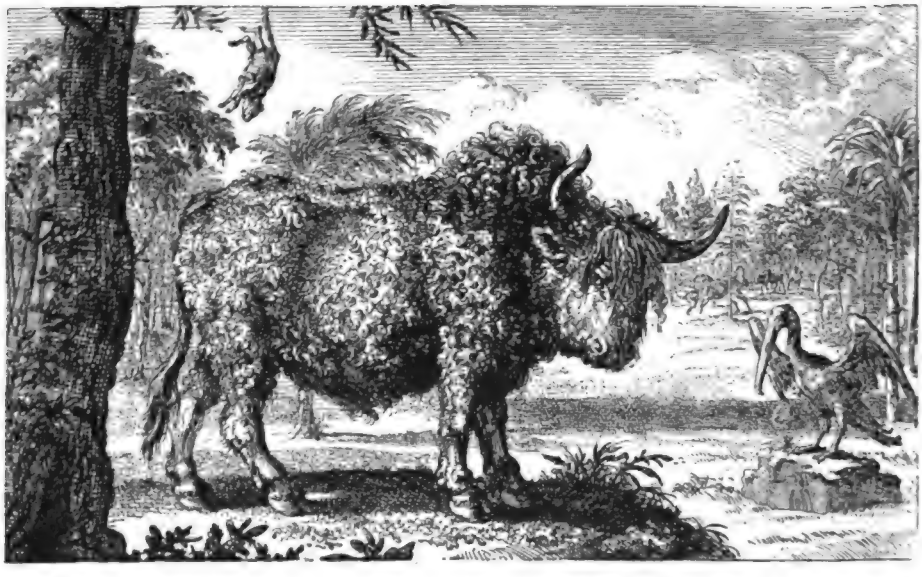
paths of peace, but the paths of war. When the red man trespassed upon the peaceful trails of his enemy, they were, in an American idiom, "on the war-path."

Then, in time, the European trader went in friendly search of the Indian by those same paths, and they became the avenues of petty commerce. After the manner of street venders in great cities, these forest traders or runners went up and down these sheltered paths, as dark in summer as the narrowest city streets of the Old World, only they went silently, though they were often heard as distinctly in the breaking of twigs or in their muffled tread, by the alert ears of the Indian, as the screeching voices of the street venders are heard by us. And the places where these traders put down their cheap trinkets before their dusky patrons grew into trading-posts that in turn became prophetic of cities and towns.



Hennepin's drawing of a buffalo.

II

Such were the paths by which the runners of the woods, the French coureurs de bois, first emerged, after following the watercourses, upon the western forest glades and the edges of the prairies, and astonished the aboriginal human owners of those wild highways that had known only the soft feet of the wolf and fox and bear, the hoofs of the buffaloes and deer and the bare feet or the moccasins of the Indians (the "silent shoes," as I have seen such foot-gear advertised in the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in Paris).

It has been said by a chemist of some repute that man came, in his evolution, out of the sea, that he has in his veins certain elements in the same proportion in which they appear in the water of the Pre-Cambrian ocean. But whether this be true or not, one stage of human development carries marks of the forest. From that sylvan period "having nothing but forest knowledge, forest feeling, forest dreams, forest fancies, forest faith," man comes forth upon the plains of history. The early French settlements had memories of the sea. In the lower Saint Lawrence Valley, among the French Canadians, where the shut-in life is undisturbed of current events or changing conventions of speech or evanescent fashions, I am told there are traces in their daily conversation of the sea life of their ancestors on the coasts of Brittany and Normandy. When, for example, a neighbor approaches a farmhouse on horseback he is asked, not to "alight" or to "dismount," but to "dis-

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embark"; and he is invited, not to "tie" his horse, but to "moor" it. It is as if these simple folk were still crying ever, in their unconscious memories, "Thalassa, thalassa;" as if the very shells of speech still carried the roar of the ocean to those whose eyes had never seen it.

cloth, French tobacco and brandy, till they knew and were known to the aboriginal inhabitants, "from where the stunted Eskimos burrowed in their snow caves to where the Comanches scoured the plains of the south with their banditti cavalry."

They were a lawless lot whom this mis-

A Coureur de Bois.
One of the "Pioneers of Pioneers."

And, as we have seen, the French followed the streams which kept them in touch with the sea. But they had finally, in their pioneering, to take to the trails and the forests. And these runners-of-the-woods were the amphibious ambassadors from this kingdom of the sea to the kingdom of the plain. They were, as Etienne Brulé of Champlain's time, the "pioneers of pioneers," who often, in unrecorded advance of priest and explorer, pushed their adventurous traffic in French guns and hatchets, French beads and

sion, not only between water and land, but also between civilization and barbarism, "spoiled for civilization." But they must not be judged too harshly in their vibrations between the two standards of life, which they bridged, making periodical confession to charitable priests in one of their sins or the other—sins which unforgiven might have driven them entirely away from the church and into perdition.

The names of most of them are forgotten by history which is rather particular about the character of those whom it remembers

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A bit of the city of Duluth and Superior Ha
Duluth, "The city that has taken the place

—other than those in kingly or other high places. But they who have followed immediately in the trails of these men of the verges have written the names of some of them in places where they are more widely read than if cherished by history even. Etienne Brulé, who as interpreter led Le Caron out upon the first Western mission, after following trails and waters for hundreds of miles back of the English settlements where the timid colonists had not dared to venture, and suffering the martyrdom of fire, is perhaps all but forgotten, though I have wished to believe that he is remembered by a tempestuous stream in the West, and by at least one Indian tribe.

The name of Jean Nicolet, of Cherbourg, the ambassador to the Winnebagoes, from the record of whose picturesque advent, in the "Jesuit Relations," the annals of the West really begin, has been given to a path now grown into one of the most populous streets along the whole course of the Mississippi River—Nicolet Avenue, in Minneapolis.

And Duluth, the cousin of Tonty, a native of Lyons, a man of persistent hardihood, "not surpassed perhaps even by La Salle," says Parkman, "continually in the forest, in the Indian towns, or in the remote wilderness outposts planted by himself, exploring, trading, fighting, ruling lawless savages and whites scarcely less ungovernable," and crossing the ocean for interviews with the colonial minister, "amid the splendid vanities of Versailles" —his name has been given to a wonderful city, built upon the far shores of Lake Superior, the city that has taken the place of London in the list of the world's great harbors. Macaulay's vision of the New Zealander, sitting amid the ruins of London and overlooking the mastless Thames, seems to have come to fulfilment in the succession of a city, founded in the path of a wood-runner out on the borders of civilization, to one of London's distinctions among the cities of the world.

"This class of men is not extinct," said Parkman twenty or thirty years ago; "in the cheerless wilds beyond the northern lakes, or among the solitudes of the distant West they may still be found, unchanged in life and character since the day when Louis the Great claimed sovereignty over the desert empire."

But their mission, if any survive till now, is past. The paths, surveyed of the beasts and opened by these pioneers to the feet of priests, explorers, and traders, have let in the influences that in time destroyed all they loved and braved the solitude for. The trace has become the railroad, and the smell of the gasoline motor is

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bor, Minnesota, named for Duluth of Lyons.
London in the list of the world's great harbors."

even on the Oregon trail; for, in general, it has been said of the forest part of the valley, "where there is a railway to-day, there was a path a century and a quarter ago," and that means longer ago; and it may be added that where there was a French trading-post, or fort, or portage, there is a city to-day, not because of the attraction of the populations of those places to the prospecting railroad, but because of their natural highway advantage, learned even by the buffaloes. Not all paths have evolved into railroads, but the railroads have followed most of these natural paths —paths of the coureurs de bois, of those instinctively searching for mountain passes, the low portages from valley to valley, the shortest ways and the easiest grades.

One of our greatest railroad presidents, Mr. James J. Hill, has noted this significant difference between the railroads of Europe and those of America, or at any rate of the Mississippi Valley. In Europe they simply "took the place of the pack-animal, the stage-coach, the goods van that crowded all the highways between populous centres," whereas in the Mississippi Valley and beyond they but succeeded the pioneer and pathfinder. The railroad outran the settler and "beckoned him on," just as the coureur de bois outran the slower-going migrant and beckoned him on to ever new frontiers: the buffalo, the coureur de bois, the engineer —in turn. The railroad—the more modern coureur de bois—has not served the New World society merely as a connecting link between communities already developed. It has been the "creator of cities."

Out on those prairies beyond the forests I have seen this general statement of Mr. Hill's illustrated. Down from Lake Michigan the first railroad crept toward the Mississippi along the Des Plaines and then the Illinois where La Salle had seen from his canoe great herds of buffalo "trampling by in ponderous columns or filing in long lines morning, noon, and night." That railroad was a path, not to any particular city, but to the water, a path from water to water, a long portage from the lake to the Mississippi and back. One day, within my memory, a new path was marked by stakes that led away from that river off across the prairie to an uninhabited place which the first engineers had not known—a place of fire, the fields of coal of which the practical Joliet had found signs on his memorable journey. And so one and another road crossed that prairie (on which I can even now clearly see the first engine standing in the prairie grass), making toward the places of fire, of wood, of grain, of meat, of gold, of iron,

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of lead, till the whole prairie was a network of these paths, till the "transportation machine" (as Mr. Hill calls it) has grown to two hundred and thirty thousand miles, or about forty per cent of the world mileage, the greater number of these paths traversing the Mississippi Valley and carrying with them, wherever they go, the telegraph and telephone wires, building villages, towns, and cities—still bringing the fashions of Paris in the paths of the buffalo.

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Nicolet Avenue, Minneapolis. Named for Jean Nicolet of Cherbourg.

"A path now grown into one of the most populous streets along the whole course of the Mississippi River."—Page 584.

When the surveyors crossed that prairie, treeless except for the woods along the Aramoni River, just back of the Rock Saint Louis, and along the Illinois River at the other edge, the wild animals and the Indians had disappeared westward, the prairie ground was broken and planted in patches; fences had begun to appear on the silent stretches; houses stood four to a section, with a one-roomed schoolhouse every two miles and a church at long intervals. After the construction train ploughed its slow way across that same prairie, in the trail staked by the surveyors, a place was marked for a village, the farmers upon whose land it promised to trespass wanted each to give it the name of his wife, his queen, as La Salle of his king; but one day a workman, representing the unsentimental corporation, without ceremony nailed a strip of board to a post and painted a most prosaic name upon it. (If it had remembered the past it would have written there "Aramoni.") Wooden buildings, stores, elevators, blacksmith, harness, and shoemaker shops, and the dwellings of those who did the work of the little town, gathered about them; in time some of the pioneer settlers, leaving their farms to the care of children or tenants, moved in to the town, the primitive stores were rebuilt in brick, houses of pretentious architecture crowded out of the best sites the first dwellings, and in twenty or thirty years a village of several hundred people, retired farmers or their widows, men of the younger generation living on the income of their farms, without more than nominal occupation, and those who buy the produce and minister to the wants of this little community. The prosperous villager and the prosperous farmer in all the country about have each his telephone in his house and can talk as much as he pleases with his neighbors at a very small yearly charge. He also keeps track of the grain and stock markets by telephone, has his daily metropolitan paper, his country paper, his monthly magazine (of which he is the best reader), perhaps a piano or an organ—more likely, now, a phonograph, which reproduces, if he chooses, what New Yorkers, Berliners, or Parisians hear at the grand opera—copies of statuary or paintings in the Louvre or other great galleries, and either a fast driving-horse or an automobile. He is often within easy reach of a city by train, and his wife or daughters know the modes of Paris and follow them as speedily as local talent can make the adaptations and transformations.

Aramoni is not an imaginary, much less a "Utopian," village. There are thousands of Aramonis where the railroads have gone, drawing all the physical convenience and social conventions after them, where once coureurs de bois followed the buffaloes.

III

Mr. Hill, whom I have just quoted above, has said: "Next after the Christian religion and the public school, the

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The Rock Saint Louis.

railroad has been the largest single contributing factor to the welfare and happiness of the people."

The first great service of the railroads to the republic as such was to make it possible that the people of a territory three thousand miles wide, crossed by two mountain ranges, should be bound into one republic. The waters to the east of the Alleghanies ran toward the Atlantic, the waters west of the Rockies ran toward the Pacific, and the waters between the mountains ran to the Gulf of Mexico. If the great east and west railroads had not been built, and some of the waters of the lakes had not been made to run down the Mohawk Valley into the Hudson, it is more than likely that there would have been a secession of the men who called themselves the "men of the Western Waters," a secession of the West from the East rather than of the South from the North. If the men of the valley had continued men of the "Western Waters," there would probably have been at least three republics in North America, and perhaps as many as in South America.

When Josiah Quincy, the famous son of Massachusetts, said for the men of the East in the halls of Congress, "We have no right to throw our rights and authority into a potch-potch with the wild men of Missouri, nor with the mixed but more robust race of Anglo-Hispanic men and Gallo-Americans who bask in the sands at the mouth of the Mississippi," he was visualizing the men whose interests followed the rivers to another tide-water than that of Boston and New York harbors. The railroads made a real prophecy of his fear that these men of the Western rivers would some day be "managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles from their residences, and having a preponderance in the councils," into which, as he contended, "they should never have been admitted." He was thinking and speaking rather of the South-west than of the North-west, but it was the east and the west lines of railroad that prevented the vital interest of that northern valley from flowing with the water along parallels of longitude to where the Gulf currents would catch its commerce, instead of over the mountains along the sterner parallels of latitude and in straighter course to Europe.

The force of gravity, the temptation of the tropics, the indifference of the East, the freedom from Eastern and puritanical restraints, were all on the side of a republic of the Western waters and against that larger, continent-wide nationalism which now has its most ardent support in that valley through which the iron shuttles

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daily fly from sea to sea, weaving the waters as strands of color into a unified pattern of sublimer import.

It looks now as if the north and south lines were to be strengthened the world over, as the occupied and exploited north temperate zone reaches toward the frigid zone, grown warmer by the very opening of the lands to the sun and the long burning of coal (I was told by one last summer, who has been studying conditions in the great north-west fields of Canada, that it is now possible to grow crops there that could not have been grown before the country was opened and cultivated to the south of them, so much longer have the frosts been delayed in the autumn)—as this zone reaches toward the tropics now made more habitable and across the tropics to the sister temperate zone of the southern hemisphere. In the Mississippi Valley the Gulf ports, fed of river and railroad, are increasingly busy, partly, to be sure, because they look toward the east and west path through Panama, but partly too because they lie between the two temperate zones, which must inevitably be brought nearer to each other. We cannot imagine two permanently dissociated or distantly associated temperate civilizations on this globe, which is becoming smaller every day.

It was inevitable, perhaps, and happily inevitable, that the east and west lines should be well established before the temperate zone should venture into tropic lotos lands again, and perhaps it was inevitable that the West should eventually, even without the help of steam and steel, attach itself to the East—even by streams of water. Washington had hardly put off his uniform, after the peace of 1783, when he was planning for a Western trip, and his diary on the third day of that trip of six hundred and eighty miles shows that his one object was to obtain information of the "nearest and best communication between the Eastern and the Western waters." He expected the canal to erase the Alleghanies from the map, but the railroad accomplished this gigantic task, with only slight aid of water. And as it tied the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic coast, so in time, aided of a government that had every reason to be grateful, it reached across the uninhabited plains, over the Rocky Mountains, which even Western statesmen said were the divinely appointed barriers, across the desert beyond, to the Pacific slope, and tied it to a capital which is now nearer to San Francisco than once that capital was to Boston. A man from the Missouri River is, as I write, Speaker of the House in which Josiah Quincy spoke his provincial fears. A man from the mouth of the Mississippi, which La Salle traced from its upper waters, the highest authority in America on the French code, is the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. And

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A bird's-eye view of the University of Wisconsin.

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Proposed buildings of the University of Minnesota.

he was appointed by a President who was born on the banks of the Ohio, discovered also by the French, and named La Belle Rivière. That is, the highest office in each of the three co-ordinate branches of government (the judicial, the legislative, and the executive) are filled by men of the Western waters. And there is no single fact that can better illustrate the political significance of the paths over which the French were pioneers.

On the economic consequences we need not now dwell. They have had too frequent and sufficiently conspicuous illustration in every foreign or domestic mind that knows anything whatever of that valley to make it necessary to insist in this cursory view upon their great contribution to physical comfort. It is, however, begun to be felt that in the rapid development and exploitation of the resources of that valley (made possible only by the railroads) the future has not been enough in mind. It was said a few years ago that there was not money enough in the world to lay tracks to take the traffic that the Mississippi basin offered. Its enterprising people wanted to get everything to market in one generation, indifferent to the fate of those who should come after; the passes through the mountains were simply choked by cars that carried to the coasts crops from increasing acreage of declining productivity, or the products of swiftly disappearing forests, or the output of mines that must soon be exhausted. Perhaps the railroads are not to be blamed that the average crop of wheat in Indiana fell from 15.6 bushels per acre to 14.4; in Minnesota from 15.8 to 13; in North Dakota from 14.4 to 10; in Oklahoma from 14.9 to 9; and in the entire United States from 15.3 to 14. They are very loudly blamed that they did not carry these products fast enough or cheaply enough, though, according to a recent authority, their rates are less, on the average, than the cost of French water traffic. Nevertheless, their wheels have alone made possible that phenomenal draining of the riches of the land to the coast and other shores, assisting the waters that carry a half-billion tons of soil into the Gulf every year. Perhaps this hurried, panting development has been for the good of all time, but until recently there has been little or no thought of that "all time." Practically the whole Western country has tied itself to a wheel, and so, whatever its happiness and welfare are, they come of the wheel or with the wheel. It is capable of self-support, it has still its independent spirit, bred of the pioneer who lived before the day of wheels, it is responsive to appeals that stop its restless movement (as Ixion's wheel when Orpheus played), but none the less is its life an eager, restless, unquiet one, driven as a wheel, driven by the same hand that urged the life and the wheel into the valley.

No one asks—or few ask—if the wheel brings good or ill. The only concern is that it shall run as quickly and safely as is humanly and mechanically possible, and shall not discriminate between one shipper and another, one community and another, one consumer and another. That is the railroad problem. The wheel has removed water-sheds at pleasure, created cities and fortunes by its presence or its

taking thought. But under the new policy of the government it is not likely that there will ever be such ruthless disturbance of nature or such wild, profuse creation again. Democracy, beginning in that valley, is simply seeking now a perfect transportation machine.

But such a machine will drain even more effectively the country districts. According to the census returns for 1910, in one prosperous agricultural State just west of the Mississippi, while the State as a whole showed an increase of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand in ten years, there was a net decrease of ten thousand in the rural districts. A partial explanation of the latter statistic is the moving on of farmers to still newer lands, another the decline in the size of families, but it is attributable chiefly to the first condition, the drift to the city—and to this the wheels contribute more than any other influence, carrying, as they do, the glamour or the opportunity of the city life daily before the eyes of the country boy. To be sure, these same wheels are lessening the congestion of the great centres of population and lightening their shadows by extending them, spreading them, but none the less are the shadows spreading faster from the coming of the country to the city than of the suburbanizing of the city.

This movement is not peculiar to the Mississippi Valley, to be sure, but it is more rapid there, perhaps, than in any other great area.

The wheel, then, has made possible the permanence of one republic of such an area. Nothing save a loose heterogeneous confederation could have been practicable without its unifying service. It is only fair to those who made such gloomy prophecies in the early days that they had no intimation of what steam would do. When Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, said early in the nineteenth century, in a journey back from the West in a stage-coach, that some day steam would drive wagons faster than they were going, his fellow-passengers thought him a dreamer—a visionary. But it was only a man of such dreams or visions who in those days could have seen the possibility which has to-day been realized.

The wheel has made possible the rapid development and the exploitation of that great valley which, except for its pioneering in wild places, might have been seven hundred years, as President Johnson predicted, in filling up, or at least two or three centuries.

But there is one supreme service that must have mention. In this country, when travel was slow, we had a representative government. But while we still have the same form, the wheel has made possible and so necessary a more democratic government. When a representative was weeks in reaching the capital he acted on his own responsibility in larger measure than now when his constituencies speak to him every morning. The valley is reached every day, just as the people in a pure democracy are reached by the stentor. The people are reserving to themselves more and more of the function of their one-time representatives, a theory made practicable only through the aid of the wheel and what it has brought. If the improvement of democracy is to come through more democracy, as many believe, then the railroad is an essential agent of political progress as well as of economic exploitation and social homogeneity.

Moreover, mobility is almost an essential quality of the spirit of democracy, the free way to the farthest horizons, the open road to the highest service. When the atom becomes practically fixed, by its environment, reposeful and stable, stratification sets in. In the Mississippi Valley, where the inhabitants have not been tied through generations of inheritance or association to particular fields, where primogeniture has no observance, and where traditions are of the wilderness, this process is being constantly interrupted and by movement along these very paths that have made possible a national consciousness and have carried men into world sympathies.

IV

It may seem a far cry from those rough, lawless coureurs de bois to the mobile but orderly people of that valley to-day. But after an experience of last summer the distance does not seem so great.

Here is a journal of three days in that valley:

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In the morning of an August day I was gathering some last data from the library of one of the greatest though one of the newest, universities in the world—a two hours' journey from where the coureur de bois, Jean Nicolet, in his robe of damask, first looked over the edge of the basin, a place where, not many years ago, I saw sitting in silk academic robes, learned men gathered from the ends of the earth. In the afternoon I travelled over that most famous and first of the French portages, the Fox-Wisconsin portage; and in the evening I walked on into the night along the Wisconsin that I might see the river as the explorers saw it. At midnight I took a "palace car" with such conveniences as even Louis the Great did not have at Versailles, and woke well up the Mississippi. I spent the day at another great State university, and at dusk set off by the actual trails of the French coureurs de bois (only by wheels instead of on foot), first through the woods and along rivers above Green Bay to the Sault Ste. Marie, then above Lake Huron and the Nipissing and down the Ottawa River, where I saw the second day break; and then on past La Salle's seigniory of Saint Sulpice and around Cartier's mountain into Montreal, and thence to the Rock of Quebec.

It is a common, unimaginative metaphor to call the engine which leads the mighty trains across the country the iron horse, but it is deserving of a nobler figure. It is the iron coureur de bois still leading Europe into America, and America into a newer America.

Delayed by river floods.

The iron coureur de bois still leading Europe into America, and America into a newer America.

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MOONLIGHT

By Frank Dempster Sherman

A cup of emerald, the valley, dim
With purple shadows, lies between the hills;
Across the silence, from the lyric rills
Is breathed the music of their vesper hymn.
Slowly the moon uplifts above the rim,—
A snow-like lily from whose chalice spills
A silver light whose soft enchantment fills
The valley-cup with beauty to its brim.

O mystery and wonder of the night!
O loveliness of moonlight and the gleam
Of myriad stars that are the blossoms white
Adrift and blown adown an azure stream!
O miracle of rapture and delight,
Transforming all the world into a dream!

Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

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STEVENSONIANA

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

I

COMPELLED the other day by change of residence to clear out choked drawers of cabinets and go through bundles of forgotten papers, I came across various interesting things, and among them a few by or relating to R. L. Stevenson which seemed too good to be lost. They had escaped me previously when I was preparing his works and correspondence for publication. I propose here to throw them into a medley which I hope may be welcome both to the editor and to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. I shall begin with a fragment of a kind of writing which he practised much at one time of his youth, but of which no other specimen has to my knowledge been preserved. Readers of the volume called *Vailima Table Talk*, by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Mrs. Strong, will remember a characteristic passage where he speaks of himself as having been in early days too much given to "fluting," that is, to aiming before all things at effects of verbal harmony and sweetness. As against most even of his earliest published essays and notes of travel this charge does not hold good; but they present passages, as do even his early letters, which might be quoted in support of it. The fault, such as it is, was most apparent in certain exercises of the year 1875, largely inspired by his study of Baudelaire's *Petits Poëmes en Prose*, which his vigorous self-criticism saved from seeing the light, though at the moment of writing they had given him acute pleasure. One, which he thought the best, on the *Spirit of Spring*, I was unlucky enough at the time to lose. I have found among my papers a copy of another, which may serve as a specimen of the *genre*. It is an Edinburgh night effect, witnessed in the company of Mr. Charles Baxter, to whom the essay is inscribed. The scene is rendered, as the reader will perceive, frankly as well as subtly, but the prose was perhaps too studied—towards the end even too honeyed—a quality of rhythm and assonance.

A SUMMER NIGHT

THE late summer twilight, dotted with lamps, lingered over the city; and here and there, where wide ways crossed each other on the ridge, beside the statues of kings and statesmen, one saw, far away to the north, thin clouds, and lakes of lucid sky, and the blue hills, sharp and still and solemn. The red lamp that marks a letter box burned like a bright carbuncle against the pale gemlike heavens.

The dresses of harlots swayed and swished upon the pavement. Pale faces leaped out of the crowd as they went by the lights, and passed away like a dream in the general dream of the pallid and populous streets. The coarse brass band filled the air with a rough and ready melody; and the fall of alternate feet, and the turn of shoulders and swish of dresses, fell into time with it strangely. Face after face went by; swinging dress after dress brushed on the even stones; out of face after face the eyes stood forth with a sordid animal invitation.

High up overhead, from the planted castle, from blue tower and battlement deployed against the sallow southern heaven, there went forth over the city the pulse of drums and the brazen call of bugles. The last tramway car brushed past with a gleam out of its lighted windows; the stooping figures on the roof stood out darkly against the sky.

The streets cleared gradually. Up into the sallow heaven floats the pale moon, almost quenched in the light of the summer sunset, that reaches its white hand out to meet the summer morn. The night wind searches and whispers along the vacant street; the leaves go shifting about the pavement with a loose uneasy noise. The vacant street lies long and

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looms up, still and purple, into the white night sky. The low gardens gloom and shudder, and spread about their dewy lawns, and rear up their congregated chestnut leaves into the placid air. And now and again, with a clink of nails on the stone, the policeman carries his belted lantern past us, and down the shadow and shine of the empty street.

My friend and I sat long by the garden railing, until the pale moon faded into the paler sky, and the dawn prepared a great clean space for the sun to mount and colour: sat and heard wind after wind search and whisper along the vacant street, and scatter the eddying leaves on the even pavement, and stir among the trees of the garden like morning birds: sat and saw, one and another, the watchmen pass, and flash their lights on us briefly as they went by: sat and talked of the past and the future, and manifold schemes for our future life, and counted joyful months on our fingers, and were glad, like spendthrift heirs, to make free with the treasure of time. And at last, when the longing night was brought to birth of the day, and the shadows began to grow definite under the bunches of leaves, and the street lamps faded and became yellow spots on the white daylight, as before they had been yellow spots on the sallow eve, we arose and went each one his way with a sigh.

And as each went home, and the day fulfilled itself in morning sunshine, and the streets began once more to people and sound with traffic, this little space of oblivion faded away like the moon overpowered with light. Just as our shadow leaped out from behind and began to follow us with servile gestures, so the old habits arose and dogged our footsteps also; and duties awoke with the birds, and rights went out with the stars; and the day found us slaves, whom the night had left freemen reckoning the treasure of time.

May 26th, 1875.

The next extract I shall give dates from two and a half years later (February, 1878), when Stevenson had already published some of his best early essays and his first book, the *Inland Voyage*. Writing, anxious and unwell, from Edinburgh, he says:

"The world is just going to pieces under my feet, Colvin; I can't sleep at night. I am so miserable. But for all that I am engaged in the confection of my cheery literature—sketches of Canoe Travel in France, or Pictures of ditto or a Canoeist's notes in ditto, or something of that sort. I began on Monday and have already eighty pages ready, calculating at a little over two hundred words a page; and as the whole will not be above two hundred such pages, I shall soon be ready for the wars. I have thought of Seeley: he might republish my *Autumn Effect* to make bulk, you see, and I have heard the A. E. so highly spoken of by Wedmore that I begin to take it once more into my bosom. Besides Fanny thought highly of it; and I believe her criticisms; for she is not a ready admirer. The new work has more go, and is more excursive; it is written with a running pen, hot and hot, and as the thing comes; pages and pages of it are my original journal written in inns, with hardly a word changed. Do you think Seeley would bite? It is very gipsy in tone. Do advise me, and believe me.

Ever your tiresome friend,

R. L. S."

And again, a week or two later:

"My book would have been done by this time if I hadn't fallen seedy. As it is, I have upwards of 150 pages of it done; taking 220 words to the page, which is more than I should like to see.

AN INLAND VOYAGE

'Thus sang they In The English Boat.'
MARVELL.

"Instead of trying to finish, I shall go back on the beginning, which wants some licking, and let you have all that's done in a day or two, probably by Tuesday. About Macmillan, of course I leave everything to you with the last of gratitude. But a small book like this should be in a small form, like the little old 16th and 18th century books, with catchwords,

and the preface in italics. Now Macmillan would try to make it a big book and give me a page so ugly that shame would seize upon my heart whenever I looked at it: but of course that is a secondary consideration.

"Molloy was not a canoeist; he went in a four-oared gig. Moreover his book was not a book; it was only illustrated. Now my book is a true *Reisebild;* good or bad, well done or ill, it is the history of a man's life during some weeks of travel."

I had asked whether there was any risk of his finding the interest in his book forestalled by the *Autumn Holiday on French Rivers* of James Lynam Molloy, the song-writer; an entertaining and at that time very popular volume. In the end Messrs. Kegan Paul were chosen as the publishers, and brought out the book in a form agreeable to Stevenson's wishes, and with the addition of the charming symbolic frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane. It may interest the reader to compare Stevenson's own account of the composition and aim of this firstling among his published volumes with the criticism of it by a veteran hand which I shall give later.

In Stevenson's correspondence as hitherto printed, his close friend and companion of those days, Sir Walter Simpson, the *Cigarette* of the *Inland Voyage*, fills a very small space. I found two mislaid letters to him, each containing points of interest, especially the following, written at the beginning of November, 1884, from the house occupied by the Stevensons near Bournemouth for two months before they were established at Skerryvore.

BONALLIE TOWERS, BRANKSOME PARK, BOURNEMOUTH.

MY DEAR SIMPSON: At last, after divers adventures, here we are: not Pommery and Greno as you see, "but jist plain auld Bonellie, no very faur frae Jenniper Green," as I might say if I were writing to Charles. I hope now to receive a good bundle from you ere long; and I will try to be both prompt and practical in response. I hope to hear your boy is better: ah, that's where it bites, I know, that is where the childless man rejoices; although, to confess fully, my whole philosophy of life renounces these renunciations; I am persuaded we gain nothing in the least comparable to what we lose, by holding back the hand from any province of life; the intrigue, the imbroglio, such as it is, was made for the plunger and not for the teetotaller. And anyway I hope your news is good.

I have nearly finished Lawson's most lively pamphlet. It is very clear and interesting. For myself, I am in our house—a home of our own, in a most lovely situation, among forest trees, where I hope you come and see us and find me in a repaired and more comfortable condition—greatly pleased with it —rather hard-up, verging on the deadbroke—and full tilt at hammering up some New Arabians for the pot.

I wonder what you do without regular habits of work. I am capable of only two theories of existence: the industrious worker's, the spreester's; all between seems blank to me. We grow too old, and I at least, am too much deteriorated, for the last; and the first becomes a bedrock necessary. My father is in a gloomy state and has the yellow flag at the peak, or the fore, or wherever it should be; and he has just emptied some melancholy vials on me; I am also, by way of change, spitting blood. This somewhat clouds the termination of my note.

Yours ever affectionately,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The second letter was written during a short visit to me in July, 1887, between his return from Scotland and his departure for New York.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

MY DEAR SIMPSON: This is a long time I have not acknowledged the *Art of Golf*, though I read it through within thirty-six hours of its arrival. I have been ill and out of heart, and ill again and again ill, til I am weary of it, and glad indeed to try the pitch-farthing hazard of a trip to Colorado or New Mexico.

Meanwhile, the *Art of Golf*. A lot of it is very funny, and I liked the fun very well; but what interested me most, was the more serious part, because it turns all the while on a branch of psychology that no one has treated and that interests

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me much: the psychology of athletics. I had every reason to be interested in it, because I am abnormal: I have no memory in athletics. I have forgotten how to ride and how to skate; and I should not be the least surprised if I had forgotten how to swim.

I find I can write no more: it is the first I have tried since I was ill: and I am too weak. Yours ever,

R. L. S.

The *Art of Golf* was a book by Mr. Horace Hutchinson with contributions (later reprinted separately) by Sir Walter Simpson. Stevenson's idea that he had forgotten how to swim, skate, etc., I suspect to have been merely a nervous impression due to the fact that years of ill health had kept him from the practice of these exercises. At least it is certain that in Samoa, where riding was the natural mode of locomotion, he rode well and confidently, with a very good seat and hand, although he had scarcely been on horse-back since he and his cousin Bob had been used to gallop about Tweeddale as boys on their ponies twenty-five years earlier.

Skipping now a space of five years, we come to the last and most important of the newly found letters. This is one of the regular series written to me from Vailima. It fills a gap in that series as printed, and should be read immediately before the letter narrating Stevenson's visit in the company of Lady Jersey to the camp of Mataafa in August, 1892.

My dear Colvin: You will have no letter at all this month and it is really not my fault. I have been saving my hand as much as possible for Davy Balfour; only this morning I was getting on first-rate with him, when about half past nine there came a prick in the middle of the ball of my thumb and I had to take to the left hand and two words a minute. I fear I slightly exaggerate the speed of my left hand; about a word and a half in the minute—which is dispiriting to the last degree. Your last letter with the four excellent reviews and the good news about *The Wrecker* was particularly welcome. I have already written to Charles Baxter about the volume form appearance of *The Beach of Falesà*. In spite of bad thumbs and other interruptions I hope to send to Baxter by this mail the whole first part (a good deal more than half) of *David Balfour* ready for press. This is pretty satisfactory, and I think ought to put us beyond the reach of financial catastrophe for the year.

A cousin of mine, Graham Balfour, arrived along with your last. It was rather a lark. Fanny, Belle, and I stayed down at the hotel two nights expecting the steamer, and we had seven horses down daily for the party and the baggage. These were on one occasion bossed by Austin, age eleven. "I'm afraid I cannot do that now," said he in answer to some communication, "as I am taking charge of the men here." In the course of the forenoon he took "his" men to get their lunch, and had his own by himself at the Chinese restaurant. What a day for a boy. The steamer came in at last on Saturday morning after breakfast. We three were out at the place of anchorage in the hotel boat as she came up, spotting rather anxiously for our guest, whom none of us had ever seen. We chose out some rather awful cads and tried to make up our minds to them; they were the least offensive yet observed among an awful crew of cabin passengers; but when the Simon Pure appeared at last upon the scene he was as nice a young fellow as you would want. Followed a time of giddy glory—one crowded hour of glorious life—when I figured about the deck with attendant females in the character of *the* local celebrity, was introduced to the least unpresentable of the ruffians on board, dogged about the deck by a diminutive Hebrew with a kodak, the click of which kept time to my progress like a pair of castanets, and filled up in the captain's room on iced champagne at 8.30 of God's morning. The captain in question, Cap. Morse, is a great South Sea character, like the side of a house and the green-room of a music-hall, but with all the saving qualities of the seaman. The celebrity was a great success with this untutored observer. He was kind enough to announce that he expected (rather with awe) a much more "thoughtful" person; and I think I pleased him much with my parting salu-

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tation: "Well, Captain, I suppose you and I are the two most notorious men in the Pacific." I think it will enable you to see the Captain if I tell you that he recited to us in cold blood the *words* of a new comic song; doubtless a tribute to my literary character. I had often heard of Captain Morse and had always detested all that I was told, and detested the man in confidence, just as you are doing; but really he has a wonderful charm of strength, loyalty, and simplicity. The whole celebrity business was particularly characteristic; the captain has certainly never read a word of mine; and as for the Jew with the kodak, he had never heard of me till he came on board. There was a third admirer who sent messages in to the captain's cabin asking if the Lion would accept a gift of Webster's *Unabridged*. I went out to him and signified a manly willingness to accept a gift of anything. He stood and bowed before me, his eyes danced with excitement. "Mr. Stevenson," he said, and his voice trembled, "your name is very well known to me. I have been in the publishing line in Canada and I have handled many of your works for the trade." "Come," I said, "here's genuine appreciation."

From this gaudy scene we descended into the hotel boat with our new second cousin, got to horse and returned to Vailima, passing shot of kodak once more on the Mulivai bridge, where the little Jew was posted with his little Jew wife, each about three feet six in stature and as vulgar as a lodging-house clock.

We were just writing this when another passenger from the ship arrived up here at Vailima. This is a nice quiet, simple blue-eyed little boy of Pennsylvania Quaker folk. Threatened with consumption of my sort, he has been sent here by his doctor on the strength of my case. I am sure if the case be really parallel he could not have been better done by. As we had a roast pig for dinner we kept him for that meal; and the rain coming on just when the moon should have risen kept him again for the night. So you see it is now to-morrow.

Graham Balfour, the new cousin, and Lloyd are away with Clarke the Missionary on a school-inspecting *malaga*,*

* Boating expedition.

really perhaps the prettiest little bit of opera in real life that can be seen, and made all the prettier by the actors being children. I have come to a collapse this morning on D. B.: wrote a chapter one way, half re-copied it in another, and now stand halting between the two like Buridan's donkey. These sorts of cruces always are to me the most insoluble, and I should not wonder if D. B. stuck there for a week or two. This is a bother, for I understand McClure talks of beginning serial publication in December. If this could be managed, what with D. B., the apparent success of *The Wrecker*, *Falesà*, and some little pickings from *Across the Plains*—not to mention, as quite hopeless, *The History of Samoa*—this should be rather a profitable year, as it must be owned it has been rather a busy one. The trouble is, if I miss the December publication, it may take the devil and all of a time to start another syndicate. I am really tempted to curse my conscientiousness. If I hadn't recopied Davie he would now be done and dead and buried; and here I am stuck about the middle, with an immediate publication threatened and the fear before me of having after all to scamp the essential business of the end. At the same time, though I love my Davy, I am a little anxious to get on again on *The Young Chevalier*. I have in nearly all my works been trying one racket: to get out the facts of life as clean and naked and sharp as I could manage it. In this other book I want to try and megilp them altogether in an atmosphere of sentiment, and I wonder whether twenty-five years of life spent in trying this one thing will not make it impossible for me to succeed in the other. However it is the only way to attempt a love story. You can't tell any of the facts, and the only chance is to paint an atmosphere.

It is a very warm morning—the parrot is asleep on the door (she heard her name, and immediately awakened)—and my brains are completely addled by having come to grief over Davy.

Hurray! a subject discovered! The parrot is a little white cockatoo of the small variety. It belongs to Belle whom it guards like a watch-dog. It chanced that when she was sick some months ago

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I came over and administered some medicine. Unnecessary to say Belle bleated, whereupon the parrot bounded upon me and buried his neb in my back-side. From that day on the little wretch attacked me on every possible occasion, usually from the rear, though she would also follow me along the verandah and as I went downstairs attack my face. This was far from funny. I am a person of average courage, but I don't think I was ever more cordially afraid of anything than of this miserable atomy, and the deuce of it was that I could not but admire her appalling courage and there was no means of punishing such a thread-paper creature without destroying it entirely.—Act II. On Graham's arrival I gave him my room and came out to Lloyd's in the lower floor of Belle's—I beg your pardon,—the *parrot's*—house. The first morning I was to wake Belle early so that breakfast should be seen to for our guest. It was a mighty pretty dawn, the birds were singing extraordinary strong, all was peace, and there was the damned parrot hanging to the knob of Belle's door. Courage, my heart! On I went and Cockie buried her bill in the joint of my thumb. I believe that Job would have killed that bird; but I was more happily inspired—I caught it up and flung it over the verandah as far as I could throw, I must say it was violently done, and I looked with some anxiety to see in what state of preservation it would alight. Down it came however on its two feet, uttered a few oaths in a very modified tone of voice, and set forth on the return journey to its mansion. Its wings being cut and its gait in walking having been a circumstance apparently not thoroughly calculated by its maker, it took about twenty-five minutes to get home again. Now here is this remarkable point—that bird has never bitten me since. When I have early breakfast she and the cat come down and join me and she sits on the back of my chair. When I am at work with the door shut she sits outside and demolishes the door with that same beak which was so recently reddened with my heart's blood. . . . I ought to add a word about the parrot and the cat. Three cats were brought by Belle from Sydney. This one alone remains faithful and domestic. One of the funniest things I have ever seen was Polly and Maud over a piece of bacon. Polly stood on one leg, held the bacon in the other, regarded Maudie with a secret and sinister look and very slowly and quietly—far too quietly for the word I have to use—gnashed her bill at her. Maudie came up quite close; there she stuck—she was afraid to come nearer, to go away she was ashamed; and she assisted at the final and very deliberate consumption of the bacon, making about as poor a figure as a cat can make.

Next day.—Date totally unknown, or rather it is now known but is reserved because it would certainly prove inconsistent with dates previously given. I went down about two o'clock in company with a couple of chance visitors to Apia. It was smoking hot, not a sign of any wind and the sun scorching your face. I found the great Haggard in hourly expectation of Lady Jersey, surrounded by crowds of very indifferent assistants, and I must honestly say—the only time I ever saw him so—cross. He directed my attention to all the new paint, his own handiwork he said, and made me visit the bathroom which he has just fixed up. I think I never saw a man more miserable and happy at the same time. Had some hock and a seltzer, went down town, met Fanny and Belle, and so home in time for a magnificent dinner of prawns and an eel cooked in oil, both from our own river.

This morning the over-seer—the new over-seer Mr. Austin Strong—went down in charge of the pack-horses and a squad of men, himself riding a white horse with extreme dignity and what seemed to onlookers a perhaps somewhat theatrical air of command. He returned triumphantly, all his commissions apparently executed with success, bringing us a mail—not your mail, colonial-ways—and the news of Lady Jersey's arrival and reception among flying flags and banging guns.

As soon as I had concluded my flattering description of Polly she bit one of my toes to the blood. But put not your trust in females,—though to say the truth she looks more like a Russian colonel.

August 15th.—On the Saturday night Fanny and I went down to Haggard's to

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dine and be introduced to Lady Jersey. She is there with her daughter Lady Margaret and her brother Captain Leigh, a very nice kind of glass-in-his-eye kind of fellow. It is to be presumed I made a good impression; for the meeting has had a most extraordinary sequel. Fanny and I slept in Haggard's billiard-room, which happens to be Lloyd's bungalow. In the morning she and I breakfasted in the back parts with Haggard and Captain Leigh, and it was then arranged that the Captain should go with us to Malie on the Tuesday under a false name; so that Government House at Sydney might by no possibility be connected with a rebel camp. On Sunday afternoon up comes Haggard in a state of huge excitement: Lady J. insists on going too, in the caracter of my cousin; I write her a letter under the name of Miss Amelia Balfour, proposing the excursion; and this morning up comes a copy of verses from Amelia. I wrote to Mataafa announcing that I should bring two cousins instead of one, that the second was a lady, unused to Samoan manners, and it would be a good thing if she could sleep in another house with Ralala. Sent a copy of this to Amelia, and at the same time made all arrangements, dating my letter 1745. We shall go on ahead on the Malie Road; she is to follow with Haggard and Captain Leigh, and overtake us at the ford of the Gasi-gasi whence Haggard will return, and the rest of us pursue our way to rebeldom.

This lark is certainly huge. It is all nonsense that it can be concealed; Miss Amelia Balfour will be at once identified with the Queen of Sydney, as they call her; and I would not in the least wonder if the visit proved the signal of war. With this I have no concern, and the thing wholly suits my book and fits my predilections for Samoa. What a pity the mail leaves, and I must leave this adventure to be continued in our next! But I need scarcely say that all this is deadly private—I expect it all to come out, not without explosion, only it must not be through me or you. By the bye do you know Lady J.? We had a visit yesterday from a person by the name of Count Nerli, who is said to be a good painter. Altogether the aristocracy clusters thick about us. In which radiant light, as the mail must now be really put up, I leave myself until next month.

Yours ever,
R. L. S.

The account Stevenson here gives of the hitch delaying for the moment the completion of his quickliest-written tale, *Catriona* (originally to have been called *David Balfour*); his statement of his own aims as a novelist (which may surprise some of the professing realists in fiction); the moving history of the parrot and the cat; the description of the passengers on the steamer, written a little *de haut en bas* —oddly so, for one to whose nature fastidiousness and condescension were foreign; the evidence of the lively gusto with which he played the parts first of local celebrity and next of political plotter, as he always played whatever part fortune and the hour might cast him for; his amused account of the boy Austin's poses of command (imitated, I am credibly informed and can well believe, from his own habitual airs of authority in exercising chieftainship among his retainers or in upholding English status in the islands against German): all these varied ingredients make of the above letter, it will be allowed, one of the most entertaining of the whole Vailima series. I much regret the accident whereby it was so long mislaid and forgotten.

II

So much by way of stray new notes and records of Stevenson himself, writing in his own style and person. Still more interesting to some readers may be the letter, not by him but to him and about him, which I shall give next, and which was also found in hunting as aforesaid through corners of old desks and drawers. The writer is George Meredith; the occasion, the publication of Stevenson's first book, *The Inland Voyage*. The two had but lately become friends, during a stay made by R. L. S. with his parents at Burford Bridge, within a quarter of a mile of Meredith's cottage home under the shelter of Box Hill. It was the hour when the reputation of the elder man, confined among his contemporaries to a very nar-

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row circle, was first beginning to spread among the younger generation, largely owing to the efforts of Stevenson and his friends,—among them especially Henley, who in *London* (of which he was then editor), the *Athenæum*, and elsewhere lost no chance of beating a resonant drum in honor of the neglected master. The reader will see that the letter is written from the "chalet," built in a high corner of the garden, where the novelist in these days worked and in fair weather slept.

BOX HILL, DORKING, *June 4th*, 1878.

MY DEAR STEVENSON: I had not time to write to you immediately after reading the book, but my impressions are fresh. My wife has gained possession of it at last, so I should have to run down to the house to quote correctly. She fell on the book, I snatched it, she did the same, but I regaining it cut the pages, constituting an act of ownership. I leave this to her to do invariably, so she was impressed and abandoned the conflict.—I have been fully pleased. The writing is of the rare kind which is naturally simple yet picked and choice. It is literature. The eye on land and people embraces both, and does not take them up in bits. I have returned to the reading and shall again. The reflections wisely tickle, they are in the right good tone of philosophy interwrought with humour.

My protest is against the preface and the final page. The preface is keenly in Osric's vein—"everything you will, dear worthy public, but we are exceeding modest and doubt an you will read us, though exquisitely silken-calved we are, and could say a word of ourselves, yet on seeing our book were we amazed at our littleness, indeed and truly, my lord Public!" As for the closing page, it is rank recreancy. "'Yes, Mr. Barlow,' said Tommy, 'I have travelled abroad, under various mishaps, to learn in the end that the rarest adventures are those one does not go forth to seek.' 'My very words to him!' said Mr. Barlow to himself, at the same time presenting Tommy with a guinea piece."—This last page is quite out of tone with the spirit of the book.

I remember 'On the Oise,' you speak of the river hurrying on, "never pausing to take breath." This and a touch of excess in dealing with the reeds, whom you deprive of their beauty by over-informing them with your sensations, I feel painfully to be levelled at the Saxon head. It is in the style of Dickens.

But see what an impression I have of you when these are the sole blots I discover by my lively sensations in the perusal.

Should you be in communication with Mr. Henley I beg you will convey to him my sense of the honour he does me by giving so much attention to my work. I who have worked for many years not supposing that anyone paid much heed to me, find it extraordinary. His praise is high indeed, but happily he fetches me a good lusty clout o' the head now and again, by which I am surpriseingly well braced and my balance is restored. Otherwise praise like that might operate as the strong waters do upon the lonely savage unused to such a rapture.

You should see the foliage of our valley. Come you to London on your way to the Continent, you must give us a visit. Whither do you go? How is the mood for work with you? In August I believe I am bound for Dauphiné, where a French brother-in-law of my wife, a militaire, has a *pied à terre* on the borders of Savoy. I am rather more in the mood for South Tyrol, but the invitation attracts, and Dauphiné has heights enough. My 'Egoist' is on the way to a conclusion. Of pot-boilers let none speak. Jove hangs them upon necks that could soar above his heights but for the accursed weight.

Adieu. I trust you are well. Look to health. Run to no excess in writing or in anything. I hope you will feel that we expect much of you. I beg you to remember me to yor father and mother.

Yours very faithfully,
GEORGE MEREDITH.

Coming from a ripe to a budding genius, from a man of fifty to one of twenty-eight, could praise and admonition, encouragement and a touch of satire, be blended more wisely and adroitly? Or could any words bear more sharply the characteristic Meredithian mint-mark? To us who knew him, the second paragraph in particular carries a quintessential flavor of the man. Those bits of parody in the

styles of Osric and of *Sandford and Merton*—how many afternoons of rich hour-long talk do they recall, when the master, walking in the garden or on the hill with friends, would stop and fall to teasing one or other of them by imputing to him all manner of absurd adventures and parts in imaginary conversations, which the speaker would improvise with astonishing fertility and resource, and exultingly recount for the entertainment of the company. He would begin quietly and plausibly, until by and by his invention, taking wing, would soar as it were in ascending spirals into a dazzling empyrean of extravagant comedy and burlesque, where it would sustain itself unflaggingly, not without a penetrating glance shot from time to time at the true character and weaknesses of the person parodied.

The above letter will find its place in the collection of Meredith's correspondence which his family are about to publish, and from which extracts have already been laid before the readers of this magazine. I am tempted to conclude this section of the present miscellany with another letter by the same hand, one written to myself, which I found too late for admission to the family collection. It has nothing to do with R. L. S., and is very brief, but has a certain special interest as showing the mood in which Meredith received the news of the death of his illustrious senior, Robert Browning. The experiments in the Homeric hexameter to which he refers are now public property: I can remember as though it were yesterday his first reading them with his strong, masculine, authoritative voice and rotund, precise enunciation. On the other hand, I have quite forgotten to what visitor from America his message of courtesy was directed.

BOXHILL, *December 23rd*, 1889.

MY DEAR COLVIN: I don't like the account you give of yourself, and shall be glad to hear when you can take a day and night here with me. I will read you some hexameters—a version of the passages of the Iliad best known—sounding to me somewhat of the sea, a poor shell, but suggesting Homer.

Please tell your American that I am rarely in town, but that if he will come to me *any* day this week, he will find me here, happy to entertain him at dinner. Say it, using the phrases. He has but to write to me, naming his day.—Browning's death grieved and disconcerted me. I placed reliance on his active strength.—But, as to all old men Juvenal's × is right absolutely. Loss of friends gives us our *poena diu viventibus*.*

Yours ever,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

The reference, of course, is to the famous passage in the tenth satire, on the *Vanity of Human Wishes* (to adopt Johnson's title for it), where in reciting the penalties of prolonged age the satirist rises for the nonce into a strain of sombre magnificence second only, if second, to certain kindred passages in Lucretius. The mood here expressed was in Meredith quite exceptional. He had his dark hours, but was the last man to think tragically or indignantly of the common processes and ordinances of nature, as Juvenal makes us feel that he thought of them even while he exhorts men to submission and moderation of inordinate desires. Meredith's complaint is never against nature, but against the spirit in man which misreads her laws and murmurs at them. Acquiescence, unembittered acquiescence, was his doctrine; it was also, both by instinct and discipline, his practice. He lived after this for twenty honored years, and suffered more than his share of physical pain and infirmity. As disabilities grew on him (it is true they hardly at all impaired the energies of his mind), he bore them with constancy and cheerfulness, mellowing and growing the while in gentleness and in power of sympathy with other and younger minds.

But as we grow old and the ranks of our contemporaries—and worse, of our juniors—grow thin around us, there are moments when that mood of Juvenal may lay hold on any one of us. As I write, comes the news of Andrew Lang having fallen suddenly in the midst of the multifarious tasks which were his delight. It

*The mark is a plain cross. The passage runs:

Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
Funera natorum, rogus aspiciendus amatae
Conjugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
Haec data poena diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
Perpetuo moerore et nigra veste senescunt, &c., &c.

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seems but the other day we were mourning for Henry Butcher, the prince of Hellenists and critics, the rare administrator and teacher, the chivalrous and charming Irish gentleman. And now it is Andrew Lang, his colleague in Homeric translation, the kind, learned, whimsical, often provoking friend of so many of us, who is gone; and we shall not see again the familiar figure, the shining silver hair setting off the dark-brown eyebrows and gipsy eyes, the chiselled features, the smiling languid face and grace behind which there worked intellectual energies so keen and varied, accomplishments so high, so insatiable a spirit of curiosity and research under a guise so airy and playful. A fault, or flaw, or perversity in him, no doubt, was the trick of flippancy which he allowed to spoil some of his work and which masked altogether from some eyes the true substance and quality of the man. Another was the habitual preoccupation with his own ideas which made his manner, to women especially, often seem careless and abstracted, or even rude, when rudeness was farthest from his intention. But toward his friends there was no man steadier in kindness or more generous in appreciation, as Stevenson had occasion to know, and as I myself can testify from more than forty years' experience. The thought of him carries me back to those days in January and February, 1874, when I first brought him and Stevenson together at Mentone. I suppose two Scotsmen, especially two sharing so many literary tastes, were never more unlike by temperament and training. On the one hand the young Oxford don, a successful and typical scholar on the regular academic lines, picturesque by the gift of nature but fastidiously correct and reserved, purely English in speech, full of literature and pleasantry, but on his guard, even to affectation, against any show of emotion, and consistently dissembling the perfervid genius, if he had it, of his race under a cloak of indifference and light banter. On the other hand, the hectic, brilliant lad from Edinburgh, eccentrically cloaked and long-haired, to academic eyes a truant and trifler, in the sight of respectability a questionable nondescript, with the rich Lallan accent on his tongue and the vivid, attractive, expressive ways, every impulse of his heart and mind flashing out in the play of eye, feature, and gesture no less than in the humorous riot and poetical abundance of his talk. But notwithstanding such contrasts of nature they soon became and always remained friends.

III

While I was taking stock of the yield of my own forgotten repositories, my friend Mr. W. P. Ker, the well-known professor of English literature at University College, London, informed me of an unexpected Stevenson discovery which he had just made in his library and wished me to make known. At the sale of W. E. Henley's books after his death, Professor Ker had bought a bound set of the plays of Alexandre Dumas *père*—the complete series in fifteen volumes. He noticed that at the end of many of the plays some one had written critical notes in pencil, but did not guess who the some one was until in glancing through them he found an allusion to *Prince Otto*, worded unmistakably as from its author. In point of fact the notes are all in Stevenson's autograph, and are of no small interest as throwing light on his ideas of and studies in the playwright's craft. They date evidently from the autumn and winter of 1884–85, when he and Henley for a few months resumed with energy the experiment in conjoint play-writing which they had first attempted (in *Deacon Brodie*) in 1879. For years even before that Stevenson had been an eager student of dramatic form and method under the guidance of his elder friend Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Of Dumas as a master of romantic narrative he has expressed his opinion in an essay familiar to every one. The following notes show for the first time and in detail his views of the same prodigal and prodigious craftsman's achievements in the art by which he first won fame, the art of the stage. Stevenson set down these notes, we may assume, in order to get his ideas on the subject clear both for the benefit of Henley (also a great Dumas enthusiast) and for his own. I shall proceed to give the pick of them in the order of the edition (which is also the chronological order of the plays), for the

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have introduced it between brackets.

Henri III et sa cour.—[This was Dumas's first play; not the first written but the first acted; produced at the Théâtre Français in 1829 with prodigious success under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, the writer being then a young clerk in the ducal administration of Woods and Forests. The chance reading of a chapter in a book which lay about in the office had suggested the choice of subject and period; the same period which afterward inspired the most brilliant, or all but the most brilliant, series of his historical romances.]

Here, in his first piece, is the cloven foot; a fourth act that has no part or lot in the play; a fourth act that is a mere incubus and interruption; that takes the eye off the action, and between two spirited and palpitating scenes interjects a damned sermon on the history of France. Poor Tribonian had a sore job to make up the fifty books of the Pandects; what was that to the labours of the dramatist bent on filling his five acts? I go as far as this: the natural division for the normal play is four: Act I, exposition: Act II, the problem produced: Act III, the problem argued: Act IV, the way out of it.

Napoléon Bonaparte.—This, the first Chronicle Play, is distinguished by a fine first act; it is strange how excellently the first acts seem to go. On the whole, it is infinitely superior to the *Barrière de Clichy;* infinitely inferior to *Les Blancs et Les Bleus,* which easily remains the masterpiece (i. e. among the dramas of the Revolution and the Consulate). The role of Nap. is excellently conceived and written.

Antony.—[The famous piece of hyperbolical passion and extravagant incident, the production of which was one of the critical events in the history of the Romantic movement.] Antony is psychologically false, but dramatically he is a devil of a lively fellow. A well-made, well-written play; as in a mirror, we behold the fashionable grimace of 1830.

Charles VII chez ses grands Vassaux.—This is so good a piece that, even with the incident of the vizor, I marvel at its failit does not weary. The verses every here and there are marvellously good (surely) for Dumas; uneven indeed, but surely fiery and with a kind of melody; nor is the piece without a kind of poetry. Yakoub and Bérengère are both finely conceived and powerfully written.

Teresa.—[A modern tragedy in which the plot turns on a double marriage, that of an elderly ex-general of Napoleon with Teresa, a beautiful Neapolitan, and that of the general's daughter Amélie with a young Frenchman of the old noblesse who had previously been Teresa's lover at Naples. Stevenson has written two notes, one after Act I, the other at the end of the play.]

I think this is as good a first Act as there is; that's is how I like them.—This is the best of all, I believe: this is a thoroughly good, straight, powerful piece of work. Five acts, rising one above the other; from a first act which is a perfect model of exposition, and leaves the spectator with all necessary knowledge at the immediate threshold of the piece, to the fifth, which is powerful and just. Delaunay [the general and father] is an admirable figure.

La Tour de Nesle. [The great acknowledged masterpiece among historic melodramas, the thrill of which can never be forgotten by those who first witnessed it in youth at the old Porte St. Martin theatre.]

Well, you know, that is how to do it. I defy the world to lick that melodrama.

Angèle. The poor character of D'Almivar weakens the third act; as bad characters will. The note that is missed in Henri Muller is that of uselessness; he should in the earlier acts develope his horror of his own uselessness, and then with hectic joy leap upon his opportunity; this would have twice magnified the rôle. To my taste, here is the corner stone rejected; it would have given a manly ring to Henri otherwise so sadly missed.

Paul Jones. Poor John Paul, to have come to this; for where will you find me in all literature such a dreary bitch? The piece is of course too put up. But Acts III, IV, and V have great merit,

III and V particularly. Act V. Scene 2 seem about as good as they make 'em.

Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle. This play is a kind of confidence trick.. Gabrielle would never have kept her oath; there falls the structure; but was the structure ever raised? I do not think so; the rendezvous, the letter, no, the whole business holds no water. Yet Act III is first-rate. [Two of the main impossibilities in this piece are, first, that the Duc de Richelieu should have been long in intimacy with Madame de Prie, yet have never seen her hand-writing, so that he could believe a letter of assignation written by her to have been written by Gabrielle de Belle-Isle; and second, that Gabrielle should not have broken her oath of secrecy to Madame de Prie at the desperate crisis when her and her lover's whole life and happiness depended on its being known that she has spent the night with her father at the Bastille, and that, while Richelieu believes that he has enjoyed her favors, he has really enjoyed those of Madame de Prie. Old frequenters of the Theâtre Français will nevertheless remember the effectiveness of the piece on the stage, and the genius with which Delaunay played the part of Richelieu. Stevenson, commenting on Delaunay's art, used to tell in particular of the slight shiver and sense of the night chill which he conveyed in his voice when he opened the window in the darkness to call to the cloaked figure outside.]

Mariage sous Louis XV. Stunning in all points, the trick by which the rôle of the Chevalier is saved is Dumas all over. But even I, the thief, am surprised to see how much of *Otto* is more or less unconsciously stolen from this play, which is about A. D. at his best. Not a dull word; not an unkind one; pleasant, chivalrous, alive.

[It is hard to see on what grounds Stevenson should here confess himself a borrower. True, the comedy ends, like the tale of *Prince Otto*, with the reconciliation of an estranged husband and wife; but this husband and this wife have made a *mariage de convenance* and each of them promptly begins to fall in love with the other after marriage; the wife finding her husband much more attractive than the object of her girlish flirtation, the husband eager to drop his old liaison with the Marquise in order to win the good graces of his wife: and the happy conclusion is reached through a series of brilliant scenes of comic intrigue in a courtly atmosphere entirely different from that of Stevenson's Grünewald.]

Halifax. [A comedy of which the scene is England and the date King William or Queen Anne, but the adventurer-hero has nothing to do with Halifax the statesman.]

This is as good as anything wants to be; as light as syllabub; as sound as oak; never halting a moment; of that equal strain of interest which should distinguish the comedy as opposed to the drama.

Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr. Yes, Phillip is very bad; Dubouloz very coarse, and St. Herem a despicable hound; a badly written piece; the intrigue well found, but too elaborately untied. The last two acts unworthy of the first two.

Louise Bernard. Pooh! The object of this piece is to lay before the reader the geographical problem: where was the house of the Gard? Do you give it up? Perhaps A. D. touched up the Marquis; if he did any more in this weak, pointless, rambling piece of nonsense, he gave himself unnecessary trouble, for anybody else could have done it as well as it deserved.

Le Laird de Dumbiky. [This historical comedy is to the English reader a screaming farce alike by its geography and its invention of proper names. The heroine and goddess from the machine is Nell Gwynne, styled "Nelly Quinn"; the hero a young Scotch nobleman, the Laird of Dumbiky (shade of Jeannie Deans's lover!), whose uncle, MacMahon of Susquebaugh (usquebaugh, apparently, diluted with the Susquehanna—a weird blend!) lives on his estate on the Tweed in the county of Durham, and opportunely saves the king's life on the night after the Battle of Worcester. Charles II, Buckingham, Chiffinch, Jerningham, all have their parts, and the whole tissue is like that of a dream following a surfeit of undigested Walter Scott,—*Peveril of the Peak*, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the *Heart of Midlothian* all three.]

I had a very bad recollection of this piece, which upon reperusal seems to me

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gay enough. The beginning is indeed weary and wire-drawn; but Act III begins to brisk up, and Acts IV and V are simply excellent. Act I should be simply cut out; a brief narration in Act II would do all that is necessary; and then there would remain four acts of very lively and pretty comedy. The geographical mysteries may be referred to; for the English reader they add a precious spice.

Une fille du Régent. No remarks; no fault to find. Patent A. D. and Co.: none others genuine. These narrative pieces are essentially comedies; dramatic comedies of the type of *Halifax* strengthened; a fine gay air, the most agreeable chivalry of motive, an excellent purposeful bustle of action; the most gallant, adroit, lively, lighthearted creations. Bubbles, but of what bright refractions! ["A. D. & Co." means Dumas and his firm of collaborators.]

La Reine Margot. For the third time I have broken down over this piece. Three times I have tried and have never got beyond the third act. It seems fatal. A fourth reading may bring me to the fourth; but I think not; some special distaste chokes me off.

Intrigue et Amour. [Adapted from Schiller's *Kabal und Liebe.*]

By the Lord, Mr. Schiller, you are the man; as I have never read the original, I can do no more than cry: Bravo! that is the way to make a play after all. No wandering; straight to the mark like a bullet, and yet ripe with excellent detail.

Hamlet. Few studies can be more instructive. Dumas, who learned his trade in Shakespeare, has here seized on the dramatic elements of this sublime but dramatically confused and very Elizabethan piece. It will be remarked: First, how strong and simple these elements are: Second, how much clearer they become in the hands of Dumas: Third, how little, from the dramatic side, is lost by the substitution of this bald patter for the just and weighty period of the original: Fourth, how the fourth act, here as in the original, is a disappointing and devious outwork, not forwarding Hamlet, but bringing out * * * [the text has here been cut into by the binder and cannot be read] * * * sort of secondary exposition and scaffolding for Act V. In six normal plays out of ten, this fourth act is a work of supererogation. Lastly, how the mind refuses Dumas's novelty of not killing Hamlet; how silly and wanton it is; and how different from the solemn music with which in the original that perturbed spirit escapes at last from all life's slings and arrows.

[Here again it is not easy to agree with Stevenson's appreciation. Surely such confusion as exists in Hamlet as played on the modern stage arises almost entirely from the customary suppression of that part of the plot which concerns the Norway wars and embassies, the personage of young Fortinbras, and the treacherous mission of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with Hamlet to England. When these are reinstated there is unmanageable length, indeed, but no confusion. Dumas docks the play of these parts more mercilessly even than others have done; omits the first scene on the ramparts as made superfluous by the narrative in Scene II; introduces a commonplace love scene between Hamlet and Ophelia and shows Hamlet giving her the letter which she is afterward discovered reading; cuts out Polonius's injunctions to Laertes and setting of Reynaldo to watch on him; rolls up Hamlet's admonitions to the players into one scene instead of leaving them distributed between two; for the heartbreaking tenderness in bitterness of Hamlet's reproaches to Ophelia gives us a set of shallow speeches in rhymed rhetoric of the tritest kind; transfers the scene of Hamlet sparing the King at his prayers from before that of his mother in her closet to after it; and, finally, spares Hamlet his poisoned wound and death, and closes the play with the reappearance of the ghost, who proclaims to all the characters in turn their temporal or eternal destiny.]

Catilina.—This is a remarkable piece; it smacks of Maquet I think; the more credit to him! the prologue and first three acts are excellent; the fourth act is, what no fourth act should ever be, spectacular and full of incident; the fifth is idiotic. Up to the end of Act III, however, the piece runs on wheels, is full of excellent invention both in great and in little, is written like a charm, and rises in Act III to quite a high pitch both morally and intellectually. I begin to feel that too

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many of these plays are killed by spectacle; and too many have a fourth act that touches and changes nothing in the play. This, I remember, was said by the old man himself, I think of Hugo's Marion Delorme.

La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires.—I do not care for it. The subject is not suited for the stage. "The man who would lay his hand upon a woman." Nor is it, I think, well treated.

La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.—Well, all this cleverness thrown away; a languid action of the heart; a whoreson lethargy —alas, no tingling! too long, too slight, too dull. You must either make folk laugh or thrill.

La Conscience.—I much admire the first three acts, I may say the first five; but surely the way is lost in the sixth. This daring experiment succeeded; well, it was hard, and it was made, I think, needlessly harder by introducing so many charming characters and carrying none of them on.

La Tour St. Jacques.—[Founded on a tale of Xavier de Montépin.]

I have not had the courage to finish this dreary work. It appears that not even Dumas can wake the dead Montépin. It smells and tastes of sawdust; it is worn to the thread. I have read two acts, and O! suffer me to read no more! But I should dearly enjoy seeing it very badly acted by a local company.

Le Gentilhomme de la Montagne.—I have wearied of reading this piece. The fine plot of Calderon, containing a real drama which is, so far as I spelt out the original, avoided by the Spaniard with almost devilish ingenuity, is by the Frenchman buried under fourth-rate stage tricks à la Anicet Bourgeois. As a result the piece is flowery, purposeless, and mean. The plot is avoided here too with a kind of knowing, clumsy, under-bred swagger; not, as in Calderon, with an engaging and sincere inability to catch it. Query: who made this piece? Not Dumas, not Maquet, not Bourgeois: could it be Montépin? Compare the *Tour St. Jacques.*

Les Mohicans de Paris.—Very good; not a play; but quite as good fun. Jackal as good as they make 'em. Not quite so neat a narrative as, for instance, the *Guerre des Femmes*, but very capable and interesting.

Madame de Chamblay.—No; the old boy's hand was a little heavy; yet it has some strength and a good deal of his old chivalry. The Baron is delightful but the drama is never really engaged. What is the drama? The husband and wife? There was one there, but he has not treated it. It is another of his narratives and too heavily treated for the *genre.* A genial error, a genial failure; a failure, anyway.

Les Blancs et Les Bleus.—[A drama of the French revolutionary wars, the scene laid at and near Strasburg in 1793, the principal sympathetic characters are Pichegru, St. Just, and a young lad, Charles Nodier. By a pathetic irony of fate this last play of the broken and aging master, celebrating with high spirit the victories of the republican army of the Rhine in 1793 and the consequent carrying of the war into the enemy's country, was produced in 1869, the year next preceding the disastrous defeats of the armies of the Second Empire on the self-same battlefields.]

I had no idea what resources there were in this *genre.* Tableaux 1 and 3 seem to me as good as gold: the small change of drama, with wonderful effect, wonderful atmosphere and interest. A play on the lines of these tableaux, even without much more cohesion, might be great; but you would require an inspired company. For these two tableaus alone you require Tétrel, St. Just, Schneider, Nicolas almost of the first order, and good people for Madame Teutsch and Charles Nodier. In fact all that you dare to ask for a whole play. In fact every tableau of such a piece is a battle by itself, and has to be won or lost. Whereas in the legitimate and well-built play (with a small cast) even your dullest actor, supported by the movement of the whole piece, may be dull and lie in wait for his effect. All the same, this piece contains much food for thought. There is something to be done upon these lines if one had the genius; and the dullest of us could avoid Tableaux 8, 10 and 11. You may say they draw? they would draw tenfold more if there was drama in them.

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THE THANKSGIVING MATINÉE

By Virginia Tracy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

THE Regnaults had been in hard luck. It was going to be better now, or, at least, they had thought so an hour ago; for the moment they could think of nothing but the black hate which had blotted out their love. They were young, and their love had been more important to them than any question of dark or golden fortune. But it seemed to each of them, now, that the other had killed it. As they had to get to the matinée at once they made allowances for life being carried on, for the moment, just as it used to be. But, after the matinée, they really did not see what was to be done with it!

Provisionally, therefore, Barbara—a tall girl, lovely as Diana, but with the round chin, the serious clear brows of a good child—Barbara continued, in all the triumphantly abased self-righteousness of her sex, to kneel beside the lumpy sofa of their lodging, and to transfer from it to Tony's suit-case those various and mutually uncongenial articles which are somehow never ready to be sent in any actor's trunk to any first performance. Tony could pack better than she, but Barbara was not one lightly to resign the responsibilities of wifehood.

So there was nothing for Tony to do but to walk up and down, humming "The Road to Mandalay"—a tune of which his wife was extremely weary. He did not do this out of mere callous braggadocio, but because he had to sing that song in his new part and he was afraid of it.

For though Barbara was still out of work, Tony was to open with Klein & Henshaw's resplendent, almost spectacular, production of "the international melodrama, 'Her Father's Daughter,'" that very afternoon. It was a point that rankled against Barbara in both their breasts that she, a professional, had allowed him to quarrel with her at such a moment. She comforted herself with thinking how it only showed to what suffering had reduced her! She might almost as well have been an outsider!

The truth was that if that much-heralded, eagerly awaited production had not decided to open in New York with a Thanksgiving matinée, waiving the usual out-of-town trial in favor of four dress rehearsals in a theatre closed for the purpose, the Regnaults would not have quarrelled at all. Actors are paid for performances, even out of town. But they are not paid for rehearsals, no matter how dressy. So Barbara had supposed Tony was down to his last cent, and had considerately refrained from speaking to him about her seat for the matinée, which, nevertheless, up to this very morning, she had wistfully, madly clung to the hope of his casually producing. Surely, he must have got her a seat somehow, if he had only begged a very bad one out of the management! Instead of that, what had he done?

Tony's connection with that international melodrama had been, from the beginning, a peculiarly intricate and nerve-racking business.

As far back as the preceding May, when that bewildering ill-luck which seemed to have fallen upon them almost with their marriage was already of a winter's standing, he had heard of "Her Father's Daughter," as a play containing a "leading juvenile." That is to say, the first male part, the character of the middle-aged money-king, was a "heavy" lead. Therefore, the suitor of the money-king's daughter, being the hero of the love interest, divided honors and became a "juvenile" or "light" lead. Now this was exactly what Tony was looking for. He was too young to play "straight" leads—heroes who permit no dividing of honors.

So as soon as Tony heard about that international juvenile he spent three weeks

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in trying to get himself seen by those in authority, and at last he got himself seen. Then Klein, one of the two managers, said that he hadn't a doubt Regnault could play the part, but it was the character of an English officer and he wasn't the type. The author said the officer was not English, but Irish, and that Mr. Regnault was exactly the type; but that the part was such a great part that it could hardly be handled by a Henry Irving mingled with Coquelin, plus the appearance of George Alexander in his first youth; naturally, therefore, Mr. Regnault—at his age—could hardly have had adequate experience for it. The other manager, Henshaw, said that the part was only the second part, anyhow, and there was hardly anything to it that he couldn't take any nicely dressed young fellow out of the dramatic school and get his director to train him into; so he certainly wasn't going to be crazy enough to pay any leading man's salary for it. And the director said that there was only one man in the profession who could play that part. That was a man who had stood by the director in stock for six summers, and he might be a little elderly and not one of your pretty boys, but by G—, he knew his business!

But when they had tried four other men in the first three weeks of rehearsal the manager that had believed in Tony's acting but not his type sent for him. "Tell you what it is, Regnault," Klein had said, "the part's not much, for all the trouble we've had with it. But every doggone one of them falls down on a little, no-account love scene that a few years ago a manager'd have cut right out, author or no author. You know the scene—it's that devilish 'Mandalay' business!"

Tony nodded.

"What's the use of a sort of comedy vaudeville stunt in the middle of a serious situation like that? Here this girl's quarrelled with the fellow she's engaged to when he's on the eve of sailing with his regiment"—the manager pronounced this last phrase with the happy ease of one to whom it has been made familiar by innumerable dramas—"and she's breaking her heart, and all that. Well, then, when he finds her alone in that tent, at that military garden-aprty, why don't they have a good strong scene where he can prove to her he's innocent?—something you can get your teeth into, as Pinero says. But no! She's got to say will he please leave her alone, because she's running over that song for the amatèur theatricals to-morrow night and she finds it very difficult. And he's got to say he's afraid the fellow that's to do it with her, in his place, hasn't made the specialty of it that he has, and he would be glad to give her a few pointers. And that's where my trouble begins."

Again Tony nodded.

"He's got to sing and he's got to—well, not dance exactly, but sort of walk to time; kind of chassé round, you'll have to. You see, there has to be something *to* it, for the girl to keel over into his arms at the end of it, and fight her father to a finish, and follow him out to the African desert and all that. Because, *why should she?* You aren't even made to understand why she takes him back. There isn't any proof, there isn't any climax, nothing but lahdy-da! Nothing builds up toward the row with the father, and the end of the act goes flat every time. *There's nothing there!*"

He sighed. Tony felt a little depressed.

"The author thinks so much of the hero's love-making, while he's singing, I thought at first I'd try letting the singing go and getting a man that could *act*. Then I thought I'd let the acting slide and get some fellow with a voice that could just regularly *sing*. But"—"But now," Tony had reported to Barbara, "I gather that, as a last resort from failing celebrities, he has decided to try somebody who can neither act *nor* sing!"

For singing, Tony had a clear, true voice of very little compass, no great training, and no experience whatever in public use. He began to be fidgety, erratic, and extremely ill to live with.

Barbara had borne with him like an angel—no, like a wife and a professional—until this morning.

This morning, after three weeks of being snubbed and snapped at and relied upon; and frozen out by silence and eagerly appealed to; and adored and praised and petted and made love to and forgotten about; and treated as if it were her fault when the tailor sent home anything which didn't fit, or when her lord forgot a word in the lines she was continually hearing

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him—after three weeks of enduring, in addition to the tearing sympathies of her own hope, all the agitations and caprices of the artistic temperament on the rack, she had been standing in her mended, slinksy petticoat and shrunken dressing-sack, worn out, herself, with sleeplessness, suspense, apprehension, and the slow, crackling fire of the climax that approached, washing their breakfast dishes in the basin.

Tony, driven off from wiping them because he hurried her, was dressing and wandering up and down while he dressed, singing that tune which lately had been so constantly on his lips that it seemed to have come in between all their confidences. A choking and bumping sound and a faint smoke forced their way through the long undisturbed dust of the register, as if the cold and dead furnace were exhaling its own ghost. The smoke was followed by a smart, shaking-up rattle, and Tony, already jumpy, started and dropped his collar-button.

As, after a considerable interval, he reappeared with it from under the unmade bed, he remarked, "Well, thank Heaven for one thing! Whether I pull it off this afternoon or whether I get my notice, we'll eat no dinner in this mess! We'll go to a decent restaurant and give thanks in a bottle of good champagne!"

She looked up at him without moving. "And where will you get the money?" she inquired.

"Oh, I've got money enough for that, you bet!—I've been saving it all along."

Not until she could do it calmly, with proper self-control, did she say to him—over her shoulder, but in a voice to which Medea's must have been jocular—"And did you have money for champagne all the time that you didn't buy me a seat for your opening?"

"You were so precious careful not to betray the slightest interest in my opening—never to mention going to it, nor even to come to any of the rehearsals—that I supposed you didn't want a seat for it."

She was unbraiding her hair and she took up her brush which shook in her hand. "Of course," she said, "it never occurred to you that I stayed away from rehearsals because I didn't want them all to see how old my suit was." Her voice broke. "Goodness knows, I've tried hard enough to make some money myself—" As if at a signal, both volcanoes broke into violent eruption and chaos reigned.

Yes, it had begun about a theatre seat; but, once started, it had dragged with a wide net. Old scratches, overlooked when given, suddenly became inflamed and were exhibited as festering wounds. This was the first serious quarrel they had had since their marriage, and it is safe to say that by the time they paused to see what they had left out they had got in everything.

They had no idea whatever that nobody had done anything to any one except unconsciously to bear witness with the poet that life is thorny and youth is vain; also that no overwhelming amount of tranquillity and justice may be expected from two proud, emotional, and highly strung people, of no great mutual experience, who have been suddenly cooped up together for nearly a year of inexplicable bad luck: false alarms and deferred hope which work like madness in the brain. Worked, in fact, to the point of Barbara's answering Tony's last remark—that still he failed to see what she gained for either of them by having made him so self-conscious about that damnable song that he didn't know how he should get through it at all—by saying that if it had come to a point where she was interfering with his career, which she knew well was all he cared about, she would better go to-morrow, as soon as she had seen him through these two performances, and visit her sister in the New Rochelle stock. She thought very likely she could get work there.

To which he made answer: "As everything I say or do appears to become more distasteful to you every moment, perhaps that would be best for all parties."

And at that, indeed, they paused, terrified, looking in silence, with blank astonishment, at a sudden gulf, and saying inwardly, amazedly, "Is this I? Am I saying this?"

So that Barbara, with a feeling of throwing a line which he must accept, and folding, somewhat ostentatiously, an extra dress-shirt, added the pacific remark: "Of course, if the piece succeeds, you won't need me. You can afford a dresser then."

Oddly enough, he was not softened by this. He replied, "I hope so!"

Ah! Not only had he slighted her

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housekeeping and ceased to value her companionship, but he didn't like the way she was getting him ready for his part! "Perhaps it would be better, then, if I stayed away from your performance this afternoon altogether!"

"Just as you prefer, of course."

Now they both knew perfectly well that she could not possibly stay away that afternoon, because she had to help him in his quick change. Even had she been sitting in front—like all the other wives!—she would have had to come back to his dressing-room for that.

"Very well. As soon as your change is over, I'll go. I can get the five-o'clock train. If I make you so nervous about your song, I'll be better out of your way."

"Where will you get your dinner?"

"Dinner! I don't want any dinner."

"Well, I'm afraid I shall want mine."

"I don't doubt it!"

"You don't wish me to take you to the station, then?"

"I can go to the station by myself." His dinner, indeed! He had only mentioned it to show her how little he cared what she did! "You know—if I do go—I—I'll never—come back!"

"That's for you to say."

Then the silence fell again, more dividing and more definite than ever.

Was it necessary that he should presently break it by going on singing:

> "I've a neater, sweeter maiden,
> In a cleaner, greener land—"?

With a sinking and a shuddering sense of the approaching hour, the captain, the Honorable Larry, came to a pause. He stood gnawing a twitching lip and breathing greedily the mild, bright air that crept in between the smudged starch of the window-curtains. Out of the Babes' Club, opposite, all bright with window-boxes and boys in buttons, actors issued debonairly, going to matinées which they had safely played; or they went in to luncheon. Trying to steady himself while his boiling rage against his wife contended shrilly, convulsively in his pounding heart, against the mounting, dizzying tension claimed by the Honorable Larry, he fixedly watched people in holiday dress stepping through the thin, wintry sunshine, many of them carrying little blue or crimson flags. A tally-ho sped past with flourishing bugles. And as Barbara shut the suit-case the remembrance that it was a day of festival washed into her breast like a flood, and her magnificent, statuesque calm gave way to an innocent, a miserable blubber.

Now, if at that moment Tony had yielded to impulse, he would have dropped down and taken his wife in his arms and crushed the poor, drowned, swollen loveliness of her dear, discolored face in between his shoulder and his own cold, nervous cheek. But when one's love has been denied, one's honor questioned, and one's motives impugned, one must not yield to impulse. One feels that, somehow, everything depends upon not yielding to it!—So Tony merely fastened the straps of his suit-case and took up his hat.

Barbara rose to her feet, fetched her own wraps, and began fumbling with them. He said to her, in a tone of marble and of martyrized civility, "Do you intend to bathe your face?" But while she was bathing it he lost control of himself and called, "I've got to get out of this! Wait for you on the steps."

Barbara, coming out of the wash-closet with her features somewhat reduced in size and tint, looked about her for something to carry. She would have enjoyed staggering under his suit-case, but she knew she need not hope that this could be. He had, of course, taken it. But he had gratifyingly forgotten his straw hat; it was pinned up in brown paper, having been cleaned last night. As she appeared with this at the front door, Tony ran down the steps; and Barbara, sucking down the frayed finger-end of a glove which she had not had time to mend, deplorably followed him.

At the theatre no one would ever have dreamed that it was really afternoon. Nothing so fresh and clear as daylight could penetrate that smouldering electric atmosphere through which innumerable, tingling nerves confused and pricked each other as if with wireless messages sent broadcast through the murky air. The nightmare of the Regnaults' personal relations was only deepened by this more inclusive nightmare.

"Half-hour!"

Already! Tony began to worry because the villain's cigarette-case, which he had to use in the first act, had not been sent

him; and Barbara flew zealously down into the hubbub of the stage, set for the duke's deer park, after the property-man. The leading woman—a "society" recruit, and still something of an outsider—sent a bunch of violets up to Mrs. Regnault "so she sha'n't be jealous of the beautiful way her husband makes love to me"; and "Amateur!" thought Barbara, in scorn. A friendly young Englishman stopped to borrow a match and wish Tony luck; Barbara handed him the matches and returned the grip of his hand. For though she was leaving Tony in an hour, he was none the less opening in a new part now. And a new part is a new part. Nothing can change that.

"Fifteen minutes!"

"Overture!" He was gone. "O-verture!"

She was no whit immune from the strain of that call, the contagion of that excitement. There it came, the ominous, gay leaping of the overture itself!

"First act! First act! Everybody down to begin!"

Oh, heavens, the curtain music!

She tingled not only for Tony but the play—"the piece," she called it, as one might say the ship, the regiment. "How's the piece going?" she would ask, as some one came up or down the stairs. "Well, it seems to be going kind of slow." Slow? Dreadful idea! Slow! "The audience's friendly enough, but the darn thing's got to get a gait on it!"

By the second act they were beginning to say that it was swaddled in scenery. "If they had a few less real deer and real motor-cars and a little more real action——"

"Your scene's going pretty well, Regnault?"

"Hm—hm," assented Tony, his quick change safely accomplished, revolving into the sash of which Barbara held one end.

"During mine," commented the loiterer on the threshold, "they were sitting on ice. You've got a laugh or two and the love interest."

"Well," said Tony, with a preoccupied smile, "in the third-act desert you've got a camel. That ought to help some!"

He stood back from the glass surveying the light and gallant figure that shone there in military glory, amending a touch of make-up, altering the set of his cap, the knot of his sash. His eyes searched the picture that he made about as personally, with about as much vanity, as a jockey tests his saddle-girth or a fencer bends his foil. Every nerve of his slender strength was pulled together for action; every gleam of his elastic spirit signalled him from eyes almost black with excitement and reported itself ready all along the line. But his touch, generally so warm and swift, was cold as ice.

Quietly, so as not to jar him more than need be, Barbara told him, "I'll leave all your third-act things laid out so you can get into them easily by yourself."

"Thank you!"

After that she couldn't have stayed if she had wanted to!

"Second act!" Barbara closed her eyes and then she heard him running down the stairs.

She went quietly about, picking up his first-act clothes, which he had left scattered all over the room, and laying out, as she had promised, his desert rags and bandages. Soon there was nothing more to do. She was not aware of any emotion. She put on her jacket and gloves, and was just going, when she found that she had forgotten her hat. She got it and stood drawing out the pins, and then she knew that she was going to have a crying spell.

Hastily she closed the door; she was so shaken by the sudden storm that she had to sit down and let her head drop into her arms and weep and weep. When she had exhausted herself with crying and with her efforts to cease crying, suddenly she heard a strange sound.

It was a crashing, banging sound with an extraordinary vibrating shake in it. The first terror of every one in a theatre is fire. Barbara leaped to the door and flung it open. The noise engulfed her at the threshold, holding her quiet in its stormy night. But it was not fire; it was only tremendous applause.

To this applause there was a kind of heart of laughter—not mirth, but excited pleasure; it was like a joyous wind banging and clattering in its course. Barbara had never before heard anything like it—at least not with mortal ears. But in the hearing of one's first youth there is always such a sound: the sound of fame, the sound of public welcome, the sound of the great successes of all time, of that fabulous

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first night which shines so far, mirage and siren song of a million legends. And Barbara knew it when she heard it, as Juliet knew the voice of Romeo. She said, "Somebody has made the hit of their life!".

She couldn't stir; she couldn't think. In that world of madly advertised camels, marching regiments, and real steam-boats, no speculation as to what might have caught the audience's fancy crossed her mind. Merely warmed and consoled to the bone by the delicious bedlam—as his own language consoles a man in a strange land—she stood there with growing, brightening eyes and faster beating pulse; and then, through the uproar, through the lessening, hushing surge, rising to assert itself, came thinly the notes of a familiar tune—

"For the temple bells are callin' and it's there that I would be——"

Her heart seemed to stop; her mouth opened, but no breath came.

"By the old Moulmein pagoda——"

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!—It's for Tony!"

Her knees shook, and she sat down on the stairs.

She did not know how long she sat there, in the half-darkness, as the music and the plaudits rose and fell. She did not consider that all this was nothing to her. The scene below was hidden from her by the walls of the set, the sides of the vast tent which covered the whole stage and shut the action completely from the view of any one behind the scenes. But she could hear well enough, and she let her head sink back against the banisters, half-listening and half-drifting in a luxurious maze. The tears that she had thought all spent poured from her tired eyes with a sweetness of relief like the tranquil, idle bliss of convalescence. The strain was over! He had won! He was riding a willing horse—and to what an undreamed victory!

"On the road to Mandalay
Where the old Flotilla lay——"

Sweet and daring his voice rose up to her; warm with color, thrilling with languid fire and high confidence, and, for all its correct cockney aspirates, adorably, inimitably touched with the softly broadening vowels, the winning, wistful, fleeting cadence that came by right to Tony from his Irish mother; but, trusting everything to rhythm and the lyric lift and fall, used rather by an actor than a singer.

"With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay——"

Barbara began to be aware along what lines the Honorable Larry was conducting his unacknowledged wooing; to yield a little to the current of that floating, sensuous, questing, teasing melody, which reached her then like the call of all adventurous love, far countries, and the world of which we wonder—

"Where the flyin' fishes play——"

Oh, yes, he was doing it sensuously; yes, he was doing it dreamily! But with how fresh and keen and swift a sense, how bold a dream, all shot with sun and air and salty spray, with shine of sand, with wide, hot winds and open spaces! Was this what he had been humming while she did the dishes?

There was no stain of its origin upon it. It was the flash of foam on a wave, of a feather in the breeze or a bird in the air. It was impulse in its spring-time, it was blitheness exulting and youth come into its own; it was embodied joy. Never by one waiver in its foot-fall of high fortune did it betray the austere and giddying concentration with which any mortal must pull himself together before he can let himself go, utterly, upon the tide of lightness of heart. But she, who had sought to divide and claim his attention, she knew.

The song seemed to mount triumphant on a lifting wave—

"An' the dawn comes up like thunder out o' China 'crost the bay!"

That was the finale.

Volley after volley crashed its breakers over the foot-lights; the prolonged, persistent encore of an audience determined to get what it wants. Didn't they know, out there, that this wasn't a musical comedy?—that this was a play and they were trying to stop its action? They neither knew nor cared. The heart of Barbara, the injured wife, shouted in her, "Oh, glory!"

She fancied that she could hear Tony trying to speak his next line; she was almost sure of the high shriek to which the leading woman trusted her reply. The or-

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

One feels that, somehow, everything depends upon not yielding to it.—Page 610.

chestra struck up a cue for "laughs outside," repeated it, and gave up, vanquished. Barbara, running along her little landing, pressed herself against the brick wall of the proscenium arch which ended it. She stood, then, almost on a parallel line with the foot-lights, though far above them; and she could see down, across the stage, into the prompt entrance, where the stage-manager had begun to jump up and down, snapping his fingers to the leader of the orchestra, signalling, "Let 'em have it, then! Let 'em have it! Strike up!"

And though she was only waiting a suitable moment to leave Tony, something leaped in Barbara's breast, knocking and thumping louder than the applause that quivered through her like the thrill of a brass band. Opposite her, and close to the foot-lights, she could see a mere tiny, narrow strip of stage, and into this little blazing strip, of a sudden, Tony flashed. She caught, as he turned sidewise to the audience, the hilarious, incredulous twinkle of his eye. Barbara took hold of the little railing in front of her and clutched it tight.

There was a pause, a stir, a swell of music. Tony extended his hand, beating time for the lovers' rehearsal—

"For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say:
Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!"

They had got what they wanted! They were making him do it all over again!

Oh, that strange tune, the lilt of it, the ache of it!—its mingled strain played about Barbara's heart, crooning, coaxing, commanding, suggesting. And the heiress, too, had risen from the chair which he had placed for her. She had joined him. She was moving with him in the sort of swinging step which the Honorable Larry must show his sweetheart how to do with the man who was taking his place. And as they balanced the one before the other, it was in wholly recovered confidence that he bent his cajoling head to hers—

"Her petticoat was yaller an' her little cap was green,
And her name was Supi-yaw-lat, jes' the same as Thebaw's queen——"

Heavens, what a song! What a lover! What a caress of buoyant motion! The rhythm of their step swayed out of Barbara's sight. But she knew too well the often-discussed "business of the scene" not to be able to follow it. It had taken possession of her. As she stood there with lowered eyes it was she whom her soldier wooed within the hot, bright tent, all flower-laden, surrounded by the deep, aromatic dusk and summer night that opened into India and El Dorado. She had never had such surroundings for her own love story, but she had them then.

"Bloomin' idol made o' mud
Wot they call the great gawd Budd——"

Oh, he was bold enough now! They had stepped apart, but he was drifting forward and back with the drifting music, persuading his lady to try again; he was holding out his hand, and she, coming slowly toward him, allowed hers to creep forward. At the same moment Barbara's own hand seemed to lie, first passive and then clinging, in his grasp.

"Plucky lot she cared for idols, when I kissed her——"

Barbara closed her eyes and felt his kiss on her own mouth.

"When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo and she'd sing Kulla-lo-lo!
With 'er arm upon my shoulder and 'er cheek agin' my cheek—"

The heiress was back in her chair and her lover had flung himself beside her, with her arm upon his shoulder and his cheek against her cheek—

"Where the silence hung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!"

In her dusky, lofty corner, Barbara felt the need neither to speak nor to move. She saw neither the tented walls nor the line of the foot-lights. Her trouble crept further and further back and was lost upon the road to Mandalay.

"No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
And the sunshine and the palm-trees
And the tinkly temple bells——"

She was alone with Tony, with his touch and his voice and the call of the music, that throbbing, lulling, soothing, maddening melody that rocked her senses as if it took her on its breast; while close to hers

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She could see a mere tiny, narrow strip of stage.—Page 614.

the boyishness of his dark head, the clear smile of his eyes, the eager challenge of his lips were the only things she saw. No cajolery nor dalliance in that singing now! Pure flame, pure feeling, midsummer madness, and all the joy of life!

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin' you, you won't never 'eed naught else!"

It didn't matter about the ticket! It didn't matter about the quarrel! It only mattered that out of the jar and the fret and the daily grind he had brought back to her life's magic and the youth of their lost first love! What was it that the manager had said?—"There isn't anything there . . . there's no proof, no reason . . . you never understand why the girl takes him back——"

The music was rising toward the finale. The Honorable Larry was swinging backward with his chorus toward the curtains of the tent. And the heiress, who had but informally surrendered, was watching the way he would make the exit, if he—and not that other man—were going to do the song with her.

The house was very still, leaning, watching, taut and tense and hardly breathing—

"An' the dawn comes up like thunder——"

That was the deep, swelling note, secure, exultant, profoundly masculine, of farewell and pastures new—

"Out o' China crost the bay!"

And he was gone! There was the instant's sense of a desolate and empty tent, a stage gone dead.

Then the rush of the repentant heiress toward the curtains, calling, "Oh, come back, you British soldier!" And then the leap of the young, the almost laughing passion in those two flushed and radiant creatures meeting in each other's arms. They stood thus "holding the picture" while the applause rocked and roared about them. And far off in the darkness Barbara was saying into his breast, "Oh, Tony! Oh, Tony, all right, all right, all right! I forgive you! Oh, forgive me! It's over now and I understand! And everything's all right!"

She did not know how many times he sang or bowed an encore, nor how the big scene went; as far as she was concerned, the calls at the end of the act might have blended with that first deluge. Until at length she noticed that, all the ensembles being over, everybody but the leading woman and the heavy lead—who remained bowing and bowing as the curtain rose and fell—was bolting from the stage for the dressing-rooms.

Barbara ran to the head of the stairs to catch Tony's eye with consolation as he

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came up. As soon as he saw her he would know that she had chosen to stay and all was well.

Bounding up the steps, he was caught in a swarm of supers, and as he made his way amongst them there came through the redoubled violence of applause the voice of the assistant stage-manager calling Tony's name. Instantly the shout for him seemed to come from everywhere.

For the audience was insisting that Tony come forward alone, like a full-fledged star, to take his call. The stage-hands grinned, and the pausing, peering, crowding company stood a-tiptoe and applauded in the entrances, jibing at him as he passed, "Hustle up, king of the carnival!" or "There's a hot time in the old town to-day!" The heavy lead said, well, of course, he didn't pretend to be a song-and-dance artist himself! And the heavy villain said, of course, if he'd known that he was engaged to support a *star!* The deer parks and the deserts, the steamboats and the camels were neglected and unthought of; the managers were wondering how much they would have to raise Regnault's salary to keep him; the critics were already planning their tale of the man who, at a Thanksgiving matinée doomed to pass into a legend, had leaped into fame and fortune merely by walking about a stage and singing a song, when that friendly English boy screeched out to Barbara as he passed her, "Well, how about it? What price our Tony now?" . . . Then, and not till then, did Barbara wonder with what countenance she was to declare her change of heart! She had quarrelled with Tony in the dead and gone hour ago of his obscurity. Was she to throw herself into his arms at his success?

Through the medley, out past the curtain, before the audience went Tony. What would the first stare of his surprise as he saw her say to her when he came back? How would he take it? What could she say to him? Perhaps he would see her as he came off. Would his amazement beam with consolation?—or frown with rage and scorn? She could only wait, while still she felt that crazy house leaning to him, flushed and breathless, warm with the warmth he had lighted in its imagination, stirred with the thousand beating fancies of the link that he had woven between itself and joy.

It was as if it called out to him with a single voice, to him who had only lightly moved and sung a song. Not Hamlet nor Othello will ever hear quite that wordless cry. If it had had words it might have said: For them that cleanse and heal us, profundity and silence and thanks beyond our sound.

But, to the custodian of delight, to him who can make us forget our age and our weight and our business, to him who—disentangling us from our offices and our marketing, our servant problem and our suburban time-tables—can take us with him on the pagan and the lyric flight of charm, to the creature who comes before us with—simply!—happiness in his hands, we can only cry out, "Give it to us!"

That is what we mean by all this uproar. "Give it to us. We need it so badly. The dryness in our hearts is just as thirsty as if we were all beautiful and young. That fugitive and aerial thing, scattering light and mystery, perfume and freshness, that passes and yet haunts us in a tune, we desire it as keenly as ever some Mercutio did or Columbine, and for a little minute we are quickened with it now! Pour into us all that rapture, all that swiftness, all that glad and winged passion; that instinct for the liberty, the impulses, the motion of life, the color and wildness and sweetness of life, and, before all, that deep, deep agreement, that harmony with life itself! Do not give it to us once, as the other and remoter artists do, give it again and again and again; give it as if you could never be empty and never be weary; fashion it for us, here and now, out of your body and spirit; bring it up from the strength of your heart; weave with the last, last pulse of your vitality the spell that frees us, and—pouring your soul into ours—make us live! "Oh, come back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!"

He did see her as he came off. But where was his surprise? He favored her with a broad wink and waved his hand. She took the truth squarely, fair and true between the eyes. He was not surprised to see her because he had forgotten that she meant to go! The scene that had won back her heart had taken all of his. His

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wife, for all he knew, had left him. And he had forgotten it in a song.

"Well, it's been a Thanksgiving matinée for us all right!"

Thus innocently spoke the husband, sitting in his dressing-room after the performance, as he rubbed the last traces of make-up from his face. "And now for our dinner-party!"

She was standing, silent, by the make-up shelf. And suddenly he leaned over, drooping his head upon her arm and burrowing his face into her sleeve. "To-night all over again! And a run of hundreds of nights! Oh, Tony's all in, Barbe!" he told her. And still she did not break her silence.

He drew back, lifting his eyes to hers, and very slowly a deep flush began to rise and darken over his face. He put out one hand and took hers. "Darling!" he cried. "To think I should have forgotten that we were divorced!"

"Oh, Barbara"—he touched again, so anxiously, her deep, impassive wound—"it wasn't I—oh, never I!—who forgot. It was just that other fellow—that fellow on the road to Mandalay!"

She lifted her sombre eyes, flashing for a moment with the old, unchastened Barbara who had never been called upon to lend her husband to the world. Then, as their looks rested steadily, each on each, there came to her, like the voice of that revealing day, the deep, deep conviction that there were a great many things which didn't matter—especially when there were so many that did. "Tony," she said, "I saw the scene. I guess I—know about it." He gave an exultant, wondering little laugh. And she dropped beside him and hid her face upon his breast.

For what did she intend to do with an actor if she didn't mean to lend him to the world? Could he ever have given that world its beautiful, desired Thanksgiving if he had kept back a little piece of himself to worry about his own? If, in his turn, he hadn't been willing to lend, for a while, his life to—no, not to the world, but to—that other fellow? Wasn't that what he was—for? It had not been done for nothing. It was true that he was "all in." And since there was a cost to be reckoned with, did she wish not to pay any share in the reckoning?

He felt her native seriousness stirring in his arms, and she lifted herself a little from him, before she said, "Tony, I was wrong. I'm glad it was me that was wrong. It makes me feel like praying to think of going out with you into Broadway, and the dusk, and the cold, and the lights—after—everything!—and being alone with you, in the crowd!—when I might have gone alone, by myself! To think of our having our dinner together, at a little table with shaded candles, in a corner!—when I meant it to be—all off—at dinner-time! Tony, I do thank God I saw the scene, even if you didn't get me a seat! I was just carried away by it at first. But I know, all the same—oh, I'm enough of an actress for that!—what a *pull* it must have been beforehand. And what's the use of trying to pull another way? I thank goodness I married an actor that can *act!*—even if he can't remember to be miserable!"

The relief and the tenderness of his heart wrung it with a sweetness that was like pain. He held her off by the shoulders, scanning her face with a touch of that laughter which was, after all, the very beating of his blood. "You don't happen to know," he asked her, "of anything for which *I* could suitably give thanks? You don't think that perhaps it's just as well for me that I married somebody who wasn't—an outsider? . . . And now, really, dinner!" he insisted.

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Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley.

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COLLEGE LIFE

A WORD TO FATHERS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN TO COLLEGE, BUT WHOSE SONS WANT TO GO.

By Paul van Dyke

AT the North Pole Peary raised an American flag given him by his wife, which he had carried "wrapped around his body on every one of his expeditions north," and, next, the colors of the Delta Epsilon Fraternity, "in which," he writes, "I was initiated as a member while an undergraduate student at Bowdoin College." In the hour when, at the age of fifty-three, he realized the dream of his youth, followed along the paths where scores of his predecessors had died of cold, exhaustion, and hunger, three feelings stirred within him—love of his country, affection for his family, and grateful memories of his college life.

The phrase "college life" is an Americanism and it has no equivalent in any other language but English. It describes, to those who use it with understanding and sympathy, an experience out of which grows a deep sentiment made up of pleasure, friendship, affection, loyalty, and pride. It seems to them "a tender influence, a peculiar grace," that reaches out across miles and years, drawing them back to their Alma Mater, and the comradeship of their classmates. To most graduates their college life seems their golden age; through the mist of years the campus becomes an island of Utopia whose very tediums grow bright in the retrospect, the sting of whose sins and failures was always lessened by the power of the ideals and hopes that filled its air. No campus ever was a Utopia, and the most golden age of memory has doubtless been much alloyed with baser metal, but if there is not something very bright and beautiful in American college life it is hard to account for the feeling in thousands of gray-haired men that long ago in their youth, besides the education they got or failed to get, they gained around the knees of Alma Mater lasting joy, strength, and inspiration that was not entirely contained in the books they read and cannot be exactly measured by the knowledge they acquired.

The reputation of college life is now threatened by three misunderstandings.

The first of these misunderstandings is the idea that college life has, as one of its peculiar and essential elements, a large amount of extremely foolish and even vicious excitements.

Of course it is impossible that hundreds of young men, from eighteen to twenty-three, should be gathered together without having a great many foolish, and some bad, things happen among them. Any one with a taste for cynical reflection can find food for it in the spectacle of college athletics, but he makes a great mistake if he thinks of those exaggerations and undue excitements as in any sense a peculiarly college matter. The wild orgy of applause over a foot-ball game is not collegiate. It is American: the display of a racial characteristic in one of the least harmful of its manifestations. Organized cheering and the snake dance pale before the demonstrations of a convention where the leaders of politics gather together to take counsel for a change in our rulers. After reading silly articles in leading newspapers about some college athletic hero, you would be astonished, should you meet him, to find him a very quiet-spoken, hard-headed young gentleman, passionately devoted to his college and willing to make any sacrifice for her sake, but with a humorous appreciation of the idiotic side of the hysterical applause he had received. This commonsense of the campus is swimming hard against the tide of exaggeration which is due to our over-strenuous American temperament. It has done so much already that the country could congratulate itself if the great game of politics was con-

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ducted with as much fairness, courtesy, and good sense as the leading colleges now show in their athletic contests.

As far as vicious excitement is concerned, it must be pointed out at the beginning that, in one particular, many of our colleges have put their worst foot foremost. The class reunions, which have become so prominent a feature of their commencements, bring back hundreds of graduates. A few intoxicated persons circulating in an atmosphere of general hilarity, where grown men become boys again and let themselves loose for any sort of wild fun, may easily give a false impression about the entire mass of harmless revellers. However great or small the number of those who are drunk on these occasions may be, any one who knows will tell you that such scenes are not characteristic of campus life. It is safe to say that at commencement time the cases of drunkenness around the campus exceed those of all the rest of the days of many years put together.

Young men do go wrong in college. Young men living at home under their parents' eyes go wrong. It is impossible to find any place where a young man may not go wrong. But he has to break through greater safeguards on the campus than in the average city, town, or village. The "tough crowd" is there in the minority. The campus model is a straight, clear-eyed, clean-cut young man who has won the respect of his fellows by self-respect. Get together the officers of the senior classes of fifty American colleges, and I venture the assertion that a single glance at their faces will show that nine-tenths of them are of this type. Here, for instance, is a college of fourteen hundred undergraduates who come from forty-five States, and from about five hundred cities, towns, and villages. Is there one of the places they come from without evil influences? From these places, have not, on the whole, a good class of boys gone to college? Have the lazy, worthless, and vicious boys, the precociously evil, the hangers around drinking-places, gone? Many have not cared to go or felt unable to go, who were the best boys of the community; but have the worst, as a class, been willing or able to do the necessary study to enter college?

The second misunderstanding is that college life is luxurious and aristocratic, apt to unfit a man for the hurly-burly of the world and close contact with the generality of his fellows.

It is a little strange that this charge should be brought, as it has been, with new vigor just now. There never was a time when a man who showed a lack of sympathy with the general run of his fellowmen or was afflicted with an aristocratic temper or a proud bearing, would be less apt to come before the public mind as a candidate for the presidency than the present. But the ten men whose names have been most in the public prints as possibilities for the presidency are all college men. Bryan, Clark, Harmon, Hughes, La Follette, Marshall, Roosevelt, Taft, Underwood, Wilson—all these have had the experience of college life. It might be objected that since their day college life has grown less simple; and that is true. The average college dormitory of to-day is more comfortable than the one of thirty years ago. But so has all American life grown more comfortable. The increase in the scale and cost of life on the campus has not kept pace, in the last thirty years, with the increase in the scale and cost of living in that sort of American home which represents about the average of the well-to-do. Fortunately, the poor boy who is working his own way is always on the campus. His modest budget lowers the average cost—his example and society help to keep down the scale of living in a way represented by no influence outside the campus. For the idea that men in college life rank according to their wealth is one of the most unblushing falsehoods that ever was offered to that part of the public which prefers sensational statement of a denunciatory kind to real information.

It is easy to get away from the advantages of inherited wealth but it is very hard to get away from its disadvantages. A father recently wrote thus to a New York paper: "My father was poor and I had to work, . . . but I have grown rich at it. . . . What interests me now is, What is going to happen to my boy when he grows up? We read in the papers how this or that rich man's son is firing a locomotive, and we get a picture of the young man in

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overalls, showing how hard he is working, and, in truth, he may be a husky and wholesome youngster; still he has the handicap of wealth. Everybody knows he is a rich man's son . . . and how can he breathe the free, common air, be counted a man for his own sake alone? Why, he simply can't; it is not in the nature of things hat he should." It is difficult, but I believe there is no place in America where the expectation of a big inheritance has as little attention paid to it as on the campus—where it is as little talked about among a boy's associates and influences the attitude toward him as little.

The point of the charge of fostering aristocratic feeling, as it is brought against college life, is the existence of clubs, societies, or fraternities. Here again the fundamental error is frequently made of treating this tendency to form social groups as if it was peculiarly a college matter. Every little country town in America is filled with organizations which are really social. The undergraduates have merely been doing for the last seventy years what their fathers have been doing. And it would be as unreasonable and as futile for the faculty of any large college to forbid all social organizations as for the legislature of New York to pass a law prohibiting them in all towns under ten thousand inhabitants. The result in both cases would be a crop of such clubs, hidden, rebellious, more or less consciously bent on evil-doing. It is not true that these organizations generally exercise an evil tyranny over college life. That college graduates are more or less moulded to type is true. The college ought not to be ashamed of it, but proud of it, if the type is a good one. A recent critic of college life gives, as an instance of social tyranny repressing individuality in one of the oldest eastern universities, the fact that the editors of its magazine would not publish a manifestly exaggerated editorial ridiculing the holding of required daily chapel. The incident is rather a certificate of character than an indictment. So far as the social organization of any college suppresses what the average American means by the "Smart Aleck" spirit, it does good service to the young men living on the campus and to those among whom they are to live after they graduate. No vigorous originality will ever be strangled by such a repression, and, in the proverb of one college, "It is better to go on saying things some other fellow has said, than to say something new that never ought to have been said at all."

There is another direction where, on many campuses, the repressive power of organized public opinion is plainly good. A graduate of an American college spent an evening with half a dozen students of Paris, in the room of one of them. For about an hour they discussed freely their habits, their feelings, and the philosophy of life on which they based them. At last he rose, said good-night, thanked them for their hospitality, and added: "I want to say to you men that if this crowd came into any room on the —— campus and talked as you have been talking about what you do and what you think it right to do, you would be fired out, and you would either have to live entirely by yourselves or leave the campus."

These two misunderstandings, whose origin is outside the campus, cause some students to start wrong in college and grievously disappoint others, but they are far less pernicious in their effects on college life than a third popular delusion.

The idea is quite firmly and widely held that the advantages of college life are a thing entirely apart from what one can learn in college—that a student can get the best out of his college life by not studying very much. This delusion takes its sharpest and commonest form in the opinion that the high-stand man, the distinguished scholar in college, is not apt to do as well in after life as the man who stands lower in his class and escapes all distinction in his studies. It is possible to find parents who suggest to their sons that it is not necessary or even desirable to do too well in academic pursuits, because high-honor men in college never amount to much afterward. Students who anounce this judgment at the family dinner-table with great emphasis and abundant scorn for those who question it, are quite common. This delusion exists; it is difficult to imagine what its origin was; it is certain that it is in the very teeth of the facts. The writer has made recently a little investigation in regard to the high-honor men in certain classes in Harvard, Yale,

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Princeton, Brown, and Amherst, taking as a basis the names included in "Who's Who in America" for 1910–11. It is perfectly true that only a very small part of the successful men are included in that book. It is probably also true that some are included in it who are not really so very successful after all. But for the purposes of this inquiry the seventeen thousand five hundred and forty-six names included in that collection are sufficient. The charge which this popular delusion brings against the high-honor man is that he is inefficient in practical life, that, however much he may have learned out of books, "he is not able to hold down a job in real life." Now, a man who is not able to hold down a job is just the man who does not get into that list. The scholar who knows a lot if he could only teach it, the littérateur who talks of the book he means to write some day, the learned lawyer who lacks clients, the able clergyman whose friends are surprised to find themselves falling asleep over his sermons—these classes, popularly supposed to be recruited chiefly from the high-honor men of our colleges, do not get their names into "Who's Who." It therefore affords a test of the truth of the popular delusion that the high-honor man is inefficient in after life, except that it is unfavorable to the class tested because of the very large number of men, in the best sense successful, who are not included in it.

The following tables show the result of the examination:

In thirteen classes of Harvard College, high-honor men	75
Of whom in 1904 there had died	16
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	59
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	27
These classes contained Senior-year students	2,229
In twenty classes of Yale College, high-honor men	102
Of whom in 1910 there had died	22
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	80
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	31
These classes contained Senior-year students	2,132
In twenty classes of Princeton College, high-honor men	100
Of whom in 1910 there had died	24
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	76
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	29
These classes contained Senior-year students	1,687
In seventeen classes of Amherst College, high-honor men	106
Of whom in 1910 there had died	26
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	80
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	25
These classes contained Senior-year students	1,153
In fifteen classes of Brown College, high-honor men	60
Of whom in 1904 there had died	7
Leaving alive in 1911 not over	53
Of these there were in "Who's Who"	19
These classes contained Senior-year students	778

Seventy-nine of these three hundred and forty-eight living high-honor men of eighty-four classes of five colleges had not reached in 1911 the average age of those included in "Who's Who." Others not noted were dead. (The general catalogues used for two colleges were six years old.) With these deductions the one hundred and thirty-one men whose names are included in "Who's Who" represent one in two of these high-honor men.

The investigation was extended to the second rank of honor men for thirteen classes of Harvard and twenty classes each for Yale and Princeton. Not over two hundred and eighty-seven of these second-honor men were alive in 1911. Sixty-nine of these were in "Who's Who," or about one in four. In these three colleges not over five hundred and two living honor men of the first and second rank, of whom one hundred and twenty-nine had not reached the average age, furnished one hundred and fifty-six names in "Who's Who," or about one in three. The two hundred and fifteen men of the first honor ranking, of whom fifty-four had not reached the average age, furnished eighty-seven of these names in "Who's Who." The two hundred and eighty-seven men of the second rank, of whom seventy-five had not reached the average age, furnished sixty-nine of these names in "Who's Who." A more striking demonstration by the test of fact of the falsehood of the popular delusion about the inefficiency of the "high-stand college man in real life" would be hard to imagine.

But precisely this delusion, whose seeds are brought from outside the campus, is the worst of the parasitic growths which those who believe in the beauty and usefulness of American college life are con-

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stantly obliged to fight. They might exterminate it if the home would always support them.

A young man ought to gain a good deal from his college besides what he learns there out of books. But if your boy is getting ready for college with the idea of learning as little out of books as possible, or is manifestly staying in college with the least amount of intellectual exertion compatible with barely passing examinations, he is talking nonsense to you about his appreciation of the advantages of college life. Do not encourage his misunderstanding of what college life means. Combat it in every way within your power. If, after a year or two in college, he makes too evident his obstinate determination to achieve no scholastic results at all equal to his mental abilities, it is a grave question whether you are not wasting your money, with no gain to him, by keeping him in an atmosphere whose essential character he is incapable of understanding.

College life is a very bright and beautiful thing. The ideal of it is one of the peculiar and one of the finest products of America's social conditions. A boy brought to a high state of intellectual capacity by a dozen of the most brilliant tutors would miss something very valuable if he missed college life. But its charm and essential condition is common work, its friendship breathes the air of love of truth, it is filled with generous, not selfish, sentiment, its pleasures are inextricably mingled with the pleasures of the mind.

Don't expect your boy to be a self-conscious prig and to talk too much about his work and his higher feelings, but if he makes evident that he is ignoring all the finest elements of college life, don't let him fool you. He does not understand the real thing and he is not getting what he ought to get.

THE CITY AND CIVILIZATION

By Brand Whitlock

IN concluding his fascinating history of Rome, and as though to close with a brilliant picture of the greatness of the empire under Augustus, Signor Ferrero describes the fair towns and the splendid cities that had sprung up under the *pax Romana;* "the grandeur of the empire was to be symbolized," he says, "by the wonderful magnificence of its great cities and by the yet greater magnificence of Rome, upon which the emperor lavished adornments not only to please the inhabitants, but also to dazzle the eyes of subject nations, and to command their respect," and he goes on to show how "the spirit of country life, the simplicity, the thrift, and the old-fashioned austerity which Virgil had sung in his Georgics was doomed to vanish," and, in turn, the vitality of the country was to be sapped by the towns, which absorbed wealth, intellect, and energy for conversion to vice and luxury. Fifty years later he finds Pliny lamenting the fact that his maid-servants had silver mirrors, and that an excessive quantity of wine was consumed in the town taverns.

The picture, like many another in which the great modern historian has realized so vividly for us the Rome of that day, is as familiar as the laments which the poets then uttered, for the poets have been deploring the urban and extolling the rural condition ever since, and the tradition of the moral superiority of clodhoppers has been handed down, in a sort of apostolical succession, from Theocritus and Virgil and Horace, to Bacon, who regarded the country as God's garden; to Cowley, who went so far as to make Cain the father of all municipalities; to Cowper, who fixed the tradition in his line,

> "God made the country, and man made the town,"

and helped to raise a superstition in America to the dignity of a political prin-

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ciple. For the preachers, the publicists, and the politicians have imitated the poets in these their pious preferences, and whenever the complex social problems of the time become too difficult, they extricate themselves from their perplexities by gliding down to those familiar generalities in which the youth of the land are advised to stay on the farms. It is easy, perhaps, to account for the attitude of the poet. It is the effect of his idealism. It is quite natural for him to love the vague, the remote, and the unattainable, and while he may not be willing to go to such extremes as Byron, who wished to dwell in the desert, he does long, in his garrets or on those city pavements where he dreams his dreams,

"for some boundless contiguity of shade."

To him the ideal so easily becomes real that he beholds the dwellers in the woods and fields of his time as beautiful and innocent as Daphnis and Chloe, as Corydon and Thyrsis, and with the Eclogues of Virgil and the Idylls of Theocritus he would amend the Revised Statutes and restore the Golden Age to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

The prepossession in favor of this myth on the part of the preachers can better be ascribed to their love of the pagan classics than to their love of the country, since all of them, or all of them who can so do, quickly leave the country and hie to the city like their brother humans, despite a professional distrust of urban life as suggesting the abominations of Nineveh and of Babylon. It may be in part the natural result of that idealism with which the spiritual nature of their calling endows them, but I wonder at times if it is not also to be attributed to the fact that the biblical ideal is a rural ideal, and that accordingly they are prone to think in agrarian sequences. The figures, the similes, the illustrations, the references in the sacred text relate to an agricultural or pastoral existence; the vision of shepherds tending their peaceful flocks, of patriarchs in their tents, surrounded by their grazing herds, of sowers going forth to sow, and reaping and gleaning and gathering into barns—these are ever before them. The rewards in the scriptures are all stated in terms of a rural existence—sheaves, increased flocks, abundant harvests. The whole of the sacred literature fairly glows with the beautiful scenes of a placid life, remote from the noise and confusion of the towns. This, too, is true of the hymnology of the church. There are shining rivers and peaceful valleys through which they wind; the trees and shade of the further shore, suggestive of refreshment and of rest, of surcease from sorrow and of relief from problems and from cares. There are no storms more severe than those that trouble the surface of rolling Jordan to fright one from the shore; there are to be gatherings at the river, and the hope of man is to be found in Canaan, a happy land, flowing with milk and honey. There are few, if any, hymns that deal in terms with the communal life, or if now and then there be some figure of Zion as a city, it is abandoned instantly for the green hills that surround it. Not long ago the men of a city church met one Sunday evening to study some of the problems of their city, and I recall with what amusement—and despair—I heard them open their exercises with this song:

"There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

It was a serious task that these men proposed to undertake, and I could not resist the thought that they could much better have prepared their spirits for it, if that was to be done by song—I say it at the risk of weakening an argument of which I am not, after all, so very sure—had their voices swelled some such magnificent chorus as

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

But this agrarian outlook has not been the exclusive prerogative either of the poetic or of the evangelical mind. The politicians own to the same preference, though one does not hear them avowing it in the cloak-rooms of our legislative chambers. One might ascribe it to the well-known ideality of their natures, if they did not reserve their expression of the thought so exclusively for the stump in their biennial efforts to charm the rural vote into their respective columns, or for those eloquent periods they are so gladly

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voter as the bone and sinew of the land and the bulwark of the republic. Perhaps, however, they derived the notion, not so much from the poets or the preachers as from the fathers of the constitution, for the founders of our nation held the same view. It was but natural that they should do so, since they were an agricultural folk themselves, but the result has been so unfortunate as to hamper our cities in their development. It is not any part of the plan of this paper—if it has a plan—to discuss the constitutional basis of the modern city in America; it must suffice now to observe that its position, so exactly the reverse of the city in Europe, is due to the fact that, having been unknown and unimagined, it was left out of our constitutional system altogether. Perhaps I should not say wholly unimagined, either, since Thomas Jefferson was not without that rare quality of mind and soul which enabled him so far to imagine the city as to express the wish that the people of the United States might continue to be what they were in the beginning, an agricultural people, and to avow the hope that they might never become an industrial people. He had his own misgivings as to cities, and said they were sores on the body politic, though his tastes were urban in many respects, for after his residence in Paris, Patrick Henry could reproach him with having lost his liking for "native victuals." Perhaps it was his prescience of the difficulties into which modern industrialism would lead the nation, even more than his professed distrust of the artisan class, that caused this shrinking in his prophetic soul.

It is precisely this new problem of industrialism that complicates the problem of the city in our time; or perhaps I should say the new terms in which an old problem states itself, since the great problem of the ages is how the hard work of the world is to be got done, and, what is of vastly greater concern, who is to do it. Cæsar, excellent politician that he was, tried by every means, and successfully, to attract to himself the devotion of the industrial class in the *municipia* of the Roman empire, and the development of a free industrial class was the chief feature guilds of the Middle Ages to the trades unions of our time. This special complication, however, was not present in the beginning of our own government. It was the day of the triumph of individualism, and the fathers, legislating for an agricultural community, dwelling under a purely individualistic system, met and conquered their problems in such a splendid way that, for its time, their system approached, if it did not quite attain, perfection. Our early democracy, too, was complacent, easily satisfied with the mere form, and after the Civil War had absorbed our energies and exhausted our strength, as is shown by Mr. Walter E. Weyl in his thoughtful volume on "The New Democracy," the intensely individualistic work of developing and exploiting the physical empire of our continent claimed us. Meanwhile Europe was learning modern democracy, it was rapidly becoming, as a brilliant clergyman said the other day, the "new old world," and the old new world was and is paltering and hesitating over municipal problems which Europe solved a generation ago.

It is this ancient superstition of the superiority of the rural over the urban character that has made it possible, in a nation in which, according to America's poet and prophet of democracy, the great city stands only "where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority," for the cities to be governed by the State, *i. e.*, by rural majorities in the State legislatures.

Mr. James Bryce's quotable phrase about the government of our cities as the conspicuous failure of the American commonwealth was a fine thing for editors who needed now and then, between campaigns, to write something about municipal government. Mr. Bryce, I venture to say, was not wholly right in this, but he has been much quoted, and more often misquoted; many of our publicists indeed seem to have read him only sufficiently to misquote him, for with more relish than would be expected of those who profess to love their country so, they have almost unanimously referred to him as authority for saying that it is democracy

that has failed in the city. Of course it is not democracy that has failed, but autocracy, the tyranny of the rural legislator, the political boss, and the privileged monopolist of public utilities, and had they but turned the page, had they but read on, they would have learned that Mr. Bryce saw all this or most of it. At any rate he named as one cause of the failure the rule of cities by the State, and with this he associated another cause, viz., the evils of our irresponsible party system. If he did not detect, or, at least, if he did not specify, a third cause in economic conditions, it may have been because he divined the difficulty we would have in learning this primary lesson, and since it has taken us a quarter of a century to do so, and as we have not yet applied it—however hopeful the signs may be—he seems to have been justified in this restraint. He has been confirmed by M. Ostrogorski, that able Russian who came over here not long ago and wrote about us, and saw many things in us we had not seen ourselves, because, perhaps, to borrow an expression from the painters, he beheld with a fresher eye.

The young DeTocqueville had said long since that "local assemblies constitute the strength of free nations," that "town meetings are to liberty what primary schools are to science"; and that "a nation may establish a system of free government, but without the spirit of municipal institutions it cannot have the spirit of liberty." In a word, as Mr. Frederic C. Howe has said in his excellent book, "the city is the hope of democracy." The last census shows that about forty-six per cent of our population is urban, the urban increase in the preceding ten years having been thirty-four per cent as against an increase of eleven per cent in the rural population. If democracy is to be justified it must assuredly be justified first in that jurisdiction which is most compact, in that one where the interests vitally affecting the detail of daily life are ever before the citizen, in that one whose government is nearest at hand. The citizen may feel an interest in the amount of indirect tax the tariff compels him to pay in his capacity of ultimate consumer, but what a cold, dispassionate academic interest it will be compared with that warm, personal concern he shows when his street-car fare is under consideration! He may be impressed by a debate in Congress, but interfere by ordinance with the sign he puts out on the sidewalk to advertise the business of his little shop, and see which claims his more vivid attention.

This denial of democracy through constant legislative interference has helped to pile up the tragedy which everywhere and in all times has marked the decadence seemingly inseparable from excessive urbanism. Little need is there to speak of the evil types produced by city life, whether in its higher circles or in the purlieus of the slum and tenderloin. These have been abundantly represented on the stage and in the fiction of every land. The daily newspapers reveal the squalid and saddening phase of city life; it is all too well known, and too constantly noted by the thoughtful and observing; the poets and the preachers have been quite accurate in their descriptions of it, and wholly and nobly right minded in their abhorence of it.

But the literature of the last quarter of the nineteenth century has done much to shatter the old illusion of bucolic virtue. The narrow ignorance of the Russian peasantry was made real in the novels of Tourgenieff and of Tolstoy, and in the terrible types Maxim Gorky has depicted on his depressing page. The studies of Flaubert and of de Maupassant, of Balzac and of Zola, of René Bazin and other Frenchmen of the later day, revealed in France types no less degraded. The Scottish peasantry had been idealized in the novels of most of the Scottish writers of the modern school, until the late George Douglas somewhat corrected their deviations from the norm, and Mr. George Moore has shown us somewhat of the Irish peasant, as has the late John Synge, even if he did make a poetry of their speech which has not gone unresented by a people thought to be somewhat of the poetic temperament. The revelations of the ironic spirit through Mr. Thomas Hardy, in their unequalled presentations of the country folk of England, have been no more reassuring, while Mr. Arnold Bennett, with a credibility that is inherent in the very stuff of his

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serious work, has shown the narrow provincialism of the northern counties of that island. All this may be said, too, of the Spanish peasants in the novels of Galdos and of Valdez, while Björnson and Ibsen have found the Scandinavian peasants and provincials of the same narrow, bigoted, illiberal, and superstitious sort.

If there has been no such study of the rural population in our own land, it may be because of the fact that our writers, when they have not sentimentalized the farmer and his life quite as extravagantly as have the politicians, have chosen to treat them humorously, unless, indeed, it be that they have felt that the official records have spared them the pains. To any one who knows the rural politics of our States the revelations of the last year were not so surprising as they seem to have been to those romanticists who write the startling headlines in the daily press. In Adams County, Ohio, it was shown that two-thirds of the bone and sinew of the land had been regularly selling their votes to the highest bidder, and that the bidders did not have to bid very high either, the price of votes ranging from two dollars to ten dollars, and so many of the guilty ones were disfranchised that in some precincts there were not enough duly qualified electors remaining to man the polls officially for election day. And Adams County knew few of the corrupting influences of urban civilization; it could not have been the corporations, for Adams County was traversed by but one railway, and that scrupulously ran sixteen miles from the county-seat; it was not to be ascribed to the ignorant foreign vote, for there were few if any foreigners in Adams County, the people being of the high, pure American strain; nor could it have been the saloon, for Adams County had been dry for ten years. Here, indeed, was a county ideally rural, where the agricultural and pastoral life were lived in all their sylvan simplicity; one would have said that here, of all places, untouched and uncontaminated by city people and their evil customs, the golden age should have been restored, and that the population of American sovereigns should have developed such Arcadian loveliness of character that the whole State might have been regenerated and redeemed.

And, lest Adams County be thought an exception, revelations about the same time were made of similar political morals in Putnam County, New York, and these were succeeded immediately by exposures quite as distressing in Vermilion County, Illinois. Tammany at its worst could not approach the degradation that was revealed in these rural communities, for while it has been estimated that the purchasable vote in New York is but five per cent of the total electorate, it was shown to be sixty-six and two-thirds per cent in the Ohio instance, while according to the *New York Evening Post* the venality in Putnam County was practically unanimous.

The mere barter and sale of the suffrage does not constitute, of course, all of the corruption in cities, even in New York, and it may be said for the malefactors of small wealth in Adams and Putnam and Vermilion Counties, as for those thousands of other counties in these States exactly like them, that they did not dispose of their suffrages for passes, or for social invitations, or for the smiles and favors of the wicked rich, or for protection, either at the hands of policemen or of the collectors of the customs, or for legal privileges; they seem to have contented themselves with crude and naïve and elemental expressions of the spirit of graft, but, so far as the opportunity was afforded, they seem to have embraced it eagerly and entirely.

But neither the testimony of the criminal records of rural counties nor the evidence adduced by the conscientious novelists of the school of modern realism is needed to prove that the morals of rural communities are no better than those of the urban condition. Any one who has had experience of the atmosphere of the average American State Legislature will readily enough depose that the moral sense of the country member is no better than that of his colleague from the city. The typical exposures in investigations, like those which recently have been made with reference to the election of a distinguished senator from Illinois, have involved the country member, and shown him to be as weak as his brother from the

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city. And he did not learn all the evil he seems to know at the capital of his State. His training was acquired in the school of country politics, in which there is quite as much corruption as there is in the city. Indeed, if the muckrakers were to report to their magazines what they know on this subject, I am sure they would reveal conditions that are worse than those urban States they have so minutely examined. For there the political machine flourishes, with the court-house for its citadel instead of the city hall, and if the corruption is on a scale less prodigious, it will be found quite as wretched and despicable. These instances, to be sure, occur in the small towns where our county seats are placed, and if, in their moral rottenness, they appal, they seem to justify that unknown cynic who on hearing the old adage as to the creation of country and of city added: "Yes, and the devil made the small town."

In one of those charming letters she knew so well how to write, Jane Welsh Carlyle said in 1836, while on a visit to Templand:

"Consider all this, dearest of friends, and imagine much more than I could tell you of the same sort; and infer from it, if you be wise, that the thought you are apt to dwell on too exclusively, that 'God made the country, and man the town,' is to be taken with large reservations—is indeed to be '*strongly doubted.*' You may depend upon it, sir, man, and even the devil, have had a very considerable hand in making the country also."

The greatest of the painters, if they are wise, go to nature for inspiration as did the brethren of Barbizon, but when they return the peasants of Millet—who were not so highly romanticized as those of Israëls—give evidences of little of the moral superiority which the poets and the politicians like to claim for the peasants. Perhaps they confuse nature with man in nature. A savage forest is beautiful, but the savage man roaming it is not; he may be picturesque, but only because he is a part of the picture. It is true that God made the country, but the rustic moralist in his effort to teach man how to die, overlooking the important preliminary that man must, too, learn how to live, seems to have involved himself in a confusion somewhat too complimentary to himself; he has too readily assimilated himself to the landscape, for, while God no doubt did make the country, and man the town, God made the men in both of them, and he made them, after all, pretty much alike. "The first thing you have to learn here below," wrote Mr. William Dean Howells, "is that in essentials you are just like every one else, and that you are different from others only in what is not so much worth while. If you have anything in common with your fellow-creatures, it is something that God gave you; if you have anything that seems quite your own, it is from your silly self, and is a sort of perversion of what came to you from the Creator who made you out of himself, and had nothing else to make any one out of."

And this great and beautiful truth we may learn from those realistic novelists whom Mr. Howells has so ably defended, whenever they seemed to need defence. For on reading of the peasants of the Russian and the French and the Spanish and the English novelists, one finds that their characters are all essentially the same, they are all touched by vices and by virtues so familiar that he soon recognizes his own neighbors in them, whether they be of town or country, and then he recognizes himself in them, too, as he is apt to do in any human combination that includes failures, and follies, and mistakes, and sins. He may find some glories to console him, but at any rate he gains presently an inspiring revelation of the kinship of all men, and finds indeed of one blood all nations of the earth. It is a truth that has been rather persistently ignored in the earth, and rather persistently ignored in the cities of the earth; if it had not been it is conceivable that the cities would more clearly have exemplified the beauties and blessings of democracy than they have.

The Rome that Signor Ferrero recreates before our eyes might almost as well be a modern American city, where one could easily identify the prototypes of Cæsar and of Pompey, who governed that Rome with a political machine for which Crassus the millionaire provided the campaign funds, in return for the privilege of profiting by monopolies of public util-

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the slums, which then, as now, were the inevitable antitheses to the palaces in which Crassus and his respectable circle lived and moved. It is not encouraging, even to the most desperate optimist, to find the life of the cities of that day so much like the life of the cities of our own, even though our historian avers that to this "moral degeneration or civilization" is chiefly to be attributed the unity and prosperity of the empire during the next two centuries. "For," he says, "Rome was able for three centuries to unite East and West to herself and to one another, because she was able to revive the brilliance of city life among the civilized people of the East and to give the barbarians of Europe and Asia a taste for that life," and finally, "in the period of greatest prosperity it was this universal tendency to refinement, comfort, and corruption as evidenced in town life which gave coherence to the empire."

And yet this universal tendency was but the expression of that social impulse which has led mankind to build the city and to attack the formidable problem of communal life, and if in the universal struggle to ameliorate human existence, in the effort for security and ease, in the gradual elevation and refinement of taste, luxury with its enervation and decadence appeared, they came only as the inseparable concomitants of the development. For of course it has not been an innate predilection for evil that has led man to build his cities; it has been his effort to be civil. "Civilization," the etymologists tell us, means the city, or started from the same thing in the beginning, if it does not come to the same thing in the end, and the sociographers—by which term the sociologists may as well be called, since they do so much of their reforming with their pens—must come to discern in the history of the city the main stream of civilization on our planet.

It is in the idea, first, of defence, of mutual protection, that the key to the city is delivered to our thought. As the tribe precedes the nation, so the camp precedes the city. It requires no very large imaginative vision to behold the tribe roving about on its hunting or its by the river's brim, where it might pitch its camp. Then by a simple evolution comes the fortified place, and as the comfort and rest of a permanent abode appeal more and more, industry and agriculture are undertaken, thence exchange, trade, and the crude beginning of commerce. The market-place follows the fort; the trading-post succeeds the stockade; Fort Duquesne becomes Pittsburg; Fort Dearborn, Chicago; Fort Pontchartrain, Detroit; Fort Washington, Cincinnati; Fort Industry, Toledo.

According to that universal law which impels us to exaggerate the importance and desirability of the past, to hark back to the "old-fashioned" days, to idealize that which is dead and gone, man, it is true, has ever had a poetic, sentimental ideal of a perfected human character living in pastoral simplicity, but, with some dim notion of his social need, and, it may be, some prescience of social destiny, his practical ideal has been the city. Like Jude in Mr. Thomas Hardy's great novel, he has been beckoned ever by that mysterious glow of light in the evening horizon that marked the place of the distant town. From the plain of Shinar to the Isle of Patmos, the golden city has been the heaven of his dream.

The Greek love of beauty was born of that spirit which not only peopled groves and mountains with the creatures of poetic fancy, but at the same time fostered urban life, and in the nation's mighty towns democracy wrought her first and most imperishable expression. Athens, according to the universal human impulse, built first for protection and defence, had her shames, but her compensating gifts to mankind were the glories of the Periclean age, an art and a philosophy which still endure, the one the beautiful vague despair, the other the tender consolation of humanity.

Long before the Rome of the Emperors, her returning conquerors had borne home with them the spoils of the opulent cities of the East. Cæsar and Anthony, enthralled by the charms of Cleopatra, were at the same time and perhaps no less fascinated by the splendors, the refinements, and the culture of Alexandria.

City communities sprang up wherever the legions camped, and were encouraged in their independence and civic patriotism until in the third and fourth centuries this policy was superseded, and the emperors used them as instruments of the imperial power. Then civic spirit and municipal enterprise decayed within them, and by the end of the first century of the empire popular control had been completely subverted. Two centuries later local government was a mere form, and when civilization began to flower again after the fall of the Roman empire, it was in the cities of mediæval Italy, which were a restoration rather than a development of the flourishing and independent municipalities of the age of Augustus. Florence gave rise to a popular conscience in Tuscany, Milan overthrew the tyranny of the feudal lords and gave protection to the peasants on the plains of Lombardy; Venice spread her purple sails on the Adriatic, and in these free cities the spirit of democracy produced the wonders and the beauties of the Renaissance. When Cæsar was leading his soldiers northward to the conquest of Gaul, the German barbarian, emerging from his black and gloomy forests, was already building his *burg*, and laying the beginning of a civilization that was to rear Hamburg and Lübeck, and to form that league of Hansa towns which in the days of German disunion was to uphold the honor of her commerce. Thence, too, sprang Nuremberg and Munich and Dresden, with their various excellencies in the arts, and Frankfort and Düsseldorf, and finally Berlin rising to her great occasion as capital of the newly welded empire. In Gaul, the same impulse had long been stirring, and there were to be found the germs of the communes, in one of which a few years later—as years run in the long sweep of history — the long-haired Merovingian kings, as Carlyle's eye saw them for us, were wending their way in their clumsy bullock-carts along the streets that in later centuries were to witness the parade of the fashion and the beauty and the wit of the modern world.

In England, too, the work of civilization was begun with the building of the city. London, in existence before Cæsar went to Britain, was destined to preserve unbroken the continuity of her history under Roman and Saxon and Norman dominion, to preserve her leadership among the cities of the earth, and, against king and peasant, despite the frequent suppression of her charters in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the arbitrary proceedings of Charles II and his ministers against her liberties, to remain free, and to preserve to this day her privileges, so that when the latest of the British kings goes to his crowning, he is halted, if but by a silken cord, at Temple Bar, the entrance to the Strand where once stood the gate to the old city of London.

The imperative needs of communal life of course demanded freedom, the liberty to develop, and as this necessity was always resisted by autocracy—by an overlord of some kind, the king, the noble, or the bishop—so also was it resented by the country folk. The great municipal movement in Europe in the twelfth century was everywhere opposed by the peasants. They could not comprehend it, could not be affected by the generous enthusiasms, nor be so quickly stirred by the inspiring vision which men in the mass caught from time to time. They were scattered abroad, without social contact, and could not comprehend the communal ideal. Paris had not only to conquer the old order, whose reign of terror had endured four hundred years, but she had to encounter the stubborn and fanatical resistance of the peasants of Vendée to the liberal ideas of the Revolution. The English country folk were always inimical to progress in their land, just as the American farmers, in their legislatures have so often, though unconsciously, helped the plutocracies that are responsible for so much of the corruption and misgovernment in the cities of our own.

Thus the cities have ever been in advance. In them the great battles of liberty on the intellectual and political, the social and industrial field have been fought. In them the fierce mobs have poured forth, and flung up the barricade to shelter liberty. In them man has built his palaces of art, his colleges of learning, his universities where the truth is sought, libraries stored with the product of his mind, and factories and shops and mills where his industry, amidst so much

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confusion and so much suffering, slowly takes form and finds expression.

Strange, is it not, that the workings of an impulse so universal, a thing mankind has been doing over and over again from the very beginning, in every land and age, should so persistently be called artificial? As well call the bee-hive or the beaver's dam an artificiality as the city. It is the most natural thing in the world, an elemental form of human association, like the family or the tribe, built in obedience to some divine, if obscure, instinct. It is the expression of man's determination to free himself from the slavery of an obdurate isolation, and from the thraldom of primitive fears, the symbol of his Titanic effort to conquer nature, to rise above the merely physical, and to release the spirit to higher flights. In short, it is the vast strain, the irresistible urge of democracy to render life more equal, more secure, more precious, in obedience to an instinct that grows less and less obscure, as, amid the perplexities of life, reason and the good-will of man discern a better purpose, a better order, and a better way.

All attempts to thwart or throttle the instinct are in vain. It is not to be swept back by bucolic verse or hortatory eloquence, or arrested by foolish legislation. That, as Emerson said, is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting. Our plain course, rather, is to trust this instinct, to follow this spirit, for it is the spirit of liberty, and the processes of liberty are aseptic and heal their own wounds. This spirit must ere long develop, if it can have room in which to play, what may be called the *city sense*. It is something vague and dim, unrealized as yet, a something difficult to describe, perhaps impossible to define. It has nothing to do with those superior airs, those lofty affectations, and that certain condescension which urban sophistication breeds in little men; all this has been estimated at its true value by the ruralist, and, for it, he has taken a supreme and ironic revenge by that relentless, rigid rule in which he has held the city. It is something more than civicism, or the sense of solidarity, or mass consciousness; it is the expression of the common hopes and the social ardors of mankind; it somehow comprehends and restores all those emotions that are dampened by stoic indifference and the hard selfishness of unrestrained individualism, and reassures those aspirations that are denied by the provincial spirit. If this individualism has caused the rustic to distrust his city cousin, it has had the far more sinister effect of causing the urbanite to hate his brother, so that in Mr. A. E. Housman's terrible and beautiful poems the Shropshire Lad exiled to London streets can see

> "In many an eye that measures me
> The mortal sickness of a mind
> Too unhappy to be kind.
> Undone with misery, all they can
> Is to hate their fellow man;
> And till they drop they needs must still
> Look at you and wish you ill."

This city sense, unknown in the country district, has scarcely as yet been apprehended by city folk themselves, nor can it be so long as our cities are considered merely as places in which to make a living, but not to live. But when at last it is caught, there will develop an *esprit de corps* that will build cities not only for dignity and beauty, but for the grace and art of common life. There will be a comradeship in labor and a unity of ideal, discovering to mankind the fact that in the cities, after all, there are human beings, no less real, no less honest, no less virtuous, because they lack homespun and gingham.

This sense is already beginning to find a rudimentary expression in the tendency to replan cities, or to plan cities, since they were never planned in the first place, but merely grew, haggard, unkempt, and ugly, as industrial accidents. We are hearing much of the city beautiful in these days; hardly a city or a town that has not its commission and its plan for a unified treatment of its parks, for a civic centre of some sort—in a word, its dream. These are the expressions of that divine craving in mankind for harmony, for beauty, for order, which is the democratic spirit. This, of course, is no new impulse; after the great London fire in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren drew plans for building the city anew, and had the model city he imagined been erected, civilization might have been a lovelier thing than it has been. L'Enfant planned an ideal Washington—amid the jeers of all philis-

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tinism, echoing in the halls of Congress even in our own day—but there is now the hope that his dream will be realized; indeed, it is being realized as the result of the intelligence and appreciation which in these matters marked the administrations of Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft.

But ere long there is to be not only a new architecture, but a new poetry of the city. Poets will continue, no doubt, to the end of time, to imitate Virgil's

> "O ubi campi,
> Spercheiosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
> Taygeta! O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!"

as Virgil was imitating Theocritus, and between them they seem to have got the emotion expressed well enough, but already there are some who, like Mr. Austin Dobson, have discovered

> "an urban Muse . . . bound
> By some strange law to paven ground,"

and are being led by her on delightful adventures through the city. There is in Mr. Dobson's graceful verse a quality of mild apology, as if after all the city were no place for poets; this quality was not in the London Voluntaries of the virile Henley, and the poetry I am trying to intimate would be virile; partake, perhaps, even of the robustness of Walt Whitman, who discovered the city in his poetry long ago and straightway sounded his barbaric yawp over its house-tops. Some of our younger poets, among them Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, whose various performances Mr. Louis Untermeyer has been appraising in a series of little essays in the *Chicago Evening Post*, have confessed an urbane Muse, though the only one who has written exactly in the mood I have tried to indicate is Mr. James Oppenheim, and he has done it not in his verse alone, but in his prose as well. He has the city sense, so far as one may possess it when it is unknown and unacknowledged all about him; he understands the city's soul, and, more than all else, he loves the people in the city, as a poet should. In a recent novel he has written a description of our metropolis, or of our New York, as one may possessively say it, since those outside it seem to work so hard to support it, which in its effect of imagination and of beauty is a poem that reveals this city sense as yet so dim in us, the sense that through the ages has been groping its way upward through the people in the cities of the world.

And then, too, there are to be paintings of the city, not alone those Venetian scenes with which the painters have filled the world, nor even those rare and charming etchings and beautiful nocturnes which were the product of the mighty and unique genius of Whistler, but paintings that will reveal the human quality and, as it were, the soul and spirit of our towns. Of these there have been few as yet, or comparatively few, though as I write I recall a modest canvas from the brush of Mr. Jonas Lie, a view of lower Broadway caught in purple mists which somehow suggests the mystery and the beauty that are to be found in cities, even in our own cities, if one but have the eyes to see it, as, for instance, Mr. VanGorder has seen it in Paris streets, and some day it is to be hoped will see it in the streets of his own town. Somewhat more imaginative, somewhat more suggestive, is the series of canvases which Mr. Birge Harrison has painted, with a vision of the city as it is and as it is to be.

But it is not enough that there be poems about the city, or that an artist here and there should boldly set up his easel in the crowded street; it is not enough that one should make a sonnet of some urban mood, or that the other should behold a new beauty. There is to be a poetry, an art, that is of the city, subjective in its expression of the meaning and the purpose of communal life. Civilization may well provide better housing for the people, and by means of purified-water supplies, light, and transportation serve the public utility, health, and convenience; it may extend and harmonize parks and breathing-spots, widen boulevards, plant trees and flowers, and make playgrounds, swimming-pools, and skating-ponds for the children, and thus introduce into urban life something of the wholesomeness and charm of rural life. It may plan and arrange its cities so that they will please the æsthetic eye and, with music-halls and art-galleries,

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refine and ennoble taste; it may build its roads far out on the countryside, and by its myriad conveniences and inventions, the marvels of its genius, alleviate the rigors of rural existence and bring country and city more closely together; all these it may do and is doing. But this is not all. For this city sense, this urge of democracy is but the spirit of goodwill in humanity, working now, however blindly, however unconsciously, with whatever bungling and mistake to improve the lot of man, and this spirit must contrive cities that shall be not only clean, beautiful, and symmetrical in their physical proportions, but cities, in a word, which by a stupendous and supreme summing up of all the sciences and all the arts shall express the ideals of the people and work wonderful ameliorations in the human soul. This will not be accomplished by the triumph of one class over another, or by any *bouleversement* in which the processes of despotism will be reversed. It will not come out of the clash of parties, or by new formulæ, new dogma, or new orthodoxies; these would but replace the old that are no different from them in spirit, or from the brute force on which they rely; they would fail as the others have failed. It will not descend upon the cities from any feudal lord or industrial baron of our time, whether in the hall of legislature or in the counting-house, however gracious and benevolent he may be. It must come up from the people themselves through patient study and careful experiment in the spirit of humility and tolerance and be the expression of their own best longings and aspirations.

For such a freedom the cities themselves must be made free, for the great advancements, the great progressions in the world and in the life of the race have been made where the cities were free. The cities indeed are microcosms. In them the cleavages that divide society are easily beheld, the problems that weary mankind are somehow reduced to simpler factors. Privilege can be seen, almost with the eye; its various despots may be identified, as though they rolled in chariots through the streets, and its victims as they run, begging, after. The cities are the centres of the nation's thought, the citadels of its liberties, and as they were once and originally the trading-posts and the stockades whence the hardy pioneers began their conquest of the physical domain of the continent, so are they now the outposts whence mankind is to set forth on a new conquest of the spiritual world, in which the law of social relations is to be discovered and applied. Already we apprehend a new truth, that in the inspiring tendency of the neo-democratic spirit there is to be realized not only an æsthetic, but an ethic beauty, and the time is foreshadowed when our cities will be beautiful in their morals, in their spirit, and in the common lot and in the individuality, the personality of their citizens. But that time will come only when they are made free of feudal rulers. And, thence, from the city into the State, from the State into the nation, is it, in this old and moody and nervous age, too much to hope?—from the nation into the world? It is the dream of America, at any rate, the goal of democracy and the purpose of civilization.

HUMORESQUE

By Antoinette De Coursey Patterson

Two roses, red and white, grew side by side—
Love kissed them—from the one the color died;
The other flamed into a scarlet hue—
Together, white and red, two roses grew.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

TIMES have changed since, in an expansive moment, the patriotic Sir Walter put his question about the "man with soul so dead . . . whose heart hath ne'er within him burned." Nowadays when we return from our national pastime of racing from foreign strand to foreign strand our hearts burn with emotion less exalted, and, as we shuffle uneasily down the gang-plank, we give utterance only to a yearning, hopeless prayer for a lenient customs inspector. Vain desire! Down upon us swoop the minions of the deputy collector. They strew the pier far and wide with our belongings; nose out our foreign purchases to the last hat-pin; sniff at our schedules of valuation; and with rapid remorseless pencils figure out customs bills in excess of all that we spent abroad.

Welcome Home!

They are polite about it, are the customs inspectors. The corners of their mouths do not twitch as we assure them of the ridiculous bargain prices we paid; they are patient under our protestations, but they do not cut a penny off the total. It is not a personal matter, they give us to understand; they are merely cogs in the wheel-work of the Treasury Department. Their duty is to assay and compute, machine-like, without animus or favor. If we disagree with the verdict, we may appeal to the next higher cog-wheel. In comparison with this aloof dignity we come off badly. We argue, plead, beseech, storm, rave, imprecate, threaten to carry the case through all the courts in the country; but in the end we think of the cost, of the delays, of the unending red-tape of legal process; we want our baggage, we want to get home; we take out our pocket-books and pay the bill.

Then follows the bitterness of packing up again! How lustreless, how vain, how superfluous all our treasures look! Why in the world did we burden ourselves with that enormous samovar? And those English blankets; by what sophistry were we persuaded that it is economical to buy such things abroad? Is it really obligatory on us to give a present to every chance acquaintance? Could we not have got along with fewer than a dozen neckties, brooches, handkerchiefs, scarfs, thimbles, souvenir-spoons, souvenir hat-pins, souvenir paper-weights? Where in our modest establishments can we possibly find room for all these reams of photographs, these innumerable plaster casts? As we jam back article after article into the trunks our gloom darkens to misanthropy. Even the American expressman and the American cab-driver can add hardly a drop of bitterness to our full draught of wormwood, nor has any thrill of pleasure voltage enough to pierce the thick insulation of our disgust. We walk out into our native land and all that we had looked forward to we find savorless: American sky-scrapers appear merely big, not soaring; American soda-water is insipid; the accents of American speech, so often yearned for on the Corso or the Rue de Rivoli, strike harsh and unmusical upon our ears. The glory and the dream of home-coming is departed.

Nor does the bitterness quickly wear off. We reiterate our grievances till all our friends are weary of them. We write grumbling letters to the newspapers. We agitate for a tariff reform that never comes. At last indignant memory goads us to such a point that we are ready to question what has been axiomatic to more than a generation of good Americans. Startled, as by a heresy, we venture the question, "Does it pay to go to Europe?" What is the use of all our knowledge laboriously gathered and correlated? What advantage is it to know the one best antique shop in Antwerp, to know that in Rome we can buy almost for nothing lace-work dresses to which with a few touches any ordinary Parisian dressmaker can give the style and "chic" of veritable creations? Our Baedeckers are interleaved with a hundred fine points of shopping worked out by real experience. We know where authentic old brass candelabra are to be had in Toledo, enamels in Moscow, beaten-silver jewelry

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London broadcloths, Milanese silks, Dublin linens. We have learned to hold our own in bargaining with Neapolitans, Greeks, Armenians. We can distinguish real coral, real mosaics, honest carved wood from the trash designed for tourists. We can pack miscellaneous knobby objects with the adroitness of shipping-clerks; but what does all this profit us if after passing unscathed a dozen foreign frontiers we are mulcted at our own door-step? Does it pay to go abroad? After making allowance for time, bother, travelling expenses, and, last and bitterest of all, for the customs charges at the end of the trip, cannot we perhaps shop to better advantage in America? Slowly, hampered by a long habit of thought, we are beginning to guess the true answer to this question. American prices may be high, but at least they are final; bargains are rare, but they remain bargains, and are not metamorphosed into extravagances by confiscatory revenue officers. Already our foreign trips are becoming less frequent. Before long, unless some drastic change in customs law takes place, we shall be forced to stay at home for all our vacations, leaving Europe to those dull people who read histories on shipboard; whom we run across now and again in foreign cities, guide-book in hand, staring dumbly at cathedrals or hurrying into some dreary museum; who, when they are asked to make a declaration of everything acquired abroad, can think of nothing to put down but: A new appreciation of Rembrandt; some beginnings of an understanding of the progression of the centuries; memories of Chartres, Amiens, Burgos; a sense of kinship with the burghers who raised the Guild-halls of Bruges and Ghent; an introduction to Velasquez at the Prado . . . acquisitions so patently valueless that even the harpies of the custom-house can only gasp and let them pass free and unquestioned.

MAKE smooth the path of knowledge, is the cry to-day; enter arithmetic with a hop, skip, and a jump; with a "Ha-ha, two and two are four, children. How droll that is!" The existence of so dull a thing as study is concealed as though it were some disgraceful family skeleton; pellets of wisdom are sugar-coated and buried in sweets.

Let us play a game tog

There are no letters to
to harass, no dates to an
save what rhythm and
slowly and subconsciou
into one's head. Led
from game to game, "e
able and easy, we turn
"stiff" and difficult.

We cry out against a v
boy to deliver papers in
or run errands after scho
pleasure," we cry. "M
happy; they shall lie lat
know no home duties; t
free out of school, for
soon."

Care; yes, and cowardi

Are these kindergarte
on through college life, de
We have learned the
bodies; we no longer mu
cap our ears; we know tl
with the winds and brea
of-doors. But are we
fibre? Will it fatten o
vigorous on non-resistan
spring from dalliance?
already a growing fear c
from perplexity, a mor
fact, that should give u

Perhaps because the
down old restraints and
dom, the danger seems t
home to women. Fifty
search New England thi
among the outcast and
ate women. To-day, s
our little villages, are tl
too weak to meet the
brought; finding forget
alcohol. And they are
education, of charm—
surroundings have left
meet sorrow, disillusion

Shall we continue to
tivism" which Dr. Mü
"meant to bring the
dom, but principally
tion of self-discipline?"
more teach our childre
play for knowledge, b
all, the "true success is
the best gift we can
age?

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On Crossing the Street

YESTER-YEAR I was madly hopping this way and that—daily, in my own person, solving the congested traffic problem of "N' Yawk"; this summer Fate has led me to the placid streets of Green Meadow; the motorman slows down anxiously to learn when, where, how, and if I intend to cross the street; the chauffeur crawls beneath the elms, honking loudly as he chaufs; and the newly installed traffic squad stands in superb isolation in the geographic centre of the town, his arms proudly crossed upon his stalwart breast, his thoughts engrossed with "movies" or trout-fishing, or whatever else enlivens his day when his placid duties cease.

Consequently I think: which is neither *comme-il-faut* nor safe in New York. I see what, in nearer perspective, I had no time to connote before—the character-revealing nature of street-crossing.

A supinely clings to the electric-light standard or the mail-box until plucked by the police and piloted across amid the tense suspension of traffic—a clinging vine and not always a feminine vine at that.

B plunges into the vortex without a glance to right or left, followed by the shrieks of women, the not-to-be-reported language of chauffeurs, the execrations of the lord of the crossing—a very Theodore come to Broadway.

C pursues the well-known method of the hen, scuttling fearfully, squeaking painfully almost to the farther curb, only to dash back under the hoofs of rearing horses and the burstless tire of the Unco Rich—a Whiffler; a Would But Dare Not; an Almost Thou Persuadest Me.

D creeps timidly to the centre of the street; there loses nerve completely and can neither advance nor retreat; turned into stone by the Medusa-head of traffic, a very twin of the roofer I once saw lurking white and shaking behind a chimney until a dry-goods clerk climbed the ladder and led him gently down. Aspirations enough to lead one into trouble but no strong heart to pluck success.

There are at every crossing whole troops of the submissive, hanging breathless on the toot of a whistle, the wave of a hand; underdogs, these; slaves of convention and of circumstance; found behind every counter, on every board, in every walk of life.

But now and then, to one who watches, comes the rare soul of balance and *aplomb*, who strolls leisurely across; horses plunge behind him, automobiles shoot before, but our wizard of the crossing moves unhindered and unhindering—the right man in the right place, the leader of men.

And *I*—I walk serenely across the very centre of Green Meadows, and meditate undisturbed.

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·THE FIELD OF ART·

SOME OF DANIEL C. FRENCH'S LATER WORK

MUCH of the monumental work executed by Mr. Daniel C. French in later years has been somewhat along the lines of his great Milmore memorial, funerary, and memorial monuments, but frequently more intimate in appeal, simpler apparently—though not really so; striving to convey more in fewer words, as it were; suggestion instead of story-telling; a single figure motionless instead of a group in action. It is difficult not to think that this is the way in which the higher art proceeds; that it is truly finer to develop the artist's message, of longing, or hope, or sorrow, in the heart of the spectator than to spell it out, palpably and objectively, before his eyes in pigments or in stone. This would seem to be peculiarly the inspiration which should animate the sculptor, limited as he is to his perfectly solid and ponderable materials, to his necessity, apparently, of positive definition. It is not a form of art for those dull of eye and slow of comprehension, but it is so much the better; there is no surer way to degrade art than to work *downward* to the level of the meanest comprehension, as Tolstoi seems to preach in his incorrect limiting of art, as generally conceived, "as making pleasure its sole object," and thence drawing his conclusion: "Since the art of to-day is not accessible to all, it is then evident either that art has not the importance we attribute to it or, that which we to-day call art is not the true art." On the other hand, the beautiful theory of communicating the incommunicable, held by Rodin and other practitioners, may fall into mere incoherence and even grotesqueness in the attempt to carry it out—as has been demonstrated.

The Melvin Memorial, by Daniel C. French.

It may be said that in none of his works has Mr. French more nearly attained this high ideal than in his Melvin memorial in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass., and in that erected to the memory of Marshall Field in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. In each case, in the simplest architectural setting he has placed a single figure: a floating, winged, mourning Victory, lifting her veil, and a seated Memory. The Massachusetts monument had the somewhat more tragic inspiration of the two: three brothers went to the war in the days of the great rebellion and only one returned; in later life the survivor resolved to erect a memorial for the others in the burying place though they lay somewhere in undistinguished graves in Southern battle-fields. In a shady place in this enclosure facing an open space at the intersection of several driveways three tablets of slate are let into the pavement, each bearing a musket and wreaths in bronze, inlaid, with the inscriptions, and over them rises this beautiful, grieved figure with her spray of the heroes' laurel. In the Marshall Field memorial, the heavily draped figure of Memory, her head drooping on her hand, sits on a low pedestal on the edge of a long lawn, the lot being a hundred feet wide and eighty-eight deep, behind her a broken wall of greenery, and before her the long lines and just proportions of Mr. Henry Bacon's simple architectural setting and a still little pool in the centre edged with sea-shell granite from Maine. The figure is in bronze, very quiet—as is just; the ornaments on the pedestal are also in bronze. The throne or seat

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Head of the Lincoln statue, in Lincoln, Neb.
Daniel C. French, sculptor.

is of a dark-red stone like porphyry; the granite of the pedestal is a very dark-gray stone with a "rubbed" surface. On the uprights of this low throne are panels in low relief, male figures of Equity and Integrity. The full-size model of this statue was completed in the spring of 1910, just before Mr. French sailed for Italy, and the monument was placed in position in October, 1911.

A third of these typical single figures is that in a private plot in Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, Mass.: a standing, draped, winged figure looking upward, in deep thought but not doubting, and touching the palms of her hands lightly together in front of her unconsciously—a curiously happy conception. It has been called the "Angel of Peace," but Peacefulness is probably more nearly the sculptor's meaning.

A different, but perhaps even rarer, inspiration was required for the tablet in high relief placed in the Memorial Chapel of Wellesley College, in memory of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and unveiled in the summer of 1910. The orator of this ceremony was Mr. Edwin Hale Abbot, the donor of the memorial, professor of history and president of the college. "Mrs. Palmer," he said, "was feminine to the core, sensitive, sympathetic, keen in the enjoyment of beauty, always a companion, unbound by traditions of the past, seeking on every side opportunities of larger interest for her sex." In the taller figure of this group the sculptor has gone far in the direction of realizing the first phrase of this description, which, quite probably, he thought included all the others. Drooping her head like a mother over the young girl who has just lit her lamp from the altar of knowledge, this truly feminine preceptor sends her forth into the world, not without apprehension, but hopefully, full of love and of longing. In the type presented of the young girl student we have something so discriminating and intelligent, so different from the conventional, that all the practical, explanatory qualities of a memorial record like this are furnished and, at the same time, the beauty and pathos of the other figure enhanced. On the front of the pedestal of this work is a portrait medallion of Mrs. Palmer, and beneath it an inscription: "Here rest the ashes of Alice Freeman Palmer in the heart of the college she loved." In the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in 1911, a replica of this monument was given one of the posts of honor at the end of the long gallery devoted to sculpture.

The more purely historical statue of Governor Oglethorpe, in Chippewa Square, Savannah, Ga., was cast in the same bronze foundry, and at the same time, as the Memory, and the pedestal and surroundings were also designed by Mr. Henry Bacon, Mr. French's collaborator in all these monumental pieces. The site selected is in the centre of the square. In honor of the founder of the colony of Georgia, the loyal citizens made a two days' celebration, civic and military, of the formal unveiling. Here it was no longer a question of the intimate—the appeal is made quite frankly to the picturesque historical record, but epitomizing and suggestive rather than too literal. The tall figure of the governor stands upright on

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the slender upright pedestal, in laced hat, breastplate, and long boots, sword in hand, alert, ready for council or action. This alertness is emphasized by a neat little touch, the transfer of the glove of the sword-hand to the other. For the portrait, Mr. French had two prints apparently from contemporary paintings and a portrait which is introduced into one of Hogarth's paintings. At the corners of the square base of Knox-

in the Concord Public Library, at Concord, Mass. In the spring of 1879 he executed a bust from sittings at Emerson's house in Concord, but he will make the statue much younger than the sage was at that time—about forty-five. He has also the aid of some beautiful daguerreotypes taken at this period. The statue will probably be in marble, and the funds for it were raised by popular subscription. He is also at work on an heroic

"Memory."

Detail of Marshall Field Monument, Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. Daniel C. French, sculptor. Henry Bacon, architect. Figure bronze. Seat of granite.

ville marble are four lions, also very upright, guarding each a shield bearing the arms of the State of Georgia, the colony of Georgia, the city of Savannah, and of Governor Oglethorpe. Notwithstanding its decoration, this base and pedestal are skilfully contrived to subordinate themselves to the statue, which in size and ponderableness, partly thanks to its darker material, seems to be very justly balanced and sustained.

Since the autumn of 1910 Mr. French has had on his hands the problem of a seated statue of Ralph Waldo Emerson, to be placed

equestrian statue of the late General William Franklin Draper, to be erected in what is now known as Congregational Park, Milford, Mass., the monument being the gift to the town of Mrs. Susan Preston Draper, the widow, who selected the sculptor. This will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in September, 1912. For the somewhat famous Cleveland, Ohio, Federal Building—one of the very first to be erected in a practical demonstration on a large scale of the possibility of creating a "municipal group" in a "City Beautiful"—Mr. French fur-

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nished the two monumental groups of Commerce and Jurisprudence on the exterior; and for the two façades of the second building, the Cuyahoga Court House, he is one of the five sculptors who have been commissioned to supply no less than fourteen statues. The other artists are Herbert Adams, Karl Bitter, Herman Matzen, and Isidore Konti. Mr. French's two figures are King Edward I and John Hampden.

In the spring of 1910 he commenced work on his model of the heroic standing statue of Lincoln, to be erected in Lincoln, Neb., on the State House grounds, and which was completed early in 1912. A replica of this statue was exhibited for the first time publicly in the gallery of the Century Club, in New York, in April of this year. The great president stands with clasped hands and bowed head, in his "Garden of Gethsemane," perhaps, as he once wrote, in one of his darkest hours. The familiar countenance, seen necessarily in a half light, is thoughtful and troubled; the very grip of the hands shows mental stress; the weight of the body is thrown on the right leg, but the other, extended to the left, indicates that the moment for action and speech is imminent. The pedestal is about six feet in height; behind the figure rises a great block of dark polished granite bearing the Gettysburg speech in bronze letters let into the stone.

General Oglethorpe, Savannah, Ga.
Daniel C. French, sculptor.

Mr. French's fine, heroic, mounted Washington, the horse by Edward C. Potter, still lifts the point of his sword in salute in the Place d'Iéna, Paris—with the exception of Paul Bartlett's equestrian statue of LaFayette in the court of the Tuileries, the only large and important public monument by an American sculptor in that capital. Visitors to the Chicago Exposition of 1893, who have forgotten most of their impressions of that great show, will remember his colossal figure of the Republic which stood at one end of the water basin, facing the Administration Building, and they will be glad to know that she may still be seen, somewhat reduced in size.

Of his more purely architectural work, one of the latest examples is the pediment to be placed over the entrance of the New Hampshire Historical Society's Building in Concord, carved out of one block of Concord granite. On either side of the oval medallion bearing the title and seal of the society are winged kneeling figures typifying ancient and modern history—the former, female and no longer young, pressing a skull to her breast, and endeavoring to decipher a stone tablet held before her; the latter, a nude young man, with his right hand on a globe representing the world, and poring over a scroll of parchment or papyrus in his lap, and with his hand also carried to his breast. Over the central medallion rises a heavy double volute with sprays of oak and of laurel, and, crowning all, the owl, Minerva's bird, in the centre of the anthemion. One of his latest commissions is that for a memorial to the late Andrew H. Green. This is to be placed at the northern end of Central Park, at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Seventh Avenue. The monument will be in the form of a portrait statue, on the summit of a marble column, with handsome electroliers at the sides.

And, as a contrast to all these monumental works, evoking the great emotions, there is his charming little statuette, one of the very few he has done, the lean, wistful, little Vanitas, or Narcissa, enamored of her own reflection in the bowl of water she carries.

The value of all this good work has been recognized by the sculptor's professional brethren. In January, 1911, he was elected honorary president of the National Sculpture Society.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

BEHIND THEM STREAMED THE MINGLED TRAFFIC OF A ROAD THAT LED TO A GREAT CITY.

—"The Stable of the Inn," page 641.

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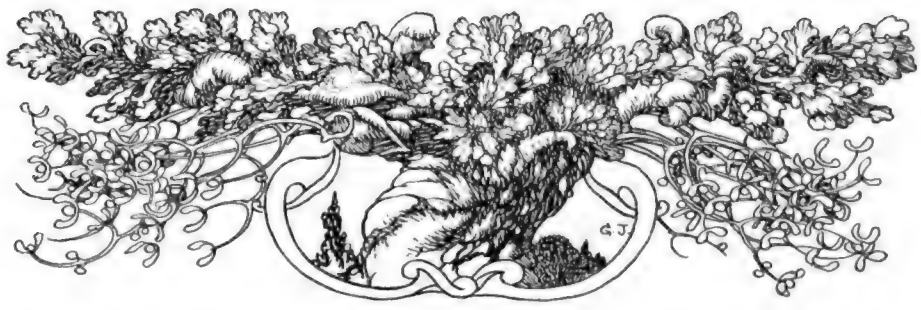

THE STABLE OF THE INN

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

IT was in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar or, as some say, in quite another year—in what was known simply as the tenth month, or, by another account, at the beginning of the eighth month. Toward the eventide of a calm day, two travellers of the peasant class, a man and a young woman—the latter riding an ass, beside which the man walked—toiled slowly up the rough highway that climbed the rocky hills a little to the southward of the ancient capital of Judea where Herod now reigned. The top of the pass in the range toward which their faces were set was crowned with a small town, whose walls, lifted above the straggling olive trees, gleamed white and pink in the light of the declining sun. The wayfarers had journeyed all day, and the woman was faint with fatigue. At length she spoke to the man. He bowed his head and, as they reached a convenient point, turned out of the rough and dusty highway, and at a little distance came to a halt in a sloping, bare field to one side, in which, on an outjut of rock, stood an old and rude tower, lifted above the folds along a ledge of the hill—the tower of Eder. On the lower hills beyond the far edge of the field some shepherds were minding their flocks as they grazed their way slowly homeward along the sides of the rocky ravines which seamed the range.

Moving far enough into the field to be beyond the dust and noise of the highway, and, if necessary, to seek refuge in the tower, the man helped the woman to dismount with more gentleness than was usually shown by people of their class. Behind them streamed the mingled traffic of a road that led to a great city. Men on foot or mounted on asses or camels passed along; truckers with loads of produce packed in immense panniers on their beasts or bearing on their heads bundles so huge that it was a wonder they were not crushed beneath them; drovers with herds of dusty cattle or flocks of sheep

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and goats on the way to market; travellers of a better degree, with servants and attendants following their horses or chariots; long lines of camels swinging slowly by in single file like great flocks of gigantic four-legged birds, the dust spurting in clouds from their lagging feet at every step. And now and then a body of soldiers swung clanking by, taking the best part of the road and with imperious voices ordering every one out of their way.

The man was already past middle age and, though of the peasant class, his face was strong and his features good, like so many of his race. The woman, young enough to be his daughter, might have been taken for his wife, save for a certain distance in his manner toward her. A young Roman noble who passed them that day, on his way to Herod's court, observing them, and noting, with an eye for beauty, the delicate features of the young woman, disclosed by her veil's slipping for a moment, concluded that the woman was some Jewish girl of station, and that her attendant was her father's steward escorting her home. She was, indeed, treated by her companion with a distinction approaching reverence. Having helped her down, he spoke softly and spread his robe on the ground for her to sit upon.

From a little distance floated upward the bleating of sheep, and presently the flocks began to appear, winding up from the lower slopes, led by their shepherds toward the folds built on the sides of the hills. To the woman's sigh of fatigue the man replied soothingly that they would soon be at their journey's end—at Bethlehem.

"Little Bethlehem!" murmured the young woman.

"'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda,'" quoted the man. "'For out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.' But thou art faint. The bottle is dry. The child that cried to us for water took the last drop. I will try to get thee some. The shepherds yonder will have it." She said something of her fear for him if he went among strange men, for the road from Jericho, which they had lately crossed, was infested with robbers --and the shepherds were a wild and reckless class. He reassured her and left her. Bearing the leathern bottle in his hand, he crossed the field and went over to one of the sheepfolds near by, where he talked to one of the shepherds, an elderly man, bearded to the eyes. When he returned a little later, he bore in his hand a bottle of milk and a piece of the coarse bread that the shepherds eat. Not long afterward the shepherds themselves came over, one after one; plain; bearded; beaten by the weather; tanned by the sun; men of the field, with their stout staves, their sheepskin coats and goat-skin leggings, and their bags, or scrips, hung over their shoulders. At their approach the young woman, who was soon to be a mother, shyly drew about her her veil, which was ample enough to cover her from head to foot. The man as quietly moved forward and, interposing between her and the strangers, greeted the leader. But they were friendly. They wanted to talk.

"Thou art from Galilee?" queried the shepherd in the lead, a rough, grizzled man with eyes that burned deep under his shaggy brows. "Thy speech is Galilean?"

The other man bowed.

"Of Nazareth."

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth!" jeered a voice rom the rear.

"As good as from Kerioth," answered another, at which his companions laughed. The speaker turned to the traveller.

"Thy name is—what?"

"Joseph, son of Jacob."

"Thou knowest my uncle, Zebedee, the fisherman? He hath a fine son——"

"I know him and his son James, and young Simon from the Rock who fishes with him."

"I know them not," said the shepherd; "but Zebedee is my mother's brother, and Judas the Zealot——"

"His wife is half-sister to her," said the traveller, with a movement of the head toward the young woman.

The connection made an impression on all around and the men drew closer together.

"Dost thou know Judas the Zealot?"

Joseph bowed.

"Hast thou seen him lately?"

"But the other day he came up from the sea to my shop to get a sheath put to his fish-knife."

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"I know that knife," said the shepherd, glancing around at his companions with pride. "He had it of one of the Sicarians. The Romans did not get it."

The other shepherds laughed hoarsely.

"It hath done other work in its time," continued the shepherd. "I heard my uncle tell of it. When Judas's father was slain, one of his captains flung himself over the cliff, and my uncle found the knife later at the foot of the cliff when he was drying his net."

"When didst thou see him last?" asked Joseph, as if to change the subject.

"He came to the Passover and sought me out. He wanted me to go and be a fisherman, but I told him that I knew the hills better than the water and I would stay here. Dost thou look for the coming one?"

Joseph bowed.

"Whither goest thou?" asked the shepherd. "Jerusalem is behind thee."

"To Bethlehem, to meet the tax, and be enrolled."

"Ah! The tax! The tax! It is always the tax," exclaimed the shepherd, while the others growled their assent. "Why should they enroll us! To slay us? Did not King David try it! And how many men did it cost! Would that we had more like Judas! Art thou of Bethlehem?" he added.

"Yea, of the tribe and lineage of David. Both of us."

He glanced around to where the young woman sat.

The speech evidently made a further impression on the shepherds.

"Would that we had another David! That would be better yet!"

"Aye, aye!" echoed the others. "And he was a shepherd! He would see us righted and not let them carry us off to the war and leave our sheep without a shepherd."

"But there is no war, now, nor rumor of war," said Joseph, "and the ploughshare is better than the sword and the pruning-hook than the spear."

"Dost thou know Joachim?" asked the shepherd suddenly.

"Yea," said Joseph; "well."

"He was once a shepherd here, fifteen or twenty years ago."

Joseph listened with interest.

"It was when the high-priest drove him from the altar because his wife was barren. He came here and lived with me. And 'tis said his wife knew not where he was and feared him dead. And he prayed always, always, and one night a vision came to him. An angel said to him: 'Was not Sara long barren? And Rachael? And yet she bore Joseph who was lord of Egypt —stronger than Samson and holier than Samuel.' And he bade him leave and go to Jerusalem and enter by the Golden Gate. And I have heard that his wife met him there and that she bore him a daughter?"

"It is true," said Joseph; "she is there."

The shepherd stopped and gazed long and curiously at the figure on the ground.

"So!" he murmured. "Zebedee said there was talk of strange things at Nazareth; he said that word had come that again a barren woman had borne a child —a woman as old as our mother Sara, and that her husband had seen a vision—his name was Zachariah, was it not? Hast thou heard of it?" His voice sank and his eyes sought the traveller's eyes. The other shepherds listened intently.

The young woman on the ground drew her veil yet closer about her. It was as if a white morning-glory had withdrawn within itself at the approach of evening.

"I have heard so," said Joseph briefly.

"Can it be that the time draws nigh?" asked the old shepherd tremblingly.

"Who knoweth the times and the seasons?" replied the other, as if to avoid the gaze fixed upon him.

"But it is said that a virgin must bear a child, and he shall be called Emmanuel. Can it be? Does it mean that we are never to see the rising again of Israel?"

"Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?" replied Joseph quietly. "Or is his ear dulled that he cannot hear?" He turned to where the young woman sat on the ground.

"But I grow old," said the shepherd. "I had a son once, but the Romans—" He broke off. "We have scores to settle."

"Aye, that we have," came in chorus from the others.

"Wait on the Lord," said Joseph. The young woman rose from the ground and Joseph lifted her gently to her saddle.

"Have a care of thy wife," said the

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shepherd. "She is young and the soldiers——"

"I have no fear," said Joseph calmly.

"They fear not God, nor regard man. To them an Israelite is a dog."

"We have no fear," said Joseph firmly.

"The place will be full. There is but one inn, and it will be crowded. They have been passing since sunrise. Clouds of dust on the road all day. We could see it from the hills."

The others assented.

"God will provide for us," said Joseph, as, bidding the shepherd adieu, he turned the ass's head toward the road.

The shepherds stood and watched them as they moved slowly upward until they were lost in the shadows on the highway, and then turned back to their flocks. What they said, it was, perhaps, well that no soldiers were near to hear; for the older man's words had stirred them deeply, and prophecy after prophecy was recounted pointing to the overthrow of Roman power.

For two hours nearly the travellers plodded onward up the mountain. The village on its shoulder above them turned pink, then white as alabaster; and then the white faded to an icy blue; once more flushed to a saffron hue, and gradually died until by the time the travellers reached the nearest houses down the slope all was dusk, and with the darkness had come the cold. Once they paused at a turn in the road, and rested while they gazed across the dark valley to the eastward to where some miles away gleamed many lights. "There it is," said Joseph. "There is Jerusalem. The Temple."

"I have had many happy hours there," said his companion softly. As they moved on, between them and the sky on a hill beside the road, a cross lifted itself. "Look the other way," said Joseph quickly; but he was too late. The young woman shuddered and bowed her head low. "Some robber, perhaps, but he is dead," explained Joseph. The young woman's only answer was a moan.

When they arrived at the village itself, they found what the shepherds had said to be true. The village was quite full and the only inn there had no place for them.

When they reached the gate-way of the entrance court, travellers were being turned away, and a number of them were consulting together as to whether they should remain in the street all night or should go back toward Jerusalem. The gates would be shut; but they might find a lodging place in some other village.

It was dark, for the moon, though nearly full, was not yet risen above the hills, and it was too late to seek shelter elsewhere. Joseph went boldly to the gate and knocked. For some time there was no answer; but he continued to knock. Jeers broke out from the group in the street behind him; but he paid no heed. He kept on knocking. After a while the bar was drawn on the inside, and the porter partly opened the gate. When, however, he saw only a plain man with a woman mounted on an ass, he spoke shortly and told him that there was no room for them in the inn. Joseph made known his situation. His wife could go no farther and could not remain in the street all night. This did not avail. The porter spoke with contempt. "Better than you have been turned away to-night."

"Than me?—Yes," said Joseph; "but not better than that I bring." He took from his scrip an official paper and added that he had come "under Cæsar's order."

"You trouble me much," growled the porter. But he admitted them, and told Joseph that he might spend the night in the stable if he could find a place there.

"In the stable!" said Joseph.

"Yes, and you'd better be glad to get that," growled the porter. "The other night we had to put up a man that a dog of a Samaritan had found on the road from Jericho, naked and half-dead. He must needs bring him here and order the best room for him. A priest and a Levite were here that night, and a pretty fuss they made too—they wanted him put in the stable; but the Samaritan's money was good, so the master took him in."

Joseph said that he was glad to have the stable, and, leading the ass inside the gate, he followed the direction of the porter. He picked his way carefully across the dim court, amid the camels and asses crowded therein, and crossed over to the side to which the porter carelessly waved him, where, hollowed in the rock, were the rough caves used as stables for the inn.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

It was, then, not a dream. This was the sign unto them.—Page 646.

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Here in a stall which had, perhaps, been kept vacant in the hope that some guest of quality might come who would pay for it, and would bring honor to the inn, Joseph placed his wife, using such means as he could to make her comfortable.

The inn itself was full of life and movement; lights flared and failed and flared again, as busy servants bustled about attending to the wants of the numerous guests who ate and drank, sang, danced, and slept as they listed.

Across the court, where the camels and other cattle ruminated or slumbered, all was dark and still—as dark and still as it must have been when darkness was upon the waters before the dawn of the first creation, when God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

Far away, across the sea, on her seven hills, Rome glittered with her myriad lights, innumerable as the stars of heaven, and in his imperial palace ruled Augustus Cæsar, master of the world, whose decree had gone out that all the world should be taxed—ruled in such splendor that the greatest men of their time proclaimed him a god—ruled with such power that a simple carpenter in a little town in a far-away province across the seas could not be overlooked and left at home; but must make a long and perilous journey with his wife to be taxed in the city of his fathers, where he was a stranger, and in which when he arrived he was unable to get room in the inn, and was fain to lodge in the inn stables among the cattle, as little considered as they.

None but the lowly shepherds in the fields had taken note of them. To them happened a strange thing that night.

It must have been about midnight. The moon had crept slowly up the sky and flooded the hills with light. The oldest of the shepherds was on watch, while the others slept. Many things revolved in his mind—the promises to Abraham and to his seed forever—the words of peace that the traveller from Nazareth had spoken, swept through his memory. He began to dream. And the first thing that struck him was the strange behavior of the sheep in the folds. They rose from the ground and, facing toward the mountain, knelt as lambs kneel at their mothers' sides. But they were all still, as still as if carved of stone. And while he wondered, suddenly there stood near him—so suddenly that it was as if he had dropped down upon him—a presence. He had no time to question—a light—a glory unimaginable—brighter than the moon—more glorious than the sun—like the glory of the Lord. It awoke some of others. It was round about them, and they were sore afraid. Then a voice sounded in their ears—and the angel said unto them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

Astonished and still terrified—stunned beyond thought—the shepherds lay as they had been found—and suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." Then they went away upward—up into the Heaven—and only the shepherds were left on the earth with their flocks. When they recovered their courage and looked up, the sky was as usual on clear and cloudless nights—and only the moon was shining down, flooding the fields with light. They began to talk in low tones of what they had seen and heard, and to wonder what it all meant. One of the younger men who had not spoken before roused up and complained that they had awakened him. "Thou sleptest soundly, then, thou of Kerioth," they said. But Judas declared that they had disturbed a dream he had. "I dreamt of silver," he said; "a garden like one I know near Jerusalem and a great treasure there—a man on his knees and I arrested him—and gave him up, and found thirty great pieces of silver. Oh! I felt rich—as rich as that Zaccheus men talk of—and then you waked me up; I could hang myself." His companions, however, paid little attention to him. They were too wonderstruck—and presently they began to say one to another, "Let us now go even to Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

In a few moments they were ready to start.

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"If we are going," said the leader, "we might as well take with us some milk. We may come across our friends, Joseph and his wife, and they will find it hard to get anything in that crowded place." He went off, and in a little while came back with a bottle of milk.

"What is the use of that?" growled the one who had had his dream disturbed. "They will have enough. Better save and sell it, and let me give the money to the poor."

"Judas, thou art ever prating of giving, yet givest naught," said the man with the bottle of milk. "Come with us."

"I am not going," said the man of Kerioth. "I shall stay and see that no one troubles the sheep."

"See that thou trouble them not thyself," said one of his fellows, at which the others laughed.

"Come on," said the leader. And they set forth in haste, followed by the gibes of the one left behind.

Out in the dusty road they filed, one behind the other, and by the moonlight began to ascend the winding, rocky road which led up toward the hills above them. Stumbling over the rocks in the dusk with their ill-shod feet; passing the commonplace wayfarers coming or going with their asses or on foot, it was hard to believe that but now they had seen and heard Heavenly messengers—as Abraham and Jacob and Daniel had seen them.

"Well we shall know when we get there. If the babe be there—we shall know," said the leader.

It was near day when they reached the town. They came at length to the gate of the inn. In the twilight of the dawn it was just being opened by the sleepy and gruff porter as they arrived, and he stood in the open gate-way yawning. He heard their inquiry in dull silence.

He pondered a moment. "What is it ye want?" he asked sullenly.

"We want to know if two travellers who came here late last night found shelter?"

"Two travellers? Nearer two hundred. Look at the court-yard. So full that one cannot walk across it. And the house is packed."

"Two who came late? A man and a young woman—he was much older than she—she——"

"Oh! Aye. Two came late—too late——"

"What became of them?"

"There was no place for them in the inn——"

"And you turned them away?"

"Who said I did? Am I a dog to do that?"

"What became of them?"

The porter half turned.

"Go look in there." He pointed toward the stable. "I gave them shelter there for the young woman—and none too soon. There are three of them there now, I judge, from what I heard but now."

The shepherds gave an exclamation and, passing across the court-yard to the stable, paused at the opening that led into the dusky recess. A woman's voice, low and soft, yet jubilant, was heard. She was speaking in the tone of gladness of a young mother:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

The shepherds approached softly, and there in the manger, wrapped in swaddling-bands, lay the young child.

It was, then, not a dream. This was the sign unto them.

"His mercy is on them that fear Him, from generation to generation," crooned the young mother as the shepherds drew near. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree." It was the hymn of the poor.

The shepherds entered softly. The morning light stole into the recess and fell on the group, and the shepherds sank to their knees to gaze on the babe in wondering awe. So, in the stable began the first worship of Him who came to save the world—Christ the Lord.

That day it was noised abroad—that wonders had happened in the city of David, and in the country round about. It reached the ears of the authorities, and an investigation was made. In the time of the taxing all rumors were looked into. Theudas and Judas were the proof of how serious such rumors might be. But this report was traced to a few poor shepherds who, returning to the fields from a village, told a strange story of a babe born in a stable and of angels appearing and preaching peace and good-will to all

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men. No one paid any attention to them at the time. Only Mary, the young mother, kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

Cæsar Augustus in Rome was celebrating his world-wide peace, and Herod Ascalonita was too busy with his dreams of power to pay attention to such talk. When some months later it recurred and some Eastern travellers brought it again to his attention, with the story of an old prophecy from the Hebrew writings, referring to Bethlehem, he disposed of the matter finally by sending soldiers and slaying all the babes born in the village mentioned from two years old and under, including among them, it is said, even one of his own children, who was born there. But by this time, says the sacred record, Joseph, having been warned by God in a dream, had taken the young child and his mother and departed into Egypt.

SCANDINAVIAN PAINTERS OF TO-DAY

By Christian Brinton

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS BY LEADING CONTEMPORARY SWEDISH, DANISH, AND NORWEGIAN ARTISTS

THERE is something more, it must be confessed, than mere insularity in the mental attitude of the English miss who greeted a girl friend's enthusiastic account of her summer trip to Scandinavia with the naive exclamation: "Really, and did you mix with the natives!" The stirring and heroic history of the Peninsula, its remoteness, scenic picturesqueness, and the comparative lateness with which its inhabitants entered the concert of so-called European civilization, are all causes contributing to a kindred position on the part of the general public. To the average person Scandinavia is still the land of Vikings and their descendants, the intrepid sea-rovers and explorers of modern days. It is a country of mountains, water-falls, perpetual snow, and grandiose and eccentric meteorological phenomena. Ibsen and Grieg, Strindberg and Selma Lagerlöf, have, it is true, within the past generation become known to the outside world, yet there doubtless exist otherwise well-equipped individuals who think that Hans Christian Andersen was a German, and to whom the name of Holger Drachmann would presumably spell no little confusion of mind.

In the province of the fine arts matters are much the same. While we can all boast familiarity with Zorn and Thaulow, and on the Continent Krøyer and Edelfelt have likewise won recognition, it is unfortunate that Scandinavian art should thus far be chiefly known through the production of what may in broad terms be characterized as its least typical representatives. Once the way was open, the public has been quick to appreciate the national note in the music and literature of the leading Northern countries. In

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painting, however, marked preference has been shown solely for those few men who have spoken an international artistic language, who have, as it were, concealed their racial legacy beneath a veneer of clever cosmopolitanism. Far from being the only Scandinavian painters of outstanding merit, it should be borne in mind that the above-mentioned artists have merely been the most successful of their generation in disguising the native æsthetic idiom. Dexterous and facile as their work is, it will doubtless present relatively few points of interest to those whose good fortune it may at any time prove to become familiar with the situation at first hand.

It is perhaps more true of Scandinavia than of any other country that its art must be studied in terms of the land and its people. While the production of the leading painters has at certain periods displayed manifest traces of foreign influence, it is seen at its best in the delineation of native type and scene, and in the graphic or plastic rendering of those states of consciousness which we at once recognize as peculiarly Northern in their lyric exaltation or passionate unrest. There is beyond question a marked affinity both ethnic and æsthetic between the three nations, yet the art of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway is none the less in each case distinctive, as much so as the language or physical characteristics of the countries themselves. *La belle école blonde*, as the apt and responsive Frenchmen are in the habit of calling the modern Scandinavian school, is in reality three separate schools of painting which developed at different intervals, and the general features of which are frankly at variance. It is not sufficient to discuss this art at the Exposition Universelle or the Georges Petit or Durand-Ruel galleries. One must at least go to Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania, and it is even better to journey northward into Dalecarlia, to wander leisurely across the lush, wide-horizoned plains of Jutland, or watch the shimmering face of Norse fjord from some high-perched artist home.

A certain outward prestige and distinction, the prestige of priority and a distinction deriving from long-standing acquaintance with the court and customs of France, have always marked the progress of Swedish artistic development. The Swede is endowed with a more flexible temperament than his neighbors, and Swedish painting reveals at all points a spirited eclecticism that is in strong contrast with the quiet intimacy of the Danes and the rugged and not infrequently boisterous individualism of the Norwegians. From the days of Roslin and Hall, the former of whom rivalled Greuze on his own ground, and the latter of whom was a colleague and competitor of Fragonard, the Swedes have demonstrated their ability to hold their own in any artistic company. The foremost living example of this tendency toward æsthetic internationalism is of course Anders L. Zorn, whose Mora home is, like himself, Swedish outside and within filled with the choicest gleanings from foreign lands.

When you leave Stockholm, pass through the ancient university town of Uppsala, and continue onward by way of Gäfle and Falun to Mora station, where you are met by a roomy carriage and pair of sturdy mountain ponies, you may assure yourself that you are in the veritable heart of Sweden. The Dalkarlar are different from the rest of their countrymen. They cling more tenaciously to the primitive communal existence of former days, and are closely identified with the antique spirit of the place. It is only in the parishes of Mora, Rättvik, and Leksand that native costume and customs still prevail, and it is here on the banks of Lake Siljan, within sight of his humble birthplace, that Zorn has built himself a typical Swedish home and furnished it in keeping, with a few additions. When not in London, Paris, New York, Stockholm, or elsewhere, he may usually be found at Mora, or still farther up country at Gopsmor. With superb enthusiasm and unsurpassed manipulative mastery this essentially sophisticated painter has for years past dedicated not a little of his time and energy to the portrayal of peasant life and scene in Dalarne. He is passionately fond of flashing red frock and the fresh glow of healthy skin. He depicts now a strapping girl with a pair of heavy milk pails balanced across her shoulders, now a solitary shepherdess blowing her cattle horn amid the stillness of the birch forest. He shows you here

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the Midsummer Night frenzy of couples dancing on the green, and there the crisp frostiness of church-going on Christmas morn. Beyond question it is magically done. The tones are clear and ringing, the touch swift and sure.

Zorn is always in holiday mood while at Mora and Gopsmor. He dons the native dress, or bathes in mountain streams. He plunges joyously through the wood, and turns homeward to attack each successive canvas with boundless vivacity. And yet, after being on the scene for a few days yourself, you begin to wonder whether, despite his unparalleled opportunities, he really gets very far beneath the surface. You ask yourself, unconsciously of course, if these peasant lassies are not a shade too chic; whether, in short, there is not a deeper note to these simple, earnest souls whose past was so stern and valiant, and whose present is so completely the product of that past. Come upon a little group of them singing or playing to themselves in some tiny hut among the hills, attend their dances, or watch them at work in the fields or about the house, and you will involuntarily look at this art with different eyes. It is barely possible that the painter may

Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Dalecarlian Peasant Girl in Winter Costume. By Anders L. Zorn (Swedish).

Photograph by Erik Wettergren, Esq., Stockholm.

Zorn's home at Mora, the painter in the foreground to left.

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Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Peasant Girl from Floda, Dalecarlia. By Anders L. Zorn (Swedish).

have lingered too long abroad and, without himself realizing it, have exchanged his native birthright for a mere *mélange* of foreign æsthetic sensibility. In any case, you are apt to drive stationward behind the stout ponies with mixed emotions—with an overflowing consciousness of generous hospitality, and an increased sense of how difficult it is for mere paint and canvas to express the fulness of nature and of life in any corner of the globe.

It is a different artistic atmosphere that awaits you on the threshold of Carl Larsson's bright-countenanced and whimsically individual home at Sundborn, near Falun. If Zorn has elected to record peasant character and costume as he finds them so fundamentally unchanged about him at Mora, Larsson, on the other hand, has created his own little kingdom solely to fit his personal caprice. You cannot say that Sundborn and all it signifies are not Swedish, yet it is more accurate to describe them as simply Larsson. A mixture of motives Rococo, Japanese, and downright Dalecarlian, the art of Carl Larsson, and his home as well—for the two are inseparable—display in abundance the priceless stamp of personality. A Stockholm street urchin, as he racily describes himself when you discuss the question of birth and early associations, he has, through his humor, his unfailing inventive faculty, and strongly marked decorative sympathies, managed to endear himself to an entire nation as well as to countless hearts in distant lands.

Carl Larsson needs no models save his wife, his children, and family servants. He cares little for travel, and finds his entire inspiration within the four walls of his gayly tinted homestead, in his garden, and sparkling stretch of river. There is, oddly enough, a strain of mysticism and nervous sensibility in this genial pictorial fabulist's make-up, yet his art is all sunshine, fresh color-contrasts, slender, youthful forms, and happy faces. To visit Sundborn after having been so long familiar with his work is like waking up and having one's dream come true.

Photograph by Fornstedt, Falun.

Sundborn, the home of the painter, Carl Larsson, near Falun, Sweden.

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Picnic in the Birchwood at Sundborn. By Carl Larsson (Swedish).

And, indeed, you actually find yourself each morning in that copious panelled bed set deep into the wall, are aroused by rosy-cheeked Martina, and spend your days just as delectably as they do in "On the Sunny Side." It is this sense of domestic intimacy, this fidelity to carefully selected detail, and this same diverting fusion of fact and fancy, that have made the art of Carl Larsson what it is to-day. And there surely never was a case where a man's work and his surroundings were more reciprocally typical.

It is unnecessary to recall in any specific way the homes of other Swedish painters. Those of Zorn and Larsson, unique in all Scandinavia, express the same general tendencies you encounter throughout the Peninsula. The desire to possess a *pied-à-terre*, to live upon one's native sod

The Flirt. By Carl Larsson (Swedish).

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Sea-Eagles. By Bruno Liljefors (Swedish).

land wood and plain with the rarest spirit and veracity, and when he leads us out among the wave-washed skerries of Bullerö, in the *södra skärgård*, and shows us eider-duck, gull, and great sea eagle in their primal spontaneity of play or hungry passion, he does something never before accomplished in paint. There are, in certain of these canvases, lingering touches of the gray mood of the Frenchmen of the early eighties, as well as echoes of the Japanese animal painters of a past century, but at their best they are unmistakably Swedish. It is little short of a veritable epic in paint, this collection of canvases, the most important of which may be seen in the Thiel Gallery. It is the soundest and most sterling chapter yet contributed to the story of modern Swedish art, and combines on even terms the

Courtesy of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

Foxes. By Bruno Liljefors (Swedish).

and soil, is one of the master currents of the Scandinavian temperament. Though they may reside abroad for longer or shorter periods, these men as a rule return to the land of their birth and develop as best they can its artistic possibilities. It is difficult to separate any of them from the particular localities where they live and work, and no better instance of this can be cited than that of the masterly painter of animal portraits, as he describes himself, Bruno Liljefors. The son of a powder-maker, and a typical sportsman-artist, Liljefors stands alone in his power of depicting creatures of field, forest, mountain fastness, and open stretch of sea and sky in their native character and environment. He is no sentimental humanizer of the animal world. He gives us elk, fox, hare, black-cock, or horned owl of Upp-

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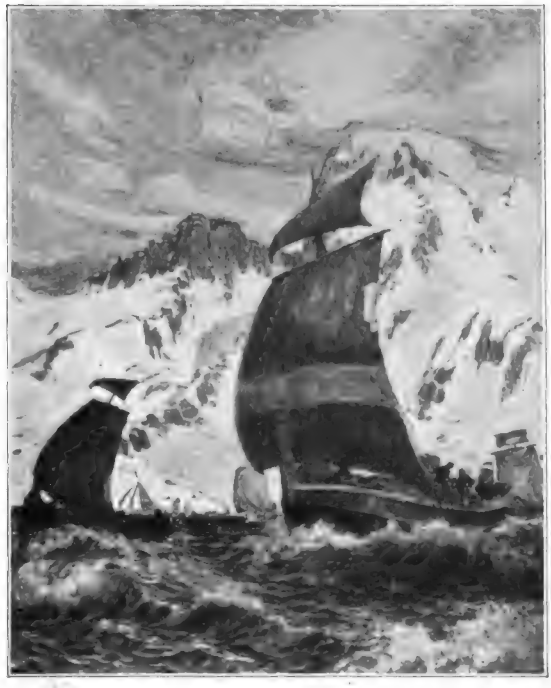
observation of a born naturalist and the inspiration of a painter utterly devoid of *parti-pris* or professional artifice. Although living nearer the capital than most of his colleagues, Liljefors is seen less frequently in Stockholm than any of them. Yet when he does come he never fails to bring with him the breath of the forest and the sense of a man to whom nature and art are a single, indissoluble unit.

Should you follow Gustaf Fjaestad, once champion distance skater, to Arvika in his beloved Värmland, or farther north to Abisko in Lappland, where he is wont to study snow effects in all their solitary, inviolate splendor, or should you watch with Otto Hesselbom the landscape about Lake Vänern unfold itself in spacious, majestic grandeur, you would get still nearer the spirit and significance of contemporary Swedish art, stylistic with the former, nobly synthetic with the latter. It is into an older world that the eloquent fancy of Gunnar Hallström leads us as he paints, draws, or designs tapestries at his island home of Björkö, and it takes but a touch of imaginative insight, and a dash of historical perspective, to see in the fishing-boats of Anna Boberg, viewed off the coast of Lofoten, the Viking ships of a still more remote and primitive past.



Modern Vikings. By Anna Boberg (Swedish).

Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Anna Boberg in winter painting costume.

One must not, however, infer that the charms of Stockholm, the "fair enchantress" of Northern cities, have in any wise been neglected, for in Prince Eugen and Eugène Jansson these palaces and bridges, teeming water-fronts, winding streets, and luminous, star-set firmaments have found interpreters that leave little to be desired. Carl Wilhelmson has furthermore not infrequently come across from the West Coast and forsaken his serious-faced peasant folk in order to add to this pictorial treasury, while the note of good cheer and fellowship, so genuinely Stockholmian, has been struck by the broad brush and vigorous tonality of Gösta von Hennigs. There is in all this work, regardless of subject, a sense of style that is essentially Swedish. The lessons learned abroad, in France or elsewhere, have been assimilated, and the production of the younger generation of painters is to-day

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national in theme and treatment. Nowhere, save perhaps in Vienna or Moscow, do you get quite the same æsthetic stimulus on viewing a representative exhibition of current art. And, in point of unified impression and fresh, unfatigued racial feeling, the Swedes are superior to the Viennese and fall very slightly behind the redoubtable Russians.

While it has been within the province of the gifted and versatile inhabitants of Sweden to produce work that discloses

Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Binding on Skees. By Gunnar Hallström (Swedish).

a distinctly national physiognomy, it has remained for the less brilliant but more stable Danes to foster what may in scientific terms be considered the only real school of painting in Scandinavia. The genesis of contemporary Danish art may be found in the minute and painstaking little land- and seascape panels of Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg, and the line of development extends in unbroken sequence through Købke and Lundbye down to the present day. There is one quality which above all else characterizes Danish art, and that is modesty—modesty of motive and of treatment. This painting is in the majority of cases restricted to the most unpretentious themes, and they have habitually been expressed in an æsthetic terminology which is itself the epitome of simplicity and restraint. The Danes do not seem to feel the need of those vivid and often crudely contrasting color appositions that confront one throughout Sweden. Their houses are painted white, not red, and are screened behind the leafy seclusion of great protecting beech-trees. The art of Denmark approaches more closely that of Holland than any other country, and, indeed, the land and its people at many points suggest a gradual refinement upon the Dutch, though possessing a combination of dreamy languor, delicate sensibility, and genuine good spirits rarely encountered anywhere else in the world.

While it may without invidiousness be said that the art of Denmark can boast a past, that of Sweden a present, and that of Norway a future, there are nevertheless contemporary Danish painters who are able to render admirable account of themselves, and who are continuing on wholesome and significant lines the traditions and practice of the older men already mentioned. Krøyer, of course, calls for no comment, since it is such men as Krøyer, and in similar fashion Tuxen, who have elected to bear upon their shoulders the precarious burden of international artistic responsibility. Their varying mixture of pleinairism and official portraiture has fortunately seen its day, and Danish painting is at present doubtless more pleased to be known through the fluid, almost monochromatic ambience of Hammershøi's interiors, the faithful transcriptions of rural scene by Ring, and the poignant humanity of Einar Nielsen's austere and sober-toned character studies.

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Photograph by Blomberg, Stockholm.

Our Country. By Otto Hesselbom (Swedish).

Though each of the three occupies an important place in contemporary Danish painting, it is Vilhelm Hammershφi who merits chief consideration. There is something of the patient impersonality of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, something of the mystic envelope of Eugène Carrière, and not a little of our own Whistler's magic suggestion in these canvases, and yet they are essentially Danish and essentially Copenhagenian in feeling and accent. The best collection of Hammershφi's work is to be found in the home of Dr. Alfred Bramsen, nor could a more fitting setting be conceived than these quiet rooms discreetly filled with old furniture and pottery, each of which seems like a Hammershφi picture come to life. Danish society is more solidified than that of the other Scandinavian countries, and the Danes even more domestic and home-loving than their neighbors. It is this note that you find in the art of Hammershφi, though it has been subtilized and unified far beyond the confines of mere every-day actuality.

Hoar Frost in the Sun. By Gustaf Fjaestad (Swedish).

The absence of striking subject matter and general sobriety of temper which distinguish the art of the foregoing men is hardly so marked in the work of what is locally known as *Den fynske Skole*, which includes Fritz Syberg, Johannes Larsen, and Peter Hansen, all of them former pupils of Zahrtmann. Seeking their inspiration

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Photograph by Em. Crevaux, Paris.

The Mountain Girl. By J. F. Willumsen (Danish).

for the most part in the Island of Fyn, they represent the spirit and traditions of those earlier landscape and figure painters whose tendencies have always been considered specifically Danish. Unlike the Skagen imitators of Krøyer and Ancher, they do not indulge in marine heroics, nor do they aim at displays of technical dexterity. Their general style is one of unabashed simplicity. They view their themes with clear, discerning eye and catch with singular verity the feeling of earth and sky, the breath of spring in orchard or pasture, and the scent of those yellow salt marshes where the wild fowl feed in undisturbed profusion.

Photograph by Jonason, Gotenburg.

Portrait of J. F. Willumsen (Danish).

It is scarcely to be assumed that the endearing serenity of Danish art could in these restless, questing days have remained undisturbed by certain vigorous currents from without. Copenhagen is too near Berlin and Paris for such a situation to obtain very long, and it is through the valiant efforts of Jens Ferdinand Willumsen that the gospel of modernism has become known to the younger generation and has filled the elder with dismay. For a decade or more Willumsen has been the storm centre of contemporary Danish art. He occupies a position analogous to that of Edvard Munch in Norway, Ferdinand Hodler in Switzerland, Gustav Klimt in Austria, and Augustus John in England. An amazingly productive genius, at once painter, sculptor, architect, and decorative designer, it has been his life mission to rouse his countrymen from their cosey complacency of mind. The task could not have fallen to more vigorous or more willing hands. There are few fields of artistic activity which he has left untouched, and the stamp of his personality has been placed on everything that has come within reach. The stressful period of Willumsen's career seems about drawing to its close. He is at present enjoying hard-won recognition in a characteristic home built by himself in the Hellerup quarter of Copenhagen and presided over by a gracious and talented helpmate. He still, however, remains the strong man of modern Danish art, and as such has the distinction, as Ibsen so significantly puts it, of standing most alone.

There have sprung up in the wake of Willumsen, and been given courage by his example, a number of younger men,

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through whose efforts the complexion of Danish painting is rapidly changing. They seek with him to be something more than merely local. They strive to speak that broader language which few, alas, succeed in mastering, though certain of them, such as Axel Jørgensen, Sigurd Swane, and Edvard Weihe, have already grasped more than its rudiments. The chrysalis of a comfortable past has, in fact, been shattered at many points, and there will doubtless emerge something bolder and stronger than we have thus far seen, as was notably the case with the late Thorvald Bindesbøll in the field of decorative art.

Photograph by Paulsen, Copenhagen.

Painting in the Village. By L. H. Ring (Danish).

At all events, and perhaps as a foretaste of things to come, opportunity was lately given the Copenhagen public to inspect the work of the Futurists. And it must be added that they did justice to the situation, having faced it in that spirit of amused tolerance and even sympathetic interest which is alone the gift of a superior civilization.

Photograph by Paulsen, Copenhagen.

Old Lady Knitting. By Vilhelm Hammershøi (Danish).
In the collection of Dr. Alfred Brunsen, Copenhagen.

The battle which raged so hotly about Willumsen has been more than duplicated by the noisy strife stirred up by Edvard Munch in Norway. The relative positions of the two have, indeed, much in common, the former returning from Paris, the latter from a lengthy Berlin sojourn, to encounter respectively the wide-eyed wonder and the bitter, insensate prejudice of his fellow-countrymen. As Ibsen himself discovered, only the strongest natures can hope to gain ascendancy over the stubborn, obdurate provincialism of public opinion in Norway, and this Edvard

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Munch, despite a sensitive, highly keyed nervous organism, has managed, single handed, to do. Munch has shaken Norwegian art to its foundations. Beside this slender, still youthful figure the men of the preceding generation appear like the clumsy giants of a bygone age, and, one after another, he has met and vanquished them on their own ground. It took him but a brief interval to demonstrate his superiority in the province of black-and-white. In the field of painting, his weapons, while few, proved more than adequate. They consisted of a vigorous and innately individual contour, an inherent originality of color, and a power of emotional suggestion possessed only by the master spirits of art or letters. In certain respects Munch recalls Edgar Allan Poe, though to Poe's sensuous and horrific vision the Norwegian adds a psychic restlessness and a tinge of fatigue and disillusion partly personal, and in a measure shared by those about him. In common with other young nations, the Norwegians, when they encounter the seductions of an older social order, are inclined to breast the current too fiercely, and Edvard Munch may be counted among those who are to-day experiencing a period of comparative sequestration. At Krageröe, or at Hvitsten, still nearer

Photograph by Paulsen, Copenhagen.

The Blind Girl. By Einar Nielsen (Danish).

Photograph by Narum, Christiania.

Winter Landscape. By Gerhard Munthe (Norwegian).

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disguised delight in his fox terrier "Mr. Phipps," his fowls, and other domestic pets, and is feverishly addicted to motor-boating in the fjord. His position on the Continent is second to that of no living

Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Røros in Winter.
By Harald Sohlberg
(Norwegian).

Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Spring. By Edvard Munch (Norwegian).

cannot be denied, largely a matter of reminiscence and recollection. They began as apostles of naturalism; they adjusted themselves with more or less alacrity to the fresher message of the impressionists' contemporary artist, Scandinavian or European, and he naturally, after so severe a struggle, relishes this wide-spread recognition, and slyly enjoys the discomfiture of his petty enemies at home, most of them the smug, self-satisfied pillars of social or intellectual convention.

On the pine-crested heights of Lysaker, and farther down at Drøbak, are clustered the men who belong to what was once considered the heroic epoch of Norwegian painting. At the former spot live, in close proximity, Gerhard Munthe, Eilif Petersen, and Erik Werenskiold, while more exposed to the wind and wave of a magnificently unfolding fjord are to be found Christian Krohg and Edvard Diriks. Though still retaining place in public esteem their current production is, it

Photograph by Vaering, Christiania.

Portrait of the Artist. By Edvard Munch
(Norwegian).

Photograph by Faering, Christiania.

The Police Registry. By Christian Krohg (Norwegian).

palette, and they betray at present no little consternation at the resistless onrush of still newer tendencies. In the words of their penetrant contemporary in the province of the drama, they can hear the younger generation knocking at the door and are undecided as to whether or not the door should be opened. Diriks, through closer and longer-continued contact with Paris, evinces the most progressive sympathies of any, though the once unchallenged master of objective verity, Christian Krohg, remains as sagacious and discerning as ever.

Photograph by Faering, Christiania.

Portrait of Hans Jaeger. By Edvard Munch (Norwegian).

And as to the much-discussed younger group of Norwegian painters—have they something vital and significant to say? should, in other words, the door be opened? Such questions have fortunately acquired the habit of settling themselves, and the present case proves no exception to the rule. If at the recent exhibition in Cologne it was Munch who triumphed in undisputed fashion, it was Harald Sohlberg who divided with him popular as well as critical appreciation on the occasion of the Norwegian painters' appearance at the Vienna Hagenbund. Sohlberg, who until lately lived and worked both winter and summer in the primitive

isolation of Roros, in the north, near Trondhjem, represents, with the late Halfdan Egedius, Nicolai Astrup, and others, a well-defined movement which may be described as the new romanticism. His patiently wrought canvases are imbued with a tense, concentrated emotional appeal quite unlike anything in Scandinavian painting. Egedius possessed a more fluent technical equipment and a broader grasp of character, while Astrup follows out kindred lines with no little sympathy.

These are not, however, the most striking, at least superficially, of the younger generation, many of whom display unbounded potentiality, though most of whose masterpieces are painted *viva voce* in the Café of the Grand Hotel. While there is no gainsaying the abundant talent of such men as, for instance, Henrik Lund and Ludvig Karsten, in each case, as in many another, promise has thus far outrun performance. They lack in general any specific credo or programme. They scoff at the somewhat archaistic attempt to revive a national style as exemplified by the later decorative work of Munthe; they scorn Impressionism as old-fashioned, and have not the proper measure of respect for, or knowledge of, its logical antidote, Expressionism.

No set of men entered the arena of modern art with more assurance than these same Norwegians. In the early, formative periods of Dahl and Fearnley they swept everything before them much after the fashion of one of their own impetuous mountain torrents. The romantic and panoramic view-points were succeeded by the substantial conquests of the noontide of naturalism, and everywhere these sturdy new-comers flaunted the priceless boon of an unspoiled racial heritage. There is, however, no concealing the fact that, apart from certain outstanding figures, the general average of merit is scarcely what it should be. One must not of course seek the cause for such a situation within the province of artistic endeavor, which, after all, is a mere reflex of other conditions. The separation of 1905, which bred such a sense of solidarity in the Swedes, seems to have had an opposite effect upon the Norwegians, who, overtly at least, were the aggressors. They are in many respects the Irishmen of Scandinavia, these brilliant, bellicose Norsemen, and it is not unfitting that they should once have held sway over the destinies of that same fateful isle for some three centuries. They are as yet individualistic, not nationalistic in their attitude, a fact that doubtless accounts for their present position in art as in other avenues of activity. The cherished triumphs of æsthetic endeavor are, in brief, as a rule not the outcome of warring and discordant elements, but the delicate product of a rare and spontaneous unity of feeling and impulse.

THE FORGOTTEN SOUL

By Margaret Widdemer

'Twas I that cried against the pane on All Souls' Night—
(O pulse o' my heart's life, how could you never hear?)
You filled the room I knew with yellow candle-light,
And cheered the lass beside you when she prayed in fear.

'Twas I that touched your shoulder in the gray wood-mist—
(O core o' my heart's heart, how could you never know?)
You only frowned and shuddered, as you bent and kissed
The lass hard by you, handfast, where I used to go.

'Twas I that stood to greet you on the churchyard pave—
(O fire o' my heart's grief, how could you never see?)
You smiled in pleasant dreaming as you crossed my grave—
And crooned a little love-song where they buried me!

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GERMAN POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE PRESS

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View."

IN the days when Bismarck was welding the German states into a federal organization and finally into an empire, he used the press to spray his opinions, wishes, and suspicions over those he wished to instruct or to influence. He used it, too, to threaten or to mislead his enemies at home and abroad. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* was the newspaper for which he wrote at one time, and which remained his confidential organ, though as his power grew he used other journals and journalists as well.

As Germany has few traditions of freedom, having rarely won liberty as a united people, but having been beaten into national unity by her political giants, or her robuster sovereigns, so the press before and during Bismarck's long reign, from 1862 to 1890, was kept well in hand by those who ruled. It is only lately that caricature, criticism, and opposition have had freer play. That a journalist like Maximilian Harden (a friend and confidant of Bismarck, by the way) should be permitted to write without rebuke and without punishment that the present Kaiser "has all the gifts except one, that of politics," marks a new license in journalistic debate. That this same person was able, single-handed, to bring about the exposure and downfall of a cabal of decadent courtiers whose influence with the Emperor was deplored, proves again how completely the German press has escaped from certain leading-strings. A sharp criticism of the Emperor in *die Post*, even as lately as 1911, excited great interest, and was looked upon as a very daring performance.

There are some four thousand daily and more than three thousand weekly and monthly publications in Germany to-day; but neither the press as a whole, nor the journalists, with a few exceptions, exert the influence in either society or politics of the press in America and in England. As compared with Germany, one is at once impressed with the greater number of journals and their more effective distribution at home. In America there are 2,472 daily papers; 16,269 weeklies; and 2,769 monthlies. Tri-weekly and quarterly publications added bring the total to 22,806. One group of 200 daily papers claim a circulation of 10,000,000, while five magazines have a total circulation of 5,000,000. It is calculated that there is a daily, a weekly, and a monthly magazine circulated for every single family in America. Not an unmixed blessing, by any means, when one remembers that thousands, untrained to think and uninterested, are thus dusted with the widely blown comments of undigested news. Editorial comment of any serious value is, of course, impossible, and the readers are given a strange variety of unwholesome intellectual food to gulp down, with mental dyspepsia sure to follow, a disease which is already the curse of the times in my country, where superficiality and insincerity are leading the social and political dance.

To carry the comparison further, there are 22,806 newspapers published in America; 9,500 in England; 8,049 in Germany; and 6,681 in France: or 1 for every 4,100 of the population in America; 1 for every 4,700 in Great Britain; 1 for every 7,800 in Germany, and 1 for every 5,900 in France.

That a prime minister should have been

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a contributor to the press, as was Lord Salisbury; that a correspondent or editorial writer of a newspaper should find his way into cabinet circles, into diplomacy, or into high office in the colonies; that the editor and owner of a great newspaper should become an ambassador to England, as in the case of Mr. Reid, is impossible in Germany. The character of the men who take up the profession of journalism suffers perhaps from the lack of distinction and influence of their task. Raymond, Greeley, Dana, Laffan, Godkin, in America, and Delane, Hutton, Lawson, and their successors, in England, are impossible products of the German journalistic soil at present.

There have been great changes, and the place of the newspaper and the power of the journalist is increasing rapidly, but the stale atmosphere of censordom hangs about the press even to-day. Freedom is too new to have bred many powerful pens or personalities, and the inconclusive results of political arguments, written for a people who are comparatively apathetic, lessen the enthusiasm of the political journalist. There are not three editors in Germany who receive as much as six thousand dollars a year, and the majority are paid from twelve hundred to three thousand a year. This does not make for independence.

Several of the more popular newspapers are owned and controlled by the Jews, and to the American, with no inborn or traditional prejudice against the Jews as a race, it is somewhat difficult to understand the outspoken and unconcealed suspicion and dislike of them in Germany. There is no need to mince matters in stating that this suspicion and dislike exist. A comedy called "The Five Frankfurters" has been given in all the principal cities during the last year and has had a long run in Berlin. It is a scathing caricature of certain Jewish peculiarities of temperament and ambition.

There is even an anti-semitic party, small though it be, in the Reichstag, while the party of the Centre, of the Conservatives and the Agrarians, is frankly antisemitic as well. No Jew can become an officer in the army, no Jew is admitted to one of the German corps in the universities, no Jew can hold office of importance in the state, and I presume that no unbaptized Jew is received at court. I am bound to record my personal preference for the English and American treatment of the Jew. In England they have made a Jew their prime minister, and in America we offer him equal opportunities with other men, and applaud him whole-heartedly when he succeeds and thump him soundly with our criticism when he misbehaves. The German fears him; we do not. We have made Jews ambassadors, they have served in our army and navy, and not a few of them rank among our sanest and most generous philanthropists.

To a certain extent society of the higher and official class shuts its doors against him. One of the well-known restaurants in Berlin, until the death of its founder, not long ago, refused admission to Jews.

I venture to say that no intelligent American stops to think whether the Speyer brothers, or Kahn, or Schiff, or the members of the house of Rothschild are Jews or not, in estimating their political, social, and philanthropic worth. Even as long ago as the close of the fourteenth century the great strife between the princes of Germany and the free cities ceased, in order that both might unite to plunder the Jews.

Luther preached: "Burn their synagogues and schools; what will not burn bury with earth that neither stone nor rubbish remain." "In like manner break into and burn their houses." "Forbid their rabbies to teach on pain of life and limb." "Take away all their prayer-books and Talmuds, in which are nothing but godlessness, lies, cursing, and swearing." In the chronicles of the time occurs frequently "Judæi occisi, combusti."

The German comes by his dislike of the Jew through centuries of traditional conflict, plunder, and hatred, and the very moulder of the present German speech, Luther, was a furious offender. The Jews have been materialists through all ages, claim the Germans: "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." It is to be in our day the battle of battles, they claim, whether we are to be socially, morally, and politically orientalized by this advance guard of the Orient, the Jews, or whether we are to preserve our occidental ideals and tra-

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ditions. Many more men see the conflict, they maintain, than care to take part in it. The money-markets of the world are ramparts that few men care to storm, but, if the independent and the intelligent do not withstand this semitization of our institutions, the ignorant and the degraded will one day take the matter into their own hands, as they have done before, and as they do to this day in some parts of Russia.

There are 600,000 Jews in Germany, 400,000 of them in Prussia and 100,000 of these in Berlin. In New York City alone there are more than 900,000. They are always strangers in our midst. They are of another race. They have other standards and other allegiances. Perhaps we are all of us, the most enlightened of us, provincial at bottom, we like to know who and what our neighbors are, and whence they came; and we dislike those who are outside our racial and social experiences, and our moral and religious habits, and the Jew is always, everywhere, a foreigner. At any rate, so the German maintains.

Strange as it may sound in these days, the Germans are not at heart business men. There are more eyes with dreams in them in Germany than in all the world besides. They work hard, they increase their factories, their commerce, but their hearts are not in it. The Jew has amassed an enormous part of the wealth of Germany, considering his small proportion of the total population. The German, because he is not at heart a trader, is an easy prey for him. It has been stated by one in a professional position to know the facts, that in Manhattan and the Bronx some four years ago eighty-five per cent of the felonies were committed by Jews; and a visit to a night court will show an astounding proportion of Jew wranglers and Jew shyster lawyers ready to impede justice.

These things trouble us in America very little, and we smile cynically at the not altogether untruthful portraits of "Potash and Pearlmutter," and their vermin-like business methods. There is an undercurrent of feeling in America, that the virile blood is still there which will stop at nothing to throw off oppression, whether from the Jew or from any one else. If we are pinched too hard financially, if confiscation by the government or by individuals goes too far, no laws even will restrain the violence which will break out for liberty. So we are at peace with ourselves and with others, trusting in that quiet might which will take governing into its own hands, at all hazards, if the state of affairs demands it.

With the Germans it is different. No people of modern times has been so harried and harrowed as these Germans. The Thirty Years' War left them in such fear and poverty that even cannibalism existed, and this was years after Massachusetts and Maryland were settled. But nothing has tarnished their idealism. Whether as followers of Charlemagne, or as hordes of dreamers seeking to save Christ's tomb and cradle in the Crusades, or as intoxicated barbarians insisting that their emperor must be crowned at Rome, or as the real torch-bearers of the Reformation, or even now as dreamers, philosophers, musicians, and only industrial and commerical by force of circumstances, they are, least of all the peoples, materialists.

They have given the world lyric poetry, music, mythology, philosophy, and these are still their souls' darlings. They entered the modern world just as science began to marry with commerce and industry, and so their unworn, fresh, and youthful intellectual vigor found expression in industry.

It is true that they are easily governed and amenable, but this is due not wholly to the fact that they have been so long under the yoke of rulers, or because they are of cow-like disposition, but because their ideals are spiritual, not material. The American seeks wealth, the Englishman power, the Frenchman notoriety, the German is satisfied with peaceful enjoyment of music, poetry, art, and friendly and very simple intercourse with his fellows.

Certainly I am not the man to say he is wrong, when I see how spiritual things in my own country are cut out of the social body as though they were annoying and dangerous appendices.

The German of this type looks down upon the spiritual and intellectual development of other countries as far inferior to his own. Such an one in talking to an Englishman feels that he is conversing with a high-spirited, thoroughbred horse;

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to a Frenchman, as though he were a cynical monkey; to an American, as though he were a bright youth of sixteen.

The German considers his dealings with the intangible things of life to be a higher form, indeed the highest form, of intellectual employment. He is therefore racially, historically, and by temperament jealous or contemptuous, according to his station in life, of the cosmopolitan exchanger of the world, the Jew. He denies to him either patriotism or originality, and looks upon him as merely a distributer, whether in art, literature, or commerce, as an exchanger who amasses wealth by taking toll of other men's labor, industry, and intellect.

German politics, German social life, and the German press cannot be understood without this explanation. The German sees a danger to his hardly won national life in the cosmopolitanism of the Jew; he sees a danger to his duty-doing, simple-living, and hard-working governing aristocracy in the tempting luxury of the recently rich Jew; and besides these objective reasons, he is instinctively antagonistic, as though he were born of the clouds of heaven and the Jew of the clods of earth.

So far, therefore, as the German press is Jew-controlled, it is suspected as being not German politically, domestically, or spiritually; as not being representative, in short. It should be added that, though this is the attitude of the great majority in Germany, there is a small class who recognize the pioneer work that the Jew has done in Germany. Few men are more respected there, and few have more influence than such men as Ballin and Rathenau and others. For the very reason that the German is an idealist the Jew has been of incomparable value to him in the development of his industrial, commercial, and financial affairs. Not only as a scientific financier has he helped, not only has he provided ammunition when German industrial undertakings were weak and stumbling, but along the lines of scientific research, as chemists, physicists, artists—perhaps no one stands higher than the Jew Liebermann as a painter—the Jew has done yeoman service to the country in return for the high wages that he has taken. There are Germans who recognize this, and there are in the Jewish world not a few men to whom the doors of enlightened society are always open.

Whatever one may feel of instinctive dislike, the open-minded observers of the historical progress of Germany all recognize that Germany would not be in the foremost place she now occupies in the competitive markets of the world if she had not had the patriotic, intelligent, and skilful backing of her better-class Jewish citizens.

Printing was born in Germany, and the town of Augsburg had a newspaper as early as 1505, while Berlin had a newspaper in 1617 and Hamburg in 1628. Every foreigner who knows Germany at all, knows the names of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Lokal Anzeiger* and *Der Tag*, *Hamburger Nachrichten*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, this last the official organ of the foreign office. The *Neue Preusische Zeitung*, better known by its briefer title of *Kreutz Zeitung*, is a stanch conservative organ, and for years has published the scholarly comments once a week of Professor Schiemann, who is a political historian of distinction, and a trusted friend of the Emperor. The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* is the organ of the Agrarian League. The *Reichsbote* is a conservative journal and the organ of the orthodox party in the state church. *Vorwärts* is the organ of the socialists and, whatever one may think of its politics, one of the best-edited, as it is one of the best-written, newspapers in Germany. The *Zukunft*, a weekly publication, is the personal organ of Harden, is Harden, in fact. The *Zukunft* in normal years sells some 22,000 copies at 20 marks, giving an income of 440,000 marks; this with the advertisements gives an income of say 500,000 marks. The expenses are about 350,000 marks, leaving a net income to this daring and accomplished journalist of 150,000 marks a year. In Germany such an income is great wealth. The *Zukunft* and its success is a commentary of value upon the appreciation of, as well as the rarity of, independent journalism in Germany.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, or "Aunty Voss" as it is nicknamed, is a solid, bourgeois sheet and moderately radical in tone. It is proper, wipes its feet before entering the house, and may be safely left in the

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servants' hall or in the school-room. *Die Post* represents the conservative party politically, is welcome in rich industrial circles, and is rather liberal in religious matters, though hostile to the government in matters of foreign politics, and of less influence at home than the frequent quotations from it in the British press would lead one to suppose. The two official organs of the Catholics are the *Germania* and the *Volks Zeitung*, of Cologne, whose editor is the well-known Julius Bachern. The *Lokal Anzeiger* and the *Tageblatt* of Berlin attempt, with no small degree of success, American methods, and give out several editions a day with particular reference to the latest news.

Leipsic, Hamburg, Munich, Cologne, Strassburg, Dresden, Königsberg, Breslau, with its *Schlessische Zeitung*, and the Rhine provinces and the steel and iron industries represented by the *Rheinisch-Westfälischer Zeitung*, and other cities and towns have local newspapers. A good example of such little-known provincial newspapers is the *Augsburger Abendzeitung*, with its first-rate reports of the parliamentary proceedings in Bavaria and its well-edited columns. The circulation of these journals is, from our point of view, small. The *Berliner Tageblatt* in a recent issue declares its paid circulation to have been 73,000 in 1901; 106,000 in 1905; 190,000 in 1910; and 208,000 in 1911.

The custom in Germany of eating in restaurants, of taking coffee in the cafés, of writing one's letters and reading the newspapers there, no doubt has much to do with the small subscription lists of German journals of all kinds, whether daily, weekly, or monthly. The German economizes even in these small matters. A German family, or small café or restaurant, may, for a small sum, have half a dozen or more weekly and monthly journals left, and changed each week; thus they are circulated in a dozen places at the expense of only one copy. Where a family of similar standing in America takes in regularly two morning papers and an evening paper, several weekly and monthly, and perhaps one or two foreign journals, the German family may take one morning paper. The custom of having half a dozen newspapers served with the morning meal, as is done in the larger houses in America and in England, is practically unknown. Economy is one reason, indifference is another, provincial and circumscribed interests are others.

The German has not our keen appetite for what we call news, which is often merely surmises in bigger type. Only the very small number who have travelled and made interests and friends for themselves out of their own country have any feeling of curiosity even about the political and social tides and currents elsewhere. An astounding number of Germans know Sophocles, Æschylus, and Shakespeare better than we do, but they know nothing and care nothing for the sizzling, crackling stream of purposeless incident and sterile comment that pours in upon the readers of American newspapers, and which has had its part in making us the largest consumers of nerve-quieting drugs in the world.

No one of these journals pretends to such power or such influence as certain great dailies in America and in England. They have not the means at their command to buy much cable or telegraphic news, and lacking a press tariff for telegrams, they are the more hampered. The German temperament, and the civil-service and political close-corporation methods, make it difficult for the journalist to go far, either socially or politically. The German has been trained in a severe school to seek knowledge, not to look for news, and he does not make the same demands, therefore, upon his newspaper.

German relations with the outside world are of an industrial and commercial kind, and until very lately the German has not been a traveller, and is not now an explorer, and their colonies are unimportant; consequently there is no very keen interest on the part of the bulk of the people in foreign affairs. Even Sir Edward Grey's answering speech on the Morocco question did not appear in full in Berlin until the following day, though Germany had roused itself to an unusual pitch of excitement and expectancy.

As the Germans are not yet political animals, so their newspapers reflect an artificial political enthusiasm. Society, too, is as little organized as politics. There are no great figures in their social world. A Beau Brummel, a d'Orsay, a Lady Palmerston, a Duke of Devonshire, a Gladstone, a Disraeli, a Rosebery, would be impossible

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in Germany, especially if they were in opposition to the party in power. Even the leading political figures are after all merely shadowy servants of the Emperor. They represent neither themselves nor the people, and such subserviency kills independence and leaves us with mediocrities gesticulating in the dark and making phrases in a vacuum.

There are, it is true, charming hostesses in Berlin, and ladies who gather in their drawing-rooms all that is most interesting in the intellectual and political life of the day; but they are almost without exception obedient to the traditional officialdom, leaning upon a favor that is at times erratic, and without the daring of independence which is the salt of all real personality.

There are, too, country-houses. One castle in Bavaria, how well I remember it, and the accomplished charm of its owner, who had made its grandeur cosey—a feat, indeed! But all this is detached from the real life of the nation, which is forever taking its cue from the court, leaving any independent or imposing social and political life benumbed and without vitality. There is no free and stalwart opposition; no centres of power, and much as one tires of the incessant and feverish strife political and social at home, one returns to it taking a long breath of the free air after this hot-house atmosphere, where the thermometer is regulated by the wishes of an autocrat.

The press necessarily reflects these conditions. The Social Democrats, divided into many small parties, and the Agrarians and Ultramontanes, divided as well, give the press no single point of leverage. These political parties wrangle among themselves over the dish of votes, but what is put into the dish comes from a master over whom they have no control. If they upset the dish they are turned out as they were in 1878, 1887, 1893, and 1907, and when they return they are better behaved.

The parties themselves are not real, since thousands of voters lean to the left merely to express their discontent; but they would desert the Social Democrats at once did they think there was a chance of real governing power for them. A small industrial was warned of the awful things that would happen did the Socialists come into power. "Ah," he replied, "but the government would not permit that!" What has the press to chronicle with insistence and with dignity of such flabby political and social conditions?

The press may be, and often is, annoying, as mosquitoes are annoying, but its campaigns are dangerous to nobody. As I write, it is hard to believe that within a few days the members of a new Reichstag are to be elected. There are political meetings, it is true, there are articles and editorials in the newspapers, there is some languid discussion at dinner-tables and in society, but there is a sense of unreality about it all, as though men were thinking: nothing of grave importance can happen in any case! We shall have something to say farther on of political Germany; here it suffices to say that the press of Germany betrays in its political writing that it is dealing with shadows, not with realities.

The snarling *Panther* that was sent to Agadir, teeth and claws showing, came back looking like an adventurous tomcat that wished only to hide itself meekly in its accustomed haunts; and its unobtrusive bearing seemed to say, the less said about the matter the better. What a storm of obloquy would have burst upon such inept diplomacy in America, or in England, or even in France. Not so here. Everybody was sore and sorry, but the newspapers and the journalists could raise no protest that counted. It is all explained by the fact that the people do not govern, have nothing to do with the whip or the reins, nor have they any constitutional way of changing coachmen, or of getting possession of whip and reins; and hooting at the driver, and jeering at the tangled whip-lash and awkwardly held reins, is poor-spirited business. Only one political writer, Harden, does it with any effect, and his pen is said to have upset the Caprivi government.

As one reads the newspapers day by day, and the weekly and monthly journals, it becomes apparent that the German imagines he has done something when he has had an idea; just as the Frenchman imagines he has done something when he has made an epigram. We are less given either to thinking or phrasing, and far less gifted in these directions than either Germans or Frenchmen, and per-

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haps that is the reason we have actually done so much more politically. We do things for lack of something better to do, while our neighbors find real pleasure in their dreams, and take great pride in their epigrams.

As all great writing, from that of Xenophon and Cæsar till now, is born of action or the love of it, or as a spiritual incitement to action, so a people with little opportunity for political action, and no centres of social life with a real sway or sovereignty, cannot create or offer substance for the making of a powerful and independent press.

There is no New York, no Paris, no London, no Vienna even, in Germany. Berlin is the capital, but it is not a capital by political or social evolution, but by force of circumstances. Germany has many centres which are not only not interested in Berlin, but even antagonistic. Munich, Hamburg, Bremen, Leipsic, Frankfort, Dresden, Breslau, and besides these, twenty-six separate states with their capitals, their rulers, courts, and parliaments, go to make up Germany, and perhaps you are least of all in Germany when you are in Berlin. It is true that we have many States, many capitals, and many governors in America, but they have all grown from one, and not as in Germany been beaten into one, and held together more from a sense of danger from the outside than from any interest, sympathy, and liking for one another.

With us each State, too, has a powerful representation both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, which keeps the interest alive, while in Germany Prussia is overwhelmingly preponderant. In the upper house, or *Bundesrat*, Prussia has 17 representatives; next comes Bavaria with 6; and the other states with 4 or less, out of a total of 58 members. In the *Reichstag*, out of a total of 397 representatives, Prussia has 236.

Political society is not centred in Berlin, as it is in London, Paris, or Washington, nor is social life there representative of all Germany. Berlin's stamp of approval is not necessary to play, or opera, or book, or picture, or statue, or personality. Indeed, Berlin often takes a lead in such matters from other cities in Germany where the artistic life and history are more fully developed, as, for instance, in other days, Weimar, and now Munich, Dresden, and, in literary matters, Leipsic. A recent example of this, though of small consequence in itself, is the case of the opera, the "Rosen Kavalier," which was given repeatedly in Dresden and Leipsic, whither many Berlin people went to hear it, before the authorities in Berlin could be persuaded to produce it.

The nobility, the society heavy artillery, come to Berlin only for three or four weeks, from the middle of January to the middle of February, to pay their respects to their sovereign at the various court functions given during that time. They live in the country and only visit in Berlin. It is complained that the double taxation incident to the up-keep of an establishment both in town and in the country makes it impossible for them to be much in Berlin. They stay in hotels and in apartments, and are mere passing visitors in their own capital. They have, therefore, practically no influence upon social life, and Berlin is merely the centre of the industrial, military, official, and political society of Prussia. It is the clearing-house of Germany, but by no means the literary, artistic, social, or even the political capital of Germany, as London is the English, or Paris the French, or as Washington is fast growing to be the American, capital.

There is no training-ground for an accomplished or man-of-the-world journalist, and the views and opinions of a journalist who is more or less of a social pariah, and he still is that with less than half a dozen exceptions, and of a man who begs for crumbs from the press officials at the foreign or other government offices, are neither written with the grip of the independent and dignified chronicler, nor received with confidence and respect by the reader.

It may be a reaction from this negligence with which they are treated, that produces a quality, both in the writing and in the illustrations of the German newspapers, which is unknown in America. Many of the illustrated papers indulge in pictorial flings which may be compared only to the scribbling and coarse drawings, in out-of-the-way places, of dirty-minded boys. With the exception of the well-known *Fliegende Blätter*, *Kladderadatsch*, and one or two less representative, there

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is nothing to compare with the artistic excellence and restrained good taste of *Life* or *Punch*, for example.

There is one illustrated paper published in Munich, *Simplicissimus*, which deserves more than negligent and passing comment. It has two artists of whom I know nothing except what I have learned from their work, Th. Th. Heine and Gulbransson. These men are Aristophanic in their ability as draughtsmen and as censors, in striking at the weaknesses, political, military, and official, of their countrymen. Their work is something quite new in Germany, and worthy of comparison with the best in any country. It is not elegant, it is Rabelaisian; and though I have nothing to retract in regard to coarseness, and no wish to commend the attitude taken toward German political and social life, in fairness one is bound to call attention to the pictorial work in this particular paper as of a very high order, and to recognize its power. If Heine could have turned his wit into the drawings of Hogarth, we should have had something not unlike *Simplicissimus*, and any German annoyed at the criticisms of his national life from the pen of a foreigner may well turn to his own *Simplicissimus*, and be humbly grateful that no foreign pen-point can possibly pierce more deeply than this domestic pencil, at work in his own country.

The danger for the critic and the wit, which few avoid, is that with incomparable advantages over his opponent he will not play fair. In spite of the awful reputation of our so-called "yellow press," which is often boisterously impudent, and sometimes inclined to indulge in comments and revelations of the private affairs of individuals which can only be dubbed coarse and cowardly, there is seldom a descent to the indescribably indecent caricatures which one finds every week in the illustrated papers in Germany. As we have noted elsewhere, just as the citizens of Berlin, as one sees them in the streets and in public places, give one the impression that they are not house-trained, so many of the pens and pencils which serve the German press leave one with the feeling that their possessors would not know how to behave in a cultivated and well-regulated household.

Every gentleman in Germany must have been ashamed of the writing in the German press after the sinking of the *Titanic*. There was a blaze of brutal pharisaism that put a bar-sinister across any claim to gentlemanliness on the part of the majority. The mark of breeding is more often discovered in what one does not say, does not write, does not do, than in positive action. There was much, at that time, when fifteen hundred people had been buried in icy water, and scores of American and English gentlemen had gone down to death, just in answer to: "Ladies first, gentlemen!" that should have been left unsaid and unwritten. The quality of the German journalist, with half a dozen exceptions, was betrayed to the full in those few days, and many a German cheek mantled with shame.

However, a man may eat with his knife and still be an authority on bridge-building; he may tuck his napkin under his chin preparatory to, and as an armor against, the well-known vagaries of liquids, before he takes his soup or his soft-boiled eggs, and still be an authority on soap-making; he may wear a knitted waistcoat with a frock coat to luncheon, and be deeply versed in Russian history. In their lack of sensation-mongering, in their indifference to social gossip, in their trustworthy and learned comments upon things scientific, musical, theatrical, literary, and historical, they are as men to school-boys compared to the American press. They have the utter contempt for mere smartness that only comes with severe educational training. They have the scholar's impatience with trivialities. They skate, not to cut their names on the ice, but to get somewhere, and the whole industrial and scientific world knows how quickly they have arrived.

Our newspapers make a business of training their readers in that worst of all habits, mental dissipation. The German press is not thus guilty. Despite all I have written, I am quite sure that if I were banished from the active world and could see only two newspapers on my lonely island, one of the two would be a German newspaper. It may be that I have a perverted literary taste, for I can get more humor, more keen enjoyment out of a census report or an etymological dictionary than from a novel. My favorite literary dissipation is to read the works of that distin-

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guished statistician at Washington, Mr. O. P. Austin, the poet-laureate of industrial America, and the toilsome and exciting verbal journeys of Rev. Mr. Skeat. The classic humorists do not compare with them, in my humble opinion, as sources of fantastic surprises. This, perhaps, accounts for my sincere admiration for that quality of scholarship, learning, and accuracy in the German press. Nor does the possession of these qualities in the least controvert the impression given by the German press of political powerlessness, and of social ignorance and incompetence. A great scholar may be a booby in a drawing-room, and a lamentable failure as an adviser in matters political and social. "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." Germany has put some astonishing failures to her credit through her belief that learning can take the place of common-sense, and scholarship do the tasks of that intelligent and experienced observation to which the abused word, worldliness, is given. Perhaps it is as well that the German press declines to keep a social diary; well, too, that it has no candidates for the office of society Horuspex, whose ghoulish business it is to find omens and prophecies in the entrails of his victims. In that respect, at any rate, both society and the press in Germany are as is the salon to the scullery, compared with ours.

I am bound, both by tradition and experience as an American, to discover the reason for such conditions in the lack of fluidity in social and political life in Germany. The industrials, the military, the nobility, the civil servants, and to some extent the Jews, are all in separate social compartments; and the political parties as well keep much to themselves and without the personal give and take outside of their purely official life which obtains in America and in England.

It is an impossible suggestion I know, but if the upper and lower houses of the empire, or of Prussia, could meet in a match at base-ball, or golf, or cricket; if the army could play the civil service; if the newspaper correspondents could play the under-secretaries; if they could all be induced occasionally to throw off their mental and moral uniforms and meet merely as men, a current of fresh air would blow through Germany that she would never after permit to be shut out.

Personal dignity is refreshed, not lost, by a romp. Who has not seen distinguished Americans and distinguished Englishmen, in their own or in their friends' houses, or at one or another of our innumerable games, behaving like boys out of school, crawling about beneath improvised skins and growling and roaring in charades; indulging in flying chaff of one another; in the skirts of their wives and sisters playing cricket, or base-ball, or tennis with the one hand only; caricaturing good-humoredly some of their own official business, or arranging a match of some kind where their own servants join in to make up a side; or, and well I remember it, half a dozen youths of about fifty playing cricket with one stump and a broom-handle for an hour one hot afternoon, amid tumbles and shouts of laughter, and a shower of impromptu nicknames, and one or two of them bore names known all over the English-speaking world. Nobody loses any dignity, any importance; but there is an unconquerable stiffness in Germany that makes me laugh almost as I make this suggestion.

The first thing to be afraid of is oneself, but after oneself is conquered why be afraid to let him loose!

It would be quite untrue to give the impression that there is no fun, no larking, no chaff, in Germany. I can bear witness to a healthy love of fun, and to an exuberant exploitation of youthful vitality in many directions among the students and younger officers for example. Better companions for a romp exist nowhere! Having been blessed with an undue surplus of vitality, which for many years kept me fully occupied in directing its expenditure, alas, not always with success, I can only add that I found as many youthful companions in a similar predicament in Germany as anywhere else.

But with the Englishman and the American, both temperament and environment permit youthfulness to last longer. The German must soon get into the mill and grind and be ground, and he is by temperament more easily caught and put into the uniform of a constantly correct behavior. As for us, we are all boys still at thirty, many of us at fifty, and some of us die ere the school-boy exuberance has all been

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squeezed or dried out of us. Not so in Germany. One sees more men in Germany who give the impression that they could not by any possibility ever have been boys than with us. They begin to look cramped at thirty, and they are stiff at fifty, as though they had been fed on a diet of circumspection, caution, and obedience. They are drilled early and they soon become amenable, and then even indulgent, toward the drill-master.

This German people have not developed into a nation, they have been squeezed into the mould of a nation. The nation is not for the people, the people are for the nation.

Of course, in every nation its affairs are, and must be, conducted by officials. That is as true of America as of Germany. The fundamental difference is that with us these official persons are executive officers only, the real captain is the people; while in Germany these official persons are the real governors of the people, subject to the commands of one who repeatedly and publicly asserts that his commission is from God and not from the people. This puts whole classes of the community permanently into uniform, and the wearers of these uniforms are almost afraid to laugh, and would consider it sacrilege to romp.

Caution is a very puny form of morality. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." It is as true politically as of other spheres of life that "he or she who lets the world or his own portion of it choose his plan of life for him has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation." Thus writes John Stuart Mill, and what else can be said of the political activities of the Germans? What journalist or what patriot indeed can take seriously a majority that has no power? What people can call itself free to whom its rulers are not responsible? The Social Democrats, at the moment of writing, have won one hundred and ten seats in the Reichstag, but the army and navy estimates are beyond their reach, the taxes are fixtures, a constitution is a dream, and if they are cantankerous or truculent the Reichstag will be dismissed by a wave of the hand. Say what one will, they are a mammillary people politically, and the strongest party in the Reichstag is merely an energetic political mangonel. Their leaders moult opinions, they do not mould them, and could not translate them into action if they did.

Not since 1874 has there been a Reichstag so strongly radical, but nothing will come of it. The Reichskanzler, Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg, did not hesitate to take an early opportunity, after the opening of the new Reichstag, to state boldly that the issue was Authority *versus* Democratization, and that he had no fear of the result. It is customary for the newly elected Praesidium, the president and two vice-presidents of the Reichstag, to be received in audience by the Emperor. On this occasion the Socialists forbade their representative to go, and the Emperor, therefore, refused to receive any of them. As usual, they played into his hands. *Hans bleibt immer Hans*, and on this occasion his vulgar lack of good manners only brought contumely upon the whole Reichstag, and left the Emperor as the outstanding dignified figure in the controversy. Such behavior is not calculated to invite confidence, and not likely to induce this enemy-surrounded nation to put its destinies in such hands, not at any rate for some time to come. "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Intellectually Germany is a republic, and we Americans perhaps beyond all other peoples have profited by her literature, her philosophy, her scientific and economic teaching. We have kneaded these things into our political as well as into our intellectual life. "Intellectual emancipation, if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves, is poisonous." And who writes thus? Goethe! But the intellectual freedom of Germany has done next to nothing to bring about political self-control.

It is a strange state of affairs. Intelligent men and women in Germany do not realize it. Not once but many times I have been told: "You foreigners are forever commenting upon our bureaucracy, our officialdom, but it is not as all-powerful as you think. We have plenty of freedom!" These people are often themselves officials, nearly always related to, or of the society of the ruling class. The rulers and the ruling class have naturally

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no sense of oppression, no feeling that they are unduly subject to others, since the others are themselves. I am quite willing to believe of my own and of other people's personal opinions that they are not dogmas merely because they are baptized in intolerance. I must leave it to the reader to judge from the facts whether or no the Germans have a political autonomy which permits the exercise and development of political power. A glance at the political parties themselves will make this perhaps the more clear.

The official organization of the conservative party may be said to date back to the founding of the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* in 1848, and the organization of the party in many parts of Germany. Earlier still Burke was the hero of the pioneers of the party whose first newspaper had for editor no less a person than Heinrich von Kleist, and whose first endeavors were to support God and the King, and to throw off the yoke of foreign domination.

In 1876 was formed the *Deutsch-Konservativ* party supporting Bismarck. "Königthum von Gottes Gnaden" is still their watchword, with opposition to Social Democracy, support of imperialism, agrarian and industrial protection, and Christian teaching in the schools, as the planks of their platform. They also combat Jewish influence everywhere, particularly in the schools. Allied to this party is the *Bund der Landwirte* and the *Deutscher Bauernbund*. In the election of 1912 they elected forty-five representatives to the Reichstag, a serious falling off from the sixty-three seats held previous to that election. The Free Conservative portion of the Conservative party is composed of the less autocratic members of the landed nobility, but there is little difference in their point of view.

The *Centrum*, or Catholic party, is in theory not a religious party; in practice it is, though it does not bar out Protestant members who hold similar views to their own. Its political activity began in 1870, and the first call for the formation of the party came from Reichensperger in the *Kölnischer Volkszeitung*. The famous leader of the party, and a politician who even held his own against Bismarck, was the Hanoverian Justizminister, Doctor Ludwig Windthorst. The stormy time of the party was from 1873 to 1878, when Bismarck attempted to oppose the growing power of the Catholic Church, and more particularly of the Jesuits. The so-called May laws of that year forbade Roman Catholic intervention in civil affairs; obliged all ministers of religion to pass the higher-schools examinations and to study theology three years at a university; made all seminaries subject to state inspection; and gave fuller protection to those of other creeds. In 1878 Bismarck needed the support of the Centrum party to carry through the new tariff, and the May laws, except that regarding civil marriage, were repealed. The party stands for religious teaching in the primary schools, Christian marriage, federal character of empire, protection, and independence of the state. More than any other party it has kept its representation in the Reichstag at about the same number. In 1903 they cast 1,875,300 votes and had 100 members. In 1907 they had 103 members, and in the last election of 1912 they won 93 seats. Even this Catholic party is now divided. Count of Oppersdorff leads the "Only-Catholic" party, against the more liberal section which has its head-quarters at Cologne, where the late Cardinal Fisher was the leader. At the next session of the Reichstag it is proposed to raise the question of the readmission of the Jesuits.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that in 1903 the population of Germany was 58,629,000, and the number qualified to vote 12,531,000; in 1907 the population was 61,983,000 and the number qualified to vote, 13,353,000; in 1912 the population was 65,407,000 and the qualified voters numbered over 14,000,000, of whom 12,124,503 voted. In 1903 there were 9,496,000 votes cast; in 1907 11,304,000. The German Reichstag has 397 members, or 1 representative to every 156,000 inhabitants; the United States House of Representatives has 433 members, or 1 for every 212,000 inhabitants; England, 670 members, or 1 for every 62,000; France, 584, or 1 for every 67,000; Italy, 508, or 1 for every 64,000; Austria, 516, or 1 for every 51,000.

Despite the fact that the Conservative and the Catholic parties have much in common, and are the parties of the Right and Centre: these names are given the political parties in the Reichstag according

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to their grouping on the right, centre, and left of the house, looking from the tribune or speaker's platform, from which all set speeches are delivered, they are often at odds among themselves, and Bismarck and Bülow brought about tactical differences among them for their own purposes. Their programme may be summed up as "As you were," which is not inspiring either as an incentive or as a command.

The Liberal parties are the Nationalliberale; Fortschrittspartei, or Progressives; and the Freisinnige Volkspartei, or Liberal Democratic party.

The National Liberal party was strongest during the days when Prussia's efforts were directed mainly toward a federation and a strengthening of the bonds which hold the states together; "unter dem Donner der Kanonen von Königgratz ist der nationalliberale Gedanke geboren." Loyalty to emperor and empire, country above party, a fleet competent to protect the country and its overseas interests, are watchwords of the party. The party is protectionist, and in matters of school and church administration in accord with the Free Conservatives.

The Liberal Democratic party demands electoral reform, no duties on foodstuffs, and imperial insurance laws for the workingmen.

The Fortschrittspartei finds its intellectual beginnings in the condensing of the hazy clouds of revolution in 1848 in the persons of Wilhelm von Humboldt and Freiherr von Stein. Politically, the party came into being in 1861, and Waldeck, von Hoverbeck, and Virchow are familiar names to students of German political history; later Eugen Richter was the leader of the party in the Reichstag. This party is still for free-trade, in opposition to military and bureaucratic government, favorable to parliamentary government. Of the grouping and regrouping of these parties, of their divisions for and against Bismarck's policies; of their splits on the questions of free-trade and protection; of their leanings now to the right, now to the left; of their differences over details of taxation for purposes of defence; of their attitudes toward a powerful fleet, it would require a volume, and a large one, to describe. Though it is dangerous to characterize them, they may be said without inaccuracy to represent the democratic movement in Germany both in thought and political action, and to hold a wavering place between the Conservatives and the Social Democrats.

The Social Democratic party, the party of the wage-earners, only assumed recognizable outlines after the appeal of Ferdinand Lassalle for a workingman's congress at Leipsic in 1863. In 1877 they mustered 493,000 voters. Bismarck and the monarchy looked askance at their growing power. It was attempted to pass a law, punishing with fine and imprisonment: "wer in einer den öffentlichen Frieden gefährdenden Weise verschiedene Klassen der Bevölkerung gegeneinander öffentlich aufreizt oder wer in gleicher Weise die Institute der Ehe, der Familie und des Eigentums öffentlich durch Rede oder Schrift angreift." This was a direct attack upon the Socialists, but the Reichstag refused to pass the law. In May, 1878, and shortly after in June, two attempts were made upon the life of the Kaiser. Bismarck then easily and quickly forced through the new law against the Socialists.

Under this law newspapers were suppressed, organizations dissolved, meetings forbidden, and certain leaders banished. For twelve years the party was kept under the watchful restraint of the police, and their propaganda made difficult and in many places impossible. After the repeal of this law and for the last twenty years the party has increased with surprising rapidity. In 1893 the Social Democrats cast 1,787,000 votes; in 1898, 2,107,000; in 1903, more than 3,000,000; and in the last election, 1912, 4,238,919; and they have just returned 110 delegates to the Reichstag out of a total of 397 members.

It is noteworthy that in America there is one Socialist member of the House of Representatives; while in Germany, which combines autocratic methods of government with something more nearly approaching state ownership and control than any other country in the world, the most numerous party in the present Reichstag is that of the Social Democrats.

Freedom is the only medicine for discontent. There is no rope for the hanging of a demagogue like free speech; no such disastrous gift for the socialist as freedom of action. Imagine what would have happened in America if we had attempted to suppress Bryan! The result of giving him

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free play and a fair hearing, the result of allowing the people to judge for themselves, has been a prolonged spectacle of political hari-kari which has had a wholesome though negative educational influence. The most accomplished oratorical Pierrot of our day has seen one hundred and sixty cities and towns in America turn to government by commission, and has kept the heraldic donkey always just out of reach of the political carrots. No autocrat could have done so much.

As early as 1887 Auer, Bebel, and Liebknecht outlined the programme of the party, and this programme, again revised at Erfurt in 1891, stands as the expression of their demands. They claim that: "Die Arbeiterklasse kann ihre ökonomischen Kämpfe nicht führen und ihre ökonomische Organisation nicht entwickeln ohne politische Rechte." Roughly they demand: the right to form unions and to hold public meetings; separation of church and state; education free and secular, and the feeding of school children; state expenditure to be met exclusively by taxes on incomes, property, and inheritance; people to decide on peace and war; direct system of voting, one adult one vote; citizen army for defence; referendum; international court of arbitration. Their leader in the Reichstag to-day is Bebel, and from what I have heard of the debates in that assembly I should judge that they have not only a majority over any other party in numbers, but also in speaking ability. The members of the Socialist party always leave the house in a body, at the end of each session, just before the cheers are called for for the Emperor. They have become more and more daring of late in their outspoken criticism of both the Emperor and his ministers. In consequence, they are replied to with ever-increasing dislike and bitterness by their opponents. At a recent banquet of old university students in Berlin, Freiherr von Zedlitz, presiding, quoted Barth and Richter: "The victory of Social Democracy means the destruction of German civilization, and a Social Democratic state would be nothing more than a gigantic house of correction."

In addition to the four important political divisions in the Reichstag, the Conservative, Liberal, Clerical, and Socialist, there are many subdivisions of these. Since 1871 there have been some forty different parties represented, eleven conservative, fourteen liberal, two clerical, nine national-particularist, and five socialist. To-day, besides four small groups and certain representatives acknowledging no party, there are some eleven different factions.

So far as one may so divide them, the voters have aligned themselves as follows:

	1871	1881	1893	1907	1912
Right, or Conservative....	895,000	1,210,000	1,806,000	2,141,000	1,149,916
Liberal.....	1,884,000	1,948,000	2,102,000	3,078,000	3,227,846
Clerical.....	973,000	1,618,000	1,920,000	2,779,000	2,012,990
Social Democrats....	124,000	312,000	1,787,000	3,259,000	4,238,919

In the last elections, in 1912, the Conservatives and their allies elected 75 members; the Clericals, 93; the Poles, 18; and the Guelphs, 5; and these come roughly under the heading of the party of the Right. Under the heading Left, the National Liberals and Progressive party elected 88, and the Social Democrats 110 members to the Reichstag. The parties stand therefore roughly divided at the moment of writing as 191 Conservative, and 200 Radical, with 6 members unaccounted for. The Poles, with 18 seats, the Alsatians with 5, the Guelphs and Lorrainers and Danes with 8 seats, and the no-party with 2 seats, are also represented, but are here placed with the party of the Right. To divide the parties into two camps gives the result that roughly four and a half millions voted that they were satisfied, and seven and a half millions that they were not.

No doubt any chancellor, including Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg, would be glad to divide the Reichstag as definitely and easily as I have done. Theoretically these divisions may be useful to the reader, but practically to the leader they are useless. Bebel, the leader of

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the Social Democrats, declares himself ready to shoulder a musket to defend the country; Heydebrandt, the leader of the Conservatives, and possibly the most effective speaker in the Reichstag, has spoken warmly in favor of social reform laws; the Clericals are for peace, almost at any price; the Agrarians or Junkers for a tariff on foodstuffs and cattle, and one might continue analyzing the parties until one would be left bewildered at their refining of the political issues at stake. Back to God and the Emperor; and forward to a constitutional monarchy with the chancellor responsible to the Reichstag, and perhaps later a republic, represent the two extremes. Between the two everything and anything. It is hard to put together a team out of these diverse elements that a chancellor can drive with safety, and with the confidence that he will finally arrive with his load at his destination. In addition to these parties there are the frankly disaffected representatives of conquered Poland, of conquered Holstein, of conquered Alsace-Lorraine, and of conquered Hanover, this last known as the Guelph party; all of them anti-Prussian.

It is not to be wondered at that the comments, deductions, and prophecies of foreigners are wildly astray when dealing with German politics. In America, religious differences and racial differences play a small rôle at Washington; but the 220 Protestants, the 141 Catholics, the 3 Jews, the 5 free-thinkers, and so on, in the last Reichstag are in a way parties as well. In that same assembly 2 members were over 80, 78 over 60, 271 between 40 and 60, 42 under 40, and 3 under 30 years of age. One hundred and six members were landed proprietors, 220 were of the liberal professions, including 37 authors, 35 judges or magistrates, 21 clericals, 7 doctors, and 1 artist; 13 merchants; 21 manufacturers; and 20 shopkeepers and laborers. Seventy-two members were of the nobility, a decided falling off from 1878, when they numbered 162. Two hundred and fifty members were educated at a university, and practically all may be said to have had an education equal if not superior to that given in our smaller colleges.

In the American Congress, in the House of Representatives, we have 212 lawyers, though there are only 135,000 lawyers in our population of 90,000,000. We have in that same assembly 50 business men, representing the 15,000,000 of our people engaged in trade and industry. Perhaps the German Reichstag is as fairly representative as our own House of Representatives, though both assemblies show the babyhood of civilization which still votes for flashing eyes, thumping fists, hollering patriotism, and smooth phrases. The surprising feature of elective assemblies is that here and there Messrs. Self-Control, Ability, Dignity, and Independence find seats at all. The members are paid, since 1906, a salary of 3,000 marks, with a deduction of 20 marks for each day's absence. They have free passes over German railways during the session. The Reichstag is elected every five years.

The appearance of the Reichstag to the stranger is notable for the presence of military, naval, and clerical uniforms. It is, as one looks down upon them, an assembly where at least one-fourth are bald or thin-haired, and together they give the impression of being big in the waist, careless in costume, slovenly in carriage, and lacking proper feeding, grooming, and exercise. It is ostensibly an assemblage, not of men of action, but of men of theories. Not only their appearance betrays this, but their debates as well, and what one knows of their individual training and preferences goes to substantiate this judgment of them. There are no soldiers, sailors, explorers, governors of alien people; no men, in short, who have solved practical problems dealing with men, but only theorists. Such men as Götzen, Solf, and others, who have had actual experience of dealing with men, are rare exceptions. Probably the best men in Germany wish, and wish heartily, that there were more such men; indeed, I betray no secret when I declare that the most intelligent and patriotic criticism in Germany coincides with my own.

The electoral divisions of Germany, as we have noted elsewhere, have not been changed for forty years, with a consequent disproportionate representation from the rural, as over against the enormously increased population of the urban and industrial districts. The Conservatives, for example, in 1907 gained 1 seat for every 18,232 votes; the Clericals or Centrum,

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1 seat for every 20,626 votes; the National Liberals 1 for every 30,635 votes; and the Social Democrats 1 for every 75,781 votes. It may be seen from this how overwhelming must be the majority of votes cast by the Social Democrats in order to gain a majority representation in the Reichstag itself. In 1912 they cast more than one-third of the votes, and are represented by 110 members out of the total of 397.

To the student of German politics it is very important to remember that the Social Democrats are not all representatives of socialism or of democracy. Their demands at this present time are far from the radical theory that all sources of production should be in the hands of the people. Only a small number of very red radicals demand that. Their successes have been, and they are real successes, along the lines of greater protection for and more political liberty for the workingman. The number of their votes is swelled by thousands of voters who express their general discontent in that way. The state in Germany owns railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, operates mines and certain industries, and both controls and directly helps certain large manufactories which are either of benefit to the state, or which, if they were entirely independent, might prove a danger to the state. The state enforces insurance against sickness, accident, and old age, and the three million office-holders are dependent upon the state for their livelihood and their pensions.

It is a striking thing in Germany to see human nature cropping out, even under these ideal conditions; for it is difficult to see how the state could be more grandmotherly in her officious care of her own. But this is not enough. Physical safety is not enough, the demand is for political freedom, and for a government answerable to the people and the people's representatives. Rich men, powerful men, representative men by the thousands, men whom one meets of all sorts and conditions, and who are neither radical nor socialistic, vote the Social Democrat ticket. The Social Democrats are by no means all democrats nor all socialists. As a body of voters they are united only in the expression of their discontent with a government of officials, practically chosen and kept in power over their heads, and with whose tenure of office they have nothing to do.

The fact that the members of the Reichstag are not in the saddle, but are used unwillingly and often contemptuously as a necessary and often stubborn and unruly pack-animal by the Kaiser-appointed ministers; the fact that they are pricked forward, or induced to move by a tempting feed held just beyond the nose, has something to do, no doubt, with the lack of unanimity which exists. The diverse elements debate with one another, and waste their energy in internecine rebukes and recriminations which lead nowhere and result in nothing. I have listened to many debates in the Reichstag where the one aim of the speeches seemed to be merely to unburden the soul of the speaker. He had no plan, no proposal, no solution, merely a confession to make. After forty-odd years the Germans, in many ways the most cultivated nation in the world, are still without real representative government.

Why should the press or society take this assembly very seriously, when, as the most important measure of which they are capable, they can vote to have themselves dismissed by declining to pass supply bills; and when, as has happened four times in their history, they return chastened, tamed, and amenable to the wishes of their master?

No wonder the political writing in the press seems to us vaporish and without definite aims. It is perhaps due to this weakness that the writing in the German journals upon other subjects is very good indeed. The best energies of the writers are devoted to what may be called educational and literary expositions. In the field of foreign politics the German press is less well-informed, less instructive, and consequently irritating. The poverty of material resources makes such writing as that of Sir Valentine Chirrol, and in former days that of Mr. G. W. Smalley, beyond the reach of the German journalist, and their press is painfully narrow, frequently unfair, and often purposely insulting to foreign countries. They are not only anti-English, but anti-French, anti-American, and at times bitter. If the American people read the German newspapers there would be little love lost between us.

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THE WINGED HUSSAR

By Albert Kinross

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

IN the winter of 1905–6 a half-dozen men sat round a table in the Hotel Bristol at Warsaw and played a game of poker. As many agencies and newspapers had sent them out to report upon the Russian revolution. They had seen men die behind the Moscow barricades, and women and small children; they had listened to the shooting of the Lettish prisoners in the sand dunes behind Riga; while here, from the hotel windows, they had watched Cossack and dragoon sabre the cheering Poles who had gathered unarmed in the Cracow Faubourg. That afternoon, however, the snow was falling heavily, and it seemed at last as though the revolution had died a natural, or unnatural, death. So, instead of looking for "stories" or strolling in the dismal streets, the men had raided Carthew's room—he mixed their drinks and found them matches—and settled down steadily to a game of poker.

"The last round," said Gilbert Coke, of the *London Tribune;* "I'm dining with a Russian colonel and mustn't be too late; and so is Baldwin. The colonel's going to give us *his* version."

"All right," from two of the others, who, it appeared, had booked seats for the wrestling matches at the circus.

"I'm off to the opera," said Slavin, a young man from New York; and so it was carried. Nor did Carthew mind. "What a fug you've made—I'll have to sit here with the windows open and lay down disinfectants," he cried, standing behind Baldwin, who was shuffling and reshuffling as though wound up and become an automaton.

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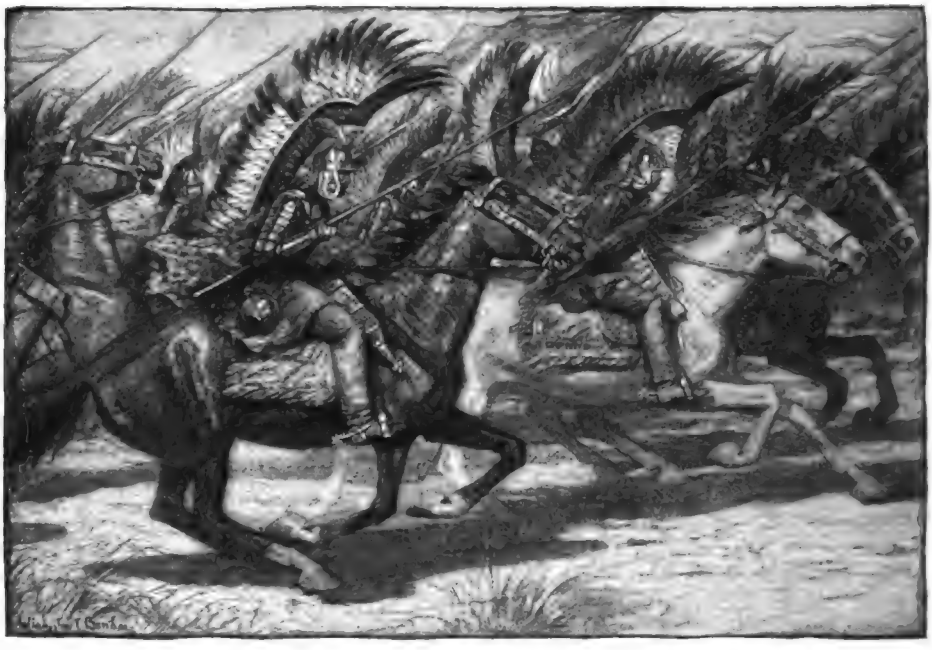

What foe could stand before the awful sibilance of their onrush, this apparition

Nothing very strenuous happened till Slavin picked up four aces in the last deal of all. He had been losing steadily throughout the afternoon, in the pernicious, deadly way a man will lose when the luck is sheer against him, when misfortune seems to have settled on him, like a cloud over his head, immovably, malignantly, and as though it bore him a personal grudge. He looked at his cards again, and the four aces were there right enough. Now, at the finish and too late for any serious profit, Fate, it seemed, was showing him what she might have done had she so willed. It was a hand to "put one's shirt on"; if only some of the others had good hands as well, he might even yet recoup his losses and come out not too far from the right side. . . . He threw away the fifth card and took another from the dealer. So did Coke. Two of the other men had kept a pair, and Baldwin, who was always venturesome, had discarded all five and asked for a "book." Homerton did nothing and joined Carthew.

The betting began, and Slavin squared his jaw, prepared to back his four aces against anything that might come along. His one fear was that the others might have poor hands and crawl out. He resolved to back his four aces as far as anybody would go.

Baldwin retired at once—his "book," as usual, had been a failure. One of the pairs was bluffing or had advanced; the other fled when Coke produced a green three-ruble bill. At thirty rubles only Slavin and the Englishman remained. Would the Englishman run away? Slavin hoped to play him a little longer. He, too, had kept four and taken one. He might have a straight, or a flush, or a full-house. He might—it was all but impossible—have fours as well. In any case he couldn't beat four aces. So Slavin kept on; and so did the Englishman.

They betted, coolly, regularly, unhurriedly, in five-ruble raises, and occasionally in tens, which was the limit. When they wanted change they helped themselves from the money on the table. So sure they seemed of themselves, so far removed from doubts or hesitations, that a spectator, ignorant of their purpose, might have fancied them engaged in some austere and rigid occupation. The other men, grown feverish, looked on, impatiently awaiting the result.

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of something inconceivably monstrous, yet inconceivably superb?—Page 683.

Slavin's personal wealth at that moment amounted to just over the twelve hundred rubles, which were really the property of his newspaper, and had to be accounted for in the usual way. The bulk of the money had reached him a day or two ago, when he was running short. Incidentally, he had been informed that if he didn't get a good story quick he would be fired. His proprietors were like that, and there was no help for it. . . .

Coke, silent, letting his money "talk," had just put down another ten-ruble bill, and then another on top of it.

"I guess that makes twelve hundred," said Slavin. "I'm getting off here," he added, equalizing. "What is it?"

"Kept a busted straight flush and it came right—simply had to back it," said Coke, showing his five cards. There they were, large as life—the seven, eight, nine, ten, and jack of diamonds.

"It's yours," said Slavin. . . . This last ironic stroke had been far deeper, far subtler than he had imagined. Instead of tantalizing him, mocking him, with a tardy favor, now valueless, Fate had done the impossible; had presented him with what looked like a certainty, then done the impossible to finish his rout.

Baldwin had pounced on Slavin's defeated hand and was displaying the four aces.

"If I had a pencil and paper I'd work it out," cried Homerton. "It was at least a hundred thousand to one on you—at least!"

"Poisonous game, poker," said the Englishman, pocketing his winnings; "but I suppose you Americans can stand it. Anyhow, it's your invention;" and he said good-night.

Carthew flung the windows open and began to air the room.

The excitement of the last half hour supported Slavin till he reached his own quarters; but, once the door had closed: "I'll be fired for sure—and there's this deficit to make good—I've got to 'make good,' anyway;" and he smiled feebly at his little joke. "And who's to pay the hotel bill and get me home again?" he ran on. "Strapped in Warsaw, broke, stranded—and not a word of the lingo—and no visible job I could turn to. *That* would make a stunning good story!" . . . Nevertheless, and in spite of these reflec-

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tions, he changed his clothes and took his dinner in the big dining-room of the hotel, gay with what they called "Secessionist" decorations and resonant with the two big tables where the Russian officers messed, splendid in splendid uniforms, borrowed, stripped—almost literally stripped—from the backs of the conquered and subjected Pole. Here a waiter brought him the inevitable beet-root soup.

"You're going to the opera?" asked Coke, coming through.

Slavin nodded.

"I've discovered a café concert—opera's rather too hard for such as me."

Slavin watched him go out, then felt in his waistcoat-pocket for the ticket. He had asked the hotel porter to get him one that morning. It would pass away the time; he was fond of music; and Warsaw, without the revolution, was dead slow.

On the way between the hotel and the Grand Theatre, it occurred to him that he might cable home some quite astounding lie about himself; say that he had been robbed, pillaged, hooliganized. . . . No, they weren't out for that. They might stand something tall about other people; but a story about himself. . . .

II

THE hotel porter, consulted that morning about the opera, had expressed astonishment; also he had folded his hands behind his long tail-coat and wagged a dubious head. The opera? Did not Mr. Slavin know? A ticket would be a very difficult affair. For over a month the house had been sold out. Everybody was going; he himself was going. To-night, it appeared, was no ordinary night, but a *première*, a first performance. And such a performance! The porter was full of it. To-night was the first night of "Maria."

Slavin, musical, possessed, moreover, of all a journalist's curiosity, asked for particulars. From the porter he learned

Slavin looked up to a man who seemed to have escaped from the ancient figures on the stage.—Page 682.

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that some years ago a patriot, noble and wealthy, had written the libretto of "Maria"—the subject was one familiar to every Polish school-boy, to everybody acquainted with Poland's glorious past. This nobleman had offered a handsome prize to whomsoever should furnish the best music for his libretto. A young composer, hitherto unknown, had won the prize; yet, till the issue of the famous October Manifesto, and ever since the revolution of the eighteen-sixties, all theatrical performances of a national character had been forbidden. So that only recently had it been possible to rehearse and prepare for the production of "Maria." All Warsaw would be present; all Poland would be present; there were guests in the hotel from Wilna, from Lublin, from Sandomir, from Posen, from Cracow, from Danzig. . . . A ticket? For Slavin still persisted. The porter reflected. Perhaps, by calling in the assistance of the Hebrew and paying a price, a ticket might yet be secured. There were always Jews who speculated in such affairs. . . . In the end the porter had proved successful. Slavin had paid his money cheerfully; and it was this ticket that he now presented to an attendant.

He received a programme that was altogether incomprehensible; for Polish he had none, nor any other of the Slavonic tongues. He turned it over, straying from it, wondering how he would face the morrow — equally incomprehensible, it seemed, in that sad moment when his isolation came upon him. For here, in the packed theatre, filled with strange faces, strange speech, strange interests, a loneliness had invaded him, and, for the first time, he realized with shattering acuteness his position. In the solitude of his room it had had its humors. Now not even that ghostly light relieved it. . . . Beside him, equally aloof from all that seethed and effervesced in the crowded house, bringing with him an atmosphere passively hostile to this perfervid audience, sat an officer of Circassian horse. A Russian face, pale, intellectual, looked out from the Asiatic uniform, a full-length garment of dark blue, pointed with silver, edged with scarlet. Once or twice Slavin observed him, feeling that he too was an intruder, that they were intruders both, among the hundreds, the thousands, to whom this festival belonged. The Russian kept his position and gave no sign.

The composer himself, young, untried, appeared at the conductor's desk and was received with cheering. In all that multitude of applause, it seemed as though only Slavin and the Russian were silent. The curtain rose; the first act had begun.

The first act of "Maria" passes in the great hall of the Voyevoda, or governor, of a palatinate. Here an army of guests were feasting and merrymaking in approved operatic style. Slavin was aware of the Voyevoda and his companions, their heads shaven, mustachios full and drooping, in the ancient Polish fashion. He heard their recitatives and declamations, their gallantries and toastings; but of the actual happenings, what they plotted and discussed, he knew nothing, nor did he try to know. His own trouble lay heavy on him, had seized him, gripped him, overpowered him; till gradually it broke, gave way, yielded, as before long draughts of potent wine. It was hardly the music that thus aroused him and filled him with a gathering power, a gathering clairvoyance; that shook the load from his shoulders, dispersed the mists, and at last held his eyes to a stage that was to him a revelation, a joy, a carnival.

He had known the polonaïse, he had known the mazurka, disembodied things —perhaps of Chopin—flowing easily from the piano. So, till then, he had known them—dances without dancing. Never as seen here, substantial, incarnate, thrilled with a life of which they were the essence, the supreme manifestation, and dressed and staged as in their greatest day. The Poles? Hitherto they had been a gray and subject people seen dimly in the wintry streets of Warsaw—gray and cowed. To-night they had thrown off this disguise and come once more into their own. Gray? Their dress was crimson and gold and sable, ran through all scales of ruby, of blue, of emerald, sounded all chords, all basses and trebles of color mated with color. A torrent, a triumph, level with the composer's music, of velvets bordered with fur, of silks and tissues, of satins and dyed leathers, of damasks and brocades, jewelled, begemmed, aigretted, mixed here and mingled. The Venetians had known how to

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dress with splendor, but here in Poland it had been an art, ranking with music, with painting, and the chronicles of poet-historian. And thus attuned, attired, entered upon, their dancing had become a greater art, their greatest—national, impersonal, something different from a drilled performance in an opera-house. As well as with the dyed leathers that were a part of their magnificence, as well as with the disks of clinking metal that chimed with the music, their feet were shod with a fire that transcended passion, a white heat beyond the red, beyond the white a flame invisible. Light as leaves swaying in summer breezes their bodies moved, till, wilder and more wild, they went as leaves before an autumn gale. Dignity, pomp, ceremonial; and then, changing with the changed measure, from polonaise to the mazurka was but a step. And now the colors flowed and blended, the bodies swayed as though they were all one body, and turned, wind-driven, flame-compelled. Men and women were ravished by an abandonment, complete, perfect. The dancers had forgotten the theatre, forgotten the audience; the audience had forgotten the theatre, forgotten the dancers. This was the ancient Poland, jocund, joyous—fire and light and chivalry and pomp. It ended only with a summons to war, and a sudden entry of people fleeing from the invader.

The curtain lowered and the applause over, Slavin caught a glimpse of the Russian on his left. The pale face had grown paler, and in the eyes there glowed a dull antagonism, a stifled jealousy, as of some zealot belittling the rites, the doctrines of an alien and exultant church. So might in Rome an icy Calvinist, hating yet impotent, motionless yet resentful, sit out the service at St. Peter's; so might a Romanist endure the ardors of the Protestant north. Otherwise the Russian gave no sign, and a casual observer would have put him down as altogether cold.

From this sullen profile Slavin looked up to a man who seemed to have escaped from the ancient figures on the stage. This man was tall and towering; he had his back toward the footlights, his face turned to the audience, proprietorially, immensely. He stood immediately in front of Slavin and the Russian, and seemed to menace them, to challenge them, to challenge that whole theatre, not so much with an expression of disdain as with the statement that he who stood there was a Pole of Poles. His head was shaved as had been the heads of the great nobles on the stage, his long mustachios fell like theirs, and, instead of a white shirt-front, he wore a vest of black flowered silk, closed at the throat, that recalled in some indefinable way the caftans of the dancers. Over six feet high he stood, ignoring yet observing, unconscious yet compelling by the mere bulk of him, the vast, unstudied insolence wherewith he bore the mask and impinged on the costume of a *Pan* of old.

Slavin had time to absorb these things, to synthesize the meaning, the significance of what had gone before, when the curtain rose upon the second act.

Now all was changed to a wild and open country on whose horizon one saw the red glare of towns and villages going up in flame. The Tartar had fallen on Poland out of the Muslim south. Slavin gleaned that much from the affrighted peasantry who crossed the stage, from the martial declamations of the principals. The rest—the intrigue, the lovers' parting, the heroine's tears—was a blank, a convention; until at last he heard the tramp of armies and saw Poland going forth to war.

The dresses of the first act had been rich: they were the dresses of peace and relaxation; their richness was the richness of security. Now they were changed; but in their place was something even more apart, even more quick to stir the imagination and heat the blood. Silk and satin, fur and velvet had given way to shimmering metal, to plumed helmet, and the pelt of bear and wolf; instead of the warm glow of precious stones, flashed the cold glint of naked steel; in place of caftan, cloak, and loose trousers, one saw breast-plate, loin-guard, and pelisse. And here were faces curiously still under the curved earpieces; and here were bodies sheathed in plumage and the skins of wild beasts. Yet this was not enough. For to the roll of kettledrums, the swirl of fifes behind *quartian*, dragoon, and *reiter* came the hussar, mounted, and pennoned lance at rest. These men sat their heavy horses, their lances made a forest, and from their shoulders rose the famous "wings." Suf-

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ficiently splendid in themselves, they had added this last touch of splendor. From their shoulders, as in the reliefs of ancient Egypt, rose great wings—the rustling of them filled the theatre. Might and terror were incarnate in these warriors. What foe could stand before the awful sibilance of their onrush, this apparition of something inconceivably monstrous yet inconceivably superb? War had fired this people to new improvisations that ended on a grandeur reaching to the epic, the sublime. The other nations had but dreamt of wargods buoyed on the spread of carved and painted wings; the Pole had dared to attempt them in his line of battle, to embody them, to be them. . . .

Over this army floated Poland's eagle, white upon its blood-red ground. A bishop raised the sacred relics and the cross and gave his blessing. Plainly, without music, the front ranks kneeling, the mounted men behind, rose a solemn chant of male voices. It was the hymn made for Sobieski's legions when they marched out to Vienna.

The curtain fell, and, through its tears, a generation that had been forbidden the traditional uniforms saw Poland rearisen. The women threw their flowers onto the stage; the men, tinder, stood there, all but ignited to some desperate enterprise. This tableau roused them, was a resurrection of old glories, bardic, invincible, transfigured by the virtue of a great religion. Again and yet again they feasted on that spectacle.

"They were really like that—*ils étaient vraiment comme ça?*" Slavin, ablaze and finding his best French, was addressing the officer of Circassian horse. Already the wings were sprouting on his shoulders, and he was charging madly—for Poland, for the faith, for sheer devilment. "*Ils étaient vraiment comme ça?*" he repeated.

"*Nyet,*" said the Russian; and now, on a sudden, Slavin realized his mistake. A hatred, burning, unquenchable, lowered in the man's eyes. He had closed these overtures, this conversation, with a single abrupt negative; and Slavin then knew that where he saw valkyries and gods, this other saw Sathanas, something accursed, to be stamped out with blood and iron.

"The hussars were really like that. They were even more than that—we are but in a theatre." Slavin looked up. It was the Pole, returned to his old dominant station, more towering, more formidably representative than ever.

It was the Pole, occupant of the stall in front of theirs, who had intervened, and who in an excellent French continued:

"They cleared a path to the Black Sea and the Baltic; they rode with Lubomirski to Berlin, with Sobieski to Vienna, with Zolkiewski to Moscow. Swede, German, Turk, and Russ they drove before them. At Khotin they trampled out the Janissary Guards; at Kirkholm three thousand of them destroyed an army of sixteen thousand Swedes; at Smolensk the Russian laid one hundred and twenty banners at their feet."

Slavin, glowing, all interest, all excitement, heard the tale. He had had no idea. "You Poles did all this?" he asked.

"At Orsza the Russian went down like grass before us—at Bazya—at Lachowicz—at Chudnow—at Zeromsk."

Each well-remembered name was a blow aimed at their neighbor. Pale, impotent, he let the volley pass. His revenge, if any, must be deferred. Midway through the interval he rose from his seat and left the theatre.

Slavin smiled up at the Pole. "We've driven him away?" he suggested.

"That spy!" was the contemptuous answer.

"Do you really mean it?"

"He is one of the governor-general's *aides* come here to make a report."

"Then he really is a Russian? The uniform——"

"The Cossacks, the Circassians, are often officered by Russians."

"What will he say about it?"

The Pole shrugged his shoulders.

"It was my intention to make him speak here; but the governor-general has issued an order against duelling, which he obeyed—so not even that satisfaction is left to us."

"You tried to provoke him?" Slavin guessed it now.

"I did my best;" and it occurred to Slavin that this was not the first time his new-found friend had done his best, and that there might have been occasions when he had succeeded.

The third act of "Maria" combines and concentrates the color, the movement, the emotions of the two others. The troops

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return victorious; there follows a solemn thanksgiving; the opera ends amid new feastings and rejoicings. Now it was the composer's turn to receive a last ovation. And well enough he deserved it, for he had wrought a miracle. To all these people he had given back their past, roused them with a vision of what they had been, what they yet might be; conquered the slothful, the indifferent, heartened the active and the strong; dealt a momentous blow at that carefully fostered policy of forgetfulness and slow oblivion, decreed then by an alien government, which for more than a generation had been at work, stifling their ardors, numbing flesh and spirit. To-night, for a couple of hours, Poland, ancient, warlike, and jocund, had lived upon the boards, and a subject people had seen the splendid ghosts of its desires.

Even to Slavin—and perhaps the more so for his ignorance—this thing had come as a revelation; and as wildly as any there he found himself shouting, cheering, and gesticulating; until there succeeded a moment, when, standing clear away from his tumultuous participation, he saw himself once more as an American journalist sent out by a newspaper. And then, "What the deuce has all this got to do with me?" he asked himself; and yet again, nonplussed by a ferment stronger than reason or self-knowledge, "What the devil has all this got to do with me!"

III

Noon had struck next morning when he awoke. He was back at the hotel, and he lay for a long hour in bed, helping himself to rolls and coffee, smoking cigarettes, luxuriously going over, reviving scene by scene, the memories, the surprises of the previous night.

The opera ended, somehow he had gravitated toward the Pole; and, somehow, the Pole had taken a similar direction. It was as though a tie, an understanding had been forged by their enthusiasms; as though, tacitly, they had agreed that, of all who had been moved by to-night's spectacle, none had been so samely moved as they. He had found himself promenading under the starlight with this stranger, plying him with questions, eagerly accepting answer, explanation, comment. He remembered now that wheresoever his imagination led, the other met him; indeed, as one who had preceded and was waiting.

For a moment they had halted beside the monument to the national poet, Mickiewicz; they had reached the Vistula, and, in the moonlight, looked out on the vast spread of the river and what had once been the palace of the Polish kings. On the opposite bank was Praga, the suburb that had witnessed Poland's last stand as a nation, and a massacre of the innocents unequalled since the Russian waded in the blood of Novgorod the Great. . . . More and more, under this man's guidance, he had become aware of a people, a history; of a past, too near for death and such decay as is buried in the sands of Egypt or the dust of Rome. One magic touch might rekindle it; perhaps the Princess, as in the fairy-tale, was but asleep. To be the Prince whose coming should remove this enchantment seemed a destiny heroic beyond dreams.

At some small hour of the morning they had turned in at the other's club, a large house, sufficiently comfortable, where had followed the usual exchange of names, habitat, and occupation. The conversation, so far impersonal, became personal. The Pole uncorked champagne; their corner of the room was warm, intimate, secluded; and here, his tongue loosened, wagging as tongues will do after 2 A. M., he had talked about himself, his home, his profession, and about America. Now it was his turn. . . .

"Slavin—the name is English?" the Pole had asked, examining the card before stowing it away in his pocket-book. "No, Irish," he had replied; "or, at least, so I've been told. Over there we don't trouble much about such things till we've made our pile."

But for the one interruption the Pole had listened, was curious, was sympathetic; the natural insolence and *panache* of the man, conspicuous in the theatre, had disappeared; and it was without astonishment that he saw himself launching into confidences, and even telling about Gilbert Coke, the English journalist, and the four aces, and how he was up against it generally, and that if he didn't get a good story quick he would be fired.

"A true Pole—we are all gamblers," the other had laughed. And then, "Per-

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haps I may be of some service to you—you are at the Hotel Bristol?"

From here the conversation had swerved to insurrections; to Kosciuszko's rising after the second partition, to the revolts of the eighteen-thirties and the sixties; and so to the present attempt which had misfired, which seemed to have neither head nor tail nor purpose nor leading.

The other admitted it. "We are too weak," he said; "Russia, Prussia, and Austria are against us; but once there should be a European war, then will come our chance—we wait for that—perhaps we pray for it."

Free, sincere, unguarded, the hours had sped. At last they separated, bidding each other good-night, proposing future meeting-grounds. He had made his way back to the hotel, through the deserted streets with their patrols, who searched him twice for hidden weapons and then sheered off again. Now he lay snugly in his bed, reviving it all, browsing on it all. A tapping at the door made him cry, "Come in!" There entered Gilbert Coke, who had won his money.

"You're late," he began.

"I didn't get home till morning."

"Business?" The Englishman was on the alert at once.

"No, pleasure."

"I see;" and Coke ventured a grin. "By the way," he added, coming to his point, "that opera you went to last night is suppressed. What was it all about?"

Slavin tried to tell him.

"Er—tuppence colored, eh?" It was a certain point of view, and Slavin saw no reason to dispute it.

"I guess it was the fellow that sat next to me," he answered; "there was a Russian in a Circassian uniform."

The next interruption was a message brought up by one of the hotel servants. It was in French and written by the Pole.

"Perhaps I may help you to get right with your newspaper," it ran. "If you care for an adventure, take the 7.45 train this evening and descend at Wolomin station. I will meet you there. It is the second station on the line to Petersburg. Burn this as soon as you have made a note of the hour and place."

Though the envelope containing this message was addressed to "Harold Pascoe Slavin," evidently copied from his card, the message itself was headed, "My dear Slavinski."

IV

Was it a hint, a suggestion? Likeliest of all it was a joke. "A true Pole" the other had called him once last night, and had now continued in the same playful spirit. Really, it was the obvious thing to do—Slavin led inevitably to Slavinski—the name, indeed, seemed made for the extension — unlike Smith or Brown or Robinson or Jones.

So, at first, he dismissed both joke and jester; then, in his bath, he repeated "My dear Slavinski;" next it occurred to him that the Polish things of Poland had roused him as nothing else in his experience. The Russian things of Moscow, the German, the Lettish things of Riga, infinitely more tragical—homes fired over heads thenceforth homeless, faces holed with unrecorded death—all that butchery, all that futility, had never penetrated beyond the surface. It was their business, not his. Often he had wondered at himself, questioned himself, a little despised himself. "I'm looking on like a man in a theatre," he had said; "but if I believed in it, it would break my heart; and then I wouldn't be much use to a newspaper." So he had excused himself. To-day, literally, he had looked on in a theatre, and the fictive drama had stirred him as never the living drama seen out there. No, not even at home had any national movement found him thus responsive, thus impressionable. The war with Spain — tariffs or no tariffs — he had been apathetic by comparison. . . . "Slavinski"—yes, there might be something in it.

He had read stories—mainly Oriental, or told by writers saturated with the East—of men who remembered, whose past lives or whose ancestry had overpowered and made a nothing of the present. He realized suddenly then how very little he knew about himself and of himself, the actual Slavin. He did know that, like the people here, he was a Catholic, or that at least he had been born one, though why he had never previously considered, ex-

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cept that it was a reason he had taken it the more for granted that he and his name had originated in Ireland. He tried hard to go backward, and could see no further than his grandparents—even these none too clearly. Perhaps, in a family, poor, obscure, like his, it was natural. On the paternal side they had been Slavins—and there was a great-uncle as well. His second name, Pascoe, had been a fancy of his father's, and he had always let it go at that—he didn't care much what he was called. Perhaps, as he had indicated to the Pole, an American only troubled about such things after he had made money. . . . It was time he opened his Baedeker and found out something more of Wolomin station. For he was going. He jotted the name down on a slip of paper and the hour at which his train started. Then he set fire to the note, as the Pole had requested, and watched it burn.

The purchase of his railway ticket brought him up against fact—hard fact. It left him with but a single three-ruble bill and the loose silver in his pocket. He owed money at the hotel; he might be ordered home or elsewhere at any moment; there were at least five hundred dollars for which he must render honorable account. His whole career and reputation were at stake—had been staked on those four aces. If only he could have seen it that way at the time! "A true Pole—we are all gamblers," the other had laughed; but, by Gum, it wasn't a laughing matter! If it had been his own money he might have stood it and stuck it out—it wouldn't have been joyous exactly. A feeling, recognizable as actual funk, possessed him as the train drew up at Wolomin.

The station was a bare shed, dumped down in the darkness and the snow; beyond it, making a skyline, was the black edge of a forest. Slavin was the only passenger who descended; an official, carrying a lantern, saw the train proceed upon its way. There was no one else here. He went outside and peered into the empty night. He could find no trace of the Pole, no trace of anybody. The man with the lantern turned a key, coughed, and then, his light still burning, set off down an invisible road. Slavin had Wolomin station to himself.

He stood there a long half hour, huddled in his furs and wondering. The darkness grew less dark, the skyline more distinct—it was the moon rising above the blackness of the forest. A mile away, he knew from his Baedeker, was the town of Wolomin.

Doggedly he stuck to his post outside the station. The Pole had promised, the Pole had made this rendezvous. If the Pole failed him, he would be more utterly adrift, more utterly wrecked than ever. He might just manage to return to Warsaw—and then? The landscape won a new desolation; more truly than before he seemed alone in this bleak world of snow, of darkness, and of wintry stars. . . . The moon had cleared the forest when a two-horse sleigh, lamps burning, carrying with it a flying dust of snow, sprang out of the night and came to a halt within a yard of where he stood. It was superbly done.

"Pan Slavinski?" cried an unfamiliar voice.

Slavin was aware of a man, young as himself, slender, tall, fine-featured, and with a little fair mustache. Irresistibly the strength, the lightness, and the fineness of him recalled a greyhound. He had leaped out of the sleigh, and then, in easy French, introduced himself and made apologies for the Pole.

"You have heard that 'Maria' is suppressed—it has to do with that," he ended; "I can tell you little more at present, except that to me has fallen the honor of replacing our absent friend."

"You were at the opera last night?" asked Slavin. "It was magnificent."

"It was magnificent," echoed the young man. "We were all there—and now it has been suppressed—on the ground that its performance 'may lead to new disorders.'" He was obviously quoting from the official notification. "But I lose time," he added, and invited Slavin to take the seat beside him.

It was the second occasion on which Slavin had found himself answering to the name "Slavinski," and it occurred to him then that the name meant something, that this young man pronounced it as though he took a pleasure in its sound, its context, its associations. He would say nothing here. The Pole must explain it

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all; he had invented it, he was responsible.

The horses were fast and fresh, the snow firm and hard frozen. Straight into the forest they steered, losing the sky and the brightness of the moon. It was a mysterious place, whispering of the hidden, the secret, the unknown; and it seemed endless—endless.

"Do we go through Wolomin?" asked Slavin.

"No, we avoid it." And that, for the present, was all their conversation.

Now and again he caught a glimpse of his companion's face. It had the quality of steel; of something swift and flexible and bright, that only waited on the signal—the word, the command, the opportunity.

On and on they kept, turning once where the road was marked by a wayside shrine, a sudden image of the Crucified, life-size, and so lifelike in that dimness that Slavin looked back and crossed himself—involuntarily; for he had never done such things at home.

They took a second turning. The road ran narrower here, but always through the forest, thick and massive and interminable. The bare branches met overhead, the bare trunks stood like soldiers, massed in their hundreds and their thousands and in ranks past computation. Sometimes a star shone through the tangle, as a jewel is caught up in a woman's hair; sometimes the moonlight filtered through and made the scene more ghostly, more surprising. Now and again came clearings, and Slavin felt like a diver returned to air. The sky was over them once more, and the beauty of the forest made a magic ring, an amphitheatre, fit for the sports of fairies, of hobgoblins, of spirits joyful or sardonic. For well over an hour they must have driven when the road curved into a clearing larger than them all. It was here that they crossed the railway line.

Abruptly the sleigh had halted, and, still holding the reins, the young man was out upon the snow.

"Already! They have done it," he cried.

"Done what?" asked Slavin.

"Come here!" and Slavin sprang out and joined him.

There was no need for other explanation. As far as the eye carried, the line had been torn up, the rails scattered and flung in all directions.

"This will teach them to suppress a Polish opera!" cried the young man.

"But what's the good of destroying a railway train?" asked Slavin; "some of your own people may be on board."

"The train will not suffer—there is no embankment. It will only stop—stop rather unpleasantly. It is the Petersburg Express. To-night it brings the money with which to pay the Russian garrison—to pay the governor-general—to pay everybody."

"Then there will be a strong escort."

"Let us hope so. It comes through before midnight;" and looking out on the slope that commanded the line, the two or three hundred yards that separated them from the encircling forest, "This will be a fine place for our work," he ended; "we could not have a better. Now we must go on."

They started once more, and presently—perhaps a mile or two beyond the clearing—the forest ceased. Without warning, without preparation, it met the open. The great sky had its own way at last.

Slavin looked back. The long wall touched the two horizons; its head was in the stars, its feet were buried in the snow. It stood there, rigid and impenetrable, against the sudden brightness of the night. He turned, and, in the distance, found a gaunt silhouette, which, as they drew nearer, assumed the bulk, the contours of a ruined castle; of a stronghold that, in its day, must have been huge, immense. From the inside of it, from whatever spaces it enclosed, came a ruddy glow, and once a leaping spurt of flame.

"We are driving there?" he asked.

"Nowhere else."

"It is the ruin of a castle that once belonged to the dukes of Masovia?" Not in vain that afternoon, it appeared, had Slavin studied his Baedeker.

"They began it, and the Zamoyskis added to it. It was destroyed during the Swedish wars."

The two men pushed forward. The sleigh was racing now. The red glow increased and lit the sky as they came closer, as they dashed through the ruined

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entry to the keep, into a first court-yard, and, from here, gained the court-yard where this fire burned and blazed, illuminating a scene that made Slavin sit bolt upright, feasting his eyes, his heart, his spirit.

Round the fire, some standing to their horses, others already mounted, armored, splendid, terrible, was a company of the winged hussars. Yes, there could be no mistaking them. The great wings rose from their shoulders, throwing gigantic shadows across the place. . . . From this group a man had ridden out, one of the tallest and the most imposing. He came toward the sleigh, and, leaning forward in his saddle, "Welcome, Pan Slavinski!" he cried.

It was the Pole.

Slavin's face had formed a hundred questions.

"Yes," laughed back his friend, "they have suppressed 'Maria.' We are going to treat them to a second performance —here—to-night! You come with us—I have kept a uniform for you—you told me that you ride."

A dozen men pressed round and were listening; tall they were, and elegant, and lithe. They sat their horses like centaurs; standing, they seemed as though built for that impressive panoply. The Pole raised his lance and flung out a sentence, of which Slavin could only catch at his re-edited name. It must have been a presentation; for now his hands were gripped, the winged figures had taken possession of him; he knew that he was welcome, and, something more than welcome—honored.

In a sheltered corner of the ruins, roofed but doorless, Slavin found his uniform. The Pole was with him and ready to lend a hand. The change took but a few moments. When he joined the others round the fire, instead of a fur cap he wore plumed helmet and earpieces, instead of a fur overcoat a leather jerkin and a breastplate with a leopard-skin floating from its clasp. Above his shoulders rose the famous wings. His horse, a mettlesome bay, was waiting. Lightly he sprang into the saddle, sword on hip and gripping his lance with the forked pennon. Now, indeed, he was "Pan Slavinski" with a vengeance!

"You had better take this in case we should need it." The Pole was holding out a heavy calibred automatic pistol on a sling. "Hang it round your neck—it is loaded; and here are more cartridges—you must find somewhere to stow the clips away."

A horseman joined them; and Slavin recognized the young man who had replaced the Pole at Wolomin. Radiant he was, as though approaching some passionate consummation.

He asked a question and rode off again. A bugle sounded. It was the signal for departure.

Slavin sat beside the Pole and watched the troop file out. "God's own light horse!" he found himself repeating. He had made the phrase last night, looking round on the men who applauded in the theatre. Even there he had felt it in them. Perhaps Poland had ceased because cavalry had ceased. Yet, given that arm, who could stop them, who could stand against them!

Riding two abreast they passed before Slavin and the Pole, with what might be a baggage-wagon in the centre.

"Thirty-six of us," said the Pole; "one to each uniform."

"They came from the opera-house," answered Slavin; "how did you manage to get hold of them?"

"The opera was suppressed; so everything was sold to a gentleman—'a French gentleman who is going to produce it in Paris.' Needless to say, he is one of our collaborators. To-night he is lodging a complaint with the police, to the effect that, though he paid ready money and holds numerous receipts, part of his property has been diverted. A vanload of it has disappeared."

Slavin understood.

"The carriers to whom he entrusted this removal have also disappeared—he gave his commission too easily. He had, it seems, not been long in Warsaw. *Mon Dieu*, I thought at first of selling it to you for a production in America. And then I thought it would be better if you came here—it may set you right with your newspaper."

V

The Petersburg Express was in the forest. The long low murmur of it, gathering from afar in that nocturnal

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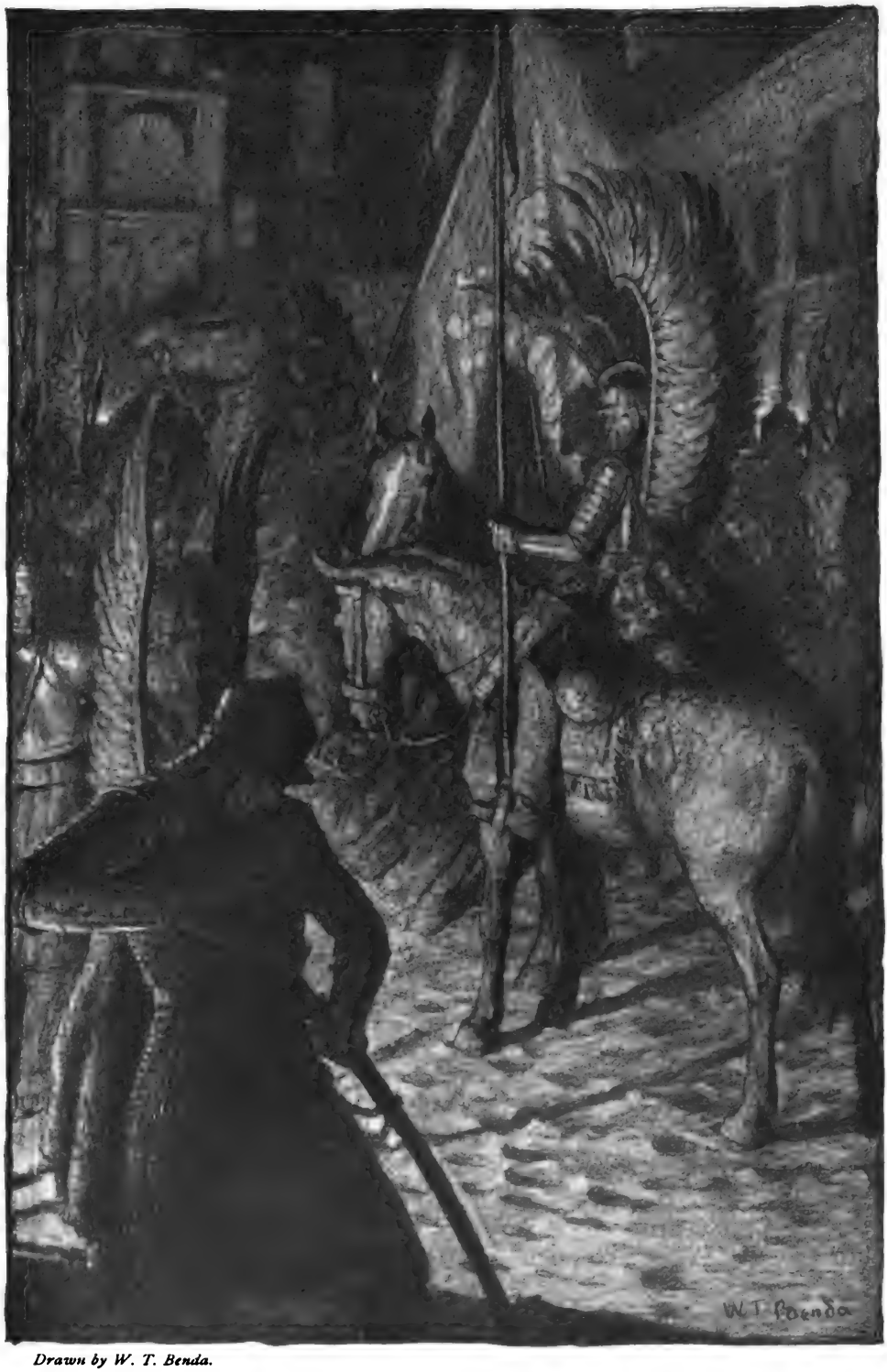

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

Round the fire, some standing to their horses, others already mounted, armored, splendid, terrible, was a company of the winged hussars.—Page 688.

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stillness, could mean one thing, and one thing only. The men, waiting for it, unlocked their pistols. They looked out, sitting their horses behind the giant boles, from which they would presently emerge into the open. Themselves invisible, they commanded the slope that ran down to the railway line, with its torn metals, its carefully planned disorder. The moonlight filled this space, the rising ground beyond; the rest was mystery and shadow. In silence Slavin watched beside the Pole; in silence the Pole watched beside Slavin. One heard no sound there but the murmur of the oncoming train.

Smoothly, unhurriedly it was moving toward its destination. With every moment it came closer. Its head had come out of the forest emitting a cloud of smoke before it began to swerve and plough a new course in the snow. There was something ludicrous in these contortions. But still it kept its wheels upon the ground, and, midway through the clearing, the brakes had brought it to a halt. From the inside of it swarmed a body of soldiers, who, led by an officer in gray, leaped out upon the snow. A stream of passengers followed; but these were driven back by the officer. Reluctant, protesting, they returned to their places and hung their heads out of the carriage windows. The officer shouted a command, which was followed by the rattle and the click of bayonets. Next he marched his men to a van in the rearward of the train, divided them into two parties, and ordered a party to each front. This must be the van that contained the money "to pay the Russian garrison—to pay the governor-general—to pay everybody."

There were two courses open to the Pole. He could either send a handful of his men, keeping their cover, round to the other side of the train, in the hope that their appearance on that quarter would engage, or even draw away, the half of the escort guarding that particular front, thereby leaving him free to let loose his main body on the other half; or else he could at once discover his presence from this side, thus giving the two parties time to unite, when they might be destroyed as a whole instead of singly. With characteristic daring he chose the latter plan. And now, to the note of a bugle, the whole company rode out into the open, showing itself, standing clear and splendid against the forest. As had so evidently been foreseen, the effect of this manœuvre was to make the Russian officer join up his forces. The Pole nodded his approval, and, turning to Slavin, "When the bugle sounds a second time, we charge," he said. "Heaven help us if they have the sense to make a fortress of the train!"

Of that wonderful moment Slavin knew little beyond that his lance was in position, and that, against reason, against prudence, against everything stable and ordered in his life, he was going madly, was hurling himself headlong—for Poland, for the faith, for sheer devilment, the dream he had dreamt come true. He caught the thunder of the horses; and then, above that sound, a gathering sibilance, as from a rising wind. It was the roaring of the wings. His heart exulted in that fateful music, a hissing, and at last a storm unbolted, that swept through space with them, that went with them, of which they were the core, the manifest and terrible incarnation. A hoarse shout broke from the two score voices. It was the ancient Polish battle-cry: "Kill, kill!"

Vainly the Russian officer shrieked his orders, fired his pistol, and gesticulated. His men, superstitious and fearful, simple peasants put into uniform, stood rooted to the spot. Wide-eyed and trembling, they gazed before them; for here, indeed, were demons, were spirits monstrous and invulnerable, the proud and pitiless legionaries of Antichrist himself; and well they knew that such places were haunted. Against human foes they would stand firm, even at night-time and in the darkness. . . . Before the Poles could close with them, they had dropped their rifles and fled all ways into the forest. When Slavin next saw the officer a lance had pierced his throat, half lifting him, half carrying him backward into death.

From several of the carriage windows now came shots. The Pole, a hand uplifted, rode to meet them. He asked a question, gave a warning, stern, peremptory. It was enough. Then he rode back again, unharmed.

The victory had been an easy one—so fate had willed it. Their next task was

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to empty the van and pile its contents into the baggage-wagon. The implements were there and willing hands. Slavin looked on at the splintering of wood, the forcing of locks and fastenings. It was the work of a few minutes. A bugle sounded. They were ready for the return.

A strange enough picture they left behind them in the moonlight—the derailed train with its excited passengers, the snow that carpeted the clearing, the black circle that was the forest, the dead man flung beside his trust. And there too gleamed the lance-points and the armor, and moved the ghostly figures of the winged hussars. With the loaded wagon once more in the centre began the march back to the castle.

Fast they rode and without much converse; yet in each man's breast the exaltation of a supreme adventure, of an hour lived, of an hour snatched from the buried and thrice buried past: from the past that was before the massacre of Praga, the past that had beheld the first great revolution, and then the second. To them it was an hour to have lived for, be the near future what it might. And Slavin shared it. It belonged to him as well. Forever he would carry the thrill of it, the romance and the wonder; of a chapter, passionate and lyrical, flushing the sober records of his insignificance.

VI

THE fire in the castle-yard was burning low when they returned. They fed it with huge logs, with fagot-wood, with the thin and tenuous shearings of the outmost branches. It occurred to Slavin that, ordinarily, these ruins were used as a place of storage by the woodmen of the forest. There was fuel enough here to feed a score such fires. Soon it was blazing, was leaping once more to the sky; reddening the darkness, playing upon the men, their pride, and their magnificence.

The Pole rode out before them and made a speech. It was brief; it was vigorous. What the exact content of it was Slavin could not say; but he guessed from the fervor it aroused that it was national, and that its reasoned passages had the full approval of this audience.

The Pole had finished. Then came the strangest scene of all. Silently, reverently, the men unbraced their wings and gave them to the flames.

"You too," said the Pole, addressing Slavin—he had himself set the example. And Slavin obeyed.

After the wings came arms and armor; came lance and sword and leopard-skin and plume.

Slavin found his fur cap, his coat, his vest, his overcoat, and when he had donned them, there was no man here that did not wear the dress of every day. Two of them, indeed, were priests, he discovered with some amazement. All their pomp, all their splendor, all their chivalry had perished, were cast into those hungry flames. From that pyre who knew what phœnix might arise! If the Pole had used that image, as probably he had, it was at least a just one.

The men were ready to disperse. Some led out the horses they had ridden and harnessed them to sleighs; others simply sprang into the saddle once more and went off through the night. But, before they went, there was not one of them who had not taken Slavin's hand and pressed it, uttering some quick word of farewell stressed with emotion. "Slavinski," they all ended. Why "Slavinski"? Who *was* "Slavinski," and what had *he* to do with it?

"Come, we must all be safe in Warsaw before they discover that anything unusual has happened." The Pole was at his elbow, accompanied by the young man who had first appeared at Wolomin station.

"You will go home by road," the Pole continued; "our friend here will drive you. I have still work to do—there is no rest for the wicked. Look out for me at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

Slavin hesitated. The young man was waiting.

"Very well, then," he replied. "I will expect you at the hotel—at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

VII

SLAVIN had got his "good story quick," and by the afternoon it was at least all ready on paper. He had sat down to it promptly, with every detail fresh and hot before him. There was no doubt what-

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soever about it—that kind of story only came up once in a blue moon. Somehow he would cable it across, if he had to beg or borrow or steal for it. And no one else had it, or stood a chance of having it till he had squeezed it dry. If that went over the wires he knew there was small risk of his being "fired."

It was on the crest of this mood, with the ink still wet on the paper, that the Pole discovered him, and forthwith asked for a translation.

Slavin needed no second bidding.

"Very good—very good," nodded the Pole, as the tale proceeded; "this lives—this is really full of life." And when it was over: "Permit me," he observed, "you might have added that among the party was a young American, the great-grandson of the hero and patriot Slavinski."

Slavin thrust his papers to one side and faced round eagerly.

"I was coming to that," he said. "Now what in thunder does all this mean—all this Slavinski-ing and talk about Slavinski?"

The Pole laughed at him.

"Have you no suspicions?" he asked.

"Any amount. But what's the good of suspicions? I want to know what you know, what all those men seemed to know last night!"

"Well, in the first place," the other answered, "they knew that Sapieha of the Russian embassy in Washington—all of us, by the way, are not conspirators; some are even in the diplomatic service—they knew that Sapieha had written home, saying that the family of Slavinski was not extinct, and that, curious as it might seem, one of its members, calling himself Slavin, was actually in Russia, where he was engaged as the correspondent of American newspapers. Sapieha had been attracted by the particular excellence of this correspondence; he made inquiries; one thing led to another; he had established the facts of the case beyond a doubt. It had cost him time, money, and several journeys; but the subject has his passionate interest, and he was very proud of his discovery. That," concluded the Pole, "is what those men knew; though of course it was I who made the personal application of Sapieha's facts. I think, however, that even without them I would have arrived at the same conclusion; for I felt the Pole in you from the moment of our first meeting at the theatre——"

"And I," broke out Slavin, "I've felt it too—but it's been something more than that—something beyond me."

"Your blood answered to ours," the other pursued; "our emotions were your emotions. You knew no word of our language; and yet the language of our hearts—that you understood! It was your own."

The two men sat silently for a long moment; till, in a voice firmer and less personal, the Pole continued:

"It was only yesterday morning that I learned what Sapieha had written; and then I had made his discovery for myself. Once started, it was not too difficult. I was thinking of our meeting, of our conversations—after the theatre, you will remember?"

Slavin did remember.

"Your name, of course, suggests Slavinski—you may recollect that I asked you a question about it? Your American nationality should have made me certain the moment I could put the two together. In addition, there was your second name, Pascoe. I had overlooked it. Yesterday morning, examining your card, I remembered that Pascoe was the name of the American lady whom Slavinski married—Miss Helen Pascoe, a good Catholic, of the city of Baltimore. The marriage was against the wishes of her parents. I have read the whole story over again in Zajonczek's 'Lives of Kosciuszko's Generals'—and so doubtless had Sapieha. In it you will find transcribed the letters that reached Poland after your ancestor's escape, as well as those written under happier circumstances. Here is the work itself—my own copy—I wish you to accept it;" and the Pole produced a sealed package which he placed upon the writing-table. The weight, the shape, the size of it were hardly suggestive of a book; but, maybe, they would come to that as the story unfolded.

"You will not be able to read it now—later on, perhaps, in your own country," the Pole resumed. "Meanwhile I will try and replace Zajonczek. . . . Briefly,

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Drawn by W. T. Benda.

Vainly the Russian officer shrieked his orders, fired his pistol, and gesticulated.—Page 690.

in 1794, when Kosciuszko was taken, when Warsaw had fallen, when all hope was dead, Slavinski, the hero of Polonna, of Raclawice, one of the many heroes of the siege, escaped to Danzig. From there he embarked on a ship bound for America. Its captain befriended him and offered him the passage. There was a price upon his head; he was in the enemy's country; he was without money or the means of procuring money. A man in his position does not hesitate.

"He crossed the Atlantic safely; and then—he himself has written it—his troubles began in earnest. Over there little was known of Poland; all eyes were turned on France and the Revolution. If he had been a Frenchman, they might have received him handsomely; a Pole, he discovered, hardly ranked as a European—is it not much the same to-day? Who knows of us, our history, and what we have endured? But I stray from my subject. . . . Slavinski was proud. He accepted the position and was silent. A soldier, second only to his chief, admittedly the finest cavalry leader of both campaigns, he was forced to play the violin at street corners, in a theatre, to do a thousand menial tasks that gave him bread. . . . When next we hear of him—that is some years later—General Jan Henrik Slavinski has become Mr. John Slavin, teacher of the violin and foreign languages. Miss Pascoe was one of his pupils. Referring to the alteration in his name, he writes in one of his letters: 'They tell me it is an Irish name, which is the next best thing to Polish.' And on another occasion: 'Should Poland have need of me,' he says, 'my life is at her service; yet, while I am in America, why should I wear a name that so proclaims my nationality and our misfortunes; a name that I have carried hopefully, proudly, and even gallantly under such different circumstances?' After his marriage he returns for the last time to this subject. It had been his pride which first dictated this change, and now the paternal heart confirms it. 'I wish my children, should God grant me children, to be free, to escape the shadow that has fallen on my nation,' he says. 'I wish them to know no other nationality than the one to which they have been given. Let them serve this new country, their mother's country, with undivided hearts.' . . . Such, as well as I can remember them, are his words, his intention. He died suddenly, in the city of Baltimore, where he had made his home. It was on the same day that Napoleon entered Warsaw."

The Pole had finished. Slavin was busy thinking.

"My father and my grandfather had a hard struggle," he said at last; "and I knew that we lived in the South before the Civil War. That wiped out a good many things—people like us don't seem to remember much beyond it." And then, looking across at his companion, "I think I understand what those men said to me last night," he added; "and I think I understand myself as well."

"For one night you had returned to us," said the Pole, rising; "now it is over."

"It will never be over," responded Slavin.

"Now," the other pursued, "you are going to cross the frontier with that telegram. You may take my word for it that there will be nothing else for you to do in Poland; and, besides, it is better that it should go from Germany than from here. You will find all the money you need within this parcel," and he indicated the package that he had placed upon the writing-table. "It is not a gift," he resumed, waving aside Slavin's hesitations; "it is a simple act of restitution. The Russian confiscated your home, the little property that should have come to you. *Bien*, we have made him disgorge. It is our wish. You will accept it from us? We have done precisely the same thing with the people at the theatre."

"I can't afford to refuse it; but some day——"

"We are living in the present;" and the Pole moved to the door. "In all probability we will never see each other again," he said, with extended hand; "I am sorry for that. You will not forget us?"

"How can I?" asked Slavin; and "How can I?" he repeated when the door had closed again and he had turned the key in it.

He was alone, packing his kit-bags and preparing for to-morrow's journey, when

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he heard Gilbert Coke's perfunctory tap and the Englishman's voice making inquiry.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Can I come in?"

Before opening, Slavin put his gold away in one bag and stuffed the notes inside another.

Coke entered; and to-day his stolid countenance reflected something that might be described as doubt.

He took a chair. He cleared his throat. He hesitated.

"You're off?" he began.

"It looks like it."

"Er—nothing much doing here, is there?"

Slavin went on with his packing.

The Englishman lit a cigarette and watched him.

"Er—you know that money," he began, starting afresh; "that money I won from you at poker—seems a bit stiff, don't it?"

Slavin looked up, wondering.

"Well—er—I've been thinking it might be—er—rather more than you could afford. You can have it back if you want it."

THREE SONGS IN A GARDEN

By Theodosia Garrison

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I

WHITE rose-leaves in my hands,
I toss you all away;
The winds shall blow you through the world
To seek my wedding day.
Or East you go, or West you go
And fall on land or sea,
Find the one that I love best
And bring him here to me.
And if he finds me spinning
'Tis short I'll break the thread;
And if he finds me dancing
I'll dance with him instead;
If he finds me at the Mass—
(Ah, let this not be,
Lest I forget my sweetest saint
The while he kneels by me!)

II

My lilies are like nuns in white
That guard me well all day,
But the red, red rose that near them grows
Is wiser far than they.
Oh, red rose, wise rose,
Keep my secret well;
I kiss you twice, I kiss you thrice
To pray you not to tell.
My lilies sleep beneath the moon
But wide awake are you,
And you have heard a certain word
And seen a dream come true.
Oh, red rose, wise rose,
Silence for my sake,
Nor drop to-night a petal light
Lest my white lilies wake.

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III

Will the garden never forget
  That it whispers over and over,
"Where is your lover, Nanette?
  Where is your lover—your lover?"
Oh, roses I helped to grow,
  Oh, lilies and mignonette,
Must you always question me so,
  "Where is your lover, Nanette?"
Since you looked on my joy one day
  Is my grief then a lesser thing?
Have you only this to say,
  When I pray you for comforting?
Now that I walk alone
  Here where our hands were met,
Must you whisper me every one,
  "Where is your lover, Nanette?"
I have mourned with you year and year
  When the Autumn has left you bare.
And now that my heart is sere
  Does not one of your roses care?
Oh, help me forget—forget,
  Nor question over and over,
"Where is your lover, Nanette?
  Where is your lover—your lover?"

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XXVI

ONE officer pushed Jason up the steps of the car with one hand clutched in the collar of the boy's coat. Steve Hawn followed, handcuffed, and as the second officer put his foot on the first step, Steve flashed around and brought both of his huge manacled fists down on the man's head, knocking him senseless to the ground.

"Git, Jason!" he yelled, but the boy had already got. Feeling the clutch on his coat collar loosen suddenly, he had torn away and, without looking back even to see what that crashing blow was that he heard, leaped from the moving train into the darkness on the other side of the train. One shot that went wild followed him, but by the time Steve was subdued by the blow of a pistol butt and the train was stopped, Jason was dashing through a gloomy woodland with a speed that he had never equalled on a foot-ball field. On top of a hill he stopped for a moment panting and turned to listen. There were no sounds of pursuit, the roar of the train had started again, and he saw the lights of it twinkling on toward the capital. He knew they would have bloodhounds on his trail as soon as possible; that every railway-station agent would have a description of him and be on the lookout for him within a few hours; and that his mother's house would be closely watched that night; so, gathering his breath, he started in the long, steady stride of his foot-ball training across the fields and, a fugitive from justice, fled for the hills. The night was crisp, the moon was not risen, and the frozen earth was slippery, but he did not dare to take to the turnpike until he saw the lights of farm-houses begin to disappear, and then he climbed the fence into the road and sped swiftly on. Now and then he would have to leap out of the road again and crouch close behind the fence when he heard the rattle of some coming vehicle, but nothing overtook him, and when at last he had the dark silent fields and the white line of the turnpike all to himself he slowed into a swift walk. Before midnight he saw the lights of his college town ahead of him and again he took to the fields to circle about it and strike the road again on the other side where it led on toward the mountains. But always his eyes were turned leftward toward those town lights that he was leaving perhaps forever and on beyond them to his mother's home. He could see her still seated before the fire and staring into it, newly worn and aged, and tearless; and he knew Mavis lay sleepless and racked with fear in her little room. By this time they all must have heard, and he wondered what John Burnham was thinking, and Gray, and then with a stab at his heart he thought of Marjorie. He wondered if she had got his good-by note—the taking back of his promise to her. Well, it was all over now. The lights fell behind him, the moon rose, and under it he saw again the white line of the road. He was tired, but he put his weary feet on the frozen surface and kept them moving steadily on. At the first cock-crow, he passed the house where he had stayed all night when he first rode to the blue-grass on his old mare. A little later lights began once more to twinkle from awakening farm-houses. The moon paled and a whiter light began to steal over the icy fields. Here was the place where he and the old mare had seen for the first time a railroad train. Hunger began to gnaw within him when he saw the smoke rising from a negro cabin down a little lane, and he left the road and moved toward it. At the bars which let into a little barn-yard an old negro was milking a cow, and when, at the boy's low cry of "Hello!"

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he rose to his feet, a ruse came to Jason quickly.

"Seen any chestnut hoss comin' along here?"

The old man shook his head.

"I jist got up, son."

"Well, he got away from me an' I reckon he's gone back toward home. I started before breakfast—can I get a bite here?"

It looked suspicious—a white man asking a negro for food, and Jason had learned enough in the blue-grass to guess the reason for the old darkey's hesitation, for he added quickly:

"I don't want to walk all the way back to that white house where I was goin' to git something to eat."

A few minutes later the boy was devouring corn bread and bacon so ravenously that again he saw suspicion in the old darkey's eyes, and for that reason when he struck the turnpike again he turned once more into the fields. The foot-hills were in sight now, and from the top of a little wooded eminence he saw the beginning of the dirt road and he almost shouted his gladness aloud. An hour later he was on top of the hill whence he and his old mare had looked first over the land of the blue-grass, and there he turned to look once more. The sun was up now and each frozen weed, belated cornstalk, and blade of grass caught its light, shattered it into glittering bits, and knit them into a veil of bewildering beauty for the face of the yet sleeping earth. The lad turned again to the white breasts of his beloved hills. The nation's army could never catch him when he was once among them—and now Jason smiled.

XXVII

Back at the little capital, the plebeian sat pat behind thick walls and the muskets of a thousand men. The militia, too, remained loyal, and the stacking up of ammunition in the adjutant-general's office went merrily on. The dead autocrat was reverently borne between two solid walls of living people to the little cemetery on the high hill overlooking the river and with tribute of tongue and pen was laid to rest, but beneath him the struggle kept on. Mutual offers of compromise were mutually refused and the dual government went on. The State-house was barred to the legislators. To test his authority the plebeian governor issued a pardon—the Democratic warden of the penitentiary refused to recognize it. A company of soldiers came from his own pennyroyal home and the wing of the mountain army still hovered nigh. Meanwhile companies of militia were drafted for service under the banner of the dead autocrat. The plebeian ate and slept in the State-house—never did he leave it. Once more a Democratic mob formed before the square and the Gatling gun dispersed it. The President at Washington declined to interfere.

Then started the arrests. It was declared that the fatal shot came from the window of the office of the pale, dark, young secretary of state, and that young mountaineer was taken—with a pardon from the plebeian in his pocket; his brother, a captain of the State guard, the ex-secretary of state, also a mountain man, and still another mountaineer were indicted as accessories before the fact and those indictments charged complicity to the pennyroyal governor himself. And three other men who were found in the executive building were indicted for murder along with Steve and Jason Hawn. Indeed the Democrats were busy unearthing, as they claimed, a gigantic Republican conspiracy. No less than one hundred thousand dollars was offered as a reward for the conviction of the murderers, and the Republican cry was that with such a sum it was possible to convict even the innocent. In turn, Liberty Leagues were even formed throughout the State to protect the innocent, and lives and property were pledged to that end, but the ex-secretary of state fled for refuge across the Ohio, and the governor over there refused to give him up.

The Democrats held forth at the Capitol Hotel—the Republicans at the executive building. The plebeian sent arms from the State arsenal to his mountain capital. Two speakers were always on hand in the Senate, and war talk once again became rife. There was a heavy guard of soldiers at every point in the Capitol Square, there were sentries at the governor's mansion, and the rumor was that the

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militia would try to arrest the lieutenant-governor who now was successor to the autocrat. So, to guard him, special police were sworn in—police around the hotel, police in the lobby, police patrolling the streets day and night; a system of signals was formed to report suspicious movements of troops, and more men were stationed at convenient windows and in dark alley-ways, armed with pistols, but with rifles and shot-guns close at hand, while the police-station was full of arms and ammunition. To the courts it was at last agreed that the whole matter should go, and there was panting peace for a while.

A curious pall overhung the college the morning of Jason's flight for the hills. The awful news spread from lip to lip, hushing shouts and quelling laughter. The stream of students moved into the chapel with little noise—a larger stream than usual, for the feeling was that there would be comment from the old president. A common seriousness touched the face of every teacher on the platform and deepened the seriousness of the young faces that looked expectantly upward. In the centre of the freshman corner one seat only was vacant, and that to John Burnham suggested the emptiness of even more than death. Among the girls one chair, too, yawned significantly, for Mavis was not there and the two places might have been side by side, so close was the mute link between them. But no word of Jason reached any curious ear, and only a deeper feeling in the old president's voice when it was lifted, and a deeper earnestness in his prayer that especial guidance might now be granted the State in the crisis it was passing through, showed that the thought of all hearts was working alike in his. At noon the news of Jason's escape and flight spread like fire through town and college—then news that bloodhounds were on his trail, that the trail led to the hills, and that a quick capture was certain. Before night the name of the boy was on the lips of the State and for a day at least on the lips of the nation.

The night before John Burnham had gone down to the capital to see Jason. All that day he had been hardly able to keep his mind on book or student, all day he had kept recalling how often the boy had asked him about this or that personage in history who had sought to win liberty for his people by slaying with his own hand some tyrant. He knew what part politics, the awful disregard of human life, and the revengeful spirit of the mountains had played in the death of the autocrat, but he knew also that if there was in that mountain army that had gone to the capital the fearful, mistaken, higher spirit of the fanatic it was in the breast of Jason Hawn. He believed, however, that in the boy the spirit was all there was, and that the deed must have been done by some hand that had stolen the cloak of that spirit to conceal a malicious purpose. Coming out of his class-room, he had seen Gray, whose face showed that he was working with the same bewildering, incredible problem. Outside Marjorie had halted him and tremblingly told him of Jason's long-given promise and how he had taken it back; and so as he drove to the country that afternoon his faith in Jason was miserably shaken and a sickening fear for the boy possessed him. He was hardly aware he had reached his own gate, so lost in thought was he all the way until his horse of its own accord stopped in front of it, and then he urged it on with a sudden purpose to go see Jason's mother. On top of the hill he stopped again, for Marjorie's carriage was turning into the lane that led to Martha Hawn's house. His kindly purpose had been forestalled and with intense relief he turned back on his heart-sick way homeward.

With Marjorie, too, it had been a sudden thought to go to Jason's mother, but as she drew near the gate she grew apprehensive. She had not been within the house often and then only for a moment to wait for Mavis. She had always been half-fearful and ill at ease with the sombre-faced woman who always searched her with big dark eyes whose listlessness seemed but to veil mysteries and hidden fires. As she was getting out of her carriage she saw Martha Hawn's pale face at the window. She expected the door to be opened, as she climbed the steps, but it was not, and when she timidly knocked there was no bid to enter. She was even about to turn away bewildered and indignant when the door did open and a forbidding figure stood before her.

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"Mavis has gone down to see her pappy."

"Yes, I know—but I thought I'd come——"

She halted helplessly. She did not know that knocking was an unessential formality in the hills; she did not realize that it was her first friendly call on Martha Hawn; and curiously enough the mountain woman became at that moment the quicker of the two.

"Come right in and set down," she said with a sudden change of manner. "Rest yo' hat thar on the bed, won't you?"

The girl entered, her rosy face rising from her furs, and she seemed to flood the poor little room with warmth and light and make it poor indeed. She sat down and felt the deep black eyes burning at her not unkindly now and with none of her own embarrassment, for she had expected to find a woman bowed with grief and she found her unshaken, stolid, calm. For the first time she noticed that Jason had got his eyes and his brow from his mother, and now her voice was an echo of his.

"They've got dogs atter my boy," she said simply.

That was all she said, but it started the girl's tears, for there was not even resentment in the voice—only the resignation that meant a life-long comradeship with sorrow. Marjorie had tried to speak, but tears began to choke her and she turned her face to hide them. She had come to comfort, but now she felt a hand patting her on the shoulder.

"Why, honey, you mustn't take on that-a-way. Jason wouldn't want nobody to worry 'bout him—not fer a minute. They'll never ketch him—never in this world. An' bless yo' dear heart, honey, this ain't nothin'. Ever'thing 'll come out all right. Why, I been used to killin' an' fightin' an' trouble all my life. Jason hain't done nothin' he didn't think was right—I know that—an' if hit was right I'm glad he done hit. I ain't so shore 'bout Steve, but the Lord's been good to Steve fer holdin' off His avengin' hand even this long. Hit'll all come out right—don't you worry."

Half an hour later the girl on her way home found Colonel Pendleton at his gate on horseback, apparently waiting for some one, and, looking back through the carriage window, Marjorie saw Gray galloping along behind her. She did not stop to speak with the colonel, and a look of uneasy wonder crossed his face as she drove by.

"What's the matter with Marjorie?" he asked when Gray drew nigh. The boy shook his head worriedly.

"She's been to the Hawns," he said, and the colonel looked grave. Twenty minutes later Mrs. Pendleton sat in her library, also looking grave. Marjorie had told her where she had been and why she had gone, and the mother, startled by the girl's wildness and distress, had barely opened her lips in remonstrance when Marjorie, in a whirlwind of tears and defiance, fled to her room.

XXVIII

On through the snowy mountains Jason went, keeping fearlessly now to the open road, and telling the same story to the same question that was always looked, even when not asked, by every soul with whom he passed a word: he had gone to the capital when the mountain people went down, he had been left behind, and, having no money, was obliged to make his way back home on foot. Always he was plied with questions, but the death of the autocrat had not yet penetrated that far. Always he was gladly given food and lodging, and sometimes his host or some horseman, overtaking him, would take him up behind and save him many a weary mile. Boldly he went until one morning he stood on the icy, glittering crest of Pine Mountain and looked down a white wooded ravine to the frozen Cumberland locked motionless in the valley below. He could see the mouth of Hawn Branch and the mouth of Honeycutt Creek—could see the spur, the neck of which once separated Mavis's home from his—and with a joyful throb and a quickly following pang he plunged down the ravine. Ahead of him was the house of a Honeycutt and he had no fear, but as he swiftly approached it along the river road, he saw two men, strangers, appear on the porch and instinctively he scudded noiselessly behind a great clump of evergreen rhododendron and lay flat

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to the frozen earth. A moment later they rode by him at a walk and talking in low, earnest tones.

"He's sure to come back here," said one, "and it won't be long before some Honeycutt will give him away. This peace business ain't skin-deep and a five-dollar bill will do the trick for us and I'll find the right man in twenty-four hours."

The other man grunted an assent and the two rode on. Already they were after Jason; they had guessed where he would go, and the boy knew that what he had heard from these men was true. When he rose now he kept out of the road and skirted his way along the white flanks of the hills. Passing high up the spur above Hawn Branch, he could see his grandfather's house. A horse was hitched to the fence and a man was walking toward the porch and the lad wondered if that stranger too could be on his trail. On upward he went until just below him he could see the old circuit rider's cabin under a snow-laden pine, and all up and down the Hawn Creek were signs of activity from the outside world. Already he had watched engineers mapping out the line of railway up the river. He had seen the coming of the railroad darkeys who lived in shacks like cave-men, who were little above brutes and driven like slaves by rough men in blue woollen shirts and high-laced boots. And now he saw that old Morton Sander's engineers had mapped out a line up the creek of his fathers; that the darkeys had graded it and their wretched shacks were sagging drunkenly here and there from the hillsides. Around the ravine the boy curved toward the neck of the dividing spur and half-unconsciously toward the little creek where he had uncovered his big vein of coal, and there where with hand, foot, and pick he had toiled so long was a black tunnel boring into the very spot, with supporting columns of wood and a great pile of coal at its gaping mouth. The robbery was under way and the boy looked on with fierce eyes at the three begrimed and coal-blackened darkeys hugging a little fire near by. Cautiously he backed away and slipped on down to a point where he could see his mother's old home and Steve Hawn's, and there he almost groaned. One was desolate, deserted, the door swinging from one hinge, the chimney fallen, and every paling of the fence gone and the roof of the little barn caved in. Smoke was coming from Steve Hawn's chimney, and in the porch were two or three slatternly negro women. The boy knew the low, sinister meaning of their presence on public works; and these blacks ate, slept, and plied their trade in the home of Mavis Hawn! All the old rebellion and rage of his early years came back to him and boiled the more fiercely that his mother's home could never be hers, nor Mavis's hers—for a twofold reason now—again. It was nearing noon and the boy's hunger was a keen pain. Rapidly he went down the crest of the spur until his grandfather's house was visible beneath him. The horse at the front fence was gone, but as he slipped toward the rear of the house he looked into the stable to make sure that the horse was not there. And then a moment later he reached the back porch and noiselessly opened the door—so noiselessly that the old man sitting in front of the fire did not hear.

"Grandpap," he called tremulously.

The old man started and turned his great shaggy head. He said nothing, but it seemed to the boy that from under his bushy brows a flash of lightning was searching him from head to foot.

"Well," he rumbled scathingly, "you've been a-playin' hell, hain't ye? I mought 'a' knowed whut would happen with Honeycutts a-leadin' that gang. I tol' 'em to go up thar an' fight open—man to man. They don't know nothin' but way-layin'. A thousand of 'em shootin' one pore man in the back! Whut 've I been tryin' to l'arn ye since you was a baby? God knows I *wanted* him killed. Why," thundered the old man savagely, "didn't *you* kill him face to face?"

The boy's chin had gone up proudly while the old man talked and now there was a lightning-flash in his own eyes.

"I tried to git to him face to face fer three days. I knowed he had a gun. I was aimin' to give him a chance fer his life. But seemed like thar wasn't no other——"

"Stop!" thundered the old man again, "don't you say a word."

There was a loud "hello" at the gate.

"Thar they air now," said the old man

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with a break in his voice, and as he rose from his chair he said sternly: "An' stay right where you air."

Through the window the boy saw the two horsemen who had passed him in the road that morning. His eyes grew wild and he began to tremble violently, but he stood still. The old man went to the door.

"Hyeh he is, men," he shouted; "come in hyeh an' git him."

Then he turned to the boy.

"You air goin' back thar an' stand yore trial like a man."

The boy leaped wildly for the door, but the old man caught him and with one hand held him as though he were a child, and thus the two astonished detectives from the blue-grass found them, and they gaped at the mystery, for they knew the kinship of the two. One pulled from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and old Jason glared at him with contempt.

"Don't you put them things on this boy—he's my grandson. An', anyhow, ef you two full-grown men can't handle a boy without 'em I'll go 'long with you myself."

Shamed, the man put the irons back in his pocket, and the other one started to speak but stopped. The old man turned hospitably toward his unwelcome guests.

"I reckon all o' ye want a bite to eat afore ye start. Mammy!"

The door to the kitchen opened and the aged grandmother halted there, peering through brass-rimmed spectacles at her husband and the two men, and catching sight last of little Jason standing in the corner—trapped, white-faced, silent. Instantly she caught the meaning of the scene, and with a little cry she tottered over to the boy and putting both her hands on his breast began to pat him gently. Then, still helplessly patting him with one hand, she turned to her husband.

"You hain't goin' to give the boy up, Jason?" she asked plaintively, and the old man swerved his face aside and nodded.

"Git up somethin' to eat, mammy," he said with rough gentleness, and without another look or word she turned with her apron at her eyes to the kitchen door. The old man glared out the window, the boy sank on a chair at the corner of the fireplace, and in the face of one of the men there was sympathy. The other, shifty of eyes and crafty of face, spoke harshly.

"How much o' this reward do you want?"

Old Jason wheeled and the other man cried sternly:

"Shut up, you fool!"

"You lop-yeared rattlesnake!" began old Jason, and with a contemptuous gesture dismissed him. "How much is that reward?"

The other man hesitated, and then with the thought that the fact would soon be world-known answered promptly:

"For the capture and conviction of the murderer—one hundred thousand dollars."

The old man gasped at the amazing sum, his face worked suddenly with convulsive rage and calmed in a sudden way that made the watching boy know that something was going to happen. Quietly old Jason walked over to the fire and stood with his back to it. He pulled out his pipe, filled it, and turned again to the mantel-piece as though to reach for a match, but instead whipped two big revolvers from it and wheeled.

"Hands up, men!" he said quietly. For a moment the two were paralyzed, but the thick-set man, whose instincts were quicker, obeyed slowly. The other one started to laugh.

"Up!" called the old man sternly, levelling one pistol, and the laugh stopped, the man's face paled, and his hands flew high.

"Git their guns fer a minute, Jasie, an' put 'em up hyeh on the mantel. A hundred thousand dollars is a *leetle* too much."

The kitchen door opened and again the old woman peered through her spectacles within.

"I knowed you wouldn't do it, pap," she said. "Dinner's ready—come on in now, men, an' git a bite to eat."

The thin man's shifty eyes roved to his companion, who had almost begun to smile and who muttered to himself as he rose:

"Well, by God!"

In utter silence the meal went through, except that the old man, with his pistols crossed in his lap, kept urging his guests to the full of their appetites. Jason ate like a wolf.

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"Git a poke, mammy," said old Jason when the boy dropped knife and fork, "an' fill it full o' victuals."

And still with a smile the thick-set man watched her gather food from the table, put it in a paper sack, and hand it to the boy.

"Now git, Jasie—these men air goin' to stay hyeh with me fer 'bout an hour, an' they can go atter ye ef they think they can ketch ye."

With no word at all even of good-by, little Jason noiselessly disappeared. A few minutes later, sitting in front of the fire with his pistols still in his lap, old Jason Hawn explained:

"Fer a mule, a Winchester, and a hundred dollars I can git most any man in this country killed. Fer a thousand I reckon I could git hit proved that I had stole a side o' bacon or a hoss. Fer a hundred thousand I could git hit proved that the President of these United States killed that feller—an' human natur' is about the same, I reckon, ever'whar. You don't git no grandson o' mine when thar's a bunch o' greenbacks like that tied to the rope that's a-pinin' to hang him."

An hour later he told his guests that they could be on their way, though he'd be mighty glad to have 'em stay all night—and they went, both chagrined, the thin one raging within but obedient and respectful without, while the other, chuckling at his companion's discomfiture and no little at his own, watched with a smile the old fellow's method of speeding his parting guests.

"Git on yo' hosses, men," he suggested, and when the two stepped from the porch he replaced his own guns on the mantel and followed them with both of their guns in one hand and a Winchester in the other. While they were mounting he walked to the corner of the yard, laid both their pistols on the fence, walked back to the porch, and stood there with his Winchester in the hollow of his arm.

"Ride by thar, men, and git yo' guns, an' I reckon," he suggested casually but convincingly, "when you pick 'em up you better not *even look back—nary one o' ye*."

"Can you beat it?" murmured the quiet man, while the other snarled helplessly.

"An' when you git down to town you can tell the sheriff. He's a Honeycutt, an' he won't come atter me, but I'll go down thar to him an' pay my leetle fine."

Again the man said:

"Well, *by* God!"

And as the two rode on, the old fellow's voice followed them:

"Come ag'in, men—I wish ye both well."

Two nights later St. Hilda, reading by her fire, heard a tap on her window-pane, and, looking up, saw Jason's pale face outside. She ran to the door, and the boy stumbled wearily toward the threshold and stopped with a look of fear and piteous appeal. She stretched out her arms to him, and, broken at last, the boy sank at her feet, and, with his head in her lap, sobbed out of his heart the truth.

XXIX

ST. HILDA herself took Jason back to the blue-grass, took him to the gray frowning prison at the capital, and with streaming eyes watched the iron gates close between them. Then she went home, sent for John Burnham, and within an hour both started working for the boy's freedom, for Jason must keep on with his studies, and, with Steve Hawn in jail, must help his mother. Through Gray's influence Colonel Pendleton, and through Marjorie's Mrs. Pendleton as well, offered to go sponsors for the boy's appearance at his trial. The man from the Pennyroyal who sat in the governor's chair, and even the successor to the autocrat who was trying to pre-empt that seat, gave letters to help, and before any prison pallor could touch the boy's sun-tanned face he was out in the open air once more on bail. And when old Jason Hawn in the mountains heard what had happened he laughed.

"Well, I reckon if he's indicted only fer *helpin'* Steve, he ain't in much danger, fer they can't git him onless they git Steve, an' if thar *is* one man no money can ketch—that man is slick Steve Hawn. An' lemme tell ye: if the right feller was from the mountains an' only mountain folks knows it, they hain't *nuver* goin' to find him out. Mebbe I was a leetle hasty—mebbe I was."

After one talk with John Burnham, the

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old president suggested that Jason drop down into the "kitchen" and go on with his books, but against this plan Jason shook his head. He was going to raise Steve Hawn's tobacco crop on shares with Colonel Pendleton, he would study at home, and John Burnham saw, moreover, that he shrank from the ordeal of college associations and any further hurt to his pride. The pores of the earth were beginning to open now to the warm breath of spring. Already Martha Hawn and Mavis had burned brush on the soil to kill the grass, and Jason ploughed the soil and harrowed it with minute care, and sowed the seed broadcast by hand. Within two weeks lettuce-like leaves were peeping through the ground, and Jason and Mavis stretched canvas over the beds to hold in the heat of day and hold off the frost of night. Three weeks later came the first ploughing; then there was ploughing and ploughing and ploughing again, and weeding and weeding and weeding again. Just before ripening, the blooms came—blooms that were for all the world like the blooms of purple rhododendron back in the hills, and then the task of suckering began. Sometimes Mavis would help and the mother started in to work like a man, but the boy had absorbed from his environment its higher ideal of woman and, all he could, he kept both of them out of the tobacco field. This made it all the harder for him and there was no let up to his toil. Just the same, Jason put every spare moment on his books, and in Mavis's little room, which had been turned over to him, his lamp burned far into every night. And when he struck a knotty point or problem, he would walk over to John Burnham's for help, or the schoolmaster, as he went to and fro from his college duties, would find the boy on a fence by the roadside waiting with his question for him. All the summer he toiled. When there was no hard labor, always he had to fight the tobacco worms with spray, and hand, and boot-heel, until the rich dark-green of the leaves took on a furry, velvety sheen—until at ripening they turned to a bright gold and were ready for the chisel-bladed, double-edged knife with which the plants are cut close to the ground. Then they must be hung on upright tobacco sticks, stalks upward, to wilt under the August sun, and then on to be housed in Colonel Pendleton's great barns to dry within their slitted walls. Several times during the summer Arch Hawn came by and looked at the boy's work with keen, approving eye and in turn won a falling off in Jason's old prejudice against him; for Arch had built a church in the county-seat in the mountains, had helped the county schools, and was making ready to help the mountain people fight unjust claims to their lands, and, himself charged with helping to bring the mountain army down to the capital, stood boldly ready to surrender to the call of the law. And more—he meant to help Steve Hawn in his trouble, for Steve, after an examining trial, had been remanded back to prison without bail. And Arch was going to help Jason in his trial, which would closely follow Steve's.

All summer, too, Gray and Marjorie would be riding or driving past the tobacco field, and Jason and Mavis, when they saw either or both coming, would move to the end of the field that was farthest from the turnpike, and turning their backs would pretend not to see. Sometimes the two mountaineers would be caught where avoidance would be impossible, and then Marjorie and Gray would call out cheerily and with a smile—to get in return from the children of the soil a grave, silent nod of the head and a grave, answering glance of the eye—for neither knew the part the blue-grass boy and girl had played in the getting of Jason's freedom, until one late afternoon of the closing summer days, for John Burnham had been asked to keep the matter a secret. But Steve Hawn had learned from his lawyer and had told his wife Martha when she came to visit him in prison; and that late afternoon she was in the tobacco field when Mavis and Jason moved to the other end and turned their backs, as Marjorie rode by on her way home and Gray an hour later galloped past the other way.

"I reckon," she said quietly to Jason, "ef you knowed whut that boy an' gal has been a-doin' fer ye, you wouldn't be a-actin' that-a-way."

And then she explained and started for home. Both stood still—silent and

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dumfounded—and only Mavis spoke at last.

"*Both* of us beholden to *both* of 'em."

Jason made no answer, but bent to his work, and when Mavis, too, started for home he stayed behind without explanation, and when she was out of sight climbed the fence at the edge of the woods and sat there looking toward the sunset fading behind Marjorie's home.

XXX

THE tobacco was dry now, for the autumn was at hand. It must come to case yet, then it must be stripped, the grades picked out and left then in bulk for sale. With all this Jason had nothing to do. He had done good work on his books during the spring and autumn, such good work that, with the old president's gladly given permission, he was allowed a special examination which admitted him with but one or two "conditions" into his own sophomore class. Then was there the extraordinary spectacle of a college boy—quiet, serious, toiling—making the slow way toward the humanities under charge of murder and awaiting trial for his life. And that course Jason Hawn followed with a dignity, reticence, and self-effacement that won the steadily increasing respect of every student and teacher within the college walls. A belief in his innocence became wide-spread, and that coming trial began to be regarded in time as a trial of the good name of the college itself. A change of venue had been obtained and the trial was to be held in the college town. It came in mid-December. Jason, neatly dressed, sat beside his lawyer, and his mother, in black, and Mavis sat quite near him. In the first row among the spectators were Gray and Marjorie and Colonel Pendleton. Behind them was John Burnham, and about him and behind him were several other professors, while the room was crowded with students. The boy was pale when he went to the witness-chair, and the court-room was as still as a wooded ravine in the hills when he began to tell his story, which apparently no other soul than his own lawyer had ever heard; and it was soon apparent that even he had never heard it all.

"I went down there to kill him," the boy said calmly, though his eyes were two deep points of fire—so calmly, indeed, that as one man the audience gasped audibly—"an' I reckon all of ye know why. My grandpap al'ays told me the meanest thing a man could do was to shoot another man in the back. I tried for three days to git face to face with him. I knowed he had a gun all the time, an' I meant to give him a fair chance fer his life. That mornin' I heard through the walls of the boardin'-house I was in—an' I didn't know who was doin' the talkin'—that the man was goin' to be waylaid right then an' I run over to that ex-ec-u-tive building to reach Steve Hawn an' keep *him* anyways from doin' the shootin'. I heard the shots soon as I got inside the door, and purty soon I met Steve runnin' down the stairs. 'I didn't do it!' Steve says, 'but any feller from the mountains better git away from *here*.' We run out through the yard an' got into Steve's buggy an' travelled the road till we was ketched—an' that's all I know."

And that was all. No other fact, no other admission, no other statement could the rigid, bitter cross-examination bring from the lad's lips than just those words; and those words alone the jury carried to their room. Nor were they long gone. Back they came, and again the court-room was as the holding in of one painful breath, and then tears started in the eyes of the woman in black, the mountain girl by her side, and in Marjorie's, and the court-room broke into stifled cheer, for the words all heard were:

"Not guilty."

At the gate of the college a crowd of students, led by Gray Pendleton, awaited Jason. The boy was borne aloft on their shoulders through the yard amid the cheers of boys and girls—was borne on into the gymnasium, and before the lad could quite realize what was going on he heard himself cheered as captain of the foot-ball team for the next year, and was once more borne out, around and aloft again—while John Burnham with a full heart and Mavis and Marjorie with wet eyes looked smilingly on. A week later Arch Hawn persuaded the boy to allow him to lend him money to complete his course and a week

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later it was Christmas again. Christmas night there was a glad gathering at Colonel Pendleton's. Even St. Hilda was there, and she and John Burnham, and Colonel Pendleton and Mrs. Pendleton, Gray and Mavis, and Marjorie and Jason, danced the Virginia reel together, and all the stars were stars of Bethlehem to Mavis and Jason Hawn as they crunched across the frozen fields at dawn for home.

(To be continued.)

THE MID-VICTORIAN

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

HEN Mrs. Abergenny came down to meet her young friend, Philippa Foxcroft, who had been announced perhaps five minutes before, she found Philippa standing near the long window outlined by two Doric pillars of the veranda, and shaking hands with Inga, the maid. Rather it seemed that she was holding Inga's hand in affectionate detention. She dropped it, though not with the haste of having been interrupted in a social eccentricity, and turned to give the hand, no less cordially and no more, to Mrs. Abergenny. Inga, on the contrary, withered slightly in the changed atmosphere of the room, induced by the entrance of the lady from whom she received her wages and the right inculcation of conduct.

"Good-by, Eva," said Philippa, touching the initial vowel with a continental grace. "Rehearsal to-night and to-morrow noon."

Then Inga, become temporarily Eva, with a little more red in her cheeks than was customary, though not more than proved becoming, also with downcast lids, went out in her list slippers, her little card-tray at her side like a fairy shield not yet wanted. Mrs. Abergenny stood for a moment looking up at Philippa, whom she found sometimes, with an inexplicable irritation, too tall, too full of the west wind of curt incisive fact. Philippa was splendid, Mrs. Abergenny's husband told her, an Amazon. She needed only shiny breastplates and a spear to walk on the stage and sing her confidence in life. But she lacked a good many of the fringing softnesses Mrs. Abergenny had felt necessities in her own day. There was no atmosphere about her—save perhaps the honest dawn—no questioning reverence in the tent of her superiors. Mrs. Abergenny knew that her husband, who wrote novels, was Philippa's superior; and yet Philippa seemed to have nothing to learn of him. She always spoke to him with a gay unconsciousness of anything beyond their neighborly affiliations, perhaps as Parkman's uncle, and with a shade of frank solicitude when she wanted to hear from Park. Sometimes Mrs. Abergenny had an impulse to reach up and lay hold of her strong shoulders, shake her into attention, and say: "You tall, gaunt girl, don't you know Robert Abergenny has written novels translated on the continent and praised in England?" In the second while they stood looking at each other, delicate, plump, peach-colored matron, and well-equipped girl, some of these antagonisms came out, but in a glance only and this from Mrs. Abergenny. Philippa's limpid grayness of eye beamed forth pure affection, an inability perhaps to be moved save from abstract causes.

"Eva is going to play in the mystery play," said she, when they had seated themselves.

"You call her Eva," said Mrs. Abergenny.

"Yes, that's her name. Isn't her name Eva?"

"I believe it was something different,"

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said Mrs. Abergenny, wrinkling her brow slightly in the effort of remembering. "We called her Inga because that nice girl that got married was Inga. We've had three Ingas now. It's so much easier."

"Could she rehearse to-morrow at noon?" asked Philippa. "Eva didn't like to ask. It's a bad hour, but it's the only one the mill-hands have. And that's the last rehearsal. Performance to-morrow night, you know."

"Yes," said Mrs. Abergenny, with dignity. "Cook will wait on us at dinner, I'm sure."

"When's Park coming?" asked Philippa, with a plump directness staggering to Park's aunt.

When Mrs. Abergenny had lived in the shadowy, iridescent-vapored land of tentative engagement to her husband, she couldn't have mentioned his name in such evident fervor of interest, even if he had been away the eight months that Park had used up in his onslaughts on the camps of city journalism.

"Mr. Abergenny will be home to-night," she said rather primly. "He will be likely to know the latest."

"Has Mr. Abergenny been in New York?"

"Yes, for three days. He thinks it wise to go on once in a while to make the rounds of the editors. I fancy it's partly to see Park. He gets very homesick for him."

Philippa was wrinkling her brow now, unbecomingly yet frankly, with a hard intensity. There was nothing of the wistful pray-do-tell-me-if-you-know about it that makes a girl's pure brow so charming. It said rather, "I'm thinking. In a few minutes I shall have weighed the matter. Then I'll inform you accurately."

"I want awfully to get hold of Park," said she. "You see, Mary Crewe has been collating her mill-operative data. I want to know what Park thinks about it: whether he'd advise her to get it into shape for half a dozen articles or more. If he could just sit down and listen to her, it would save a lot of writing back and forth."

Were not she and Park then writing back and forth, weaving the fabric of their dream, or did they wait for crucial topics like data to spur them to epistolary haste?

"I'm sure Park would be delighted to do anything he could," said Mrs. Abergenny, the least stiffness of unsatisfied inquiry in her tone. "Is Miss Crewe a college friend?"

"Yes," said Philippa. Waves of brightness were flushing over her face. She evidently believed in her friend tremendously. "She's visited me a lot."

"I don't think I ever met her."

"No. There never's been any time for calling. Besides, for the last year she hasn't been here at all. She's been working in the mills."

"In the mills?" Mrs. Abergenny repeated with an involuntary warmth of pity. "Poor child!"

"Oh, no," said Philippa, "not that way. She's not working for a living. Mary has her own money now. She is simply going round and hiring out under assumed names, working in the same conditions with other girls to find out what the conditions really are."

A flush crept into Mrs. Abergenny's face. She looked a dignified remonstrance.

"That certainly doesn't seem to me," she said, "the thing for a young lady to do. Pardon me, Philippa. But even if she is your friend——"

Philippa didn't blame her. She had a large, kind way with Mrs. Abergenny. It sometimes mirrored, in the older woman's mind, the toleration of her orthodox friends for her defined Unitarianism. They hardly recognized it as a faith, but they regarded it, she thought, as too inconsiderable to be rejected. But Philippa was speaking in a warm, moved voice, sprung out of enthusiasm over Mary's deeds.

"Mary's done a lot. The eight-hour bill in Hill Haven really was due to her. There's Mr. Abergenny."

A town hack was crawling up the driveway, and by the time Mrs. Abergenny had the door open, her husband had paid his quarter and picked up his suit-case from the veranda where the driver had deposited it with a friendly ease, and was smilingly in evidence. He was a tall, personable man over sixty, looking out of kind eyes set round with wrinkles and ambushed under well-cut brows. He made a distinguished figure, wearing the caped coat and soft hat his wife thrust on him

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as fitting her especial taste. Abergenny found them very comfortable. He would have hooted if he had come on the child-like subtlety of her motive, that they made him, as an author, picturesque. He kissed her, not in a matrimonial meagreness, but with a soft enthusiasm.

"All right, Ellen?" he asked.

Ellen had flushed in a perfect delight. She was more than all right. She was his with a young intensity. Philippa, also receptive, had come into the hall, and he shook hands with her. She was ready with the instant question:

"When's Park coming?"

"Why," said Mr. Abergenny, in a gay consciousness of having his answer pat, "Park's coming to-night."

"To-night!"

Both women echoed it.

He nodded.

"He wasn't in New York. I haven't seen him. He's been in Minneapolis with Eaton Lang. They're putting on a play of Lang's."

"Trying it out," supplied Philippa. "But coming here?"

"On the way. Be here a day or two I understand. I'll tell him a young lady's been inquiring for him."

Mrs. Abergenny threw him a quick, repressing look. "Don't chaff," it said. "Philippa really shouldn't have asked for him. Don't encourage her."

"Tell him to come over," said Philippa, the brusqueness of it qualified by her bright eyes. "Or, no, you needn't. He's got precious little time. Mary and I'll run over here."

She had shut the front door behind her, and Abergenny had got off his coat, before his wife knew fairly what comment it was fair to make on a girl they liked as they did Philippa. But when he had gone into the front room and mended the fire and stretched his legs to it, in a frank relief at finding himself at home, she allowed herself the interjection, "Did you ever!" That was safe. It was so safe that Abergenny saw nothing in it. He took her hand, patted it, kissed it, pulled her little chair nearer, and put her into it. Then, the flush gone from his face and the light of recognition from his eyes, he settled into a muse of his own, and in that she caught him.

"Why, Rob," said she, "you're tired."

He pulled himself back.

"No," said he, "I don't believe I'm tired—very."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Well enough."

"See all the men you meant to?"

"Yes, I guess so. Yes, I did."

"What did Ellis say about the serial?"

"Well"—there he dragged himself still further out of his muse, and the laughing lines knit round his eyes—"I didn't mention it."

"You didn't! Why, that's what you went for."

"I tried to." He seemed to be justifying himself to her, justifying his failure to himself. "This is what Ellis said to *me:* 'Abergenny, the magazine's going splendidly. All the Jews are writing to me about the immigration series. Circulation's gone up like the deuce.'"

"But you don't object to his pleasing the Jews."

"Dear, no! Like to please 'em myself. But listen to what he said next: 'I've got three stories of yours in the safe.' Well, after that——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Abergenny thoughtfully, "I see." But she recalled herself to her office as heartener of the hearth. "I think you're too sensitive."

"No," said Abergenny, in a smiling consideration, "I don't think I'm too sensitive. I think I'm just sensitive enough."

"Well, where else d'you go?"

"Oh, I dropped in at the *Islander* office, and they didn't mention the magazine at all. They asked me to lunch."

"D'you go to lunch?"

"No. I wasn't hungry."

The wave of her partisanship towered and rushed upon him, bringing the salt tang of allegiance.

"Oh, Rob!"

"You see, Ellen," he went on—he had begun patting her hand again; it looked as if he had something to break to her—"while I've been sitting in my study here, the world's been moving."

"Well!" said Ellen. "My patience! but haven't we moved with it?"

"I can't continue the terrene figure," said Abergenny, "but I've a strong conviction that I've got left."

"You don't mean it's what that doctor

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said somewhere about not working after forty?"

"No, no, plenty of 'em are working after forty—after fifty—after seventy, working to beat the band. I'm not in step somehow. I fitted a certain time. I was the round peg in the round hole. The time's only something to be remembered now. I'm there just the same, in my round hole, but I don't move a cog."

"What is it?" cried his wife, in a passion of resentful wonder. "What's happened to everything? That's what I'd like to know. It's the same thing throughout. It's what makes Philippa's feet so big."

Having thus embodied her distaste of the athletic and well developed, she was immediately ashamed. However, he understood her, though Philippa's feet had never been used by him to the disparagement of modernity. He always saw them walking on the mountain-tops of hope.

"You see," said he, "I'm not timely."

"What do you mean by timely?" she pursued him.

"I mean chiefly," said Abergenny, "brotherly love."

He said it gravely, and yet with a curious distaste, as if he couldn't accept it in its present guise.

"Why! why!" She could scarcely control her baffled wonder. To her he was brotherly love. She knew the kindness of him, the humility, the things he had done and been.

"Dear girl," said Robert, "it's a science now, and you and I haven't taken that course. We don't know the terms. We couldn't use 'em if we did. It's like saying their creed in their sleep. We only say it when we're awake. They're chanting their creed, they're printing it, putting up posters, turning out pamphlets, cheap editions, *éditions de luxe*." She stopped following him there. He had got into the cloud where he hid sometimes and talked to himself, and she was content because the obscurity of the cloud was soothing to him, and she could always think it over afterward.

"It's an esoteric society," said he, "with pass-words. 'Do you love your brother man? If you don't say so, you don't. Repeat the misdeeds of the industrials. Give the lineage of the conspicuous railroad robberies. If you can't, you'll get left.' Ellen, as sure as shooting, I *am* left."

He was making a joke of it. That was serious, appalling. The puppets he had dressed up for jokes had been skeletons, spooks he was actually afraid of. Tears were spotting the pretty gray of Ellen's dress. For one of the few times in his life, Abergenny failed to see them.

"Going to New York isn't an adventure any more," he discoursed.

"You've been so many times," she reminded him.

"Ah, but it used to be an adventure. I felt as if I were carrying on nuggets of gold, all in my brain. They wanted it then, the merchants that squatted in the market-place. They acted as if I'd got a virgin mine, and was a cunning artificer besides. They crowded about me. Now they're round the corner looking at samples from the other mines."

"You can do exactly as good work as you ever did," she countered hotly.

"Of my own pattern. Don't forget that. But I'd like one stupendous adventure yet before I die—throw myself into something neck and heels. That was being young, I suppose, Ellen. We never knew what was coming. We never cared. That was the witchery of it. If I could have an adventure—even a poor elderly adventure—an adventure on paper—Hullo! there they are."

Eaton Lang and Park were putting their heads out of the low-browed cab. They seemed to accomplish it all in a rush, flung the man his coin, seized their suitcases, pelted up the steps, and Park enriched Aunt Ellen with his home-coming kiss. From that moment the house took on a tumultuous warmth of preparation. The "boys" went to their rooms, and Mrs. Abergenny invaded the kitchen and herself impressed the cook with the deeply significant nature of the next repast. It was not dinner. No one dined in those white-pillared houses. They simply sat down to something indifferently called tea, an assemblage of dishes as rich as hospitailty and inherited cook-books could manage. Mrs. Abergenny put on her lilac silk and she and her husband were ready to go into the dining-room when the boys came down. Looking at Park, who, though Robert's nephew, was,

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as she told them both, the only son she had, she warmed with maternal pride. Park was not tall. That had seemed a pity, a few years ago; but now he had broadened out, and he was hard and strong. His clean-shaven face had much of the Abergenny distinction, though none of the whimsical query that made her husband's dear to her. Park questioned nothing. He was sure. Eaton Lang was the same type of fellow. They might have come out of an illustration in a modern book. They ate a great deal, with a frank enjoyment, and were very nice to their hostess. Park was chaffing her about the coquetry of her lavender and lace, and condescending to her in a fashion she liked. It was a little cocky, a purely masculine brand, and she never objected to even a young man's setting her sex right. She liked, she said, their point of view. But now she caught Eaton's question to her husband.

"What percentage of Letts are there here in the mills?"

Abergenny hesitated, and Abergenny's nephew burst into a laugh, quick with affectionate tolerance.

"He can't tell you, can you, Uncle Van? He don't know a Lett from a—hindrance."

"Come, come, now," said Abergenny. "I'm a very intelligent uncle, give me time."

Park had turned frankly to his friend. He was always snatching the reins of talk, and he did handle them capably, though with a perfect unconsciousness that there are serviceable modes of driving not approved in the conventions of whips.

"I told you what sort of a town this is. Uncle don't know a soul out of his class."

"Oh, come now," said uncle, again tolerantly, "what is my class?"

But this Park smilingly waived, as if both he and uncle knew.

"It isn't you alone, uncle, it's the whole bloomin' town. Your class refuses to see that there's been anything new since the shipbuilding days. Meantime the population's shifted. There's a big percentage of Italians, Syrians, Lithuanians, Poles. They're citizens. They vote. Their bosses sway the vote. But uncle"—he was talking to Eaton now—"uncle only knows he meets shiny-eyed foreigners in the street when he's pottering down to the post-office to get an English review, and they make him think of Italy, and he goes off into a pipe-dream about his sabbatical spree, don't you, dad?" Park was very affectionate when he said "dad."

Mrs. Abergenny, listening, felt the angry color in her face. Her pretty hand found itself trembling as she lifted the fork, and she laid it down again with a delicate composure. She was afraid to look at her husband lest she should catch the quiver of eld shown up by youth. But Abergenny was explaining now to Eaton, and his unmoved, genial voice gave her a new thrill of partisanship. She was old enough to know composure costs something.

"Park told you about our sabbatical spree? We inherited a few thousands, and when I feel my joints stiffening and can't write (because I can't get a good pen), can't read (because my arm isn't long enough)—you know the reasons we find for getting turned out to pasture and keeping our self-respect—then my wife and I are going to Italy on a regular bat. It's going to be my last piggishness. She's doing it all for me and I'm letting her. She'd rather sit down here and see the grass grow, wouldn't you, Ellen?"

"I want to go very much," said she, but she didn't and she knew he knew it. These were the pious rites of her worship.

"Good scheme," said honest Eaton. "I tell father and mother to spend every cent they can for the next five years. After that it's all downhill. Sure to be."

Again Mrs. Abergenny flashed a hot look at her husband. It found him smiling.

"A bit of ham, Eaton?" he was saying. "See this little thin fellow with the ring of fat. Doesn't that tempt you, my boy?"

It did, and while Eaton's plate went up, Eaton himself insisted fatefully:

"What's the percentage of all the foreigners in the mills?"

"I don't know," said Park. "Phil could tell you. How is Phil?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Abergenny. She felt disconcertingly remote from her nephew at that moment. He seemed to be committing *lèse majesté* all round. "Philippa was here this afternoon. She has a college friend staying with her." An acrid impulse prompted her to add, "A girl who has been going about hiring

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herself out in mills and telling what she saw."

"By George!" said Eaton. He had lost muscular control of his eye-glasses, in his recognition of the distinguished Mary, and sat looking at Mrs. Abergenny with a myopic softness of gaze which seemed somehow to reflect Mary Crewe in person. "Mary Crewe!" he offered. Then he got his glasses on again and with them resumed his front of armed sufficiency.

"Of course it's Mary Crewe," said Park. "I'll telephone Phil and see if we can get 'em over here this evening."

"Parkman!" breathed his aunt. She had determined, after the first incursion of these redoubtable young Scythians, not to be surprised. The infant generations shouldn't catch her napping. She would even entertain their catchwords as legitimate English and not a bastard brood. But she had to add, because the discipline of manners demanded it, "Don't you think you'd better ask if you might call?"

Park was innocent of anybody's ban.

"They'd better come here," said he. "They're great girls. Dad'll love to hear 'em."

"Do you know Philippa's friend?" Mrs. Abergenny was asking Eaton, fixing him at the moment, all unconsciously, with a gaze of frigor bidding him beware how he spoke of young ladies with a laxity Park had so unhappily betrayed.

"Not personally," said Eaton. "Know her work, of course."

"Oh, we've got to have 'em," said Park, "unless they've something on to-night. Is Mary advertised to speak?"

"Not that I have heard," said Mrs. Abergenny, with an inclusive dignity encircling all young women who might speak.

Park did telephone, and the girls would be delighted to come, though late. They had to go first to the mystery-play rehearsal. And they did come by nine, after an interval of De Koven and Victor Herbert, rendered happily by the boys in turn at the piano.

"Fancy!" said Abergenny to his wife, in an incredulous delight at the moment when Park was letting the girls in at the door. "They don't bring their slippers now. They bring their brains."

By the time their hostess got to them they had their hats off in the hall, and instantly, in an incursion of youth tumultuously splendid, they were in before the fire. Philippa wore her morning suit, the tailored skirt, the shirt-waist and stiff collar, but Mary Crewe, a luscious type of beauty, was in blue silk, lacy and tumbled from long-continued packing and an imperfect understanding of what a hot iron can do. She had drooping slantwise lids and an irregular, enchanting mouth, full bloom of the cheeks, and an irresistible laugh.

"How that girl has escaped marriage!" Abergenny managed in an aside to his wife while the others were playing a quick game of question and reply. There they were at this village hearth, the shrine of security, loud in what seemed to be an investigation of turmoil in the corners of the earth. China and Morocco were pawns in their hands; Persia was a card of destiny. Mexico! they struck that like a warning note to summon the continent, all continents, to accountability for the condition of the man who worked with his hands. This man—he was known by a big generic Labor—seemed to be the atom for whom the earth was swung and the moon and stars created. Inga, pink from her run home after rehearsal, came in to bring a basket of wood for the fire, and Mrs. Abergenny glanced up at her sharply to see whether she wore another look. She must, if Labor was the true mistress of the world. She wouldn't have been surprised to see Inga with a definite circlet on her brow, such as queens used to wear with no foreboding, or Inga grown colossal like the Melian Victory. But Inga was unchanged, soft-footed, deft, and the others didn't see her at all. Only Philippa gave her a little smiling nod, and moved a chair slightly to let her pass, and Abergenny got up and took the wood from her and said:

"Don't do that again, Inga. It's too heavy. If Jake isn't there, call me."

But how the news of the world coruscated in sparks from the running wheel of talk! The air beat with the aroma of young blood, young breath. The four adventurers into their new continent of hope were triumphant with the working possibilities of the land. It was all promise within a hair of fulfilment. They named

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the new paths they had cut through the country of their conception. They brought big tales of smashing the natives and the toll of the slain: so many capitalists dead by the Mauser of investigation, so many railroads posted with cautionary guideposts, "The way to hell." Abergenny, on the run, followed them like a game old dog at the wake of the pack. He had his special intoxication: the seething of young life, the glitter of untried knights athirst for battle.

"But don't slay more than you can resurrect," he caught himself murmuring. And then,

> "With my cross-bow
> I shot the albatross."

Nobody heard him, nobody but his wife, and when she called from her end of the semicircle:

"What is it, Rob?" he gave her a little crooked reassuring smile that bade her be silent as he meant to be. But presently there came a name he knew. It was an English name of some repute in ink. He did want to speak there. If anything was his province, it was the charted shore about the sea of ink. But they used their catchwords here too, and Abergenny had to remind himself that he had had catchwords in his day, imbibed from authority, forty years ago, only he had thought them academic.

"Galsworthy is .It at present," said Mary, and Lang capped the verdict by pronouncement on Shaw: "the biggest thing since Aristophanes." Mrs. Abergenny wasn't entirely controlled by her husband's warning look. Here she did cast her trembling ballot, wondering why Rob couldn't represent her.

"Shaw is a very vulgar man. I saw one of his plays once, and I shouldn't willingly see another. If either of you girls are ever invited to go I hope you'll refuse."

"Dear Auntie!" said Park, generously.

He laid his hand on hers, and she let it lie there and hoped he didn't feel the pulses beating underneath. But Eaton was talking to Abergenny.

"You see, Mr. Abergenny, we can't ignore the tremendous movement over there in England among the younger men."

"There's always been a good deal of young blood in young men," said Abergenny, with a mild appearance of offering a dish likely to be refused.

"Oh, yes, but not like this, Mr. Abergenny."

"They've had their bread riots, they repealed their corn laws, they even abolished the slave trade in their dear old dominion. They've had some rather broad schemes of colonization. Had their visionists, too. Even old Southey dreamed about the Susquehanna. Also there was a very disquieting French Revolution next door and Boney imminent. Oh, there's been something doing in that vicinity for quite a number of years."

"But not like this," chanted the young voices, in a harmony almost too gay to fit the sombre theme. "No, it's not like this."

"No," said Abergenny, "I'm not prepared to say it was like this."

Mrs. Abergenny looked across the young pink faces in a rage of revolt against them all.

"It is like this," she wanted to cry out. "If Robert says it is, it is."

But for a moment then she was placated. For it appeared that Eaton Lang, who, with the precocity of the age had produced two plays, was putting the barrels of money he had amassed into a magazine, and she made no doubt, when he began to tout his scheme, that Robert was to come in for a serial. Park, it appeared, had two shares in the concern. He had written no play. All his potentiality for investment lay in his hand-to-mouth journalism. But he was investigating, organizing. He was "on to" a few things. He'd show them yet. But it also became obvious that Lang had no leaning toward serials, unless, indeed, they concerned the Syrian immigrant. Philippa, taking him to the mystery play, was conferring an editorial benefit.

"You know the sort of fellows he wants, Phil," said Parkman: "cobblers or millhands, that can sit down and reel off the facts. We'll dig out an interpreter and maybe get a stenographer, and we're made. It's a cinch."

Philippa knew perfectly. She could put her hand on half a dozen men, all conversant with want at home, all with the wit to remember the process by which unskilled labor was lured over here to the ideal con-

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

He made a distinguished figure.—Page 707.

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ditions that slumped to chaos, once the workman grappled with them. She had a fluent assemblage of strange names ready for him. These men were of her special friends.

It was throughout an evening of talk full of light and color and go. Though it began late it lasted into the night. At the end Park and Eaton took the young women home—Mrs. Abergenny wondered, with a flouting humor foreign to her, if Park would have to be prompted—and when they came back they were not talking about the general decadence of the world. They were discussing Mary Crewe's equipment for conquest.

"A very crumby little person," Eaton Lang was vociferating in a pleased excitement.

"Very crumby indeed," said Park succinctly. "Mary's all right. So's old Phil. Going to bed, Aunt Ellen? Guess we shall have to sit up a spell and smoke."

Abergenny, too, had meant to hang about for half an hour and smoke, partly to set his mind in order and, it might be, to meet his young Scythians man to man, with no womenfolk by to ease tensions and deflect the stream. He never had understood Park so little. In the eight months since he had seen him the boy had hardened into a mould of individual life. Still Abergenny thought even he, whose serials were not demanded, had a knack at meeting fellows under his own age, perhaps because he liked young wine as it frothed out of the butt. But he found himself going meekly up to bed with Aunt Ellen. In his dressing-room he stood a moment, hands in his pockets, and grinned.

"I wonder what made me do that," said he. "I wonder why I didn't say, 'Sit down, boys; try one of these. I imported them myself.'"

"Did you speak, Rob?" his wife was calling.

"No, darling," said he, grinning still, "I didn't speak." But he began talking then—profanely—about his cravat.

Mrs. Abergenny retained a very confused impression of that night. It was moonlight, and she sat up on the white island of her bed and saw the pattern of the curtain on the wall. Her husband, too, awoke and he saw her sitting there, a white fluff tied round her head because she was afraid of the night air, and she looked to him like some sort of angel with a frosty pow. But she was wringing her hands, and her voice seemed to wring itself too.

"Oh, Rob," she said, "Oh, Rob! I don't want them to love their brothers better than you do."

"Come here, old girl," said Robert. He left his white island and came to hers, and drew the fluff to his shoulder. "Don't you worry. They've formed a trust, that's all."

Then the alien tongue the others had talked that night grew hot in her mouth, and she heard herself saying:

"Has it got to be busted, Rob? Has that trust got to be busted, too?"

"No, dear," said Rob. "It can't be busted. It'll last as long as the leaves grow in the spring and there is a lover of his kind that wants to die. Not that these boys and girls want to die. They're topful of life. They're onto the game."

She found herself a little dizzy, even with that security of his shoulder.

"They seem to feel things so much," she said. "Do you suppose they feel them so much more than you do, Rob?"

"*Weltschmerz?*" asked Rob. "Some of them actually do feel it. There's always been your priest and your martyr. Some of them feel so because they like to be in the know. Some of them get a salary out of it. Some of them are sentimental. Some are forensic. Some are cocky. But the louder they talk the more it'll get into the ears of the world, and possibly the old world'll hypnotize itself into thinking it really does love its brother. And by and by there'll be things it'll be ashamed to do."

"Will they change it?" she heard herself moaning. "Will they change the world so we shan't know it?"

"Oh, we shall know it all right," said Rob rather grimly. "For the present they'll chiefly strike the fetters off one leg and put them on the other. They'll overthrow Dagon that is Capital and set up Dagon that is Labor. And as soon as Dagon that is Labor finds he's god, he will behave exactly as Dagon that is Capital did and snuff out of his brazen nostrils for human sacrifice."

"Don't, Rob," said she, for the moon-

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It was an incursion of the East.—Page 717.

light seemed to tremble on the wall. "God won't let them do such things. At least I hope he won't."

"Do you think any of it's done without him? Do you think it's these atomies of children that are making all the pother? It's God himself, you little Unitarian, you. He's increasing the police force. Lots of the force are being bribed, but still they've got the badge."

"Is God on their side?" Ellen was crying. "Is he in it, too?"

"He's on everybody's side, you simpleton," said Rob. "Didn't you know

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that? Also they've got science up their sleeve."

"I don't want science," said his Ellen. "I'm not accustomed to it. I'm accustomed to religion."

"Poor duckie," said the voice. "Poor old duck."

In the morning she awoke with that apprehensive feeling of expecting to see the spectres of the night before. But the room looked quite the same, and the sunlight on her pin-cushion was reassuring. Rob strode about whistling in his dressing-room, and she called to ask if he was all right.

"Yep," said he, a paraphrase he never used unless he was very right indeed.

Ellen, as soon as her hair was done, went in to give him his morning kiss.

"Did anything happen in the night?" she asked him.

Rob looked fresh-colored and agreeable. No, he told her. Nothing particular, he guessed. Same old night.

"I feel as if I'd talked in my sleep," said Ellen. "I wish I could remember all of it. Some of it I can. I'll try to tell you when there's time."

But after putting the pin in her lace collar she came back.

"Rob," she said, "don't you suppose Eaton will ask you to do a serial for his magazine? Don't you suppose that's what he's really here for?"

"No, child," said Rob. "Don't think it. He wants a serial on the way to tell ditch-diggers how to make railroad kings sit up. He doesn't want a story about common middle-class folks like you and me."

"It's outrageous," said Ellen, "and I'm very much hurt to find Park is every inch as bad. Nothing interests him—nothing—nothing—but finding out how wicked somebody has been and saying so in a magazine. And because you wouldn't do that—because you're a gentleman——"

Park and Eaton came to the table frothing over with the high spirits they had carried to bed with them. There were no lees in last night's cup, no monotonies, no lassitude. They seemed to be, from a temperamental point of view, perpetually pulling corks and tossing down a draught that vivified and never undermined. Yet even when they were kindest to her, Ellen found herself inwardly withstanding them. What were they, after all, but children endowed with a disproportioned power to change the fashion of serials as a tailor sways the mode of sleeves and collars? Ellen was having her eyes opened, and it hurt. Excess of light—was it light or only glare cruelly and ingeniously contrived from artificial surfaces?—half-blinded her. Hitherto she had piously believed that there was but one manner of serial, as it were the earthly similitude of a heavenly type (see Plato on serials) and that was Rob's. Others might differ from it as one star from another, but all were in harmony, for none could really contravene Rob's, which, with Dickens's and Thackeray's, fitted the heavenly archetype. And here were two boys sitting in the seats of authoritative selection, and Rob, since we must use the speech of the day, "not in it."

"We won't come back for luncheon," said Park. "I told Phil and Mary we'd drop in for rehearsal and see if there wasn't something we could do."

"By George," said Abergenny, "I'd like to butt in there."

"Sure," said Park. "Go to the play. We'll all go. Take you, Aunt Ellen."

"I'd like mighty well to see the rehearsal when the people are themselves," said Abergenny. "Why didn't I know this was going on? Syrians, aren't they?"

"Yes. All of 'em in the mill. They're taking the noon hour for a last go. Phil's ordered in crackers and coffee."

"I'd even bring some cheese if they'd take me in," said Abergenny humbly. He felt like a very little boy begging absurdly for what he mustn't have.

But Park wasn't refusing him. He didn't even see the little boy was begging.

"Be back by five, Aunt Ellen," he contributed. "There'll be something to do to the stage. Always is."

They went robustly down the path, each with his film of smoke behind him. Ellen spoke then, intemperately, as she used to speak when she and Rob were young married folks.

"I'm as mad as fire."

"Oh, no," said Rob, "they're only inheriting the earth in their turn. We heard Dickens read."

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Eaton was put into the hands of three black-eyed men.—Page 720.

"But that," said Ellen, in a perplexed irrelevance, "was a long time ago."

"Yes," said Rob, "that's the mischief."

That night they did go to the play. Ellen washed off her temper in shame, wore her gray silk and amethyst pendant, and tried to be very soft to Park. Yet Park, in his defined preoccupations, didn't need her easements. He and Eaton disappeared behind the scenes, and Ellen, in the confusion and hammering before the prologue, guessed at their activities. But Rob wasn't thinking of the boys. He was looking about him in an even grateful delight over the picturesqueness of the new harmonious scene. This was a little old church built on the severe lines of the early meeting-house. The galleries were beautifully panelled. Topping the windows were fan-lights. The Unitarians, ever since they sold it, in a madness of prosperity induced by the gift of a new sandstone church righteously and inalienably Gothic, had been rather sore on not at least preserving it as a memorial of their faith. The Syrians had it now. An early comer that night might have looked to see New England ladies of an older time come rustling in, in softest silks and bonnets lined with rosy wreaths; but Ellen Abergenny was the only one of that dim lineage. When the audience did come, late, quick-breathed from the haste of preparation after work, it was an incursion of the East. Abergenny's eyes lighted fires of that delight the artist only knows: over the dusk of their hair, the flash of glance and teeth, their lithe symmetry, or the teeming physical life in them. They were, Ellen thought, noting their scarfs, over-

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laid in scales like spangled snakes, and, too, the encompassing modern hat, very much dressed. There were girls all beauty, made by nature for her imperious uses, as unconscious as the nymphs born only to lead in the dawn. The men came, most of them, in their working clothes, lustrous-eyed creatures, swarthy, certainly lowering, perhaps morose. That was the illusive story the type told of itself, its darkness, its terrifying brilliance. And then it smiled, and what sunshine, what ingenuous candor! Ellen was, she knew, even though so slightly, out of her element. None of her friends had come. She missed the warmth of neighborly recognitions. But Rob was happy. She felt the weather of it.

"Look at 'em," he whispered. "Everybody's young. No, they're not. There's a grandmother. But, hang it! the others flash so, you don't see anybody over thirty-five. And every man Jack of 'em's in the midst of his adventure, if it's only cobbling boots."

Then, before she could assemble half uncomprehending sympathies to meet him, the curtain was pulled aside and the play began.

The play was the story of the poor maid who sets her little room ready to receive the Christmas King, and then, in wistful sacrifice, gives the cot, the bread, the wine, to the wandering three, father, mother, and child, who have been turned from other doors. And later, when the kings and magi follow the star to her low roof, there wait the family she has sheltered, and it is Joseph and Mary and the little Jesus, in their right radiance. An interpreter rehearsed the story of each scene to his people in their own tongue. The actors had the sincerity of life. Even their clothes were shreds and patches of reality. The Abergennys knew this. Philippa had told them. These were not costumes hired from a shop. They were intimate bits of the old life at home, treasured heirlooms from chests in poor dark lodgings or lent by neighbors from as serious intent. The stage was lighted with candelabra only, but that insured a trembling beauty. The dim interiors were like priceless pictures mellowed, in the safety of old galleries, by the airs of time. Ellen Abergenny found herself floating back to Nazareth. The simplicity of the play beat at her heart. The painstaking, broken words, the oriental dress—what were these but the living memory of Sunday afternoons fifty years ago, when she had been allowed to turn the leaves of the great picture Bible and follow out the story? An indefinable harmony pervaded the room. Raucous winds of the present might be blowing outside these fan-lighted panes, but the minds of the people met and abode in consonance on an isle of inextinguishable beauty and so of calm. To Ellen Abergenny the little irritations that hurt the flesh became like pebbles on the road to pilgrimage. They bruised, but the flesh would heal, and in the pilgrimage accomplished even sharper ills would be forgotten. The water of life at that altar of unerring adjustment which eye hath not yet seen would wash and heal the sting. Still she felt the march of time, though now its kindliness. The fashion of this world was passing away. The stream was running and on it her little craft, so swiftly that when she sought to take her childish reckoning the spot where she would have recorded it had been sucked back into the abysm of time. Whatever peaceful backwater she might find, it would still be to see the stream rushing unendingly by. The stream had always been rushing, she knew; but once she had had the spirit to love the buoyancy of the boat, the strength to snatch at flowers low-growing on the shore. If there was stability anywhere, was it not this wherein she was bound by chains of inherited belief to Nazareth? And these were bound with her: the workmen out of the East, the uncomprehended obscurity of his mind the stage for this story of the God made man. Even when at the story's close the Virgin, with an ineffable welcome of humid eyes and smiling mouth, received the maid, now all amaze, it was no shock that Mary, Mother of God, was Inga. It was not Inga in the illusion of the flesh. It was Inga's inner self that used Inga's body for its working garb.

When it was over, Ellen wished she could have hurried home, her little pictures of the Nativity clasped to her breast. How should they stay unbroken when the shiny-eyed audience dissolved into the

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

Abergenny looked up and said, as if he had discovered a constellation to the good: "There's the dipper."—Page 720.

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gay fellowship of men and women relaxed after the tension of "sitting at a play"? The actors came from behind, still in costume, as immediately from the East. Park and Eaton came, and Mary and Philippa. The young Scythians were in high feather. Philippa was openly proud, her people had done so well. They went about among the crowd with most familiar greetings. Eaton was put into the hands of three black-eyed men who had facts to give him volubly though in this unaccustomed tongue: the special facts up-to-date editors are thirsting for. There were gay little encounters in swirls and eddies, and Abergenny and his wife, rather shaken from the quality of emotion the evening had brought, stood aside, quite out of it, yet not pathetically so. They were both carrying, in quickened minds, their little pictures of the Nativity. Ellen was wondering—she could not help it—from no sense of æsthetic privilege, if she and Rob were the only ones to have felt the beauty of it overwhelmingly. She asked him that, in a self-distrustful commonplace.

"Do you think they saw how lovely it was?"

Robert gave her his quick comprehending look.

"These people? Not a doubt of it. Park and the girls don't know much about it because they were pulling the wires. Don't you see, these boys and girls are too busy keeping the marionettes moving to get much effect of emotional beauty. They're doing things. They're doing everything. It's great—in a way."

Inga, the Virgin's veil put off for her black dress and jacket, came down the aisle. She was hurrying as well as she might for the greetings ready for her, hurrying away from the greetings, it seemed, for matters more immediate. There was nothing of the festival about Inga. A serious wistfulness made her pale face remarkable. Her eyes met Mrs. Abergenny's. They seemed to ask pardon for something: perhaps for not walking in her list slippers and being prepared with the little tray. Perhaps really they asked why Mrs. Abergenny was there. Mrs. Abergenny bent to her with an impulse outside her will.

"Don't hurry, Eva," she said.

"I shall be there before you, Mrs. Abergenny," said Inga, in her precise English. "Cook will be ready to serve."

"Stay here," said Mrs. Abergenny, "while the others do."

"Oh, no," said Inga. "Thank you, Mrs. Abergenny."

"Stay and talk," said Abergenny, his warm, kind smile upon her. "Stay as long as the rest do, as long as you like."

"When you come home," said his wife, "have something to eat and go to bed. I can manage supper. You're tired, child."

Inga looked her in the face. She had, perhaps, never done that before with so full an assurance. The eyes of the two women met and exchanged unfashioned messages, announcements that the souls of them might possibly understand and find no means of communicating to the outer selves that lived by formulæ. What Inga felt Ellen Abergenny could not know. But she knew one thing she thought of Inga. The blood had run into the girl's cheeks and trembled on her lips. In her face was something moved and humid.

"She is nothing," Mrs. Abergenny thought, with a shock of wonder, "but a child."

The glance broke. Inga gave a little "Thank you," and Abergenny and his wife moved out. They needn't wait for the dear Scythians who had forgotten them. At the door Abergenny halted and looked once more. Still the room was gay with talk. Eaton Lang, mobbed by Syrian eloquence, was listening, listening, and Mary Crewe stood by him, the solvent apparently between the workmen who knew and trusted her and the avid magazine man. Park and Philippa, too, had collected a group; theirs was comedy.

Abergenny and his wife turned again and went home to overlook their careful hospitalities.

"They seem to have paired off," said Abergenny. He put his hand over Ellen's lying on his arm. It was an old custom.

"You can't tell," said Ellen vaguely. "Manners are so different now. Still I believe Park and Philippa—if Park gets ahead."

Then they were silent, though Aber-

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genny looked up and said, as if he had discovered a constellation to the good:

"There's the dipper."

But they were thinking according things: of the whirling of the world and the constant stars that yet are whirling too, of the Nativity and the one star that had led them to this place.

"It'll be nice in Italy," said Ellen with no preface, when they came to their own door.

Abergenny had his hand on the latch. But he withdrew it and looked up at the heavens again.

"No," said he, "I sha'n't go to Italy."

"Not go!"

"No. We'll turn that money over to Park for shares in their freebooter magazine. I'll buy him a *pou sto*, and he shall push the world. Let 'em push. I'm willing to be their fulcrum. It's about all I can do for 'em. And, by George, I'm going to be in it. It's my last adventure."

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

JEAN-FRANÇOIS, Marquis de Beauvoisin, was one of the Forty Immortals. At the age of fifty-two the honor of it sat lightly upon his erect shoulders; and yet he was not of those who are wont to accept responsibilities with a smile and a shrug. He was as painstaking with his obligations toward his neighbor and his nation as he was in regard to the metre of his verse or the care of his person. Nevertheless, to be a stanch Catholic, a fervent Royalist, and a member of the French Academy is, to-day, no mean accomplishment; for at the present date the Forty is composed of two ecclesiasts, four aristocrats, six Jews, and twenty-eight sons of French peasants who have become men of letters. Like Cincinnatus, they left the plough to lead an army; and the pens they wield are as mighty as his sword and doubtless as awkwardly handled.

People who knew them both have said that the marquis was as young at fifty-two as his son at twenty-eight. The comparison, however, is of little value, since no one had ever seen the two together after the son's unfortunate marriage to "that person from one of the Americas," as the marquis used to designate her. The narrow old aristocrat had refused to attend the wedding, or to kiss the bride, although, goodness knows, she was kissable enough for the taste of the Bourbon pretender himself.

The marquis, then, after the death of his wife, lived alone on the Quai Voltaire, in an ancient hotel, the cracked, weather-beaten façade of which had overlooked the silent Seine for many generations—for so many, in fact, that it could afford to sneer across the river at the flaunting pavilions of the Louvre, as who should say: "Ha! Upstart! What right have you to preen yourself so finely over there? Who are you, my young one, to make so much show? You are naught but a hybrid and most of you is empire. *Nouveau, bah!*"

If I have stated that the marquis lived quite alone I must hasten to correct myself; for his roof-tree sheltered one other soul, his housekeeper, Eugénie. Eugénie, as her fathers (and mothers) before her, had been created to serve the house of Beauvoisin, and the marquis admitted that, like all old and faithful servants, she ruled rather than obeyed. His friend, Dr. Miromesnil, said that the marquis feared her wrath above that of any one but God.

After the death of the marquise, Eugénie promptly seized the reins of power, and, unlike that of her fatherland, her government gradually changed from a repub-

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lic to a monarchy, and thence to a tyranny. "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," that hoarse, Utopian cry of the people, meant naught to Eugénie. She was *par excellence* an aristocrat, referring to the estimable president of the republic and to his ministers and legislators as "*un tas de cochons*." Morning and evening she prayed for his majesty, the king, who was, of course, the Bourbon pretender, inasmuch as the Beauvoisins were of no mere empire nobility.

The marquis, though born and bred a stanch Royalist, found himself perfectly comfortable and satisfied under a republic. He was not long in making the discovery that it is in republican countries that the nobility are most esteemed and sought after. If people, as sometimes happened, taunted him with being the "silken poet of the republic," he was inclined to ascribe the term to the style of his verse rather than to the material of his shirts. As descriptive of his work it was not inappropriate, for his endeavor was to put into printed words the spirit that Watteau and his contemporaries had depicted on canvas. Whether he succeeded is not for me to say; I can but refer you to his "Poésies Amoureuses," published by Lafitte, and leave the judgment to you.

If ever the disturbing imp of loneliness entered into the spirit of the marquis's dreams, he betrayed it neither by word nor sign. He was as proud and withal as sensitive as those magnificent sires of his who had been dragged in the tumbril, smiling, to death; and yet those who knew him best (and Eugénie was among them) realized thoroughly the double loss that he had undergone in the death of his wife and the estrangement with his son. When he sat down of an evening alone to his *croûte-au-pot* and his *entrecôte* Eugénie was wont to shake her head sadly and remark that loneliness makes a poor sauce. And Eugénie had moments of insight.

It was on a certain sweet-smelling April night that the marquis, having dined, sat at his desk by the half-opened window correcting the proofs of a sonnet destined for *Le Monde*. His pen was travelling listlessly across the sheets, and he was not annoyed when his servant, approaching noiselessly in her hygienic sandals, thrust a flushed and excited face through the portières. Before opening her lips she regarded the marquis with something in her eye that is difficult to describe—a knowing, admiring, villanous look, as who should say: "You sly old rascal, what a dog you are with the ladies, to be sure! And you in your fifties, too!" It is only Frenchwomen who attain this look, and they retain it long after the roses in their cheeks are painted and until their poor, sentimental old hearts have beaten for the last time. It was such a look that Eugénie cast upon him.

"A demoiselle to see m'sieu' le marquis," was all she said.

The marquis stared, thinking he had misunderstood, for she enunciated poorly with her two remaining teeth.

"A demoiselle to see m'sieu' le marquis," she repeated, and added: "*elle a l'air très bien. Elle a un chic*—" and up went her big, red hands to high heaven, doubtless in search of a superlative adjective.

"Her name?" ventured the marquis.

"She did not give it, m'sieu'."

"Tell her to come up," said the marquis shortly.

"At this hour—" Eugénie began.

"Enough," said the marquis.

The servant hobbled out muttering to herself: "It is that monsieur le marquis is still dangerous," might have been the trend of her remarks, but the marquis chose not to hear.

He was pretending to work when his visitor entered, so that he did not see until later that she was young and slim and fair; that she had Mediterranean eyes he might have written a dozen poems about; that she had a wide, humorous mouth, apparently made to reveal rather than to conceal two rows of white teeth as small as a child's. Later, too, he noticed that she possessed a child's dimple at each side of that smiling mouth. She was dressed as though she had just come from the opera—a cloak of dark-green velvet trimmed with ermine, which she held closely about her with her left hand.

"Madame," he said, and then, doubtfully: "Mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur." This with a short little nod and in a voice that would have been cold had it not been warmed by the sunshine of those unquiet dimples.

"I may talk in English?" she inquired.

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"I am told that you speak it perfectly. My French is too shockingly slangy to be employed in the presence of an Academician."

"You may speak Chinese if you wish," he hastened to assure her, for she was quite irresistible. "Meanwhile give yourself the pains to sit down."

She sat down gracefully but abruptly—all her actions were abrupt—and the marquis perceived that she wore American slippers. Even then he suspected nothing.

She regarded him steadily for several seconds, her chin resting in her hand and her elbow on the arm of the chair.

"You don't look like a monster," she remarked placidly at length. "A bit pompous, perhaps, and a bit vain. I imagine that you think a great deal more of conventions than you should. If I were a professor of palmistry I should say that you allowed your mind to govern your heart."

"In your presence, madame," murmured the marquis, "my heart is perforce a slave."

"Don't talk like a book," she returned emphatically. "Oh, if you could only forget for one minute that you are a marquis de Beauvoisin and an Academician, and that all the women in Paris adore your poetry, and all the men laugh at it—because they do, you know—I think that you would be a perfectly charming old gentleman."

It is to be doubted if the marquis relished the adjective.

"Madame," he said somewhat bitterly, "the *old* gentleman is overcome."

"I thought he would be," she replied and fell silent. Then she said abruptly: "Aren't you ever lonely? Don't you miss having friends—relatives about?"

"My friends are my books," he answered; "they have proven more satisfactory than the only relative I have in the world. And then there is always Eugénie."

"This only relative is your son, is it not?"

"But yes, madame."

"Why do you dislike him so? What has he ever done to you that you should have discharged him like a servant? Don't you love him at all? Don't you love him if only on account of his mother who loved him and whom you loved? Oh, forgive me—I am taking great liberties in speaking to you like this; but, you see, I am interested in this son of yours. He is everything to me that is glorious and beautiful in this world, and I feel that I robbed him of a father when I became his wife."

The marquis looked up at her sharply and his eyes softened; but he made no movement toward her. You could see Pride, hitherto firmly enthroned in his heart, doing battle with Sympathy and Admiration. "Are you about to throw aside all your traditions," whispered Pride, "on account of the first wheedling petticoat you encounter?" The marquis declared the battle a draw and temporized. He regarded her closely for the first time, and found much to praise and little to find fault with. What was he to do? How should he answer?

Finally he hit upon the most unfortunate remark he could have chosen.

"Has my son," he said, "sent you to me to intercede in his behalf?"

"Not he," she retorted hotly; "he is a Beauvoisin, like yourself, and far too stiff-necked."

He puzzled an instant over "stiff-necked" before grasping its connotation. As he was about to speak she continued hurriedly.

"No," she said, "I have come here to ask you a favor—but it is a favor of a different sort. Paul, my husband, requests you to cease sending him an allowance—those fifteen thousand francs, you know."

"To cease sending it!" echoed the marquis.

She nodded her head vigorously, but there was a smile lurking in her eyes.

"Exactly," she said; "you have grasped it."

"And pray why does he wish me to cease sending it?"

"You see," she began, "it is a long story. Paul is very fond of you, but he is more fond of me. Does that surprise you? I hope so. In fact, Paul would have done almost anything in the world for you except give me up. But there is just where the hitch comes. We feel that we ought not to live together on your money when you are not desirous that we should live together at all. Of course, I appreciate

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your position. I realize that I am nothing but an American, but it seems that my father was handling a railroad while you were handling a pen. I do not attempt to say which is the more lucrative; in any case the glory and the decorations are all on your lapel. But you have branded me as the daughter of a laborer, and hence not worthy to be the daughter-in-law of a poet. I wonder if you know how many poets were fathered by laborers."

"Excuse me, madame," interrupted the marquis; "pray do not allow this to become a discussion of the breeding of poets. God places them in every sphere of life, and the air that they breathe is neither that of the stable nor that of the salon, but the air of heaven. It is called the divine breath."

He felt immediately that he had scored, while she, for her part, rejoiced to have discovered a more human note in him. She rose to her feet and, coming quickly toward him across the room, seated herself on the arm of his chair and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"My dearest father-in-law," she said, "you are quite, quite right, and you really have some very nice ideas—all of which persuades me that you will listen to reason; because, you see, I came not only to ask you to stop making us an allowance, but also to beseech you to be friends again with your son. Now look at me! Am I such an impossible person to be the wife even of a Beauvoisin? After all, you know, you Beauvoisins are no great beauties. You, yourself, are sweet with your dear little pointed gray beard and your lovely mustaches, but your eyes are set too close together and your forehead is too high, and—dear me, you have lost a great deal of your hair. Of course I am not a paragon, but you must admit that I have all my teeth and am sound in wind and limb. Don't you think I am the least bit nice?"

She stood up and held out her hands—slim, white hands—and then laid them on his.

"I think," responded the marquis warmly, "that you are charming."

"Well, then," she continued briskly, "what is to prevent a reconciliation? We have a motto in America—in North America—which reads: 'United we stand; divided we fall!' Can you not apply that to the house of Beauvoisin and arrange a sort of Hague conference on a small scale? I, for one, am sure that you would rather have us around to bother your evenings once in a while than to play backgammon with some old spectacled high-brow. You *do* play backgammon, don't you?—and I bet that you consider it one of the world's greatest games of chance!"

"It is a game, I admit," said the marquis, "that I play with some success and no little pleasure. Allow me, though, to hint that backgammon, my dear madame, has little if any connection with the subject in hand. Although I cannot say that your appeal has left me unmoved, you must bear in mind that treaties of peace are seldom proposed and signed upon the same day; also, may I state, that hitherto I have received no direct appeal from my son, and it is with him that I am displeased. Against you yourself I could and would bear no grudge, for, although it is doubtless your fault that you are a most charming young woman, the responsibility of your marriage must rest upon the shoulders of my son. I hope I have made myself clear without offending your sensibilities. I find myself in a delicate and difficult position, and, as I have suggested, I must demand full leisure to consider the matter."

The marquis arose from his chair and bowed low, a kindly smile on his lips.

"And now, madame," he said, "may we not consider the hostilities at an end, and a truce declared while we ponder the terms of the peace?"

The girl thanked him with shining eyes, rose to her feet to collect her belongings, gave him her hand to be kissed, and turned to the door. Once there she paused and looked back at him over her shoulder.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said, "my name is Sarah; you and my other friends call me Sally."

He heard her footsteps go tapping down the stairs, and he sat alone, erect but rather wistful, behind his broad carved table with its litter of manuscript. About him floated like a sweetly subtle incense the scent that she used; and he sighed deeply as he turned to his work, for he felt very much alone.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

He was pretending to work when his visitor entered.—Page 722.

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It was not until the following day, however, that his loneliness was intruded upon by one of his few intimates, Dr. Étienne Miromesnil. The doctor entered with brusqueness that stamped him a man of energy. He wore, as usual, an immaculate frock coat with the red ribbon of the Legion glowing in the lapel. He was a heavy, much-bearded man and his small, gray eyes snapped and twinkled behind a pair of huge gold-rimmed eyeglasses. These eyes of his were the only indications his patients might have to lead them to suspect that he did not treat their imaginary ailments with the utmost seriousness; for the doctor was no disciple of the jocular bedside manner. Rather he became stern and monosyllabic in treating alike a cold or a cancer.

"To-night," he began without prelude, "I am taking you to dine with our friends, the Duc and Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray. Madame O'Brian is to be there. She is a delightful woman who suffers occasionally from slight affections of the tonsils. Her case is not serious; indeed, she has survived her husband."

The marquis had risen, for to him all formalities were instinct.

"How do you do, Étienne?" he said. "I am truly pleased to see you. We dine where did you say to-night?"

"With the Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray," repeated the doctor. "At present you lunch with me at Lapérouse."

"Why will you not lunch with me here? —it is more convenient."

"Here? Lunch here? Your Eugénie takes away my appetite. I continue to see those two remaining teeth of hers and, in sympathy with her, I also find it difficult to chew the *châteaubriand*. Besides, she cooks abominably and there is no pepper in anything. No, we will lunch at Lapérouse."

So the doctor, as usual, gaining his point, to Lapérouse they went and seated themselves in one of the low-ceilinged rooms that look out upon the quay.

The doctor, no sooner seated, rose quickly to his feet and, traversing the room in a few quick strides, bowed low to one of two women who were taking their after-luncheon coffee at a far table. She smiled on him, nodded her head, and then, evidently in reply to some question, glanced over toward the marquis. Again she nodded and smiled graciously and forthwith the doctor returned to fetch the marquis to her.

"It is Madame O'Brian," he said, "and her throat is much better. You must be presented to her. She is delightful."

The marquis had taken occasion to cast already an interested eye upon the lady in question. To a Frenchman all women are worthy of a glance, and, indeed, the woman who receives it not is crestfallen as a débutante whose first ball has been a failure.

Madame O'Brian was indeed worthy of a glance. She was a widow of perhaps forty, without a gray hair, without a wrinkle except for a few tiny lines about her eyes that had doubtless come from too much good humor; for she smiled often, and when she did so her lids came so close together that one could see nothing of her eyes save a narrow line of twinkling blue. Her hair was as black as ebony, but far brighter. Her lips I am afraid she rouged —oh, just a touch—but this hint of artificiality, which, indeed, was far from repellent, was offset by the comely naturalness of the tiny freckles that traversed the bridge of her nose from cheek to cheek. Irish she was, of course, for no Frenchwoman, thought the marquis, was ever guilty of freckles; and forthwith he decided that they were no blemish, but served, like the *mouches* of the Renaissance, to emphasize the true whiteness of the skin.

"And it's you that wrote 'Au Cœur de la Rose'!" exclaimed Madame O'Brian. "'Tis lovely poetry. I was reading it this morning. I read the whole of the book in an hour and a half, with never a look at my French-English."

The marquis was somewhat shocked at the rapidity of the perusal and somewhat mystified as to the meaning of "French-English."

"My pocket dictionary," she explained, laughing. "It and Baedeker and the poor are always with me. Also, if she will excuse me for including her in such a gathering, Fräulein Hüpper, who speaks three languages fluently and not one of them English, for which the saints be praised!" Thus she introduced the placid German woman opposite her with a graceful wave

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Madame," said the marquis, "you do me too much honor."—Page 728.

of her hand. The Fräulein bowed her head stiffly and muttered things unintelligible in several different languages. Then she continued to drink her coffee with great zest and no little noise.

"But, bless you, marquis," Madame O'Brian continued immediately, "there wasn't a word in your book that I had to look up! A child could have read it, and a child could have written it—oh, don't be after misunderstanding me; I mean it's the simplicity of a child and the sweetness of a child that you have put into the words."

"Madame," said the marquis, "you do me too much honor."

"Marquis," she answered, "the little I can do is not enough." And with that they separated, each much pleased with the other.

The doctor ordered a lavish luncheon and ate like twenty men, as usual. The marquis was not hungry. Disturbing events had been crowding into his tranquil life of late, and he found that some of his stanchest prejudices were being wofully upset. Two American women in two days, and each of them as charming as the other. Was it possible, then, that Americans were not savages? Hitherto he had held them to be an uncouth, vociferous tribe, white-skinned, to be sure, and fully clad, but nevertheless little removed in mentality and breeding from the nose-ringed Hottentot. This decision apparently had to be reversed or at least modified.

The doctor spoke just before the salad appeared.

"Excellent book your son has just published," he said. "You will be having him soon in the Academy, I suppose." And he chuckled softly, for he was aware of the existing relations between the marquis and his offspring.

"Book?" queried the marquis. "What book? I have seen no book."

"It is called 'L'Indépendance,'" said the doctor. "The story of his own life, I should imagine. Don't worry, he's let you off easily; too easily, I think. In any case it is an excellent book."

The marquis made a mental note of the title, but answered nothing. There was a pause while the doctor devoured his endives. Then the marquis asked tentatively: "What is your opinion of Americans—er, North Americans, I mean?"

"Charming people," replied the doctor promptly, "charming people, charming ways, charming women, charming incomes."

"Hum," said the marquis.

After luncheon the two separated.

"You to hymn a lady's limb," explained the doctor, "I to amputate one."

On his return the marquis found waiting for him an informal note from the Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray, bidding him dine with her that night "to meet Madame O'Brian." He was strangely pleased and despatched an immediate acceptance; and then he said to himself in self-defence: "One cannot seem to avoid these Americans; they enter everywhere."

For several weeks after the dinner of the Duchesse de la Tourelle d'Ivray the marquis was a frequent visitor at the apartment of Madame O'Brian in the Avenue du Bois. Frankly and with no circumlocutions she had invited him to come to see her as often as he cared to do so.

"Do not come," she had warned him, "on my days at home; there are too many people: penniless titles, and sticky musicians, and anæmic poets—no, you're not anæmic—and outcast Americans clad in cloth of gold. It sounds like the Tower of Babel with incidental music by Strauss. Come Friday at half-past five."

That night the marquis walked home down the Champs-Elysées with strange, new thoughts coursing through his brain. He felt delightfully bewildered and at the same time happily confident. He walked as a youth of twenty, inhaling with zest the cool, sweet air of the April evening. Already the green of the horse-chestnut trees was beginning to blur the gaunt outlines of the branches, and the soft, damp earth under foot had that elasticity that betokens spring. Ahead of him glowed the Place de la Concorde, a mass of garish light that paled the stars in the blue-black heavens.

He crossed the Pont Royal and then turned to the left down the quays. The river was high, swollen by March thaws and April rains, and, as he leaned over the balustrade, it seemed uncannily near him. Some scrub trees along the opposite bank, immersed to their middles, cast

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uncouth, wavering shadows upon the discolored torrent. Overhead a pale moon swung behind a streaming cloud.

"Ah, *belle nuit d'amour*," sighed the marquis, "what is coming over me, I wonder. Is it what the Americans call so delightfully 'Indian summer,' or is it that an old man is becoming young once more?"

And, strangely enough, it was that evening that the marquis, as he unlatched his apartment door, felt himself to be sadly lonely in a very happy world.

During several days that followed Eugénie noted with alarm and no little indignation various changes in the habits and the conversation and the dress of her master. Prominent among these innovations were several suits of clothes from an English tailor in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and perhaps half a dozen pairs of shoes, *forme américaine*, from a bootmaker in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Also she bewailed the fact that the marquis carried a stick instead of his customary umbrella, and that, even on rainy days, he scorned galoshes.

"It is a child that he is," she lamented.

One fine April afternoon she shuffled herself into the marquis's presence, disapproval on her face and a visiting-card in her hand.

"*Est-ce-que m'sieu' le marquis peut voir cette dame?*" she said, still retaining the card.

"What lady?" the marquis inquired quickly.

"I know nothing," answered Eugénie; "it is the one that came before—the little blonde."

"Ah," said the marquis, "yes. Show her in."

It was his daughter-in-law, Sally, of course, with April roses in her cheeks.

"Where did you pluck them?" said the marquis, bowing low.

"Pluck what?" asked she, puzzled.

"The roses," answered the marquis, pointing.

She laughed, looking at him critically with her head on one side.

"Young man," she said, "may I ask where *you* dropped ten years?"

"I think it must have been in the Luxembourg gardens this morning," he answered; "they are wonderful rejuvenators in springtime."

"Ah," she said, "so you feel it in your veins, too. Isn't it wonderful? How does it affect you, I wonder. Do you pat dogs and kiss babies?—that's what I do."

"No," he said doubtfully, "not quite that. I—er—read Musset, and put my fur coat away in camphor and write maudlin verse that the editors are wise enough to return."

"Nothing more?" she insisted.

"Sometimes I throw open this window—thus—and look out at the sun shining through the trees on my old friend, the Seine. And I see the lazy barges and the excited little pleasure-boats go by down the river to St. Cloud, and Suresnes, and up the river to Charenton; and I watch that old gray-bearded fellow incessantly dusting and arranging his books there, on the quay; and that line of cabs, each with its patient horse hanging his head to reach his feed-bag; and the fat *cochers*, dozing lazily on their seats or hurling at each other terrible epithets out of the fulness of their hearts. And I wonder to myself whether all those charming people, men, women, and beasts, are aware that it is April, and that spring is about to dress Paris for her gala season. Ah, April! Blessed month of April! Month of sprouting grasses and bursting buds, and laughing children, and all growing things! Month of tears and laughter, of rain and sun—laughter dancing through tears, and each more beautiful than the other. Month of lovers walking hand in hand in gardens, of birds singing to each other in the greening branches, of children rolling hoops and flying kites in the damp, earthy paths. Month when the good rain washes away the grime and crime of the winter, and the sun gilds the dome of the Invalides anew. Ah, Paris, let April dress you beautifully that you may gladden the hearts of the thousands of lovers who are soon to whisper such wonderful things to each other in your Elysian fields!"

"And you," said Sally softly—"and you? Do you never wish that you, too, might whisper something wonderful to some one—something that would cause poor, susceptible Paris to smile a little, and to cry a little, and to turn an approving deaf ear?"

"Ah, my dear," said the marquis, "I

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was young. Do you think me very old—too old?"

"Bless your heart," she said, "I'm not sure but what I think you too young."

He turned from the window to find her standing beside him, her hand on his shoulder. The scent that she used stole about him like a mist, and somehow out of that mist there rose before him the face of Madame O'Brian.

"God of the Bow," he exclaimed, "they use the same perfume! I am lost!"

He collected his wits with an effort.

"Forgive me," he said; "I have been talking a great deal of nonsense for an old gentleman. I am somewhat overwrought—nerves. I had a restless night."

"No," she said, "I think you are in love. Tonics are of no avail; you must nurse it carefully." And she kissed lightly the tip of his mustache and left him to his visionings.

When a lonely gentleman of fifty-two has dreams by day, and when those day-dreams invariably resolve themselves into the portrait of a charming Irish-American widow, then well may Cupid laugh, for his aim has been true. But, naturally enough, the marquis was slow in realizing his malady, and it was wellnigh the end of April before he summoned the courage and the resolution to recount his symptoms to Madame O'Brian.

She read his thoughts at first glance, for there was that in his eyes which admitted no misinterpretation. But, woman-like, she parried and evaded. With wanton cruelty she showed him a photograph of her former husband.

"It is six years now that he is dead," she said. "I mourned him deeply for eighteen months. But then it was my daughter that I had to be thinking of, for I had to be choosing a good husband for her, and young men avoid crape. I found the man, though—or, rather, she found the man."

She laughed and regarded him amusedly.

"He is lucky," said the marquis, "if the daughter resembles the mother."

"Will you listen to him!" she cried. "That is what we in Ireland call 'blarney.'"

"I had thought it a Gallic vice," said he.

"Perhaps," she answered, "but Gaul was once divided into three parts, and the Irish are Celts. '*In ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appelantur.*' So, you see, I am as Gallic as you in spite of the fact that you despise me for an American."

"Ah, madame," the marquis hastened to assure her, "I admire your race. In particular I admire the women of it; and more particularly still do I admire one woman."

She tried to stop him, but he was not to be stopped.

"Margaret O'Brian," he said resolutely, "I admire you and I love you, and I need you, for I am a very lonely old man."

She looked at him and his heart rejoiced, for she looked at him with eyes that were soft. Nevertheless she demurred.

"Is it quite sure you are that you want me?" she asked. "We are neither of us young."

"Love is immortal," he replied, "and it becomes gray hairs as well as golden. It adds buoyancy to age and dignity to youth. It is the end, the goal of all breathing things. It is for love that God, in his wisdom, made the springtime, and, behold, it is even now May."

"But," she said, laying her hand on his, "I am an American."

"You are a goddess," he cried; "they are cosmopolites."

"And so," she said slowly, "you want to marry me in spite of my age, in spite of my nationality, in spite of our brief acquaintance, in spite of my wealth."

"Are you wealthy?" he asked. "I did not know it; but I would marry you if you were as rich as Monsieur Rockefeller."

She smiled and he kissed her hand, and then rose, leaned over her, and kissed her lips. She still smiled—enigmatically, sphinx-like.

"There is one more thing," she said. "We shall have to ask your son and his wife to the wedding. Do you think they will come?"

"And why should they not come?" he questioned.

"Faith," she said, "it was you that would not think of going to theirs. Why should they be bothering to come to yours?"

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

She stopped and held out her hands to the marquis.—Page 733.

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"But," he said, at a loss, "my son married an American too. He is fond of Americans, and his wife is quite presentable. I know her slightly. She has honored me with a visit or two."

"And you? You have not honored them with a visit or two?"

He stammered in some confusion. She gave his hand a kindly little squeeze.

"There, there," she said soothingly, "bless the man. He is all excited. He sees himself as the kettle calling the pot black. Never you be minding, it's not Margaret O'Brian that will be scolding you, but it's Margaret O'Brian that will be kissing you and be helping you into your overcoat and sending you home. And when you have asked your son and your daughter-in-law to meet her—why then it's Margaret O'Brian that will be marrying you; and God's blessing be on your head and hers."

The marquis was thus rendered the happiest man in Paris, which is perhaps next door to being the happiest man in Paradise. His Eugénie, toothless almost and sandal-shod, knew him no longer. For two days he strode about his little library in his new clothes, trying to whistle, attempting to sing, and radiating joy. And on the day preceding the reception, at which he planned to introduce his son and his son's wife to his delectable Margaret O'Brian, he summoned to him his house-keeper and cried: "Eugénie, tomorrow we entertain royalty; bring forth the fatted calf! *Igitur gaudeamus.*" Whereupon Eugénie once more raised her hands to high heaven and duly ordered an *escalope de veau.*

Mingled with the marquis's joy and anticipation was a certain anxiety which he strove to conceal even from himself; for, although a choice slice of the fatted calf may be the inevitable food with which to greet a returning prodigal who has sinned and is repentant, what one among us can cook the dish appropriate to the returning son who has perhaps not sinned, and who is certainly unrepentant?

But the marquis's fears proved unfounded. At four o'clock of the great day came Madame O'Brian, somewhat in advance, in order to see that everything was as it should be.

"Jean-François, Marquis de Beauvoisin," she said sternly, "I see fear written on your face."

"You have transformed it to admiration," said the marquis, gazing at her with all his eyes.

"I am glad," said she; "'tis the more worthy passion. But why *were* you anxious?"

The marquis swallowed hard, for pride is a huge mouthful.

"I fear," he said slowly—"I fear that I have wronged my son. I have been unjust. I disowned him when he married an American, and now I know that I should have gone on my knees and thanked God."

She came to him and kissed him.

"You are punished," she said. "You have atoned and are forgiven."

There was no time for more; Eugénie was ushering Sally and Sally's husband into the library. The marquis stepped forward to meet them. He laid his hands on his son's shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks.

"My son," he said, "I am sorry. Too much pride made me unfair."

He turned to look for Sally, and was somewhat disconcerted to find that she was kissing Margaret affectionately. It was then that he felt that something was afoot—something unusual and beyond his comprehension. It seemed to him as though he were assisting at some play of the plot of which he was completely ignorant. He heard Sally say calmly to Madame O'Brian: "Dear mother, what a delightful family gathering." As in a dream he saw his son advance toward Madame O'Brian, kiss respectfully her hand and say equally calmly, though in dubious English: "My homages, madame, and all my compliments on your spring-time face."

Margaret kissed Sally and smiled on Sally's husband. Then she turned to the marquis, and, out of a black chaos of astonishment he heard her soft voice saying: "Yes, Jean-François, it was a conspiracy. But, faith, if you are one of its victims, it is Margaret O'Brian that's the other. We were too clever, Sally and I, and my heart is after punishing me. Sally, my daughter, you didn't warn me against this father-in-law of yours—you that knew him. And it's a poor weak woman I am."

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She stopped and held out her hands to the marquis.

"Will you have me, Jean-François, as Sally's mother or——"

"I will have you as my wife, Margaret O'Brian," said the marquis, and his heart was singing, for he knew that he would never be lonely again.

WHY THEY MARRIED

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED PEGRAM

"God doeth all things well, though by what strange, solemn, and murderous contrivances."
—R. L. S.

I

JOHN COXETER was sitting with his back to the engine in a first-class carriage in the Paris-Boulogne night train. Not only Englishman, but Englishman of a peculiarly definite class, that of the London civil servant, was written all over his spare, still active figure.

Being a man of precise and careful habit, Coxeter had reserved a corner seat, for it was late September, and the rush homeward had begun; but just before the train had started a young widowed lady, a certain Mrs. Archdale with whom he was acquainted, had come up to him on the Paris platform, and to her he had given up his seat. Coxeter had willingly made this little sacrifice of his personal comfort, but he had felt annoyed when Mrs. Archdale in her turn had yielded the corner place with foolish altruism to a French lad exchanging vociferous farewells with his parents. When the train started the boy did not give the seat back to the courteous Englishwoman to whom it belonged, and Coxeter, more vexed by the matter than it was worth, would have liked to punch the boy's head.

And yet, as he now looked straight before him, sitting upright in the carriage which was rocking and jolting as only a French railway carriage can rock and jolt, he realized that he himself had gained by the lad's lack of honesty. By having thus given away something which did not belong to her, Mrs. Archdale was now seated, if uncomfortably hemmed in and encompassed on each side, just opposite to Coxeter himself.

Coxeter was well aware that to stare at a woman is the height of bad breeding, but unconsciously he drew a great distinction between what it is good taste to do when one is observed, and that which one does when there is no chance of being caught. Without his making the slightest effort, in fact by looking straight before him, Nan Archdale fell into his direct line of vision, and he allowed his eyes to rest on her with an unwilling sense that there was nothing in the world he had rather they rested on. Her appearance pleased his fastidious, rather old-fashioned taste. Mrs. Archdale was wearing a long gray cloak, on her head was poised a dark hat trimmed with Mercury wings; it rested lightly on the pale-golden hair which formed so agreeable a contrast to her deep-blue eyes.

Coxeter did not believe in luck; the word which means so much to many men had no place in his vocabulary or even in his imagination. But still, the sudden appearance of Mrs. Archdale in the great Paris station had been an agreeable surprise, one of those incidents which, just because of their unexpectedness, make a man feel, not only pleased with himself, but at peace with the world.

Before Mrs. Archdale had come up to the carriage door at which he was standing, several things had contributed to put Coxeter in an ill humor.

It had seemed to his critical British phlegm that he was surrounded, immersed against his will, in floods of emotion. Among his fellow passengers the French element predominated. Heavens! how they talked—jabbered would be the better word

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—laughed and cried! How they hugged and embraced one another! Coxeter thanked God he was an Englishman.

His feeling of bored disgust was intensified by the conduct of a long-nosed, sallow man who had put his luggage into the same carriage as that where Coxeter's seat had been reserved. Strange how the peculiar characteristics common to the Jewish race survive, whatever be the accident of nationality! This man also was saying good-by, his wife being a dark, thin, eager-looking woman of a very common French type.

Coxeter looked at them critically; he wondered if the woman was Jewish too. On the whole he thought not. She was half crying, half laughing, her hands now clasping her husband's arm, now travelling, with a gesture of tenderness, up to his fleshy face, while he seemed to tolerate rather than respond to her endearments and extravagant terms of affection.

"Adieu, mon petit homme adoré!" she finally exclaimed, just as the tickets were being collected, and to Coxeter's surprise the adored one answered in a very English voice, albeit the utterance was slightly thick: "There, there! That 'ull do, my dear girl. It's only for a fortnight, after all."

Coxeter felt a pang of sincere pity for the poor fellow; a cad no doubt—but an English cad, cursed with an emotional French wife!

Then his attention had been most happily diverted by the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Archdale. She had come up behind him very quietly, and he had heard her speak before actually seeing her. "Mr. Coxeter, are you going back to England, or have you only come to see some one off?"

But even then Coxeter had not "given himself away." He had felt a thrill of rather absurd delight on hearing that quiet question, but as he turned to her eagerly, over his lantern-shaped face, across his thin determined mouth, there had still lingered a trace of the supercilious smile with which he had been looking round him, aware, with a feeling of self-gratulation, how inferior in every way this French station was to any of the great London termini.

As he had helped Mrs. Archdale into the first-class compartment, and had indicated to her the comfortable seat he had reserved for himself, not even she—noted though she was for her powers of sympathy and understanding—had divined the delicious tremor, the curious state of mingled joy and discomfort, into which her sudden presence had thrown the man whom she had greeted a little doubtfully, by no means sure that he would desire her proximity on a long journey.

And indeed, in spite of the effect she produced upon him, in spite of the fact that she was the only human being who had ever had, or was ever likely to have, the power of making him feel humble, not quite satisfied with himself—Coxeter disapproved of Mrs. Archdale.

At the present moment he disapproved of her rather more than usual, for if she meant to give up that corner seat, why had she not so arranged as to sit by him? Instead of having done that, she was now talking to the French boy sitting in what should have been her seat. But Nan Archdale, as all her friends called her, was always like that. Coxeter never saw her, never met her at the houses to which he went simply in order that he might meet her, without wondering why she wasted so much of the time she might have spent in talking to him, and above all in listening to him, in talking and listening to other people.

Four years ago, not long after their first acquaintance, he had made her an offer of marriage, impelled thereto by something which had appeared at the time quite outside himself and his usual wise, ponderate view of life. He had been relieved, as well as keenly hurt, when she had refused him.

Everything that concerned himself appeared to John Coxeter of such moment and importance, that at the time it had seemed incredible that Nan Archdale would be able to keep secret to herself the peculiar honor which had befallen her—one, by the way, which Coxeter had never even thought of conferring on any other woman. But as time went on, he became aware that she had actually kept the secret which was not hers to betray, and, emboldened by the knowledge that she alone knew of his humiliating bondship, he had again, after a certain interval, written and asked her if she would marry him.

Again she had refused, in a kind, impersonal little note, much as if what he had asked her had been of the slightest moment in the world to him, if not to her—and this last time she had gone so far as to declare

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that in this matter she really knew far better than he did himself what was good for him, and once more something in his heart had said "Amen."

When he thought about it—and he went on thinking about it more than was agreeable for his own comfort or peace of mind—Coxeter would tell himself, with what he believed to be a vicarious pang of regret, that Mrs. Archdale had made a sad mistake as regarded her own interest.

He felt sure she was not fit to live alone. He, Coxeter, would have known how to detach her from the unsuitable people by whom she was always surrounded, for Nan Archdale—and Coxeter was much concerned that it was so—had an instinctive attraction for those poor souls who lead forlorn hopes, and of whom—they being unsuccessful in their fine endeavors—the world never hears. She also had a strange patience and tenderness for those ne'er-do-weels of whom even the kindest grow weary after a time. Nan had a mass of queer friends, odd protégés for whom she worked unceasingly in a curious detached fashion, which was quite her own, and utterly apart from any of the myriad philanthropic societies in which the world she lived in, and to which she belonged by birth, interests its prosperous and intelligent leisure.

It was characteristic that Nan's liking for John Coxeter often took the form of asking him to help these queer unsatisfactory people. Why, even in this last week, while he had been in Paris, he had come into close relation with one of Mrs. Archdale's "odd-come-shorts." This time the man was an inventor, and of all unpractical and useless things, he had patented an appliance for saving life at sea! Nan Archdale had given the man a note to him, and it was characteristic of John Coxeter that, while resenting what Mrs. Archdale had done, he had been at some pains when in Paris to see the man in question.

The invention—as he had of course known would be the case—was a ridiculous affair, but for Nan's sake Coxeter had agreed to submit it to the Admiralty expert whose business it is to consider and pronounce on such futile things. The queer little model which its maker believed would in time supersede the life-belts now carried on every British ship, had but one merit, it was small and portable; at the present moment it lay curled up, looking like a cross between a serpent's cast skin and a child's spent balloon, in Coxeter's Gladstone bag. Even while he had accepted the parcel with a coolly civil word of thanks, he had mentally composed the letter with which he would ultimately dash the poor inventor's hopes.

To-night, however, sitting opposite to her, he felt glad that he had been to see the man, and he looked forward to telling her about it. Though he was scarcely conscious of it himself, it always made Coxeter glad to feel that he had given Mrs. Archdale pleasure, even pleasure of which he disapproved.

And yet how widely apart were these two people's sympathies and interests! Putting Nan aside, John Coxeter was only concerned with two things in life—his work at the Treasury and himself—and people only interested him in relation to these two major problems of existence. Nan Archdale was a citizen of the world—a free-woman of that dear kingdom of romance which still contains so many fragrant byways and sunny oases for those who have the will to find them. But for her freedom of this kingdom, she would have been a very sad woman, oppressed by the griefs and sorrows of that other world to which she also belonged, for Nan's human circle was ever widening, and in her strange heart there always seemed room for those whom others rejected and despised.

She had the power no human being had ever had—that of making John Coxeter jealous. This was the harder to bear inasmuch as he was well aware that jealousy is a very ridiculous human failing, and one with which he had no sympathy or understanding when it affected—as it sometimes did—his acquaintances and colleagues. Fortunately for himself, he was not retrospectively jealous—jealous, that is, of the dead man of whom certain people belonging to his and to Nan's circle sometimes spoke as "poor Jack Archdale." Coxeter knew vaguely that Archdale had been a bad lot, though never actually unkind to his wife; nay more, during the short time their married life had lasted, Archdale, it seemed, had to a certain extent reformed.

Although he was quite unconscious of it, John Coxeter was a very material hu-

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man being, and this no doubt was why the woman sitting opposite to him had so compelling an attraction for him; for she appeared to be all spirit, and that in spite of her eager sympathetic concern in the lives which circled about hers.

And yet? Yet there was certainly a strong, unspoken link between them, this man and woman who had so little in common the one with the other. They met often, if only because they both lived in that most conventional quarter of old Georgian London, Marylebone—she in Wimpole Street, he in a flat in Wigmore Street. She always was glad to see him, and seemed a little sorry when he left her. Coxeter was one of the rare human beings to whom Nan ever spoke of herself and of her own concerns. But, in spite of that curious kindliness, she did not do what so many people who knew John Coxeter instinctively did—ask his advice, and, what was of course more seldom done, take it. In fact, he had sometimes angrily told himself that Mrs. Archdale attached no weight to his opinion, and as time had gone on he had almost, not quite, given up offering her unsought advice.

John Coxeter attached great importance to health. He realized that a perfect physical condition is a great possession, and he took considerable pains to keep himself what he called "fit." Now, Mrs. Archdale was recklessly imprudent concerning her health—the health, that is, which was of so great a value to him, her friend. She took her meals at such odd times; she did not seem to mind, hardly to know, what she ate and drank! She was also reckless—perhaps uncaring would be the truer word—of something which John Coxeter supposed every nice woman to value even more than anything concerning her health or appearance—that is, the curiously intangible, and yet so easily frayed, human vesture termed reputation.

One of the cardinal points of Coxeter's carefully thought-out philosophy of life was that in this world no woman can touch pitch without being defiled. And yet, on one occasion at least, the woman who now sat opposite to him had proved the falsity of this view. Nan Archdale, apparently indifferent to the opinion of those who wished her well, had allowed herself to be closely associated—and that over many weeks—with one of those unfortunate members of her own sex who at certain intervals in the history of the civilized world become heroines of a drama of which each act takes place in the law-courts, and of which every whispered word, every piece of "business"—to pursue the analogy to its logical end—is overheard and visualized, not by thousands, but by millions, in fact by all those of her fellow countrymen and countrywomen of an age to read a newspaper.

Had the woman in the case been Mrs. Archdale's sister, Coxeter with a groan would have admitted that she owed her a duty, though a duty which he would fain have had her shirk, or rather delegate to another. But this woman was no sister, not even a friend, simply an old acquaintance known to Nan, 'tis true, over many years, and Nan had done what she had done, had taken her in and sheltered her, going to the court with her every day, simply because there seemed absolutely no one else willing to do it.

When he had first heard of what Mrs. Archdale was undertaking to do, Coxeter had been so dismayed that he had felt called upon to expostulate with her.

Very few words had passed between them. "Is it possible," he had asked, "that you think her innocent? That you believe her own story?"

To this Mrs. Archdale had answered with some distress: "I don't know—I haven't thought about it. As she says she is—I hope she is. If she's not, I'd rather not know it."

It had been a confused utterance, and somehow she had made him feel sorry that he had said anything. Afterward, to his surprise and unwilling relief, he discovered that Mrs. Archdale had not suffered in reputation as he had expected her to do. But it made him feel, more than ever, that she needed a strong, wise man to take care of her, to keep her out of the mischief into which her unfortunate good-nature—that was the way Coxeter phrased it to himself—was apt to lead her. It was then that he had again asked her to marry him, and that she had again refused him. But it was since then that he had become really her friend.

At last Mrs. Archdale turned away, or else the French boy had come to an end of

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his eloquence. Perhaps she would now lean a little forward and speak to him, to the friend whom she had not seen for some weeks, and whom she had seemed so sincerely glad to see half an hour ago. But no, she remained silent, her face full of thought.

Coxeter leant back; as a rule he never read in a train, for he was aware that it is injurious to the eyesight to do so. But to-night he suddenly told himself that after all he might just as well look at the English paper he had bought at the station. He might at least see what sort of crossing they were going to have to-night. Not that he minded for himself. He was a good sailor, and always stayed on deck whatever the weather, but he hoped it would be smooth for Mrs. Archdale's sake. It was so unpleasant for a lady to have a rough passage.

Coxeter turned round so that the light should fall on the page at which he had opened his newspaper—which, it need hardly be said, was the *Morning Post*. As he did so, his right ear came perceptibly nearer to the passengers sitting opposite to him, and presently there floated over to him the murmuring of two voices: Mrs. Archdale's clear low utterances, and another's, guttural and full. Ah! then he had been right; the fellow sitting there, on Nan's other side, was a Jew; probably something financial, connected with the Stock Exchange. Coxeter of the Treasury looked at the man he took to be a financier with considerable contempt.

He began reading; but the conversation which was going on between Nan Archdale and the man next to her became more audible to him. Gradually he became aware that Mrs. Archdale was receiving confidences from the man to whom she was now speaking. The fellow was actually unrolling before her the whole of his not very interesting life, and by degrees Coxeter began rather to overhear, than consciously listen to, what was being said.

The Jew, though English by birth, lived in France. As a young man he had failed in business; then he had made a fresh start, apparently impelled thereto by his great affection for and sense of duty to his mother. The Jewish race, so Coxeter reminded himself, are admirable in every relation of private life, and it was apparently in order that his mother might not have to alter her style of living that this man had finally accepted a post in a Paris house of business—no, not financial, but something connected with the sweetmeat trade.

Coxeter gathered that the speaker had at last saved enough money to make a start for himself, and that now he was very prosperous. He spoke of what he had done with legitimate pride; and in reference to the struggle he had gone through, Coxeter heard the fellow use a very odd expression: "It wasn't all jam!" he said. Now he was in a big way of business, going over to London every three months, partly in connection with his work, partly to see his old mother.

Coxeter, behind his newspaper, told himself it was amazing that any human being should tell so much of his private concerns to a stranger. Even more amazing that a refined, rather peculiar, woman like Nan Archdale should care to listen to such a commonplace story. But listening she was, saying a word here and there, asking, too, very quaint, practical questions concerning the sweetmeat trade. Why, even Coxeter became interested in spite of himself, for the Jew was an intelligent man, and as he talked on Coxeter learned with surprise that there is a romantic and exciting side even to sweet-making.

"What a pity it is," he heard Nan say at last in her low, even voice, "that you can't now come back to England, and settle down there. Surely it would make your mother much happier, and you don't seem to like Paris so very much?"

"That is true," said the man, "but—well, unluckily there's an obstacle to my doing that——"

Coxeter looked up. The stranger's face had become troubled, preoccupied, and his eyes were fixed, or so Coxeter fancied them to be, on Nan Archdale's left hand, the slender bare hand on which the only ring was her wedding-ring.

"I trust you won't be offended if I ask whether you are a married lady?" The sweetmeat man's voice had a curious note of shamed interrogation threading itself through the words.

Coxeter felt surprised and rather shocked. This was what came of allowing oneself to become familiar with complete strangers! But Nan had apparently not so taken the

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impertinent question, for, "I am a widow," Coxeter heard her answer gently in a voice that had no touch of offence in it.

And then Coxeter, with increasing distaste and revolt, became aware that this Jewish tradesman was telling Nan Archdale the story of the woman who had seen him off at the station, and whose absurd phrase, "Adieu, mon petit homme adoré," had rung so unpleasantly in his, Coxeter's, ears. In as far as such a tale can be told with decent ambiguity, it was told by this man of whose refinement Coxeter had formed so poor an opinion; but still the fact that he was telling it remained—and it was a fact which, to such a man as Coxeter, constituted an outrage on the decencies of life. Mrs. Archdale, by her foolish good-nature, had placed herself in such a position as to be consulted in a case of conscience concerning a Jewish tradesman and his light-o'-love, and now the man was debating with her, as with himself, whether he should marry this woman, whether he should force on his respectable English mother a French daughter-in-law of unmentionable antecedents! In addition to his feeling of wrath that Nan Archdale should become cognizant of so sordid a tale, there was a feeling of shame that he, Coxeter, had overheard what it had not been meant that he should hear.

He glanced across at her. To his surprise her face was expressionless; but her left hand was no longer lying on her knee, it was supporting her chin, and she was looking straight before her.

"I suppose," she said at last, "that you have made a proper provision for your—your friend? I mean in case of your death. I hope you have so arranged matters that, if anything should happen to you, this poor woman who loves you would not have to go back to the kind of life from which you took her." Even Coxeter divined that Nan had not found it easy to say this.

"Why, no, I haven't done anything of that sort. I never thought of doing it; she's always been the delicate party, I'm as strong as a horse."

"Still—still life's very uncertain." Mrs. Archdale was now looking straight into the face of the stranger, into the heart of whose intimate concerns she had been thrust so strangely and suddenly.

"She has no claim on me, none at all—" The man spoke defensively. "I don't think she'd expect anything of that sort. After all, I haven't treated her badly."

"I'm sure you haven't." Nan spoke conciliatingly. "I am sure you have been very kind to her. But, if I may use the simile you used just now, life, even to the happiest, the most sheltered woman, isn't all jam!"

The man looked at her with a doubting shamefaced glance. "I expect you're right," he said abruptly. "I ought to have thought of it. I'll make my will when I'm in England this time—I ought to have done so before."

Suddenly Coxeter leant forward. He felt the time had come when he must really put an end to a most unseemly conversation.

"Mrs. Archdale!" He spoke loudly, insistently. She looked up, startled at the sharpness of his tone; and the man, whose eyes had been fixed on her face with so moved and doubting a look, sat back. "I want to tell you that I've seen your inventor, and that I've promised to put his floater before the right quarter at the Admiralty."

In a moment Nan was all eagerness. "It is really a very wonderful invention," she exclaimed. "I'm so grateful to you, Mr. Coxeter. Did you go and see it tried? *I* did; last time I was in Paris, the man took me to a swimming-bath on the Seine—such an odd place—and there he tested it before me. I was really very much impressed. I do hope you will say a word for it. I am sure they would value your opinion at the Admiralty!"

Coxeter looked at her rather grimly. "No, I didn't see it tested. I didn't see the use of doing so, though of course the man was very anxious I should. I'm afraid the thing's no good. How could it be?" He smiled superciliously, and he saw her redden.

"How unfair that is!" she exclaimed. "How can you possibly tell whether it's no good if you haven't seen it tried? Now I *have* seen this floater tried."

There was such a tone of protest in her voice that Coxeter felt called upon to defend himself.

"I dare say the thing's all right in theory," he said quickly, "and I believe what he says about the ordinary life-belts; it's quite true, I mean, that they drown more people

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than they save; but that's only because people don't know how to put them on. This thing's a toy—not practical at all!"

He spoke more irritably than he generally allowed himself to speak, for he could see that the man next to Mrs. Archdale was listening to all that they were saying. All at once, she actually included the Jewish stranger in their conversation, and most unwillingly Coxeter at last found himself at her request taking the absurd model out of his bag.

"Of course you've got to imagine this in a rough sea," he said sulkily, "and not in a fresh-water river bath."

"Well, *I* wouldn't mind trying it in a rough sea, Mr. Coxeter." Nan Archdale smiled a rather teasing smile as she spoke.

Coxeter wondered if she was really serious. Sometimes he suspected that Mrs. Archdale was making fun of him—but that surely was impossible.

II

When at last they reached Boulogne and went on board the packet, Coxeter's ill-humor vanished. It was cold, raw, and foggy, and most of their fellow passengers at once hurried below, but Mrs. Archdale decided to stay on the upper deck. This pleased her companion; now at last he would have her to himself.

In his precise and formal way he went to a good deal of trouble to make Nan comfortable; and she, so accustomed to take thought for others, stood aside and watched him find a sheltered corner, secure with some difficulty a deck chair, and then defend it with grim determination against two or three people who tried to lay hands upon it.

At last he beckoned to her to sit down. "Where's your rug?" he asked, and she answered meekly. "I haven't brought one."

He put his own, the best that money could buy—large, light, and warm—round her knees, and in the pleasure it gave him to wait on her thus, he did not utter aloud the reproof which had been on his lips. But she saw him shake his head over a more unaccountable omission, for on the journey she had somehow lost her gloves! He took his off, and with a touch of masterliness made her put them on her hands, himself fastening the big bone buttons over each of her small, childish wrists. His manner while he did all these things—he would have scorned himself had it been otherwise—was impersonal and business-like. But Nan Archdale found herself looking at him with unwonted kindliness. At last she said, a little tremulously, and with a wondering tone in her voice: "You're very kind to me, Mr. Coxeter." Those who spend their lives in speeding others on their way are generally allowed themselves to trudge along alone; so at least this woman had found it to be. Coxeter made no answer to her words—perhaps he had not heard them.

Even in the few minutes which had elapsed since they came on board, the fog had deepened. The shadowy figures moving about the deck only took substance when they stepped into the circle of brightness cast by a swinging globe of light which hung just above Nan Archdale's head. Coxeter moved forward and took up his place in front of the deck chair, protecting its occupant from the jostling of the crowd, for the sheltered place he had found stood but a little way back from the passage between the land gangway and the iron staircase leading to the lower deck.

There were more passengers that night than usual. They passed, a seemingly endless procession—moving slowly out of the darkness into the circle of light, and then again into the white engulfing mist, and so down to the lower deck and cabins.

At last the spaces round them became clear of moving figures; the cold, raw fog had driven almost every one below. But Coxeter felt curiously content, rather absurdly happy. This was to him a great adventure.

He took out his watch. If the boat started to time, they would be off in another five minutes. He told himself that this was turning out a very pleasant journey; as a rule, when crossing the Channel, one meets tiresome people one knows, and they insist on talking to one. Then, just as he was thinking this, there suddenly surged forward out of the foggy mist two people, a newly married couple named Rendel, with whom both he and Mrs. Archdale were acquainted, at whose wedding indeed they had both been present some six or seven weeks ago! So absorbed in earnest talk with one another were the

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bride and bridegroom that they did not seem to see where they were going; but when close to Mrs. Archdale they stopped short, and turned toward one another, still talking so eagerly as to be quite oblivious of possible eavesdroppers.

John Coxeter, standing back in the shadow, felt a sudden gust of envious pain. They were evidently on their way home from their honeymoon, these happy young people, blessed with good looks, money, health, and love, for their marriage had been the outcome of quite a pretty romance.

But what was this they were saying? Both he and Nan unwillingly heard the quick interchange of words, the wife's shrill, angry utterances, the husband's good-humored expostulations:

"I won't stay on the boat, Bob! I don't see why we should risk our lives in order that you may be back in town to-morrow. I know it's not safe. My great-uncle, the admiral, always said that the worst storm at sea was not as bad as quite a small fog!"

Then the gruff answer: "My dear child, don't be a fool! The boat wouldn't start if there was the slightest danger. You heard what that man told us. The fog was much worse this morning and the boat was only an hour late."

"Well, you can do as you like, but *I* won't cross to-night. Where's the use of taking any risk? Mother's uncle, the admiral—" And Coxeter heard with shocked approval the man's "Damn your great-uncle the admiral!"

There they stood, not more than three yards off, the pretty, angry little spitfire looking up at her indignant husband. Coxeter, if disgusted, was also amused; there was also the comfort of knowing that they would certainly pretend not to see him —even if by chance they recognized him, intent as they were on their absurd difference.

"I shall go back and spend the night at the station hotel. No, you needn't trouble to find Stockton for me—there's no time." Coxeter and Nan heard the laughing gibe, "Then you don't mind your poor maid being drowned as well as your poor husband," but the bride went on as if he hadn't spoken. "I've quite enough money with me; you needn't give me anything—*good-by!*"

She disappeared into the fog in the direction of the gangway, and Coxeter moved hastily to one side; he wished to save Bob Rendel the annoyance of recognizing him; but then, with amazing suddenness, came the quick patter of high-heeled shoes over the deck, and Mrs. Rendel was back again close to where her husband was standing.

"I've made up my mind to stay on the boat," she said quietly. "I think you are very unwise as well as very obstinate to cross in this fog, but if you won't give way, then I'd rather be with you, and share the danger."

Rendel laughed, not very kindly, and together they went across to the stair leading below.

Coxeter opened his mouth to speak, then he closed it again tight. What a scene! What a commentary on married life! And these two people were supposed to be "in love" with one another. The little episode had shocked him, jarred his contentment. "If you don't mind, I'll go and smoke a pipe," he said stiffly.

Mrs. Archdale looked up. "Oh, yes, please do," and yet she felt suddenly bereft of something which had been warm, enveloping, kindly. The words formed themselves on her lips: "Don't go too far away," and when, as if in answer to her unspoken words, Coxeter called out, "I'm just here, close by, if you want anything," she had a curious feeling of security.

He remained in her thoughts. Almost alone of those human beings with whom life brought her in contact, he made no demand on her sympathy, and very little on her time. In fact, his first offer of marriage had taken her so much by surprise as to strike her as slightly absurd; she had also felt it, at the time, to be an offence, for she had given him no right to encroach on the inner shrine of her being.

She had supposed that being a man who evidently ordered his life according to some kind of system, he had believed himself ripe for the honorable estate of marriage and had chosen her as being "suitable."

His second offer, conveyed, as had been the first, in a formal letter, had found her in a very different mood, for it had followed very closely on something done by her of which he, John Coxeter, had greatly disapproved. She had been touched this second time, and not at all offended, and gradually they had become friends.

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To-night Nan could not help wondering if he would ever again ask her to marry him. She thought not—she hoped not. She told herself quite seriously that he was one of those men who are far happier unwedded. His standard, not so much of feminine virtue as of feminine behavior, was too high. Take what had happened just now: she had listened indulgently, tenderly, to the quarrel of the newly married couple; but she had seen the effect it had had upon John Coxeter. To him it had been a tragedy, and an ugly, ignoble tragedy to boot.

The deck was now almost clear of passengers; out in the open sea the fog had become thicker. The boat groped its way, heralded by the mournful screaming of the siren. Mrs. Archdale was roused, rather startled, by a man bending over her, while a voice said gruffly: "I think, ma'am, that you'd better get into shelter. The deck saloon is close by. Allow me to lead you to it."

Nan rose obediently. With the petty officer on one side and Coxeter on the other, she made a slow progress across the deck to the large, brilliantly lighted saloon. There the fog had been successfully shut out, and some fifteen or twenty people sat on the velvet benches, among them the sweetmeat merchant to whom Nan had talked in the train.

"We sha'n't be there till morning," Coxeter heard a man say—"till morning doth appear, at this rate."

"I suppose we're all right. There's no *real* danger in a fog, not in the Channel; there never has been an accident on the Channel passage—not an accident of any serious kind."

"Indeed there was. A very bad one to a Dieppe boat!" The man who recalled this could be heard, self-assertive, pragmatical, his voice raised above that of those round him. "I've been all over the world in my time, and when I'm caught in a fog at sea I always get up, dress, and go on deck, however sleepy I may be."

Coxeter, sitting apart by Nan's side, listened with some amusement. His rather thin sense of humor was roused. This delay was not pleasant; it might even mean that he would be a few hours late at the Treasury, a thing he had never once been after a holiday, for Coxeter prided himself on his punctuality in the little as well as in the great things of life. But of course all traffic in the Channel would be delayed, and his absence would be accounted for by the fact. Sitting there, close to Mrs. Archdale, with no one sufficiently near to attract her attention, or, what was more likely, to appeal to her for sympathy, he felt he could well afford to wait till the fog cleared away. He felt a little possessive thrill of pride. Mrs. Archdale, alone among the people there, looked content and at ease; indeed she was now smiling; and following the direction of her eyes, he saw that they rested on a child lying asleep in its mother's arms.

Coxeter became dimly conscious of what it would mean to him to have Nan to come back to when work and the couple of hours he usually spent at his club had been done with. Perhaps if Nan were waiting for him he would not wish to stay as long as two hours at his club. But then, of course, he should want Nan all to himself. He was far too sensible a man to feel jealousy, but he would expect his wife to put him first—a very long way in front of any one else. It might be old-fashioned, but he was that sort of man.

Coxeter's thoughts leapt back into the present with disagreeable abruptness. Their Jewish fellow-traveller, the man who had thrust on Mrs. Archdale such unseemly confidences, had got up. He was now heading straight for the place where the other two were sitting. Coxeter quickly decided that the fellow must not be allowed to bore Mrs. Archdale. She was in his, Coxeter's, care to-night, and he alone had a right to her sympathy and attention. So he got up and walked down the saloon. To his surprise, the man, on seeing him come near, stopped dead. "I want to speak to you," he said in a low voice, "Mr.—er—Coxeter."

Coxeter looked at him, surprised, then reminded himself that his full name, John Coxeter, was painted on his Gladstone; also that Mrs. Archdale had called him "Mr. Coxeter," at least once, when discussing that life-saving toy. Still, sharp observant fellows, Jews! One should always be on one's guard with them. "Yes?" he said interrogatively.

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"Well, Mr. Coxeter, I want to ask you to do me a little favor. The truth is I've just made my will—only a few lines, as you see. I want you to be my second witness; I've no objection, none in the world, to your seeing what I want you to witness."

He spoke very deliberately, as if he had prepared the form of words in which he made his strange request, and as he spoke he held out a sheet of paper, apparently torn out of a note-book.

"I asked that gentleman over there"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder—"to be my first witness, and he kindly consented. I'd be much obliged if you'd sign your name just here. I'll also ask you to take charge of this—only a small envelope, as you see. It's addressed to my mother. I've made her my executor and residuary legatee."

Coxeter felt a strong impulse to refuse. He never mixed himself up with other people's affairs; he always refused to do so "on principle."

The man standing opposite to him divined what was passing through his mind. "Only just while we're on this boat. That's all, of course. You can tear it up and chuck the pieces away once we're on land again." He spoke persuasively, a touch of pleading in his voice. With contemptuous amazement Coxeter told himself that the fellow was *afraid*.

"Surely you don't think there's any danger?" he asked. "D' you mean you've made this will because you think something may happen to the boat?"

The other nodded his head. "Accidents do happen," he said, and he smiled rather foolishly as he said the words, pronouncing the last one, as Coxeter noted with disapproval, "habben." He was holding out a fountain-pen; he had an odd, ingratiating manner, and Coxeter, to his own surprise, suddenly gave way.

"All right," he said, and taking the paper in his hand he glanced over it. He had no desire to pry into any man's private affairs, but he wasn't going to sign anything without first reading it.

This odd little will consisted of only two sentences, written in a clear, clerkly hand. The first bequeathed an annuity of £240 (six thousand francs) to Léonie Lenoir, of 106 Rue Lafayette, Paris; the second appointed the testator's mother, Mrs. Solomon Munich, of 9 Scott Terrace, Maida Vale, residuary legatee and executor. The will was signed "Victor Munich."

"Very well, I'll sign it," said Coxeter at last, "and I'll take charge of it till we're on land. But look here—I won't keep it a moment longer." Then, perhaps a little ashamed of his ungraciousness, "I say, Mr. Munich, if I were you I'd go below and take a stiffish glass of brandy and water. I once had a fright, nearly run over by a huge brewer's dray at Charing Cross, and I did that—took some brandy, I mean—" He jerked the words out, conscious that the other's sallow face had reddened.

Then he signed his name at the bottom of the sheet of paper, and busied himself with putting the envelope carefully into his pocket-book.

"There," he said, with the slight supercilious smile which was his most marked physical peculiarity, but of which he was quite unconscious; "your will is quite safe now. If we meet at Folkestone, I'll hand it you back; if we miss one another in the—er—fog, I'll destroy it, as arranged."

He turned and began walking back to where Nan Archdale was sitting. It was Nan who had brought this about! She had touched up the Jew fellow's conscience—frightened him about that woman—the woman who had so absurdly termed him her "petit homme adoré." That's what came of mixing up in other people's business; but Coxeter's eyes nevertheless rested on the sitting figure of his friend with a certain curious indulgence. Odd, sentimental, sensitive creatures—women! But brave—not lacking in moral courage, anyway.

As he came close to her, Mrs. Archdale moved a little, making room for him to sit down by her—it was a graceful, welcoming gesture. John Coxeter's pulse began to quicken. His eyes fell on her right hand, still encased in his large brown glove. As he had buttoned that glove he had touched her soft wrist, and a wild impulse had come to him to bend yet a little closer and press his lips to the white triangle of yielding flesh. Of course he had resisted the temptation, reminding himself sternly that it was a caddish thing even to have thought of taking advantage of Nan's confiding friendliness. Yet now he wondered whether

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he had been a fool not to do it. Other men did these sort of things. . . .

There came a dragging, grating sound, the boat shuddering as if in response. Coxeter had the odd sensation that he was being gently but irresistibly pushed round, and yet he sat quite still, with nothing in the saloon changed in relation to himself. Some one near him exclaimed in a matter-of-fact voice: "We've struck. We're on a rock." Every one stood up, and he saw an awful look of doubt on the faces of the men and women about him. The fog-horn ceased trumpeting, and there rose confused sounds, loud hoarse shouts and thin shrill cries, accompanying the dull thunder caused by the tramping of feet. Then all the lights in the saloon went out, all but the yellow flame of a small oil lamp, which none of them had known was there.

The glass-panelled door was opened widely, and a burly figure, holding a torch which flared up in the still moist air, was outlined against the steamy waves of fog.

"Come out here," the officer said; and then, as some of them tried to push past him: "Steady, keep cool. There'll be room in the boats for all the passengers on board"; and Coxeter, looking at the pale glistening face, told himself that the man was lying, and that he knew he lied.

They stumbled out, one by one, each man and woman there, and joined the great company which was now swarming over the upper deck, forlorn and lonely as human beings must ever be when individually face to face with death.

Coxeter's right hand gripped firmly Mrs. Archdale's arm. She was pressing closely to his side, shrinking back from the rough crowd surging about them. Coxeter was filled with a fierce protective love and tenderness which left no room in his mind for any thought of self. His one thought was how to preserve his companion from contact with those about them: wild-eyed, already distraught creatures, swayed with a terror which set them apart from the mass of quiet, apparently dazed people who stood patiently waiting to do what they were told.

Close to Nan and Coxeter two men were talking Spanish; they were gesticulating, and seemed to be disagreeing angrily; presently one of them drew out of his breast a long knife, which glittered in the torch-light; with it he made a gesture as if he meant to cut his way through the crowd toward the spot, already railed off with roped barriers, where the boats were being got ready for the water.

With a quick movement Coxeter unbuttoned his cloak and drew Nan within its folds; putting both his arms round her, he held her loosely and yet firmly clasped. "I can't help it," he muttered apologetically. "Forgive me!" As only answer she seemed to draw yet closer to him, and then she lay, still and silent, within his sheltering arms—and at that moment he remembered to be glad that he had not kissed her hand.

They stood there, encompassed by a living wall—and yet how strangely alone. The fog had become less dense, or else the resin torches which flared up all about them cleared the air.

From the captain's bridge there whistled every quarter-minute a high rocket, and soon, from behind the wall of fog, came in answer distant signals full of a dreadful mockery to the people waiting.

But to John Coxeter the drama of his own soul took precedence of that going on round him. Had he been alone, he would have shared to the full the awful, exasperated feeling of being trapped, of there being nothing to be done, which possessed all the thinking minds about him.

But he was not alone—Nan lying on his breast, seemed to pour virtue into him, to make him extraordinarily alive. Never had he felt death, extinction, so near, and yet there seemed to be something outside himself, a spirit informing, uplifting, and conquering the flesh. Perceptions, sympathies, which had lain dormant during the whole of his forty-three years of life, now sprang into being. His imagination awoke. He saw that it was this woman who now stood with such complete trust in the niceness of his honor and in his chivalry, heart to heart with him, who had made the best of that at once solitary and companioned journey which we call life. He had thought her to be a fool; he now saw that if a fool she had been a divine fool, ever engaged while on her pilgrimage with the only things that now mattered. How great was the sum of her achievement compared with his! She had been a beacon diffusing light

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and warmth, he a shadow among shadows. If to-night he were engulfed in the unknown—for so death was visioned by John Coxeter—who would miss him, who would feel the poorer for his sudden obliteration?

Coxeter came back into the present; he looked round him, and for the first time he felt the disabling clutch of physical fear. The life-belts were being given out, and there came to him a horrid vision of the people round him as they might be an hour hence, drowned, heads down, legs up, done to death by those monstrous yellow bracelets which they were now putting on with such clumsy, feverish eagerness.

He was touched on the arm, and a husky voice with which he was by now familiar said urgently: "Mr. Coxeter—see, I've brought your bag out of the saloon." The man whose name he knew to be Victor Munich was standing at his elbow. "Look here—don't take offence, Mr. Coxeter—I think better of that"—he hesitated—"that floater you've got in this bag of yours than you do. I'm willing to give you a fancy price for it—what would you say to a thousand pounds? I dare say I sha'n't have occasion to use it, but of course I take that risk."

Coxeter, with a quick unobtrusive movement, released Mrs. Archdale. He turned and stared, not pleasantly, at the man who was making him so odd an offer. Damn the fellow's impudence! "The floater, as you call it, is not for sale," he said shortly.

Nan had heard but little of the quick colloquy. She did not connect it with the fact that the strong protecting arms which had been about her were now withdrawn, and the tears came into her eyes. She felt suddenly alone. John Coxeter, the one human being who now ever attempted to place himself on an intimate, personal plane with her, happened, by a strange irony of fate, to be her companion, her fellow victim, in this awful adventure. But even he now turned away from her. . . .

Nay, that was not quite true. He was again looking down at her, and she felt his hand groping for hers. As he found it and clasped it, he made a movement as if he wished again to draw her toward him; gently she resisted, and at once he respected her feeling of recoil. Nan, with a confused sense of shame and anger, felt herself intimately hurt by his submission; she knew that most men in his place would have made short work of her resistance, would have taken her, masterfully, into the shelter of their arms.

There came a little stir among the people on the deck. Coxeter heard a voice call out in would-be cheery tones: "Now, then, ladies! Please step out—ladies and children only. Look sharp!" A sailor close by whispered gruffly to his mate: "I'll stick to the ship anyhow. No boats for me. We're best here. I expect she'll be a good hour settling—perhaps a bit longer."

As the first boat-load swung into the water, some of the people about them gave a little cheer. Coxeter thought, but he will never be quite sure, that in that cheer Nan joined. There was a delay of a minute, then again the captain's voice rang out, this time in a sharper, more peremptory tone: "Now, ladies, look sharp! Come along, please!"

Coxeter unclasped Nan's hand—he did not know how tightly he had been holding it. He loved her. God, how he loved her! And now he must send her away—away into the shrouding fog—away, just as he had found her. If what the sailor whose words he had overheard were true, might he not be sending Nan to a worse fate than that of staying to take the risk with him?

But the very man who had just said that he would stick to the steamer now came up to them. "You'd best hurry your lady forward, sir; there's no time to lose." There was an anxious, warning note in the voice.

"You must go now," said Coxeter heavily. "I shall be all right, Mrs. Archdale," for she was making no movement forward. "There'll be plenty of room for the men in the next boat. I'd walk across the deck with you, but I'm afraid they won't allow that." He spoke in his usual matter-of-fact, rather dry tone, and Nan looked up at him doubtingly. Did he really wish her to leave him?

Flickering streaks of light fell on his face. It was convulsed with feeling, with what had become an agony of renunciation. She withdrew her eyes, feeling a shamed, exultant pang of joy. "I'll wait till there's room for you, too, Mr. Coxeter." She breathed rather than actually uttered the words aloud.

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but in far more eager, more vociferous tones. "Is it likely that I shall go away now and leave you, Bob? Of course not—don't be ridiculous." But the Rendels pushed forward, and finally both found places in this, the last boat but one.

Victor Munich was still close to John Coxeter, and Mrs. Archdale, glancing at his sallow, terror-stricken face, felt a thrill of generous pity for the man. "Mr. Coxeter," she whispered, "do give him the floater! Did he not ask you for it just now? We don't want it."

Coxeter bent down and unstrapped his bag. He handed to Nan the odd, toy-like, sinuous thing by which he had set so little store. Now he let it go with a touch of reluctance. He saw her move close to the man whose name she did not know. "Here is the floater," she said. "I heard you say you would like it."

"But you—" he stammered. "How about you?"

"I don't want it. I shall be all right. I shouldn't put it on in any case."

He took it then, avidly; and they saw him go forward with a quick, stealthy movement to the place where the sailors were now getting the last boat ready for the water.

"There's plenty of room for you and the lady now, sir."

Coxeter hurried Nan across the deck. Suddenly they were pushed roughly back; the roped barriers had been cut, a hand-to-hand struggle was taking place round the boat, an ugly scrimmage to which scarce any allusion was made by any of those who gave evidence at the inquiry that afterward took place into the circumstances of the wreck. To those who looked on, it was a horrible, an unnerving sight, and this time Coxeter, with sudden strength, took Nan back into his arms. He felt her trembling, shuddering against him; what she had just seen had loosed fear from its leash.

"I'm frightened," she moaned. "Oh, Mr. Coxeter, I'm so horribly frightened of those men. Are they all gone?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "most of them managed to get into the boat. Don't be frightened. I think we're safer here than we should be there with those ruffians."

most any woman so thrust on his protection and care, but the very depth of Coxeter's feeling seemed to make him dumb; that and his anguished fear lest by his fault, by his own want of quickness, she had perhaps missed her chance.

But what he was lacking another man supplied. This was the captain, and Nan, listening to the cheering, commonplace words, felt her nerve, her courage, come back.

"Stayed with your husband?" he said, coming up to them. "Quite right, ma'am! Don't you be frightened. Look at me and my men; we're not frightened—not a bit of it! My boat will last right enough for us to be picked up ten times over. I tell you quite fairly and squarely, if I'd my wife aboard I'd have kept her with me. I'd rather be on this boat of mine than I would be out there, on the open water, in this fog." But as he walked back to the place where stood the rocket apparatus, Coxeter heard him mutter, "The brutes! Not all seconds or thirds, either. I wish I had them here; I'd give them what for!"

Later, when reading the narratives written by some of the passengers who perforce had remained on the doomed boat, Coxeter was surprised to learn how many thrilling experiences he had apparently missed during the long four hours which elapsed before their rescue. And yet the time of waiting and suspense probably appeared as long to him as it did to any of the fifty-odd souls who stayed, closely massed together, on the upper deck, waiting with what seemed a stolid resignation for what might next befall them.

From the captain, Coxeter, leaving Mrs. Archdale for a moment, had extracted the truth. They had drifted down the French coast. They were on a dangerous reef of rock, and the rising of the wind, the lifting of the fog, to which they all looked so eagerly, might be the signal for the breaking up of the steamer. On the other hand, she might hold together for days. It was all a chance.

Coxeter kept what he had learned to himself, but he was filled with a dull, aching suspense. His remorse that he had not hurried Mrs. Archdale into one of the first

boats became almost intolerable. Why had he not placed her in the care even of the Jew, Victor Munich, who was actually seated in the last boat before the scramble round it had begun?

More fortunate than he, Mrs. Archdale found occupation in tending the few forlorn women who had been thrust back. He watched her moving among them with an admiration no longer unwilling; she looked bright, happy, almost gay, and the people to whom she talked, to whom she listened, caught something of her spirit. Coxeter would have liked to follow her example, but though he saw that some of the men round him were eager to talk and to discuss the situation, his tongue refused to form words of commonplace cheer.

When with the coming of the dawn the fog lifted, Nan came up to him where he stood, apart from the place where the other passengers crowded round a fire which had been lit on the open deck. Together in silence they watched the rolling away of the enshrouding mist; together they caught sight of the fleet of French fishing-boats from which was to come succor. As he turned and clasped her hand, he heard her say, more to herself than to him, "I did not think we should be saved."

III

JOHN COXETER was standing in the library of Mrs. Archdale's home in Wimpole Street. Two nights had elapsed since their arrival in London, and now he was to see her for the first time since they had parted on the Charing Cross platform in the presence of the crowd of people composed of unknown sympathizers, as well as acquaintances and friends, who had come to meet them.

He looked round him with a curious sense of unfamiliarity. The coloring of the room was gray and white, with touches of deep mahogany. It was Nan's favorite sitting-room, though it still looked what it had been ever since Nan could remember it, a man's room. In his day her father had been a collector of books, medals, and engravings connected with the most severe kind of eighteenth-century art and letters. In a sense this room always pleased Coxeter's fancy, partly because it implied a great many things that money, and even modern culture, cannot buy. But now, this morning—for it was still early, and he was on his way to the office for the first time since his return from what an aunt called his merciful preservation from death—he seemed to see even this room in another light. Everything which had once been to him important had become, if not worthless, then unessential.

Nan came into the room, and he saw that she was dressed in a more feminine kind of garment than that in which he generally saw her. It was white and, though girdled with a black ribbon, it made her look very young, almost girlish.

For a moment they looked at one another in constraint. Mrs. Archdale also had changed; changed far less than John Coxeter, but she was aware, as he was not, of the changes which long nearness to death had brought her, had wrought in herself; and for the first time she was more absorbed in her own sensations than in those of the person with her. Seeing John Coxeter standing there waiting for her, looking so like his old self, so absolutely unchanged, confused her, and made her feel desperately shy.

She held out her hand, but Coxeter scarcely touched it. After having held her in his arms he could not take her hand in formal greeting. She mistook his gesture—thought that he was annoyed at having received no word from her since they had parted. The long day in between had been to poor Nan a nightmare of nervous horror. Relations, friends, acquaintances had come in troops to see her, and would not be denied; but each time Coxeter had called to inquire, she had been what her servants, unconscious of the irony, had called resting.

"I am so sorry," she said in a low voice, "that when you called yesterday I was supposed to be asleep. I have been most anxious to see you"—she waited a moment, and then added his name—"Mr. Coxeter. I knew that you would have the latest news, and that you would tell it me."

"There is news," he said, "of all the boats—good news—except of the last boat." His voice sounded strangely to himself.

"Oh, but that must be all right too. The captain said the boats might drift about for a long time."

Coxeter shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said. "In fact—" He waited a moment, and she came close up to him.

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voice, "tell me what you know. They say I ought to put it all out of my mind; but I can think of nothing else. Whenever I close my eyes I see the awful struggle that went on round that last boat."

Coxeter was dismayed. He looked down at her. She was very pale, her eyes filled with a bright feverish light. How wildly she spoke, how unlike herself she seemed to-day; above all, how unlike what she had been during the whole of their terrible ordeal! Already that ordeal had become, to him, something to be treasured. There is no lack of physical courage in the breed of Englishmen to whom John Coxeter belonged. Pain, entirely unassociated with shame, holds out comparatively little terror to such as he.

There was something rueful in the look he gave her.

"The last boat was run down in the fog," he said briefly. "Some of the bodies have been washed up on the French coast."

She looked at him apprehensively. "Any of the people we had spoken to? Any of those who were with us in the railway carriage?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say that one of the bodies washed up is that of the person who sat next to you."

"That poor French boy?"

Coxeter shook his head. "No, no—he's all right; at least, I believe he's all right. It was that of your other neighbor;" he added unnecessarily, "the man who made sweets."

And then for the first time Coxeter saw Nan Archdale moved out of herself. She turned and pressed her hand to her face as if to shut out some terrible and pitiful sight.

"Ah," she exclaimed in a low voice, "I shall never forgive myself over that! Do you know, I had a kind of instinct that I ought to ask that man the name, the address"—her voice quivered and broke—"of his friend—that poor young woman who saw him off at the Paris station——"

Till this moment Coxeter had not known that Nan had been aware of what had, to himself, been so odious, so ridiculous and grotesque, a scene. But now he felt differently, about this as about everything that touched on the quick of life. For the first time he understood, even sympathized with, beings who are born to suffering and who are bare to the storm. . . .

"Look here," he said awkwardly, "don't be unhappy. It's all right. That man spoke to me on the boat—he did what you wished; he made a will providing for that woman; I took charge of it for him. As a matter of fact, I went and saw his old mother yesterday. She behaved very well."

"Then the floater was no good after all?"

"No good," he said, and he avoided looking at her. "At least, so it would seem. But who can tell?"

There came a sharp knock on the door. "Mrs. Eaton, ma'am. She says she only heard what happened to-day, and she's sure you will see her."

Before Mrs. Archdale could answer, a woman had pushed her way past the maid into the room. "Nan! Poor darling! What an awful thing. I *am* glad I came so early; now you will be able to tell me all about it."

The visitor, looking round, saw John Coxeter, and seemed surprised. Fortunately she did not know him, and feeling as if, had he stayed, he must have struck the woman, he escaped from the room.

As Coxeter went through the hall, filled with a perplexity and pain very alien from his positive nature, a good-looking, clean-shaven man, who gave him a quick, measured glance, passed by. There had been no parleying at the door as in Coxeter's own case.

"Who's that?" he asked, with a scowl, of the servant.

"The doctor, sir," and he felt absurdly relieved. "We sent for him yesterday, for Mrs. Archdale seemed very bad last night." Coxeter suddenly told himself that it behooved him to see this doctor and ascertain from him whether Nan was really ill.

He crossed the street and began pacing up and down, and unconsciously he quickened his steps as he went over every moment of their brief interview. All that was himself—and there was a good deal more of John Coxeter than even he was at all aware—had gone out to her to-day in a rapture of memory and longing, but she, or so it seemed to him, had purposely made herself remote.

At last, after what seemed a very long time, the doctor came out. Coxeter crossed over and touched him on the arm.

"If I may," he said, "I should like a word with you. I want to ask you—I mean I trust that Mrs. Archdale is recovering from the effect of the terrible experience she went through the other night." He spoke awkwardly, stiffly. "I saw her for a few minutes just before you came, and I was sorry to find her very unlike herself."

The doctor went on walking; he looked coldly at Coxeter.

"It's a great pity that Mrs. Archdale's friends can't leave her alone! As to being unlike herself, you and I would probably be very unlike ourselves if we had gone through what this poor lady has just gone through!"

"You see, I was with her on the boat. We were not travelling together," Coxeter corrected himself hastily. "I mean we happened to meet on the journey. My name is Coxeter."

The other man's manner entirely altered. He slackened in his walk. "I beg your pardon," he said; "of course I had no notion who you were. She says you saved her life. That but for you she would have been in that last boat—the boat that was lost. I may tell you that I'm very worried about Mrs. Archdale, in fact seriously concerned at her condition. If you have any influence with her, I beg you to persuade her to refuse herself to the endless busybodies who want to hear her account of what happened. She won't have a trained nurse, but there ought to be some one on guard—a human watch-dog warranted to snarl and bite!"

"Do you think she ought to go away from London?" asked Coxeter in a low voice.

"No, I don't think that—at least not for the present." The medical man frowned thoughtfully. "What she wants is to be taken out of herself. If I could prescribe what I believe would be the best thing for her, I should advise that she go away to some other part of London with some one who will never speak to her of what happened, and yet who will always listen to her when she wants to talk about it—some sensible, commonplace person who could distract her mind without tiring her, and who would make her do things she has never done before. If she was an ordinary smart lady I should prescribe philanthropy"—he made a slight grimace—"make her go and see some of my poorer patients—come into contact with a little *real* trouble. But that would be no change to Mrs. Archdale. No; what she wants is some one who will force her to be selfish, who will take her up the Monument one day, to a music-hall the next, motor her out to Richmond Park, and make her take a good long walk, and then sit by the sofa and hold her hand if she feels like crying—" He stopped, a little ashamed of his energy.

"Thank you," said Coxeter very seriously. "I can see the sense of what you say."

"You see, in spite of her quiet manner, Mrs. Archdale's a nervous, excitable woman"—the doctor was looking narrowly at Coxeter as he spoke.

"She was perfectly calm and—and very brave at the time——"

"That means nothing! Pluck's not a matter of nerve—it ought to be, but it isn't! But I admit you're a remarkable example of the presence of the one coupled with the absence of the other. You don't seem a penny the worse, and yet it must have been a very terrible experience."

"You see it came at the end of my holiday," said Coxeter gravely, "and, as a matter of fact"—he hesitated—"I feel quite well. In fact, remarkably well. Do you see any objection to my calling again, I mean to-day, on Mrs. Archdale? I might put what you have just said before her."

"Yes, do! Do that by all means! Seeing how well you have come through it"—the doctor could not help smiling a slightly satirical smile—"ought to be a lesson to Mrs. Archdale. It ought to show her that after all she is perhaps making a great deal of fuss about nothing."

"Hardly that," said Coxeter with a frown.

They had now come to the corner of Wigmore Street. He put out his hand hesitatingly; the doctor took it, and, oddly enough, held it for a moment while he spoke.

"Think over what I've said, Mr. Coxeter. It's a matter of days. Mrs. Archdale ought to be taken in hand at once." Then he went off, crossing the street.

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Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"I'm frightened," she moaned. "Oh, Mr Coxeter, I'm so horribly frightened of those men."—Page 745.

"Pity the man's such a dry stick," he said to himself. "Now's his chance, if he only knew it!"

John Coxeter walked straight on. He had written the day before to say he would be at his office as usual this morning, but now the fact quite slipped his mind.

Wild thoughts were surging through his brain, they were running away with him, and to such unexpected places! The Monument? He had never thought of going up the Monument; he would formerly have thought it a sad waste of time, but now the Monument became to John Coxeter a place of pilgrimage, a spot of secret healing. A man had once told him that the best way to see the city was at night, but that if you were taking a lady you should choose a Sunday morning, and go there on the top of a 'bus. He had thought the man who said this very eccentric, but now he remembered the advice and saw that it was worth following.

By the time Coxeter turned into Cavendish Square he had travelled far further than the Monument; he was in Richmond Park; Nan's hand was thrust through his arm as it had been while they had watched the first boat fill slowly with the women and children.

Coxeter has not often occasion to go the little round he went that morning, but when some accidental circumstance causes him to do so he finds himself again in the heart of that kingdom of romance from which he was so long an alien, and of which he has now become a naturalized subject. As most of us know, many ways lead to the kingdom of romance; Coxeter found his way there by a water-way.

When he reaches the turning off Wimpole Street, there seems to rise round him the atmosphere of what Londoners call the city—the city as it is at night, uncannily deserted save for the ghosts and lovers who haunt its solitary thoroughfares after the bustle of the day is stilled; for it was then that he and Nan learned to wander there. From there he travels on into golden sunlight, he is again in Richmond Park as it was during the whole of that beautiful October.

Walking up the west side of Cavendish Square, Coxeter again becomes absorbed in his great adventure, a far greater adventure than that with which his friends and acquaintances still associate his name. He sees himself as he was that morning, carried wholly out of his usual wise, ponderate self, and perhaps he wonders a little how he could ever have found courage to do what he did.

Unwillingly he lives again through those doubtful moments when he knocked at Mrs. Archdale's door, when he gave the surprised maid the confused explanation that he had a message from the doctor for her mistress. He hears the young woman say: "Mrs. Archdale is just going out, sir. The doctor thought she ought to take a walk," and his muttered answer: "I won't keep her a moment. . . ."

Again he feels the thrill of victory, of ecstasy which seized him when she slipped, he hardly knew how, into his arms, and when the sentences he had prepared, the arguments he had meant to use, in his hurried rush up Harley Street, are all forgotten. He hears himself imploring her to come away with him now, at once. Is she not dressed to go out? Instinct teaches him for the first time to make to her the one appeal to which she ever responds. He had meant to tell her what the doctor had said—to make that explain his great temerity—but instead he tells her that he wants her, that he cannot go on living apart from her. Is there any good reason why they should not start now, this moment, for Doctors' Commons, in order to see how soon they can be married?

So it is that now when John Coxeter stands in Wimpole Street, so typical a Londoner belonging to the leisured and conventional class that none of the people passing by even glance his way, he lives again through the immortal moment when she said, "Very well."

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AN ANGEL UNAWARES

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

GOODRICH had not always been a time-keeper on a half-built Central American railway. Now, with an ex-soldier's cynical appreciation of mutiny and rebellion, he told his tale, while Savage kept on signing pay-rolls in duplicate—a purely mechanical task which left his mind free to grapple with this new problem.

"So Gibbon won't stay banished?" commented Savage, when Goodrich's story showed signs of coming to an untimely end.

"You see, sir, it's this way." Goodrich, finding that his chief was really listening, took heart and continued. "He's had it in for you ever since that time you burned his blind tiger across the track, sir."

Savage grinned a hard little grin, and his pen trembled the least bit in the world on the last curve of the letter S. There were circumstances connected with that burning of which even the memory brought him as near to fear as he had ever come.

"Well?" he queried.

"And when he thinks that business has blown over a bit he treks back into the country quiet-like. Nor he ain't content with just selling white-eye to the niggers; he preaches mutiny and strikes to them, and sets up half a mile back in the bush like a blooming king, sir. Fourteen of the navvies on Mile Twenty-eight asked for their time yesterday and quit, and that makes thirty-nine of 'em gone from the works since he got back. They've knocked up a lot of bamboo shacks i[illegible]ing around him, an' he tells 'em y[illegible]re afraid to come after 'em."

Savage looked up in the middle of a signature, the perpendicular lines inside of his eyebrows deeper than ever.

"Afraid?" he asked. "Why?"

"Partly because they're all British subjects, sir. Gibbon says King George will protect 'em. And—" Goodrich hung fire.

"And?" demanded Savage.

"He claims that you're afraid. You personally. The other niggers are beginning to believe it."

"H'm!" Savage's face twitched again into the smile that expressed anything but mirth, and his eyes as he turned them on Goodrich were cold as a northern sea. Then he signed the last pay-roll and stacked the lot of them carefully on the corner of his desk, weighting them with a railroad spike. He stepped to the far end of the shack, where hung a blue-print of the railroad, and beckoned Goodrich to his side.

"Put your finger on the place where Gibbon is playing 'I'm King of the Castle,'" he said.

Goodrich measured the scale, found Mile Twenty-eight, and indicated the spot.

"There, sir."

"A trail?"

"A bad one. Here." He traced the line of it with a pencil.

A quick though rather heavy step rattled over the boards of the tiny veranda.

"There's Hillis," said Savage.

"Nice thing, this Gibbon business," said Hillis, as he stooped to clear the lintel of the door and sat down in a hammock chair that creaked under his lean bulk. Savage looked like a child beside him, but in the eyes of both was the same gray flame.

"It's all to do over again," went on Hillis.

"That'll do, Goodrich," said Savage to the time-keeper. "Come around about half-past eight if you want to help me get Gibbon."

"Thank *you*, sir," Goodrich started to salute, remembered just in time he was a civilian, nodded and went out.

"Wonder why he ever left the Eng-

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lish army?" mused Savage, taking a native cigarette from a loose yellow bundle of them on the desk. "Yes," he continued in answer to Hillis, "it seems as if the Gibbon business was all to do over again. I'll get him to-night."

"You?" Hillis knew his dapper little superintendent of labor well enough to insult him about his size. "You?"

"Me," responded Savage. "It's my job, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," admitted Hillis reluctantly. "But the man's a giant. Better let me take it on for you."

"You couldn't do it." Savage was a little nettled. "It's a question of brains, not beef. Besides, the cuss says I'm afraid."

"Who dahl?" demanded a voice as Goodrich lifted his weapon for a second blow.—Page 750.

"Do you care what niggers say about you?"

"Generally not—only what they say to me. This is different. What would I be worth on the line if I let you make good for me? I'd have a general strike on my hands in less than twenty-four hours."

"I could fix that all right."

"You won't have to."

"You can't get a warrant before night."

"Don't need one. I'll take the comandante and four of his soldiers."

"All right as far as it goes, but the comandante's authority stops with the railroad concession. And he can't put you right with the government of British Valdepenas. Remember Hewitt's case?"

Savage took a turn up and down the room, while worry displaced determination on his face. He stopped by the desk and arranged a few scattered papers on it.

"I remember it well," he said slowly. "It was most uncomfortably like this one. He had to get the man to save his face, and he had to slug him before he could get him. That was about the way of it, wasn't it?"

"Yes. And the Valdepenas government took the niggers' evidence instead of ours, and tried to extradite him on a criminal charge. We got him away by the Pacific, you remember."

"What a fetich the black man is to the British! Any sort of a perjured charge will settle a white man's hash in the Valdepenas court."

Savage sat down in the desk chair and meditatively bit off the twisted end of a second yellow cigarette. He did not light it at once.

"If I can get him without hitting him—" he murmured to himself. "Anyway," he continued aloud, "it's just a choice of how I'd rather lose my job. If I don't go after him, the niggers will make the country too hot to hold me. If I go and get him, and have any kind of luck, it may be only—unpleasantly warm for a while." He struck the match and looked through the flame at Hillis. "See my point? The comandante will legalize matters somewhat. He can take charge of Gibbon after we get him out."

"We?"

"You didn't think I was going alone, did you? Goodrich and I and one other man. Not you—but almost any one else."

"Confound you!" complained Hillis. "Are you going to leave me out of it entirely?"

"Sure. I can't have the engineer-in-charge interfering in my department. Your name is Alice—or Hillis—Sit-by-the-Fire till eleven o'clock to-night."

"And then?"

"If I'm not back you can come look-see what's the matter."

"You'd better change your mind and let me do it for you." Hillis, genuinely fond of Savage, saw little hope that the superintendent would come successfully off.

"Not ever. I don't want it bungled."

"Go ahead then, and be damned to you!"

Tempers wax hot below Capricorn; the conversation of Anglo-Saxon friends there more closely resembles the recrimination of Latin enemies than in any other place in the world. Hillis strode out to the shower bath; Savage stepped to a window which commanded a stretch of finished track. Some distance down it he saw the white shirt of a man on muleback, and presently heard the ring of hoofs on the metal ties.

"The very man," said Savage to himself, "if he'll only come."

He put on his helmet, for even the late afternoon sun is a menace in Epinosa, and strolled down to the track.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Brien," he said as the man on the mule pulled his mount to a walk. "Can you stop for a minute, or are you in a hurry to get to your camp?"

"Never in a hurry," responded O'Brien. He swung from the saddle and gave his reins to the Epinosan hunter, who rode behind him.

"Any luck to-day?" asked Savage.

"Not a bit. I wish I was a Jew, and then these wild pigs of yours wouldn't be so shy of me."

He slipped the strap of his shotgun from his shoulder and took out the shells. "Same ones I put in this morning—not even a turkey or a tepisquintle."

"How about a little man-hunt for a change?" asked Savage as they went into the shack.

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"Sure he won't run away like the pigs? Who is the beggar?"

"A big nigger. We deported him six months ago—perfectly legally, as things go here. The government's building the road, and gives us leave to get rid of any undesirable characters. This man Gibbon was running a blind tiger and talking too much. Now he's back again—same old game. If I don't get him, I can't hold my job."

"Got a warrant?"

"No. It takes a week to get a warrant here. *Mañana*—you know—and the history of your life. I've got to act quick. The comandante's coming along, or I hope he is, and he'll help some."

"An English nigger, I suppose?"

"Yes. British Valdepenas. He'll try to make an international matter of it, but that comes afterward. Are you with us—Goodrich and me?"

"I am that. Three's a good traditional number. What time will you be starting?"

"Nine o'clock or a little before. But you'll eat here, won't you?"

"Glad to. Meantime I'll trot up to camp and change."

"Till six-thirty, then."

"Right. I'll be here—and then we'll see if you have at least one variety of game in this country that doesn't run away."

At supper Hillis was as pessimistic as ever about the success of the expedition—more so, if anything. He made no further attempts to dissuade Savage, but ate his food in an atmosphere of Cimmerian gloom. His dubiety was so extreme that it came near being funny, and from being funny it became in the highest degree encouraging, for nothing under the sun could be so black as Hillis painted this. Savage said little, though he grew more and more cheerful as the meal progressed; O'Brien, resplendent in a white mess-jacket and white breeches with top-boots, talked a great deal, though he said little about the matter in hand. The comandante, who made a fourth in their party, was volubly determined to do all he could to aid them, and searched a well-stocked memory for oaths elaborate enough adequately to express his opinion of the superiors whose orders confined him to a strip of a hundred yards on each side of the track. He was tragic about it and sincere, for he was a brave little gentleman, even though he lacked the sheer Donnybrook gayety that beckoned O'Brien to war. The other three sympathized with him, and under the urge of their sympathy his vituperation took on splendor—became epic, Oriental. With tears in his eyes, he swore that he would disobey orders, and imperil his commission—that there was no worth in a commission held under these sons of a thousand fatherless poltroons. This was the decision he reached with his coffee, and Savage had a hard time persuading him to change it. He had no intention whatever of turning his quiet little punitive expedition into a campaign; to capture Gibbon he must break into a house by force of arms and without a warrant. The fewer the witnesses the smaller the chance that he or the company would be mulcted in heavy fines.

Goodrich came for them sharp at half past eight, and was followed a quarter of an hour later by four of the comandante's five-foot soldiers with their five-foot rifles, and twenty rounds of ball cartridge apiece. News flashes through Epinosa like a bush-fire, and although the huts that clustered about the section-house showed not a single light, the little party picked their way through the settlement with the least possible noise. Savage led the way, in his hand a silver-topped mahogany walking-stick which was not so light as it looked. When they were clear he looked back and discerned a white-clad figure seated on the veranda.

"Hillis sits by the fire," he whispered to O'Brien.

"Come back with your shield or on it, eh?" replied the Irishman. Savage chuckled.

There was a sliver of warm moon in the sky—enough to show them the opening of the trail. Here they left the comandante, sitting disconsolate on the end of a tie, with his long sword between his knees, and complaining to the trunks of the banana-trees that he was very, very heart-broken—"*muy, muy, desgraciado.*" Nevertheless he bade them go with God. At a little distance the cigarettes of his four privates punctured the darkness.

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"Bash him!" yelled Savage.—Page 757.

A little way up the trail the three paused for a council of war.

"You're armed, of course?" queried Savage.

O'Brien and Goodrich nodded.

"Take this too." Savage handed O'Brien a slungshot encased in polished brown leather. "It's handier than a gun-butt if it happens to come up to you to knock him out, but don't hit him if you can possibly help it. If we can get him without hurting him, there'll be less trouble with the paternalism of Valdepenas."

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"It's a well-balanced weapon," commented O'Brien, weighing it in his hand.

"It was the chief treasure of a famous yegg in New York," answered Savage.

"Was he Irish?"

"He was—God bless him. You've got the axe, Goodrich?"

"Here, sir. And a pair of bracelets."

"Good. Come on, then."

They picked their way up the narrow, winding trail. The buttress roots of giant trees caught their feet in the uncertain moonlight; vines thick as a man's wrist swayed in front of them at heights difficult to gauge accurately; in the narrower parts of the track, and upon the several occasions when they stepped out of it for a pace or two, thorns and the barbed fronds of low-growing palms snatched at their clothing. Quite suddenly at last they came out into a clearing where loomed a dozen or twenty huts of bamboo and minaca palm.

"'Fore Gawd!" ejaculated Goodrich in a whisper. "It's a Zulu kraal! Just like old times."

He spat on his hands and rubbed the axe-handle affectionately.

"Any idea which hut?" asked O'Brien, twirling the slungshot by its strap as a patrolman twirls his club.

"The big one in the middle, I think," answered Savage. "We'll try it anyhow."

They stepped toward it, past the glowing embers of cook-fires where now and then a lazy flame rose, licked at the charcoal of a half-burned log, and sank again. Savage pressed the button of his electric torch, threw the circle of light on the doorway, and tried the latch. The door was tightly fastened to the bamboo posts.

"This is it," he whispered. "Evidently he expected visitors. Go to it, Goodrich."

He stepped back to give room for the swing of the axe.

"Who daht?" demanded a voice as Goodrich lifted his weapon for a second blow.

"Quick! Time counts now!" exclaimed Savage.

The axe descended; the latch broke and the middle of the door swayed inward. A yell rose from the inside—two yells in fact, for Gibbon had his woman with him. Goodrich, unperturbed, shifted his grip on the axe helve and attacked the top of the door. Lights flared in the neighboring huts; questions and answers, high pitched and hysteric, leaped from one to another like a running flame. Negroes by twos and threes, half blind with new sleep, came stumbling toward the central hut, calling out and muttering to themselves, so that from them rose that unceasing rumble and murmur which betrays the moment at which a crowd coagulates into a mob. Near by a woman kicked together the coals of a fire and threw on them an armful of dry twigs; the fire revived suddenly and was thrown back from the ring of teeth and eyeballs that surrounded Savage. He stood facing them, hands on hips; he did not yet draw his revolver though his hand rested near it. Behind him the door cracked inward, and with the tail of his eye he saw O'Brien and Goodrich follow it into the hut. Inside, Bedlam broke loose, but in front was the contracting circle of black faces; the shrill voices of the women urging the men on from its outer circumference formed an overtone to the hum that increased and grew in menace as the minutes slipped by. Savage knew that if he took his eyes from them for a single moment, they would crash across the invisible barrier which confined them and break against him like a wave—a wave with a force more irresistible than the thrust of a thousand miles of sea. His original plan had been to arrest Gibbon himself, but the quick alarm had forced a change; it was for him to stand off the negroes, while O'Brien and Goodrich dealt with Gibbon. He stood quite quietly and easily, though his hand slowly slipped downward till his fingers closed about the grip of his revolver. The circle swayed as elephants sway at their hitching-chains, and from it rose the thick, musky odor of a pigmented race.

The shrieks of the woman in the hut continued without a pause, interlarded with her foul cursing, and punctuated by the crash of overturned furniture, the quick shift of wrestling feet, and the yielding crack of the bamboo wall-poles as the fight carromed against them. O'Brien and Goodrich could have ended it long since had they but disobeyed orders and

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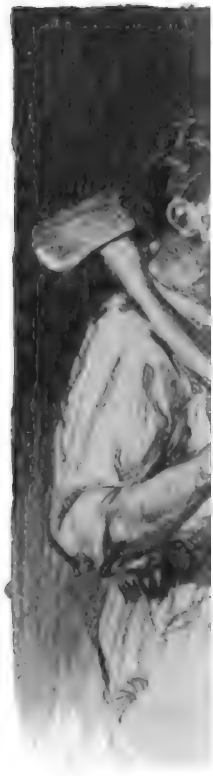
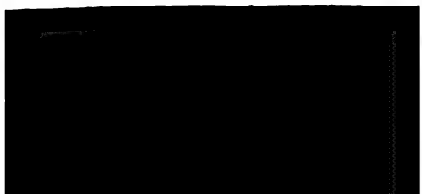
came a sharp crash of cool
at a signal, a man jumped fi
just in front of Savage.
"Bash him!" yelled Sav



"They'll ma

his revolver and firing in the
gro stopped in front of him,
side the circle.

At the shot, the mob-gro
a moment, and on the heels
came the clean slap of a blo
The woman in the hut shriek
and then began a wailing tha
in a cadence old as the Con
and Goodrich appeared at t



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Savage stood aside to let the others precede him through it, for the rear was now the dangerous point, and they had all they could do with their half-stunned captive. Somewhere in the crowd a machete flickered; Savage fired toward it. He aimed high, but not so high that the whistle of the bullet was inaudible. When he cleared the outer rim of the circle, his assistants were already entering the trail; he ostentatiously paused by one of the fires, threw the empty shells from his revolver, reloaded and returned it to his holster. For the first time he realized that the measured surf-beat of anger had ceased and given place to the many-keyed voice of a crowd that is no more than a crowd. The tension of his nerves relaxed suddenly, and it was all he could do to stroll nonchalantly to the edge of the clearing.

The others had stopped and were waiting for him just inside the clearing; halfway to the track they met the comandante.

"You are safe, then—no?" he exclaimed when he had greeted them. "I 'ave 'ear' the shots, an' I could not estand to wait. I say to myself, 'To 'ell weet' orders,' an' I come."

"Thanks, Don Hermanez," replied Savage. "But we got away with it. There's your man."

"You 'ave arrest heem? Ah, how you are brave, you Gringos! From now I tak' all responsibeelity."

"As you will, Don Hermanez. I must trespass a little further on your time and your good nature, and ask you to wait here for me a little while. I must go back."

"Go back?" exclaimed O'Brien. "Are you crazy? What for?"

"I've left my walking-stick, and I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"They'll make hash of you, sir!" protested Goodrich.

"No," answered Savage. "No, I think not. They were quite quiet when we left. Wait here and I'll be back in no time."

"I'm going with you," announced Goodrich.

"You're not. Wait here."

Savage turned and began to pick his way up the trail again. O'Brien, ejaculating something far from complimentary, strode after him.

"You haven't any authority over me," he said, "and if you're going to be that kind of a fool, you need a nurse."

"I wish you'd stay with the others," replied Savage, his voice full of annoyance.

"I'll not."

Savage gave in with a shrug, and they went on together. Like all trails, this one seemed shorter the third time of travelling. When they reached the clearing it was still populated, though some of the more phlegmatic negroes had gone back to bed. A group was standing about the fire that still blazed near Gibbon's hut; one of the number held Savage's stick in his hand.

"Are you satisfied, you young fool?" demanded O'Brien.

"Confound his impudence!" commented Savage, and swung rapidly toward the group. To O'Brien he looked like nothing so much as a belligerent fox-terrier; the Irishman shook his head, smiled, and followed.

The men swung about as Savage approached them; O'Brien noticed that they all gave back a step.

"Fe de Lard's sake!" ejaculated the one with the stick, his mouth hanging open with an almost imbecile expression of surprise.

"Hand over that cane," ordered Savage quietly. "I was afraid I'd lost it."

Not one of the astonished group moved till Savage and O'Brien had entered the trail. Safe in the woods again, O'Brien chuckled and then laughed aloud.

"Was that all bravado?" he asked.

"Not at all!" answered Savage indignantly. "They've been saying I was afraid, and I didn't have a chance tonight to prove that I wasn't. It's all in the day's work."

"Oh!" was all O'Brien's comment.

They rejoined the others and took Gibbon to the cuarcel, where Savage bound up his head as well as he was able. This done, he must needs join his two aids, and help the comandante finish a quart of execrable claret, the while they listened to their host's profuse commendations of their valor. It was after eleven before they were able to leave him without offence.

They found Hillis at the desk in the

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section-house; before him stood two Valdepenas negroes, voluble and unintelligible with indignation. One of them held in his hand a soft hat with a round hole in its crown, and the other cherished a bent length of lead pipe, the which articles they ever and anon thrust forward under Hillis's nose.

Which articles they ever and anon thrust forward under Hillis's nose.

"They haven't lost any time," said Savage to O'Brien. "If they push a criminal charge as far as Valdepenas, it's all up with me in this country."

"Really? But they have courts there, and I'd be only too glad to testify in your favor."

"That might help—if you were black." Savage was bitter and despondent. "No, I guess it's all up."

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"You got Gibbon, I hear," interrupted Hillis, speaking to them over his shoulder. "And now the trouble begins. Exhibit A," he added, indicating the lead pipe, "and Exhibit B," pointing to the hat. "The pipe you bent over Gibbon's head—did you know that? The hat proves you a bad shot." He swung his back to the complainants. "But, my Lord, boy, I'm glad to see you back with a whole skin!"

"Yahs, chief," put in the man with the pipe. "Hit's assahlt han bahtery." He pronounced the charge as though it were one word, and repeated it with pride. "Hassahlt han bahtery. We shahl make de case bring come right to de governor hof Breetish Valdepenas, fe we hahl Breetish subject, chief."

"Take it to King George himself," rejoined Hillis with a contempt which he was far from feeling, "and you can't change the facts. We have too many witnesses, mon. Don't you know the comandante was there?"

It was a chance shot and it failed. The two black men shook their heads.

"We bring twict has many witnesses," said the spokesman. "Missa Sahvage make 'im 'ead broke, han' King Jarge don' like dat."

"How do you know?"

"Missa 'Ewitt 'ave to go," went on the negro, "han now Missa Sahvage."

Hillis gave up the fight.

"We'll have to pray for a Daniel in judgment," he said to Savage; "but the beggars are right—it's the number of witnesses that counts, and the color of them."

O'Brien stepped forward, the blackjack in his hand. He seemed suddenly to have grown in dignity, and his manner was the manner of one having authority.

"I broke your friend's head—with this," he began. "That piece of pipe had nothing to do with it. And I'm an Englishman, even if I am an Irishman."

"Yahs, buckra," rejoined the negro, insolent with what looked like easy victory. "We know you hin hit ahlso."

"Better keep clear, O'Brien," advised Hillis in a whisper.

"I hold the ace of trumps," answered the Irishman in the same tone. "Get up and give me your chair."

Hillis gave it to him, mystified.

"Now, then, tell your story," commanded O'Brien, "and see that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

His words and the tone of his voice held the complainants silent. He went on sonorously.

"By royal warrant of George the Fifth, king of Great Britain and Ireland and of the dominions beyond the seas, I am the governor of British Valdepenas."

He went on from that, choosing his words with the accuracy of an artist in sarcasm, and continued for a full five minutes.

"Now, go," he said.

When the scared and wilted accusers had trickled out of the room, Savage and Hillis shook O'Brien enthusiastically by the hand. A moment later the ghost of a doubt assailed Savage.

"Don't tell me you're really the governor?" he said.

"Me bhoy," responded O'Brien, the indelible hue of the brogue coloring for the moment his usually cosmopolitan accent, "I am just that."

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Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

A Christmas Dream.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE witty person who remarked that the correct form of national salutation for an American at the present should be, "How goes the fourth act of your play?" might also have observed that the interest in dramatic things that has of late become so noticeable is throwing some curious side-lights on American characteristics. No one who has had the opportunity of knowing is in doubt as to the genuineness and, at certain points, the almost comical intensity of the interest. Evanston, Ill., and Boston and Cambridge, Mass., may be as unlike as one chooses in some respects, but they are quite alike in the ambient in which their dramatic leagues have their being. Those young men, usually with portfolios under their arms, who may be seen attending *en masse* some "special performance" of a play with "modern" tendencies, and who make their professional and technical comments between the acts, are, east and west, brothers under the skin. They suggest something new in the air. They give the feeling that those enthusiasts may be truthful prophets who foresee a period of great dramatic achievement for the American people. Not that it need be so. There was a time, in England, when everybody "made music," just as, in certain places, everybody now, with us, appears to be writing a play. Yet England, while it still produces probably the largest proportionate number of persons prepared to sing (mostly badly) on every occasion, never has supplied a great musical genius to the world. Whether or not the analogy be discouraging for the American drama, what seems to be clear is that we may come to a measure of national self-realization through our making of American plays, such as our novels, somehow, have always failed to give us.

Americans and Their Plays

Why should most American novels have a sectional effect by the side of an American play like "The Great Divide"? The answer would lead far, especially as there are people who would not agree that the best American novels did only have a sectional range. But the means by which the American play seems to be likely to bring us a measure of national self-realization is by more sharply and concretely placing before us certain national limitations, and doing so inevitably because of reasons that belong inherently to the technical construction of plays. A novel like the "Scarlet Letter" is a good novel, but it makes a poor play. It makes a poor play because the especial outlook on questions of love, duty, morality, on which the entire action hinges, has not, with that peculiar shading of rigidity, been held universally by mankind, or even generally; but has, owing to one influence or another, been tempered or assuaged, and the audience, even without knowing it, is uneasily conscious of that fact, and consequently dissatisfied—or, rather, unsatisfied. The same subject makes a good novel, on the other hand, because the novelist's emphasis is laid on the turmoil in the individual souls, not on the outward conditions surrounding them and forcing them to act; and if he is sympathetic and skilful enough he can command attention in that field for as long as he likes, for we all know how far one can go in the individual soul without striking bottom. The spectators, looking on at such a play, are unconsciously trying to relate the community in which the theme unfolds itself with other communities, and concluding that, self-righteous as it is, it is no better than some other communities; therefore they have a feeling of something partial and false; in other words, of something provincial and, as it were, boxed in—without adequate relations to the outside. The soul is sufficient unto itself; and the novelist can create a masterpiece without concern, if he so chooses, for any relations whatever to the outside.

Now, it is precisely in the matter of such outside relations that American plays are sometimes deficient as yet. And this does not mean that plays artistically satisfying must necessarily have a cosmopolitan, a

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metropolitan tone. It does mean, however, that they must have that sense of free relations with the outside which idealism gives. A play like the "Playboy of the Western World" can be as local as the pebbles and weeds by the wayside, but the wind that blows through it circles the globe. There have been American plays in the last few years technically brilliant, extraordinarily faithful to sympathetically interpreted types, through which there stirred never a breath. And it must occur to one that this cannot always be the fault of the playwrights. If too many of our plays, however clever, are "boxed in," this doubtless throws just that side-light on some national American characteristics of which there was mention made. A further side-light may very thinkably come from the fact of the popularity attending on dramas of the underworld. Analytical study of produced plays will show a rather disproportionate amount of material taken from that underside of American life. Why? The more obvious answer is that the playwright in search of incident, black-and-white contrasts, "something doing," would find them more easily in the shady than in the respectable portions of the community. But there is another answer: it is that the underworld still preserves antiquated, picturesque notions concerning certain human characteristics. Heroes, however "tough," must be "noble" at certain junctures (showy or otherwise). Women must be "loyal." Some one, here and there, must be willing to go "any length" to serve another. This, at least, in the underworld of the stage. But sacrificial, until-death sentiments have had little place in current stage portrayals of the American life of law and order. And this is worth thinking about. It is, in fact, worth remembering that idealism has, at times, a curious way of "paying." That it has, indeed, been known to beat materialism at materialism's own game.

HOW often, in my childhood, when the evening shut us in to the cosiness of the family sitting-room, and we gathered about the table and the big lamp, when checkers and dominoes had ceased to be exciting, some inspired member of the group suggested, "Let's read in the Reading Book!"

And then we "chose" and read aloud our favorite poems—it was always the poems which were selected.

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

In the old Reading Books.

What was there so entrancing about that? We listened spellbound from the moment when Jack—Jack always selected "Marco Bozzaris"—started in with those magic words; and when he came to the hero's battle call—

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

it was with difficulty that we kept our hearts within our breasts. I'd give two dollars for an orchestra seat any time now to experience such a thrill as that; but alas, those thrills are not sold with the tickets!

"The Eve of Waterloo" was apt to follow, the same elocutionist usually giving us several numbers in succession, and Jack was partial to midnight excitements.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Ah, Belgium's capital! Whatever other delights you have to offer, my chief interest in you will always lie in the fact that you "gathered then" your beauty and your chivalry!

My heart almost stood still at the words,

"But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

and I am certain that my own cheeks grew pale, though they had never had a chance to "blush at the praise of their own loveliness."

With what fine effect Jack read, with due rhetorical pauses,

"The Midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day
Battle's magnificently stern array!"

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" was frequently next on the list, and by the time that Ned's turn came, the funeral odes were quite in order.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."

I for one had no idea who Sir John Moore might have been, but I attended his obse-

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quies with deep reverence, and felt it very solemn and beautiful that

> "He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

But "The Burial of Moses"! Ah, there was poetry for you!

My affection for a writer already well beloved was definitely strengthened when I read, only the other day, that ever since his boyhood Mark Twain had counted "The Burial of Moses" as one of his favorite poems. He read it in a Reading Book first, I am almost certain. I suppose that it must have appeared elsewhere originally, but I find it impossible to associate it with any other book than a well-thumbed old reader.

> "But no man built that sepulchre,
> And no man saw it e'er,
> For the angels of God upturned the sod
> And laid the dead man there."

What a sense of majesty filled us, with the stately march of those lines!

"The Execution of Montrose" was a favorite with Ned.

> "There was glory on his forehead,
> There was lustre in his eye,
> And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die."

That was very splendid, of course, but that "ghastly gibbet," even though it was cheated of its spoils, had such a depressing effect upon my imagination that I was glad when Nell's turn came.

We could count on her selection every time:

> "So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
> Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

We certainly never had, but we girls, especially, had definite anticipations of meeting his equal at some future day.

"Lord Ullin's Daughter" had a sadder fate than fair Ellen, it is true, but there was a chance for a thrill of despair and remorse which was quite worth cultivating, as we stood on the shore with the distracted father.

It disturbed me somewhat. I remember that

> "One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
> And one was round her lover."

That seemed to indicate a division of sentiments of which I could not quite approve.

"The Arab's Farewell to His Steed" was never overlooked. That was frequently my choice. There were several "gulpy" places in that to read:

> "Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
> And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to meet,"

and

> "'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

One had to keep remembering the glorious ending, to steady one's voice through such passages as that, and I can still recall how my throat ached as I triumphantly panted out the lines,

> "Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wast sold?
> 'Tis false!—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!"

The S. P. C. A. could go out of business if all children were brought up on such poems as that!

We admired Roland in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix!" What a splendid creature he was, to be sure; but it was the galloping of the verse that pleased us most.

> "I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;"

how those words pounded out!

As time went on and our educations made progress, we had more than one Reading Book. The older ones were never replaced in our affections, but our new Fifth Reader, I remember, contained selections that promptly became favorites.

> "By the flow of the inland river,
> Whence the fleets of iron have fled."

We read that with hushed voices. Our own recollections did not go back to the days of the Civil War, but those of our parents did, and when we read

> "Under the sod and the dew,
> Waiting the judgment day;—
> Under the laurel, the Blue;
> Under the willow, the Gray,"

tears sometimes came to the eyes of the older ones who were listening.

"The First Snow-fall" gave us tender thoughts, also, but after Nell and I had chosen a few verses of that order, Ned or

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Jack was pretty sure to demand, "Let's end with 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead.'" We girls thrilled at that likewise, and declaimed, "This is my own, my native land," with a spirit that would be applauded in any suffrage meeting.

Those were great hours, and I question if in any other way we could have gained so naturally a response to high thoughts of heroism and a vigorous taste for the very sound of heroic words and stately rhythm.

I wonder sometimes what is the matter with my nieces and nephews. They are bright and original youngsters—how could Jack's or Nell's children help being that?—but when I ask them what they like best to read they look stunned for a second, and evidently are wondering what they can say that will be both polite and truthful! After a little questioning, Dorothea remembers that she likes "The Child's Garden of Verses," and Jack, Jr. thinks "Hiawatha" is pretty good. I find that the construction of the canoe is what he especially appreciates. Margaret prefers "The Idylls of the King" to Carpenter's Geographical Readers!

I find, further, that they are reasonably intelligent about the *lives* of authors and about lists of their works, and that they have really read a good many books—but there isn't a thrill in the family!

"I wish you would bring home your Reading Book to-night, Jack, and read a little to me if you have time," I once ventured to say.

"Why, we can't," Jack replied; "they're collected!" showing well-bred surprise at such a bold request.

"Free text-books, you know, my dear," Jack, Sr. explains. "We don't have to buy school-books any more, except as we pay taxes."

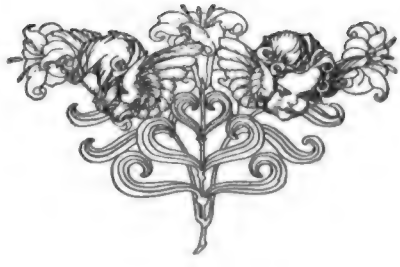
Is that the trouble? I suspect it has much to do with it. The children of this generation keep their Reading Books in hand only during the twenty or thirty minutes of recitation; then they are "collected," and "Arithmetic by a Rational Method" takes their place.

How can the children have any *friendship* with books under those circumstances?

I don't know what should be done about it. I surely do not want hard-worked and underpaid Mike Finnegan to have to go without a pair of shoes in order to furnish Mike, Jr. with an anthology of poetry. But I am sorry for Mike, Jr. I don't see how he can help having a "soul so dead" if he never has a chance to read, over and over again, "Marco Bozzaris" or "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed."

As for my nieces and nephews, they are perhaps to be pitied nearly as much. They have a pretty array of illustrated editions of children's books upon their shelves, but they have no great sense of familiarity with them. They "like" this or that story, but they have no such love of high-sounding words, expressing valiant sentiments, as thrilled the hearts of their parents once upon a time.

I suppose that they may become useful citizens, but I shall always be sorry for them. They will never know, I am convinced, quite that fine rapture which might have been theirs if they had been brought up with a National Preceptor or a Fifth Reader of their very own.



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·THE FIELD OF ART·

A Glimpse of the Sea. By A. H. Wyant.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

SUBJECTS FOR THE PAINTER IN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

ANY American artist who has resided long abroad and who is returning again to Europe after a visit home will be sure to note a certain subtle change in atmospheric conditions as his ship approaches the English Channel. There is a softening of the skies, a blurring of the horizon-line, a diaphanous veil, as it were, drawn across the whole face of nature. This increases steadily, and when the shores of Holland are finally reached, the very sunlight has lost its strength and brilliancy, and appears only as a sort of caressing luminosity which irradiates but does not dispel the universal and all-pervading haze.

This is the beloved European "atmosphere" which is supposed to make of Holland, of Belgium, and of northern France the landscape-painter's paradise.

If, on the other hand, the voyage is westward instead of eastward, the process is reversed. As the ship approaches the American continent the skies are swept and burnished, the haze disappears and the atmosphere becomes clear and vibrant. Nature states her meaning sharply in unmistakable accents, firm, incisive, and perhaps a little staccato to one who has been accustomed to the dreamy suggestiveness of her European language. And observe how clear-cut and defined are the shores when they appear on the horizon—gay and brilliant, and singing in color, if you will, but without the slightest reticence in either color or outline.

When, after a residence of some ten years abroad, I myself returned to America, with the firm resolve thenceforth to devote myself wholly to our own home landscape, I experienced a certain dismay in face of the sharp, crystalline, uncompromising atmospheric conditions which I found prevailing here. The season of my return, moreover, chanced to be mid-October, and the riotous color-scheme which met me on my first trip to the country left me dazed and bewildered. I found myself mentally agreeing with a French artist friend, who had made the trip from Chicago to New York at the same period of the year, and who, in reply to my question as to his impressions of our beautiful autumn coloring, said: "*Mon ami, je n'aime pas la nature dans ses robes de harlequin.*" Would it be possible, I asked myself, to produce poetic or sympathetic pictures where the facts of nature were flung in one's face so crudely, where every line was an edge and every color a glare.

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fitness. I saw at a glance, of course, that here were works of art of the highest quality—pictures which were most certainly beautiful, although quite as certainly painted under conditions of light and atmosphere with which I was wholly unfamiliar. The owner of these pictures kindly introduced me to the studio of the eccentric old master who had produced them. It was the lunch hour, and we found him munching a graham cracker while he continued painting furiously upon a large picture of Niagara Falls, which stood upon his easel. But in kindly response to my appeal, he presently laid aside his brushes and brought forth from the apparently inextricable confusion of piled-up canvases more of the masterpieces which I had seen in my friend's house—and still more. In half an hour my distress of mind had entirely vanished, had cleared away as if it had never been; for, I thought, if one painter could evolve out of the crude material of American landscape such splendid pictures as I had before me, surely another might hope to draw inspiration from the same source.

These pictures were of the kind we have so long known and admired from the same master hand—idyllic effects of sunset, moonlight, gray day, or dawn, whose theme was always some simple pastoral motive of meadows, streams, or spreading trees. I was, therefore, somewhat astonished when, in reply to my question whether he could not direct a young fellow said: "Painting-ground? Go right down into the street; any artist worth his salt can find the material for a lifetime without wandering more than a quarter of a mile from Madison Square."

However, when I put his advice to the test I met only with disappointment. The outlines of the buildings appeared to me hopelessly crude and the color-scheme harsh and unsympathetic. It was only some time later that I discovered the fault to be my own. I was all the time looking for that European atmosphere, which did not and could not exist over here. Not finding this, I was blind to everything else.

Sand Dunes, Lake Ontario. By Homer Martin.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

But as I wandered about the streets and the parks, studying them under the constantly shifting and kaleidoscopic effects which are peculiar to our changeable climate (it might be at twilight, with the lights reflected in long streamers from the wet pavements, or perhaps twinkling through a blur of snow—on rainy days, at night, or during the Indian-summer days, when the tall sky-scrapers showed only as towering ghosts through the universal purple haze), I came gradually to perceive that here was another kind of beauty which, however much it might differ from that to which I had been so long accustomed abroad, was none the less intrinsic and admirable. As time went on I became more and more fascinated with this strange new loveliness. And now, after thirty years, I have come to hold New York the most beautiful city in the world! Not Paris, nor

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Barbizon school are now sought by our own connoisseurs.

If this statement is regarded as unduly optimistic—if it is pointed out that here in America the pictures of our greatest painters still bring pitifully small prices in comparison with the vast sums paid for the work of such foreign masters as Millet, Corot, and Troyon, one can only reply that this has been the rule since art began. The prophet in his own country, or the artist in his own times, has generally received scant honor. The great artist is a seer, whose vision of beauty is always in advance of that of his age. In æsthetic matters he is necessarily the leader, and it could hardly be expected of the mass of humanity, whose eyes have become accustomed to the beauty of the past, that they should at once readjust their vision to the beauty of the future. In the end, however, they can always be depended upon to "catch up," and it thus happens that the iconoclastic innovation of to-day becomes the classic convention of to-morrow. In the meantime the pioneer in art must be content if he receive the plaudits of his fellow-craftsmen, coupled with a very modest competence from the few true connoisseurs among the buyers of pictures.

In company with the lamented Theodore Robinson, I once attended an auction sale of a collection of pictures by Millet, at the old Hôtel Drouot, in Paris. The highest figure reached during the sale was a trifle under three hundred dollars, and certain little masterpieces were knocked down at forty and fifty dollars each. Two of these same canvases have since sold for fifty and sixty thousand dollars, respectively. Corot, it is true, received fairly good prices during his lifetime; but it must be remembered that Corot lived to the age of eighty-seven. Had he died at sixty he would have died a poor man, as did Millet and others of the famous Barbizon school. Here in America, at about the same period, Inness was receiving from one to three thousand dollars for his best landscapes; and even higher prices are being paid to-day by American buyers for landscapes by living American painters. It would therefore appear that the charge of lack of appreciation of our native art by American connoisseurs does not hold. The truth is that in no other country has exceptional artistic ability received more immediate and more substantial recognition. The "Field of Art" in a recent issue of this magazine published a long list of the new art museums and art associations which have been founded in America during the past few years, and to this list others are being added almost monthly. Indeed, the growth of the movement is so rapid that ten years hence there will scarcely be a town of any importance in the country without its public art centre. The chief object of these institutions is to make permanent collections of pictures which shall be at all times open to the public, and in the formation of these collections the preference is almost invariably given to the work of American painters. In some instances very important sums have been set aside exclusively for the purchase of American pictures. Two notable examples of this sort are the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars a year in St. Louis for the purchase of works by American artists, and a fund of nearly equal importance raised in Chicago by the "Friends of American Art" for a like purpose. And as every such movement is an educational centre, fostering in the individual a love of beauty and a desire to possess beautiful things, it seems highly probable that in the near future the energies of our painters and sculptors and architects and household decorators will be taxed to the utmost to fill the growing demand for their output. It would therefore appear that the two conditions essential to the development of a great national art—the demand and the ability to fill this demand—have met here in our own day and our own country. It would, of course, be a difficult task to fix with precision the position of contemporary American art in comparison with the current art of the various European nations; but I shrewdly suspect that if it were possible to establish the exact art centre of the world—as statisticians establish a centre of population—the present focal point would be found to be somewhere near the centre of the Atlantic Ocean. In an article describing the art exhibit at the Roman International Exposition, Mr. Harrison Morris classed the nations in the following order: First, America, leading easily; second, England; third, Germany; fourth, France; and the others strung along as you please. If this estimate should be challenged as the somewhat chauvinistic report of an interested observer, no one, at any rate, will question its sincerity; and that it should be advanced at all is an interesting indication of the change that has taken place since the time of our own Centennial Exhibition, when American art had perforce to be content with the lowest place on the list.

BIRGE HARRISON.

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CONTENTS

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THE NEW SUBURB

THE GARDEN CITIES OF ENGLAND . **Frederic C. Howe** . . . 1
Illustrated.

MODEL TOWNS IN AMERICA . . . **Grosvenor Atterbury** . . 20
Illustrated from photographs, and with a drawing by Jules Guérin and diagrams and plans by Mr. Atterbury.

THE NEW SUBURB OF THE PACIFIC COAST . . . . . **Elmer Grey** 36
Illustrated.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS . . . . **John Fox, Jr.** 53
CHAPTERS XI–XIII. (*To be continued.*)
Illustration by F. C. Yohn.

ARCTIC MOUNTAINEERING BY A WOMAN.—MOUNT BLACKBURN . . . . . **Dora Keen** 64
Illustrations from photographs by the author.

A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH OF JULY. Drawing by . . . . . **Allen True** . . facing p. 80
Reproduced in tints.

SIX SONS OF OSSIAN . . . . . **Mary Synon** 81
A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.
Illustration by N. C. Wyeth.

DRAGONFLIES. Poem . . . . . **Madison Cawein** . . . 91

THE LITTLE COLONEL OF LOST HILL . . **Barry Benefield** . . . 93
Illustration by E. L. Blumenschein.

STANDARDS OF A BOURGEOIS FAMILY.—A FRENCHWOMAN'S LESSONS TO AMERICAN GIRLS . **Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant** 98

THE RIDDLE. Poem. . . . . **Charles F. Lummis** . . 107

"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH" . . . . **Katharine Holland Brown** . 108
Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.

A WOMAN OF MAIDSTONE . . . . . **Robert Shackleton** . . 115

IN THE MANSION YARD. Poem . . . . **William Hervey Woods** . 120

THE POINT OF VIEW—What Every Housewife Knows—The Dash . . . 121

THE FIELD OF ART—The Museum and the Teaching of Art in the Public Schools. (*Kenyon Cox*) 124

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Index to Advertisements

The New Suburb

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
The Hogan Co.	40	Newell-Murdock Co.	43	San Diego Securities Co.	40
Isaac Hicks & Son	43	Oceanic S. S. Co.	41	W. R. Staats Co.	41
Keith's Architectural Service	43	Realty Syndicate Co.	43	Ye Planry Bldg. Co.	41
Lunt-Moss Pneu. System Co.	41	Red Cedar Shingle Association	43		

Building——Furnishing

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Amer. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	37	National Veneer Products Co.	44	**Musical Instruments**	
Essex Incubator Co.	44	Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	63	John Church Co.—Pianos	45
Heisey & Co.—Glassware	47	Tiffany & Co.	3	Victor-Victrola	34-35
Wm. Leavens & Co.—Furniture	46	White Mountain Freezer Co.	48	**Office Appliances and Stationery**	
Monroe Refrigerator Co.	45	Witt Cornice Co.	47	Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.	33
Morgan & Co.—Doors	57	**Garden**		Waterman's Fountain Pen,	4th Cover
New Jersey Zinc Co.	46	Bobbink & Atkins—Seeds	44		

Food Products

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Apenta	51	Horlick's Malted Milk	51	Postum	4th Cover
Baker's Cocoa	4th Cover	Libby's Sliced Dried Beef	3d Cover	Royal Baking Powder	4th Cover
Crisco	32k	National Biscuit Co., "Nabisco"	39	Swift & Co.	2d Cover
Evans' Ale	51				

Travel——Resorts——Tours

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
"A. B. A." Travelers' Cheques	55	Thomas Cook & Son—Tours	52	Grindstone Inn	56
Frank C. Clark—Tours	52	Denver & Rio Grande Ry.	53	Hamburg-American Line	55
Collver Tours	52	Goring Hotel	52	North German Lloyd	52
Colorado & Southern Ry.	54				

Books, Magazines, etc.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
The American City Magazine	42	Harper & Bros.	6-7	Scribner's Magazine Notes	32i-32j
The Craftsman Magazine	42	Life Pub. Co.	9	Charles Scribner's Sons	12-15
Good Housekeeping Magazine	8	Scribner's Magazine Agency	11		

Automobiles and Accessories

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Electric Vehicle Assoc. of Amer.	60	Texaco Motor Oil	61	Timken-Detroit Axle Co.	62
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	58-59				

Articles of Wear

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Cluett, Peabody & Co.	38	Klosfit Petticoats	50	Krementz & Co.	54

Miscellaneous

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Allen's Footease	48a	Hartford Fire Ins. Co.	49	Ivory Soap	64
W. F. & J. Barnes—Lathes	48a	Howard Watch Co.	36	Mennen's Borated Talcum	8
Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.	48c	Michigan Steel Boat Co.	48 and 48a	Pears' Soap	4
Berkshire Hills Sanatorium	48d	N. Y. Realty Owners	49	Sapolio	63
Detroit Boat Co.	47 and 48d	The Worthington Co.	48a		
Detroit Engine Works	48c	**Proprietary Articles**		**Schools and Colleges**	
V. J. Evans & Co. Patents	48a	Cuticura Soap	48a	See pages	10-32k
Folmer & Schwing Cameras	48b				

For announcement of the August number see pages 4 and 5

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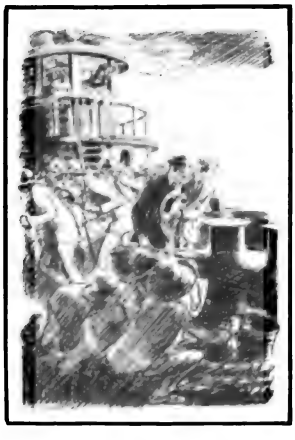

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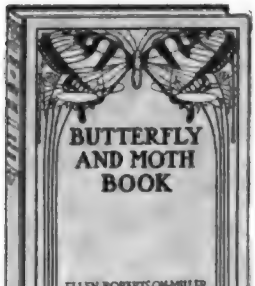

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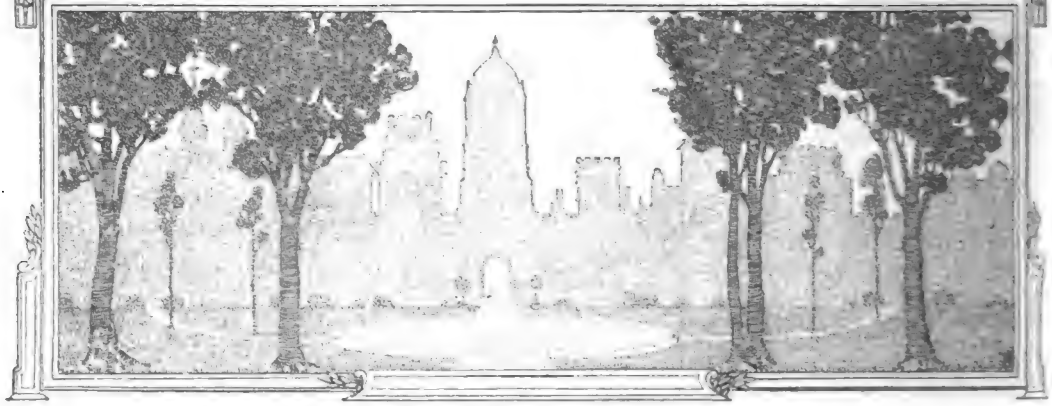

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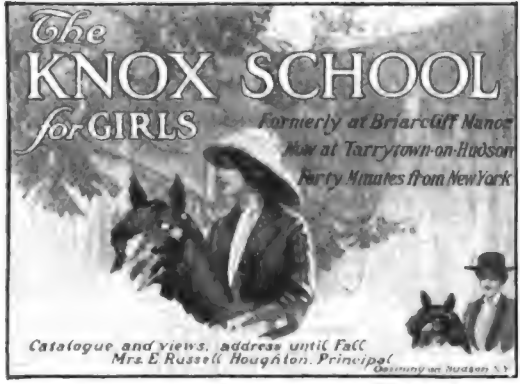
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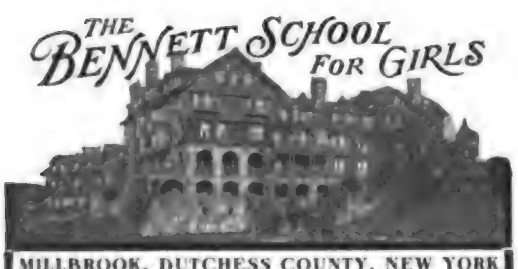

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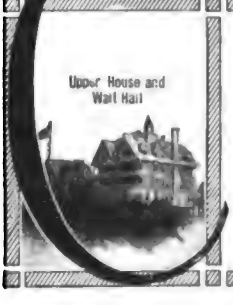

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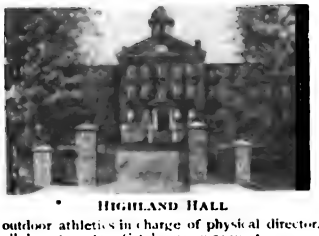

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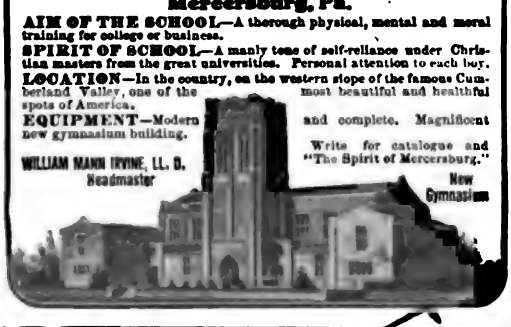

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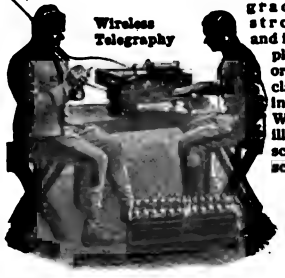

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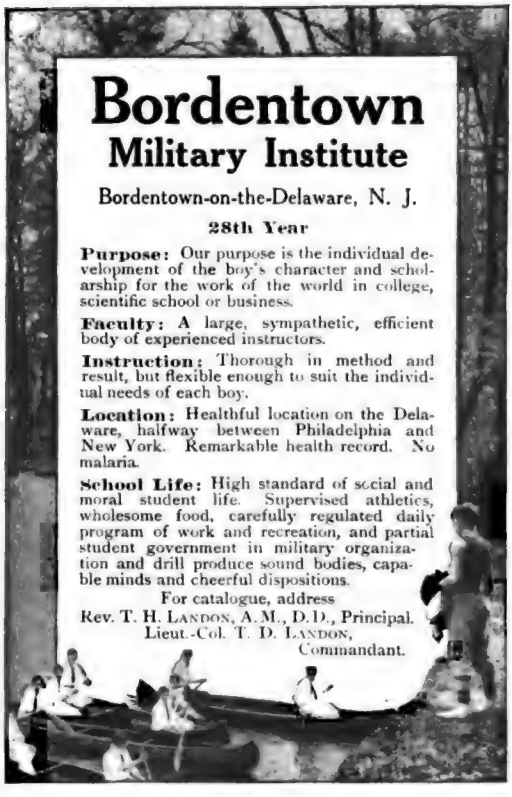

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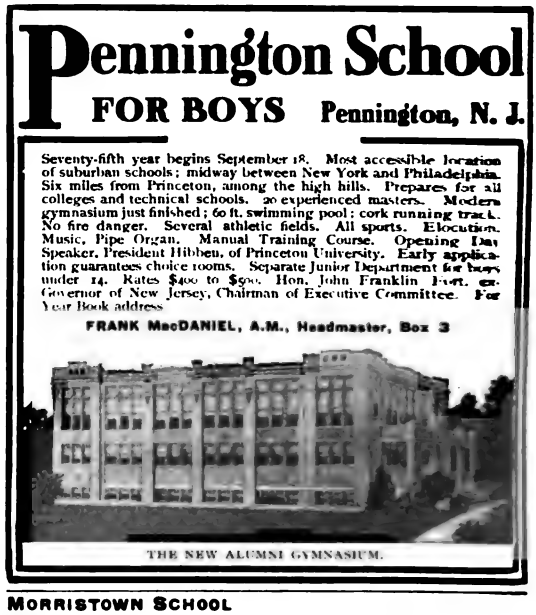

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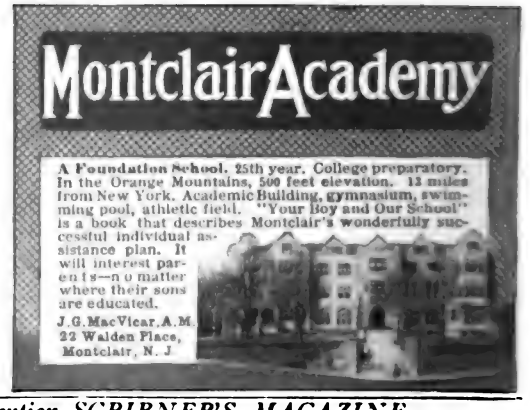

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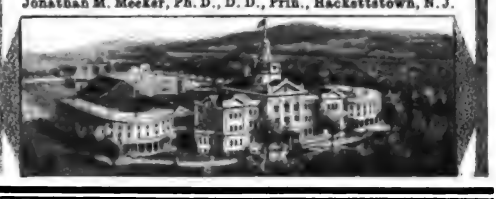

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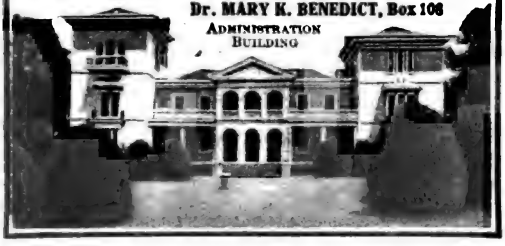

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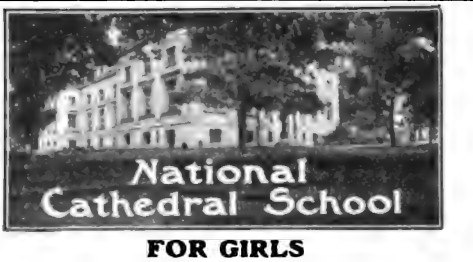

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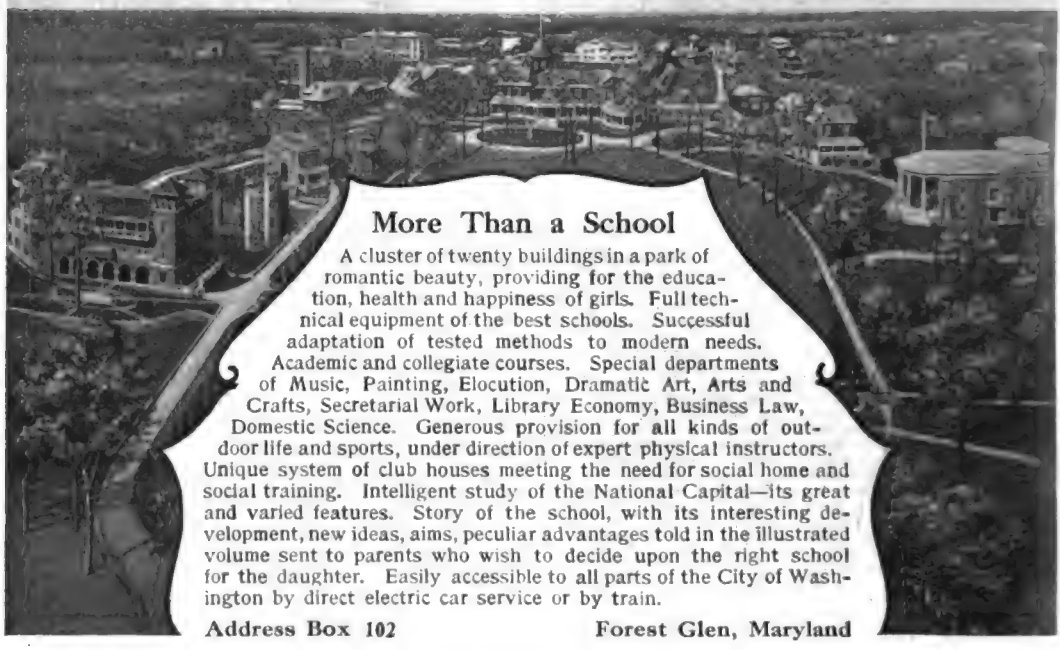

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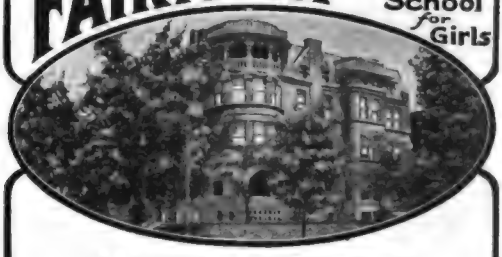

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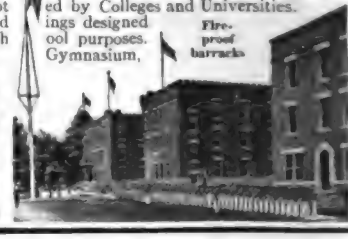

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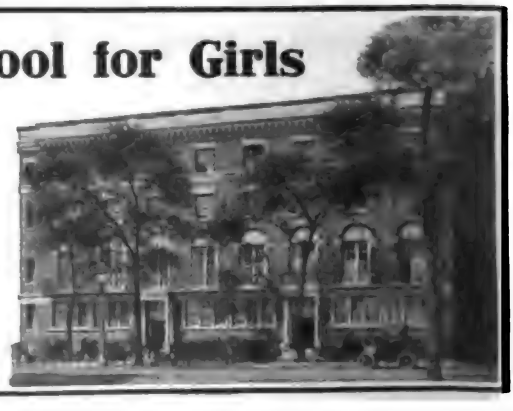

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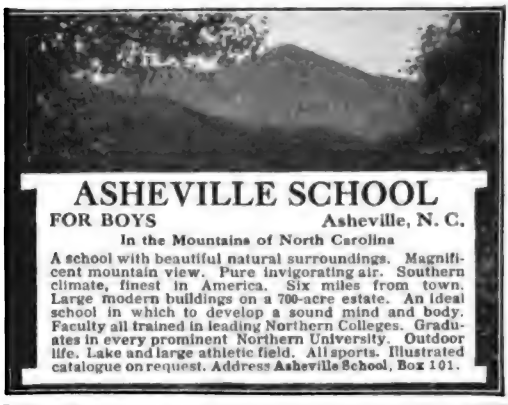

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MAGAZINE NOTES

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was the first to publish a Summer Fiction Number, and for more than twenty years the August magazine has been chiefly given to short stories. This year it will contain stories by Richard Harding Davis, Henry van Dyke, John Galsworthy, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Alice Brown, and others, as well as the continuation of John Fox, Jr.'s serial, "The Heart of the Hills."

Mr. Davis has written one of his most characteristic stories in "Blood Will Tell." It tells of an adventure that befell a young travelling salesman who was unexpectedly stranded on the Florida coast and forcibly held on the famous filibustering tug *The Three Friends*. It moves along with delightful touches of humor and is permeated through and through with the spirit of romantic adventure. The hero and a cub reporter are the chief figures—though there is a very nice girl who plays an attractive part in the love story. The escape from a United States revenue-cutter and a fight with a Spanish gunboat offer plenty of excitement. A comedy element is furnished by two typical "patriots," professional soldiers of fortune.

Miss Dora Keen

Climbing the Dent du Requin, in the Alps

Mary R. S. Andrews, whose "Perfect Tribute," first published in the Magazine, has sold in hundred thousand terms as a book, and whose other recent Lincoln story, "The Counsel for the Defence," won the twenty-five hundred dollar prize in the short-story contest of the *Sunday Magazines*, and already bids fair to establish another record sale in book form, is a great lover of the open. She knows the woods better than most men, the ways of the animals, the places where the trout hide, and, above all, the character of the guides whose lives are spent in the silent places. Readers will recall with pleasure a story by Mrs. Andrews telling of "The Campaign Trout." In the Fiction Number she will have another fish story—"The Scarlet Ibis." The description of Jack's instructions in the art of fly-casting might well be pasted in the hat or kept in the fly-book of even the expert. One doesn't need to be a fisherman to thoroughly enjoy this story. It is like taking a journey to the woods, and its fresh and wholesome sentiment leaves a charming impression of sincerity and enjoyment.

John Galsworthy, who lately returned to England after visiting the United States, has written a charming little sketch about "That Old Time Place," the result of a journey into the South.

There will be another of Henry van Dyke's Half-Told Tales in the Fiction Number, "The Effectual Fervent Prayer," the story of an old clergyman and his family, whose intense religious feeling and love for his children develop a situation of deep pathos and intense appeal to the sympathies.

Alice Brown's "The Trial at Ravello" is an amusing little comedy of a woman who imagined that she owed more to her art as a possible successful writer than she did to an adoring husband.

Readers will welcome as a literary event of the first importance the selections from the

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letters of George Meredith, which begin in this number. They reveal with intimacy and charm the personality and temperament of the great English novelist and will take their place with a long list of vital personal reminiscences which have appeared in this Magazine, including among others the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Since writing the account, which appears in this number, of her experiences in attempting the ascent of Mount Blackburn, one of Alaska's most formidable and dangerous mountains, Miss Dora Keen has been reported in grave danger from storms and lack of supplies. But a telegram received from her later announced her complete success after enduring great hardships. "After thirteen days of snow-storm, spent in caves, made the ascent of Mount Blackburn on May 19." As the reader will learn in her article, it looked like an impossible task under the prevailing conditions. For sheer pluck and determination Miss Keen's conquering of this great mountain, whose summit rises 16,000 feet above the sea, is one of the most remarkable exploits of mountain climbing. Miss Keen has made numerous ascents in the Alps, but the conditions in Alaska are entirely different. In the first place, days of hard travel are required before getting to a starting point and the matter of supplies is one of serious moment. Then the dangers from snow-slides and avalanches and of hidden crevasses are constant, especially in the spring of the year. Miss Keen is the daughter of Dr. W. W. Keen, the noted Philadelphia surgeon.

No one who has ever sailed up and down the Maine coast, been among its innumerable islands, watched the coasters go sailing by, seen the hardy fishermen in their dories, or listened to their talk afloat and ashore, ever forgets its charm. Another aspect of the coast is its contrasting scenery of bare surf-washed rocks and the dark green of its fir-clad shores. From beautiful Casco Bay, over whose thousand and more islands Portland keeps watch, clear up to Mount Desert and famed Bar Harbor, there is an unending succession of entrancing views. Sidney M. Chase, the artist, has spent his summers down in Maine, and he knows both the people and the lives they lead on the coast. In the Fiction Number he will write of "Sailor Men of the Maine Coast," giving some quaint interviews with old captains he has met on his journeys. The article is illustrated with his own drawings.

Hereafter the English edition of the Magazine will be published by Constable & Co., of Orange Street, W. C. A number of the London papers have commented pleasantly on the fact. Among the notices the following are particularly appreciative:

"Lovers of high-class magazines and fine illustrations will welcome cordially the new European edition of SCRIBNER'S which bears on this side of the Atlantic the imprint of Messrs. Constable & Co., of Orange Street, W. C. The new issue is a striking one, and a leading feature of it deals with the romance of strenuous modern life, and, in particular, with the sources of power in industry. Mr. Hornung, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Mr. John Fox, Jr., are among the fiction contributors in an issue which will win new popularity for SCRIBNER'S in England."—*The Standard.*

The *Pall Mall Gazette* refers to the recent celebration of the Magazine's twenty-fifth anniversary:

"SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, which lately celebrated its semi-jubilee, has renewed the imprint on its European edition by entering under the auspices of Messrs. Constable & Co. The connection is a matter of congratulation to both these illustrious publishing houses, and should give a famous magazine a new lease of energy. The May number . . . deserves a welcome wherever artistic, topical, and literary excellence is in demand."

The Throne reminds its readers of the long association of the two publishers with the work of George Meredith:

"There is something specially appropriate in this new association between the publishers of the works of George Meredith and the magazine to which he had been one of its most distinguished contributors. The house of Scribners, too, are also the authorized publishers of Meredith's works in the United States. The magazine itself has a long and honorable record behind it, both in art and letters, and is still worthy of its best traditions."

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31832	Sakuntala Overture	Kryl's Bohemian Band
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	Freischutz Overture	Sousa's Band
31676	Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico
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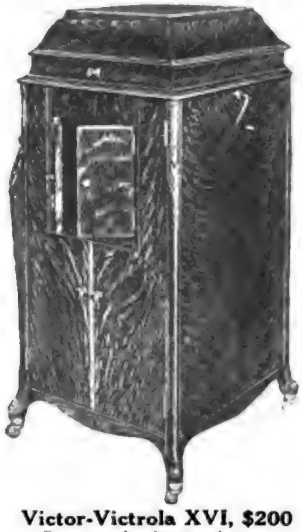

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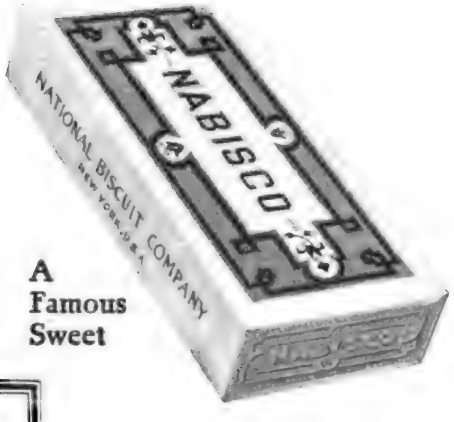

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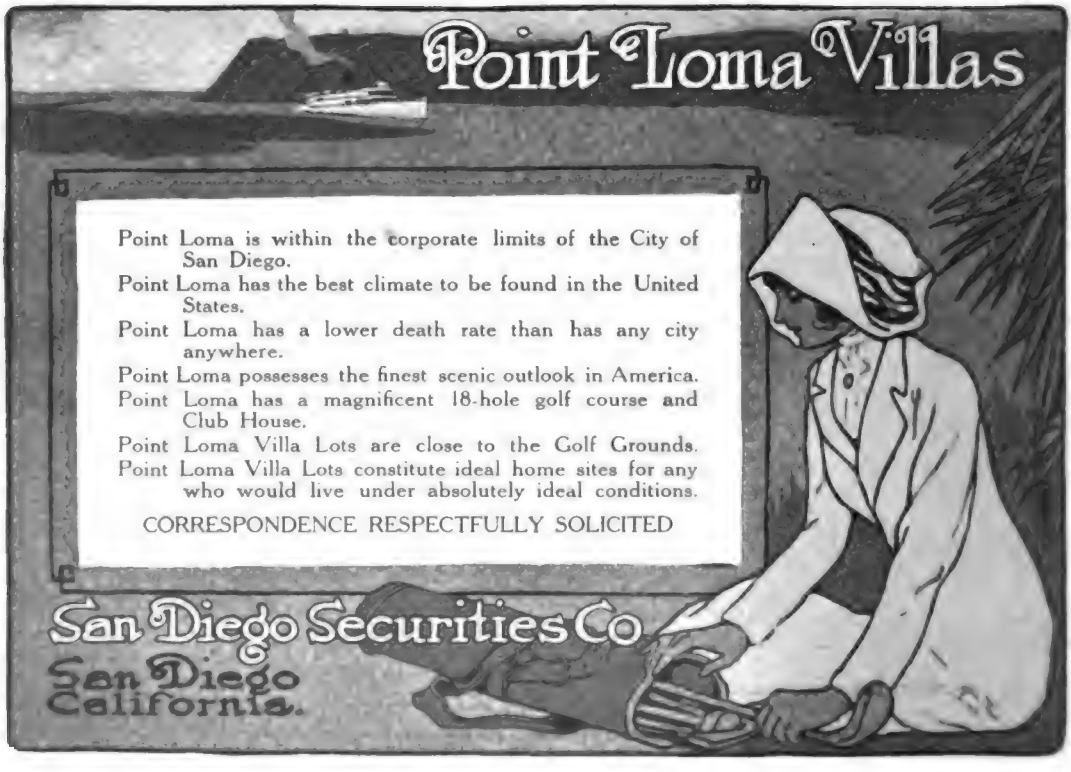
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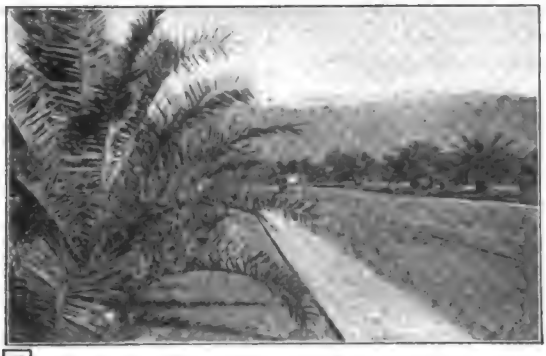

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We supply Electric Light Outfits for country homes; also Gasoline Engines for farm purposes—wood sawing, bone cutting, etc.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE 57 AND LET OUR ENGINEERS FIGURE OUT YOUR NEEDS

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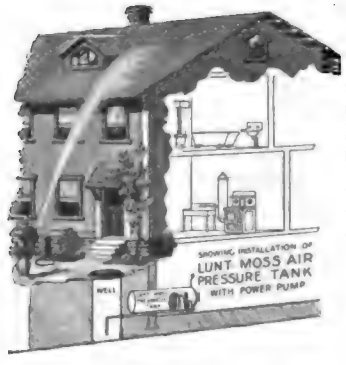

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ON THE ATTACHED COUPON

The name of a municipal official, civic worker, or any one else—man or woman—interested in municipal problems or civic betterment, who is not already subscribing for THE AMERICAN CITY.

If interested in the contents of THIS issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, you would find much worth reading in each month's issue of

The JUNE issue is a special

WOMEN'S NUMBER

containing a handsomely illustrated series of articles on women's work for municipal and civic betterment. The most interesting and important issue of the kind ever compiled.

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THE AMERICAN CITY, 93 Nassau St., New York:

For the enclosed 50 cents you may enter my trial subscription for four months, beginning with your _____ * number.

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Write address in the margin. Kindly indicate also your official, business or professional connection.

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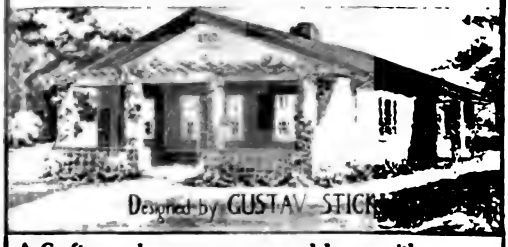

A Craftsman house means a real home with no useless partitions; no waste space; no over-decoration; but a durable, beautiful, convenient house which your family will love to think of as home.

SEND 6c for "24 CRAFTSMAN HOUSES" and "THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE" and convince yourself by studying the exteriors and floor plans shown there.

We offer to home builders the most attractive proposition obtainable. A complete set of plans of any one of 136 Craftsman houses (worth from $50 up) is furnished without charge to subscribers of THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE.

THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE treats in a new and inspiring way of building, furnishing and beautifying homes and their surroundings; of art; craft work; gardening; country life and general subjects near to the people. Write for a copy.

Our new house book "MORE CRAFTSMAN HOMES" may also be secured in connection with THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE. It contains 204 pages; 78 houses; carries 400 illustrations; size 8½ x 11; and is the most practical book for home builders on the market. Address

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"Oh! you greedy boy! Why don't you give your friend a share?"

"He ain't me friend. He's me brudder."

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We have prepared a folder entitled *"Six Per Cent in the West"* describing in detail the 6% Investment Certificates of the Realty Syndicate of Oakland, California.

We would like to send you the facts about

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Your investments are protected by assets in excess of $13,000,000.

Certificates are issued for any amount from $100 up, for one year or more

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Now's the Time To Buy Them

Evergreens are the only trees that are as safe to transplant in August and September as in April. For you it is decidedly the best time as the foliage on the other trees being full grown, you can the better tell exactly what evergreens you need. We have some particularly choice sturdy trees just now, ranging in size from twenty inches up to twenty and thirty feet. Every one of them has been carefully root pruned and can be promptly dug and shipped. Write for catalog of August-September Evergreens, and the moving of Large Shade Trees in October.

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Our 80-page monthly magazine, KEITH'S "On Home Building," for a year and your choice of any of KEITH'S famous $1 Plan Books giving views, sizes, costs, etc. All for subscription price, $2. *Select Your Plan Book.*

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now, for next year. Build it for beauty as well as utility with our famous **Washington Red Cedar Shingles**—"from roof crest to foundation." You save frequent painting and can secure exclusive, artistic effects, adapted to your surroundings. If laid right they will last a lifetime. **Red Cedar Shingles** do not warp, rot or wear out.

Our "Bungalow Book" shows 24 artistic designs (photos), with floor plans and costs, and tells the interesting story of Red Cedar Shingles. We have no books or plans to sell. We are manufacturers of Red Cedar Shingles, sell through dealers only and will mail you the book upon receipt of 2-cent stamp to cover the mailing.

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Indestructo Trunks should suggest to you three very important reasons for buying Indestructo Luggage.

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Don't wait until your old trunk goes to pieces and scatters your belongings along a station platform.

Write today for our Luggage Book and the name of your dealer.

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Those interested in beautifying their grounds are cordially invited to visit us. In buying nursery products it is best to see the material growing, though we invite correspondence and are glad to send our new general illustrated catalogue No. 80.

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Regular Styles from $550 to $1500

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Special Art Cases made to Order

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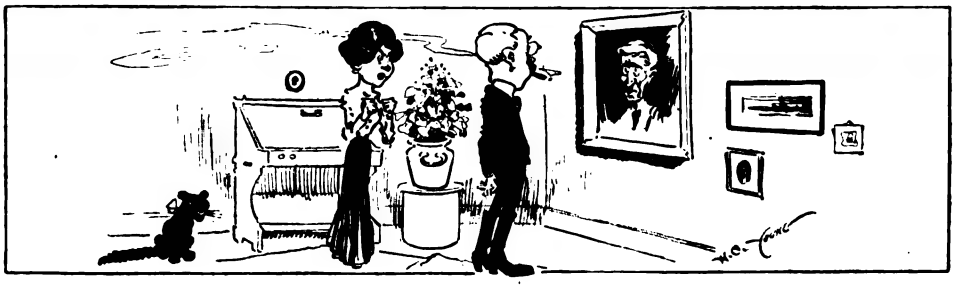

SUITOR—What a strong face your grandfather had—Bah Jove!
SHE —W-Why, that's not grandfather! That's grandmother!

The Home of Wholesome Food

A Snow-White *Solid Porcelain Compartment* The "Monroe"

The Lifetime Refrigerator

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

It also describes the wonderful advantages of the "MONROE." The **one refrigerator** with each food compartment made of a solid piece of unbreakable snow-white porcelain ware—every corner rounded like above cut. The **one refrigerator** accepted in the best homes and leading hospitals because it can be made germlessly clean by simply wiping out with a damp cloth. The **one refrigerator** that will pay for itself in a saving on ice bills, food waste and repairs. **The "MONROE" is sold at factory prices on 30 days' trial. We pay the freight and guarantee "full satisfaction or money back." LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS IF DESIRED.**

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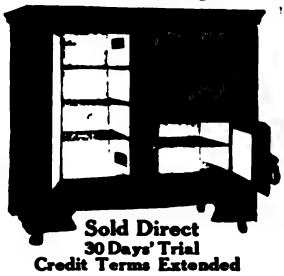

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30 Days' Trial
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Use OXIDE of ZINC Paints

THE COUNTRY HOUSE
to justify its owner's pride, must be *properly painted.*

The paint that is lasting in substance and color is

OXIDE OF ZINC PAINT

Is your home properly painted with the right kind of paint?

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of Manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.

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Simple in construction and design, artistic in effect.

¶ LEAVENS FURNITURE appeals to all persons of limited or unlimited means, who appreciate good taste displayed in their surroundings.

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¶ The idea of allowing the purchaser to select a special finish to conform to the individual taste, is original with us and has resulted in many satisfied customers. We also furnish unfinished.

¶ Send for complete set No. 1, of over 200 illustrations, including color chart of Leavens Standard finishes.

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333-FINGER BOWL
PLATE AND VIOLET HOLDER

Every glass essential for the well-appointed table is to be found in Heisey's Glassware. This sparkling, clear-as-crystal glassware is low priced enough for every day use. It is for sale only by the best crockery and department stores.

Our free "Handbook for the Hostess" is worth writing for.

A. H. Heisey & Co. Dept. 43 Newark, Ohio

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¶ It will pay you to investigate our Detroit Boat proposition before investing in a motor boat. We can furnish you with exactly the boat you have in mind, complete, ready to run, and ship it any day you say. ¶ Every "Detroit" Boat is equipped with the most efficient, simplest, smooth running, easily operated motor on the market to-day. ¶ Quality of material and workmanship, the best obtainable and identical in all Detroit boats, whether it is a 14′ Runabout or a Cabin Cruiser.

¶ Our new 1912 catalog, sent free on request, illustrates and describes a complete line of thoroughly up-to-date Family Launches, Runabouts, Speed Boats, Auto Boats, Power Canoes and Pullman Cabin Cruisers.

¶ It will be time well spent to look over our catalog carefully. A postal card will bring it to you.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1894 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.

Does your can breed flies?

The worst breeding place for flies is the battered, open garbage can. Health officers everywhere tell us that the only way to exterminate these disease-spreading pests is to stamp out their breeding places.

Protect your family! Keep your backyard clean—your garbage tightly shut in by using

Witt's CAN—for Ashes and Garbage
PAIL—for General Use

made of corrugated steel, galvanized (rust-proof), that stands the roughest handling without becoming battered. The lid fits closely—makes Witt Cans and Pails odor-proof, dog-proof, *fly-proof*. They cost but a little more than the ordinary kind—last twice as long.

Three sizes of both can and pail. If your dealer hasn't Witt's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

THE WITT CORNICE COMPANY
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Triple Motion WHITE MOUNTAIN Ice Cream Freezer

has brought science into ice-cream making. Reduces the freezing time, makes the cream smoother and lighter and increases its bulk by the triple beating. The perfect freezing principle—the can revolves while two dashers work in opposite directions.

Send to us for a copy of our recipe book, Frozen Dainties. We will send it to you free. Tells you how to prepare scores of plain and fancy ices and creams. Address

The White Mountain Freezer Co.
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Look for the Diamond trade mark on the Wrapper

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They are the safest, strongest and most durable boats made.

NON-SINKABLE

because they are equipped with air tight compartments. Patented rolled seam construction prevents possibility of either leak or break. No boat-house necessary, because steel boats are not affected by climatic conditions.

Send for a 1912 Catalog To-day

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You will find just the boat you want, complete, ready to run, and it can be shipped at once.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO.
1319 Jefferson Avenue **Detroit, Mich.**

THE BRIDE—Oh! James, I've broken the chafing dish
THE GROOM—Hooray!-er-I mean how unfortunate

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GRAFLEX

3 A Graflex with B. & L. Zeiss Tessar Ic, f 4.5, $132.50

WITH this Camera you can make snap shots on dark or cloudy days and in the shade, or even indoors. You can make time exposures of any duration, or automatic exposures from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second. You can see the image right side up, the size it will appear in the negative, up to the instant of exposure.

¶ **The 3-A Graflex makes a picture 3¼ x 5½ on 3-A Kodak daylight loading film cartridge.**

¶ Graflex Catalog free at your dealer's, or

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

FOLLIES OF 1912.

"Oh, so becoming Madame, and absolutely our latest aeroplane model! If you wish it more realistic, we will add a small motor to give the required buzz."

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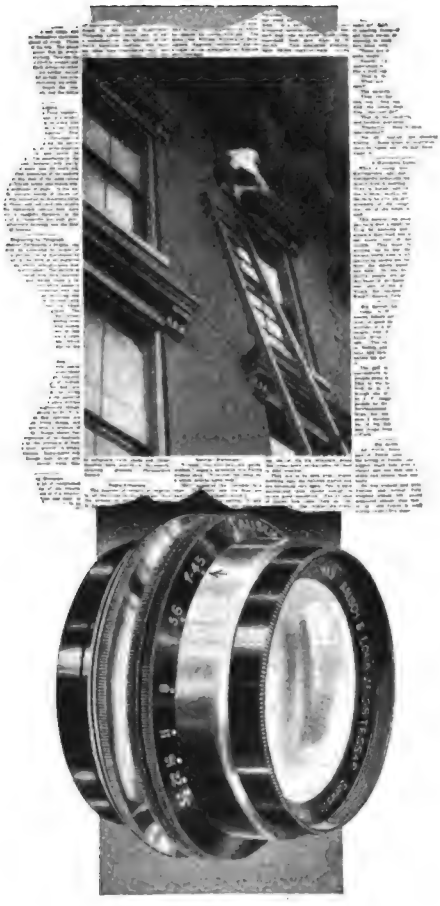

The superior quality of Bausch & Lomb lenses, microscopes, field glasses, projection apparatus, engineering and other scientific instruments is the product of nearly 60 years' experience.

So Can You

—take pictures that would do credit to a newspaper photographer.

It isn't all skill and experience, it's the *lens* that makes possible the wonderful "snaps" of real life that one sees in magazines and newspapers.

You, too, can take them—often record breakers—if your camera is equipped with such a lens as the

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

Its wonderful light-gathering power makes possible the getting of good negatives under lighting conditions hopeless for an ordinary lens.

Its great speed catches sharply the most rapid movement, giving clean, clear-cut results.

The "all 'round" lens that puts *everything* within your camera's reach—that is the Tessar.

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Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

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LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

5 Years' Absolute Guaranty

On this Wonderful Detroit Marine Engine

You Are the Only Judge of the engine and its merits. 25,000 satisfied users. Material and workmanship guaranteed for five years.

Greatest Engine Bargain Ever Offered!

Fewest moving parts of any practical engine on the market. Nothing complicated or liable to get out of order. Only three moving parts. Extra long plastic white bronze bearings. Vanadium steel crankshaft. Adjustable steel connecting rod. All bearing surfaces ground. French gray iron castings. Water-proof ignition system. Runs at any speed from trolling to racing.

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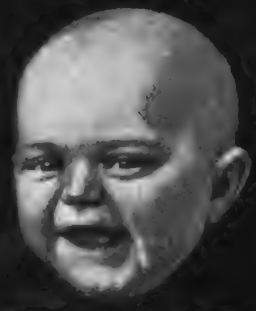
Borated Talcum

FOR MINE



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Relieves all Skin Irritations

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Best grade cedar canoe for $20

Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 216 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

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WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested. Address

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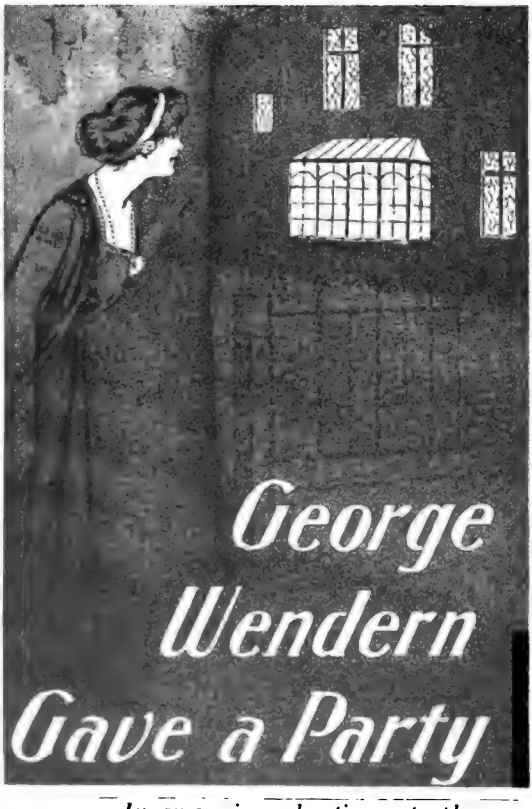

By ?

A refreshingly original novel by a skilful and successful novelist who chooses in this case as an experiment to use an assumed name—John Inglis.

$1.25 net; postpaid $1.33

Charles Scribner's Sons
153 Fifth Ave., New York

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THE secret of the Astor *millions* is simple. They were accumulated from the natural *income* and *increase* in value of New York land. From the beginning of the Astor Estate, land was bought to own *forever*. It was held for the *unearned increment*.

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THERE is nothing complicated or obscure about our business. The management is composed of men who have made New York land a *life study* and who have been identified with the company since its inception.

WHEN you buy the bonds of this company you associate your money with the most *efficient* and one of the *strongest* realty organizations in America.

WE offer $100 BONDS based on New York land—affording a *fixed* income of 6%, with privilege of participating in the *full* profits of the business.

Write for Circular H for full details.

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Resources $3,500,000
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489 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

REFINEMENT

Rather than show characterizes these

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

with Cuff Links to match. Suitable for all full dress occasions. The finest mother-of-pearl with platinum mounted pearl centers.

They go in like a Needle
And Hold like an Anchor

without marring the shirt front.

Leading jewelers can show you many designs. Booklet on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.
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Makers of the Famous Krementz Collar Button

Climbing Up

RESPONDING to the call for fire indemnity the progress of **The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.** up the ladder of increasing usefulness has been steady and persistent.

Its payments to policy holders as well as the volume of its business have grown from the small beginnings of a century ago to figures unequalled in the history of fire insurance.

It has withstood the shock of great disasters including the largest loss by a single conflagration ever paid by a fire insurance company

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San Francisco, April 18, 1906	10,276,500

When next you need fire insurance

Insist on the Hartford

Agents Everywhere

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Next time you go to a Petticoat counter, ask to see—and insist on seeing—the

KLOSFIT

KLOSFIT PETTICOAT

To make sure it *is* a *Klosfit,* look in the inside waistband for the above trademark. If it's there, you are handling the best fitting and most stylish Petticoat ever made, although it costs no more than ordinary petticoats and is made of the same fabrics—largely.

But its special features are an elastic waistband and elastic hip gussets, patented parts that ensure a perfect fit, in any desired waist width or skirt length, and also assure to the wearer the absolutely smooth and correct fit of any overgarment.

Klosfit Petticoats are stringless, therefore can't bunch at the waist, or sag, or embarrass the wearer by any possibility of breaking or knotting strings. Instead of strings, they snap quickly with a glove fastener behind and are therefore easily, quickly, and securely adjusted, adding to the grace and symmetry of any figure.

Cotton $1.50 to $3. Silk $5.00 and up
AT DEALERS

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Food Products

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S" — Everywhere

For Bilious Attacks and Liver Disorders.

THE BEST

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

Bottled at the Springs, Buda Pest, Hungary.

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An entirely new work by Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick. 12mo, ... $1.50

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Common-Sense in the Household
A Manual of Practical Housewifery. Majority Edition, New and Revised. 12mo, ... $1.50

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153-157 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

Satisfies the Thirst
Soothes the Stomach
Sustains the Nerves
Solves the Problem

of hot weather drinkables

Evans' Ale

MAKES the perfect Summer beverage. Taken with a light repast it will do more good than a heavy meal and make easy the work of digestive organs, thereby keeping you cool, comfortable and contented. A large cold bottle makes a long, cool drink. Take a supply with you.

Delicious, Rejuvenating, Refreshing, Appetizing
Sustaining, Strengthening, Satisfying

Always Ready Always Dependable Always Enjoyable

Order from nearest dealer or write NOW to

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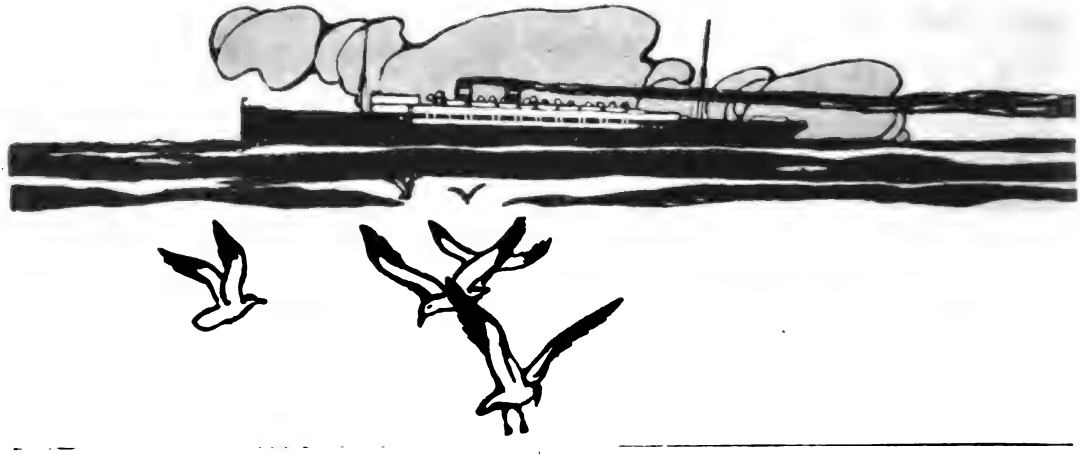
Travel, Resorts, Tours



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SOUTH AMERICA. The new travel world in the Southern Hemisphere. Three months' tour: sailing July 6.

THE COLLVER METHOD—THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

Send for announcements 22 Trinity Place, BOSTON, MASS.

Magnificent new Cunarder **"Laconia"** leaves **Feb. 15**, rates **$400** up, including shore excursions, hotels, guides, drives. 71 enchanting days. Stop-over privileges. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York.

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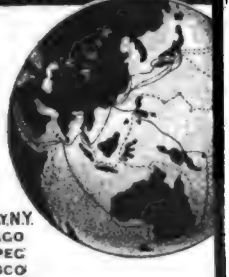

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Every Bedroom has a Private Bathroom
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Pension Rates from **$3.00** per day *Double Room*, with Bath, **$3.00** per day
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By

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

A new Lincoln story which won the first prize of $2,500 in the Associated Sunday Magazines Competition.

In boards 50 cts. net; postage extra
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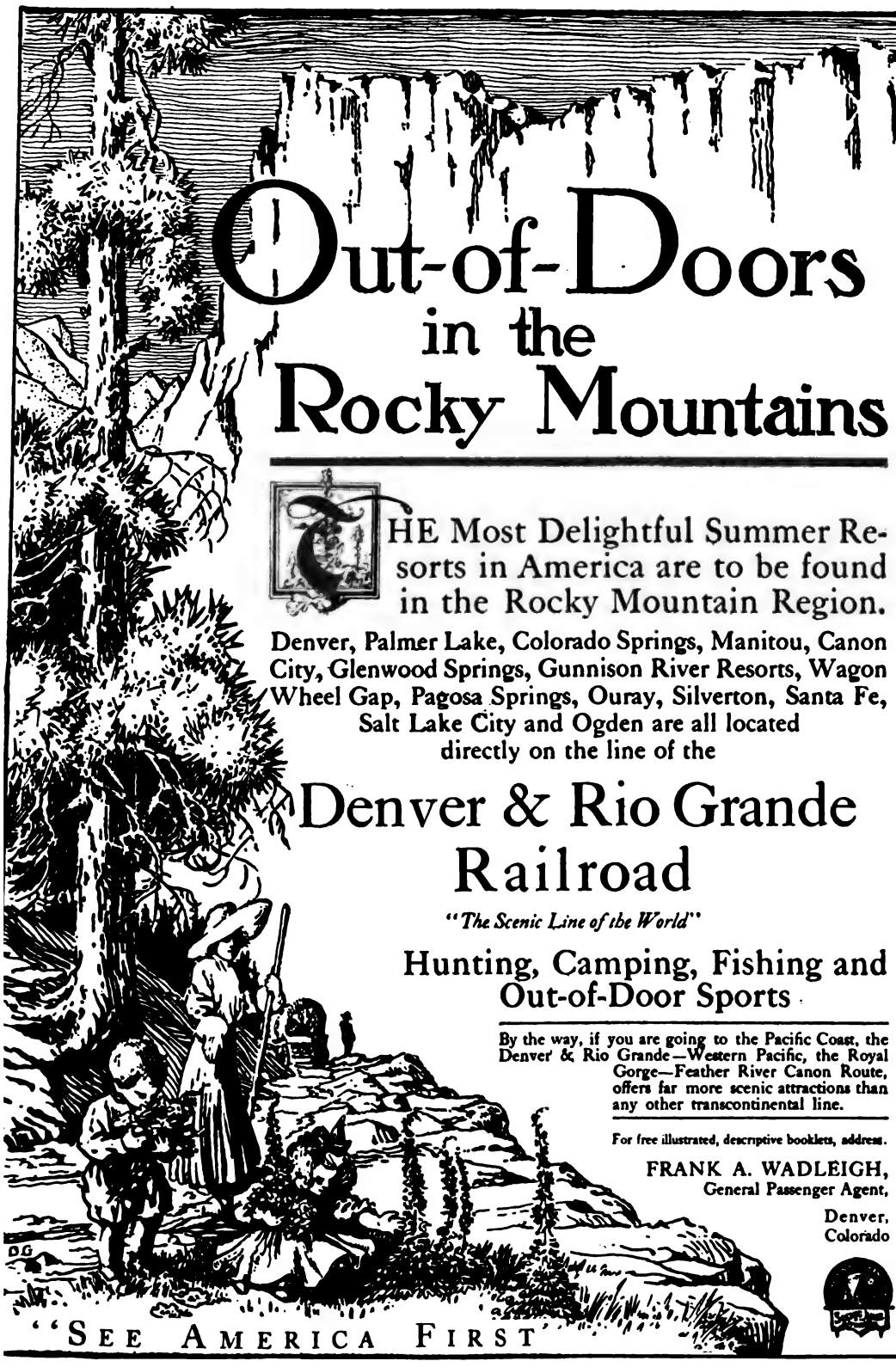

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A Summer Outing in Colorado
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¶ You—who have spent vacations elsewhere—will never enjoy a real vacation until you've spent one in Colorado. The indescribable charm of the Rockies, the incomparable climate, the clean, rare air of the mountains, brilliant sunshine and blue skies will be a revelation—an experience never to be forgotten. It's a continual invitation out-of-doors to every conceivable sport and the best trout fishing in the country. The fishing season began May 25th.

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is the popular line to the majority of Colorado's most interesting and famous scenic points, camping, fishing and summer resorts. Every idea of hotel life is represented and all ideas of price suited. Along the Colorado & Southern Railway one may find innumerable cottages and bungalows with large screened porches. These may be rented, furnished or unfurnished, by the week, month or season. Supplies of all kinds, fuel and cold spring water, also local and long distance telephones are easily accessible.

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"Trouting in Colorado's Waters," "Out-of-Doors in Colorado," "One Day Mountain Trips," "Hotels and Resorts in Colorado." For 4c. postage, "Picturesque Colorado," a large, handsomely illustrated book, will be sent anywhere.

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All genuine "A.B.A." Cheques bear the acceptance of the Trustee (Bankers Trust Co., New York) which holds in trust the money for their redemption.

These cheques may be used to pay hotel bills and other expenses of the traveler in any country. They are issued in any combination of $10, $20, $50 and $100 denominations, placed in a handy wallet.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for information as to where these cheques may be obtained, and interesting booklet, "The Best Form of Travelers' Funds."

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
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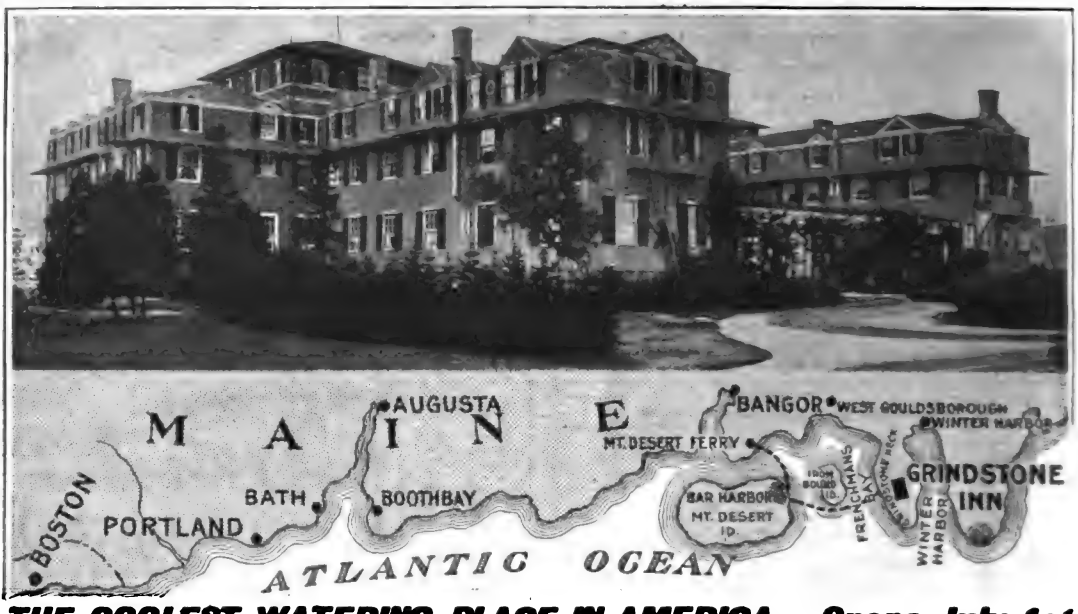
WINTER HARBOR, MAINE

ACROSS THE BAY from BAR HARBOR



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Every facility for entertainment in the way of driving, sailing, boating, fishing, lawn tennis and golf. Annual golf and tennis tournaments. Boat racing is a favorite sport. Sufferers from Hay Fever will find complete relief. No flies or mosquitos. ***For reservation of rooms, booklet, etc., address***
OTTO E. HANSEN.

New Garage and Repair Shop

Several Desirable Cottages For Rent

"What! your wife a suffragette?"
"Not yet, but soon; she is practising *crowing* behind the barn."

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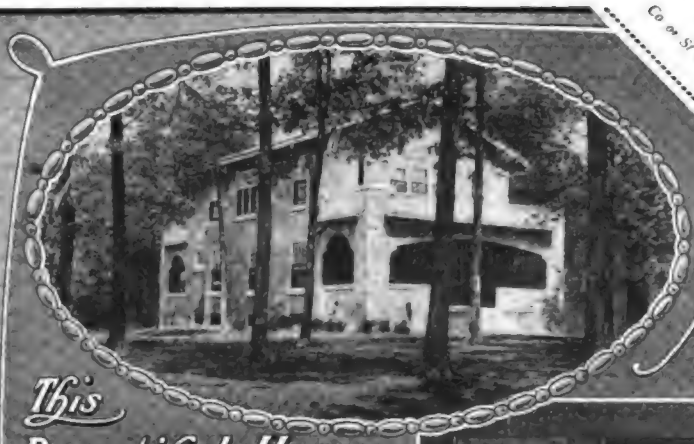

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This Beautiful Home

and thousands of others equally attractive owe more than half their charm to

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GUARANTEED
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All the splendid quality—all the style—all the through-and-through trustworthiness—that two generations of perfect-door-making could possibly suggest, are built in every Morgan Door. No home is as good as it might be unless it has Morgan Doors. That is why reputable architects everywhere are so emphatic in their endorsement. Made in various woods and finishes to match every style of architecture.

Are you thinking of building or remodeling? Then the coupon in upper right-hand corner is for *you*. Fill it out and mail it today. We will tell you how to get the utmost satisfaction and ***save money*** at the same time. Our information is comprehensive, reliable, authentic. Handsome illustrations of correct interiors and exteriors included. ***Not a cent to pay.*** Do not fail to write today.

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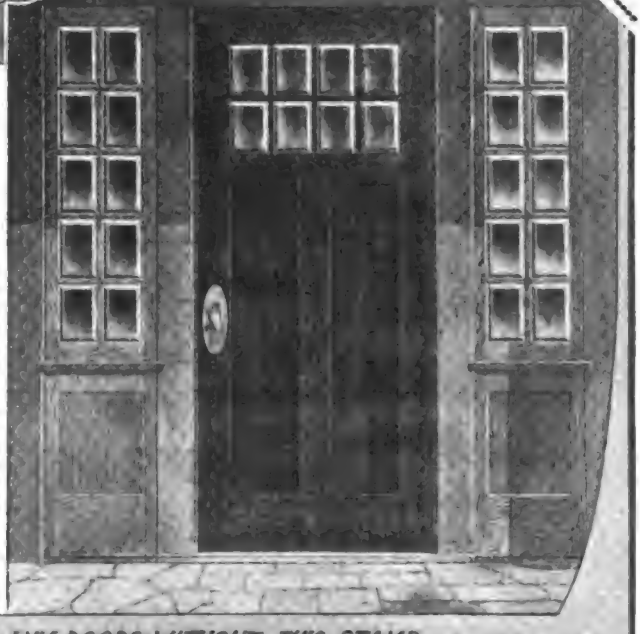
Fill in, tear off and mail today.



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MORGAN DEALERS DO NOT SUBSTITUTE
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Corroborative Evidence

Gentlemen:

We are more than pleased with the Morgan Doors and Millwork in our new home. I never saw more beautifully grained doors. You can put us on the list of "satisfied customers."

Very truly yours,

L. S. FREDERICK.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires
10% Oversize

Now the Reigning Tires

Some 200,000 motor car owners now use the Goodyear tire.

They have used to date 1,250,000, mostly in the past three years.

As a result of this use, the demand for these tires breaks all the records of Tiredom.

No-Rim-Cut tires by far outsell any other tire in the world.

100,000 Monthly

Our present monthly output exceeds 100,000 automobile tires. It will soon be 5,000 tires per day.

Yet the demand for these tires—doubling over and over—has always kept ahead of supply.

This year's demand is twelve times larger than three years ago.

Just because men tell each other what these tires have done.

Used on One-Third the Cars

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Probably one-third of all motor car owners now use the Goodyear tires.

More than one-third of all new cars this year go out with the Goodyear equipment.

And one-third of all show cars at the 1912 Shows were fitted with Goodyear tires.

Yet this patent tire bounded out from obscurity scarcely three years ago.

Saves 48 Per Cent

The reason for all lies here:

No-Rim-Cut tires end rim-cutting forever. And that means enormous saving.

Statistics show that rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires. It occurs when tires are run partly deflated—not only when run flat.

A rim-cut tire is wrecked beyond repair. This patent tire forever ends that damage.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size. And that added capacity, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

Thus these patent tires save 23 per cent, plus 25 per cent, on the average. And tens of thousands of users have proved it.

We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this type. So the demand for these tires has naturally centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

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The Tires That Won the 10-Year Race

In the first decade of this twentieth century came a race for supremacy in pneumatic tires.

Many of us makers had built them for bicycles. But none of us knew how best to meet the requirements of automobiles.

We knew that users everywhere were watching tire performance. And we knew that the tire which won, in the long run, must excel in mileage every other tire.

Metered Mileage

We brought to our factory the best experts we knew, and we kept on getting them.

To compare their ideas we built in our factory a tire-testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

There we compared over 240 formulas and fabrics. There we compared materials and methods. There we compared rival tires with our own.

Year after year, through that ceaseless comparison, Goodyear tires grew better and better. At the end of ten years we were building a tire which can probably never be bettered.

Then we built that tire so it can't be rim-cut, and built it oversize.

The Final Verdict

Now—in our 13th year—we get the final verdict.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, in the test of time, have gained the topmost place. They far outsell all others.

The demand has doubled in the past six months, and six times doubled in the past three years.

Thus the hosts of users have answered the question: Which is the greatest tire?

8½ Per Cent Profit

Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent. That's another reason for our dominance.

Yet ours is the largest output, ours the most modern equipment.

Never can a tire maker give more for the money than you get in No-Rim-Cut tires. And none now give so much.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities **More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire**

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. **Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.**

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What Would You Think?

The operation of this car is simplicity itself—as simple as an electric. Your wives and daughters can drive it. This center control is the best new feature brought out on any car this year.

EVEN makers of absolutely distinct types of automobiles recognize the desirability of the Electric — just read the sentence above, taken verbatim from a recent advertisement of a prominent automobile company.

When men who have made the study and construction of the automobile a life-work, openly voice their appreciation of the Electric—even to the extent of making it the criterion by which they ask you to judge *their* cars — it is time for you to realize that the Electric is the *ideal* car for you.

There is a wonderful sense of possession in driving an Electric — the exquisite feeling of power under your instant control — the consciousness of perfect security — the enjoyable satisfaction of gliding silently and comfortably wherever you will.

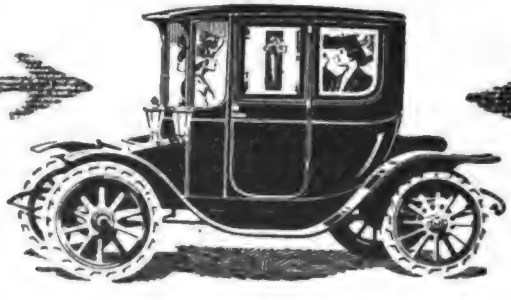
An Electric is perfectly adaptable to all phases of town use—day or night—in any weather. It is the most suitable car—the least expensive car to maintain—the car *you* should own.

Upon request, the Information Bureau of this Association will gladly send you interesting literature about the Electric Vehicle. Write today.

Before you buy any car—consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON NEW YORK, 124 W. 42nd St. CHICAGO



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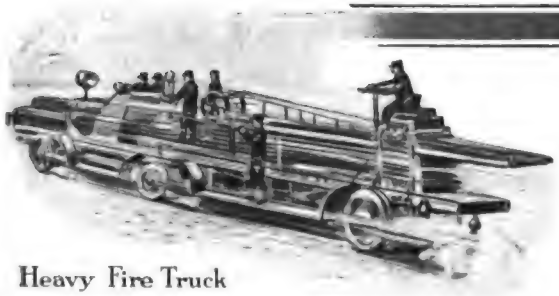
That Any Motor Can Put Upon It

TEXACO MOTOR OIL



Heavy Fire Truck

Greater Mileage, Less Consumption, No Carbon —Proven by Test

Texaco Motor Oil has been put to many severe and interesting tests. The results are important to every car owner. They are proofs of quality—of service rendered.

A brief summary of three of these tests tells the story. They include use in a very heavy truck, in a heavy pleasure car and in a light pleasure car. Note the increase in power, decrease in consumption, absence of carbon, and cleanness of spark plugs.

Heavy Pleasure Car

Light Pleasure Car

Tests in Hook and Ladder Fire Truck at Factory

Three oils used in this test. Competitors' oils indicated by letters "A" and "B." Conditions under which oils were tested exactly the same except that at the beginning of third test, that of Texaco Motor Oil, motor was badly overheated due to the two tests that had preceded. Motor cooled during the test of Texaco Motor Oil. About ten minutes intervened between first and second and second and third tests. For the purpose of the test a long, very steep hill was used. Truck was sent at it from a standing start.

	"A"	"B"	Texaco
Distance run	¼ way up hill. Motor stalled. Truck backed down under brakes.	½ way up hill. Motor stalled. Truck backed down under brakes.	To top of hill. Truck turned and descended with motor running.
Condition of motor beginning of test	Perfect	Overheated	Badly Overheated.
Condition of motor end of test	Overheated	Badly Overheated	*Good*
Saving in Oil consumption	None	None	25%

Tests in "Cadillac" and "Winton Six"

	In "Cadillac"	In "Winton"
Oil used	Texaco	Texaco
Duration of use	*Two years*	One year
Distance traveled, miles	5,000	20,000
Condition of motor, beginning	Perfect	Perfect
Condition of motor, end	*Perfect*	*Perfect*
Repairs of motor	*None*	*None*
Carbon deposit	*None*	*None*
Cleaning of spark plugs	*None*	*None*

Texaco Motor Oil is sold in one and five gallon cans at most garages and supply shops. Look for the can with the inner seal and long, detachable spout. Colors—green with red star.

We have prepared a booklet, "About Motor Lubrication." We want every owner of a motor car to read it. Your copy is waiting for you. Address Dept. E, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City.

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In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Tapered rollers, revolving about a cone, sustain more load because they carry it along lines—not on points as balls do.

A Timken Bearing with Cup Removed

As the parts are all tapered, any wear can be wholly taken up by adjustment—by advancing the cone into the cup.

Complete Bearing, Side View

It requires six operations and six annealings to make this one-piece cage out of flat sheet-steel.

Cage that Holds Rollers in Place on Cone

Two ribs on the cone are *absolutely necessary* to maintain the full line-contact, by keeping the rollers from twisting.

Cone, Showing the Two Ribs

Timken "Short Series" Roller

This roller receives as great care, accuracy and fine workmanship as any part of a watch.

Motor Car Bearings Have to do Many Important Things

Keep friction down close to zero, of course.

Support all the load and stand all the shocks.

Meet "end-thrust" as well as vertical load.

Put off the day of wear that must come.

And take up that wear by adjustment.

TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

Under the tests of the most delicate friction-measuring instruments Timken Bearings show a co-efficient of friction so small as to be practically negligible.

Timken Bearings have greatest capacity for vertical load because they carry it along the entire length of their rollers, instead of on the points of balls.

They withstand side-pressure or "end-thrust" because their rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

They show almost no wear—because the load is evenly distributed over a large enough area of contact.

And when wear does come—as it must come in any rotating parts ever made—that wear can be wholly taken up by adjustment, without the least sacrifice of the great Timken principles of efficiency.

Doing all these things means longest satisfactory service and lowest upkeep cost.

It is because the Timken Bearing does so perfectly all the different things good bearings must do that it is so widely adopted by American and Foreign motor-car builders.

You can get the whole story of axle and bearing importance and construction by writing to either address below for the Timken Primers, E-9 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and E-10, "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."

For more than fourteen years the Timken Roller-Bearing Axle (made at Canton, Ohio) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn [illegible]

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

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"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE kindergarten of cleanliness is a "Standard" Bathroom. Children learn to love bathing amidst the surroundings formed by "Standard" Fixtures. They should be in every home if only for that reason. Their serviceability, beauty and resistance to time, make them a never ending source of pleasure to the household owning them.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of bath bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label*. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. C PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York .....35 W. 31st Street
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Philadelphia..1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh.....106 Sixth Street
St. Louis....100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati.....633 Walnut Street
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
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Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
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London....53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
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IN summer, the more active outdoor life makes frequent bathing a pleasant necessity to youngsters and grown-ups alike. For this purpose there is no soap quite so good as Ivory. It produces a copious, refreshing lather, it rinses off easily, and, no matter how frequently used, it leaves the skin delightfully soft, smooth and free from irritation.

Ivory Soap is so pure that it is used for washing such sensitive injuries as stubbed toes and skinned knees. Without smarting, it cleanses so thoroughly that Nature usually can do the rest.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

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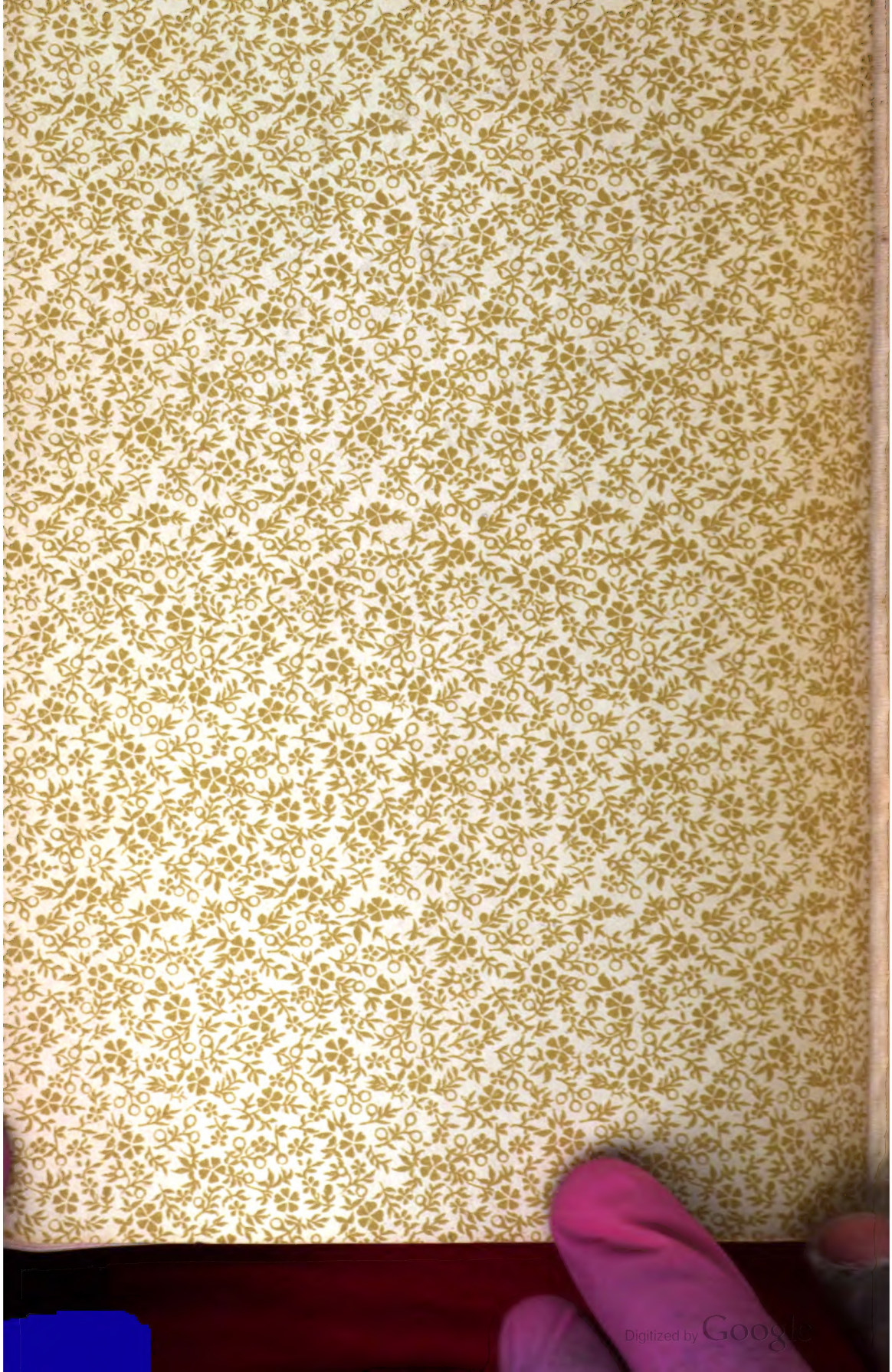
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